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A MISCELLANY OF

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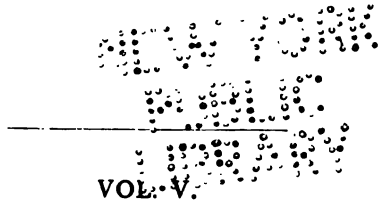

VOL. V.

FROM MAY TO OCTOBER, 1873.

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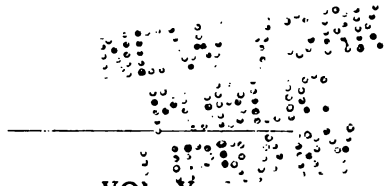

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THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. V, No. 25.—MAY, 1873.

## THE ORIGIN OF MAN AND HIS PLACE IN NATURE.

ALL the physical sciences have their proper bearings on revelation, especially in the first chapter of Genesis. And this is what might be expected, for between God's words and his works there must exist a perfect harmony. As the opening chapter of Genesis records the ordering of the world which was to regulate it to the end of time, also the origin of man with his specific characteristics, the actual working of the vast machine throughout all its parts and the industry of the noble master of the earth throughout all generations should be to harmonize with the great plan of creation sketched by Moses. Therefore physical facts and physical laws—which are but the general realizations of such facts—and the physical sciences, which are but such facts and laws reduced to a system, should one and all be found to accord with the order of the world, delineated in the first chapter of Genesis. And they do so accord. Indeed how could we think the contrary possible, unless we had the boldness to deny, that regular sequence of cause and effect, that unvarying harmony, that stability, which all experience teaches us, have ever marked the course of physical events: or unless with equal boldness we should dare to affirm, that between the two branches of God's truth, namely, the truth of revelation and the experimental truths of the physical sciences, there was a contradiction?

The connection then between revelation and the physical sciences is obvious and the harmony perfect. This deeply important subject has been discussed by different writers from different motives, and has been treated with varied ability. Not one of the sciences but has been the battle-field in the combats between truth and error, and if a portion of the disputed ground has now and then fallen into the enemy's hands, it is a matter of congratulation that their hold of it has been of short duration. Each day some part on which they have hoisted the banner, and on which they have hoped to establish a lasting footing, has been conquered back and reannexed to

the domain of truth to which it of right belonged. The purest ideal theories have designed brittle though brilliant systems constructed for the most conflicting purposes. Scientific men have looked into the depths of the earth, unto the luminous heights of the heavens, and into the bowels and bones of brute beasts, like the soothsayers of old, to read the history of the past; and fancying that the inspection gave them an insight into the hidden things of nature, they have delivered their responses touching the origin of the world and of man, as so many undoubted oracles; oracles, however, so contradictory one to another, as to ruin the claims of their authors to the gift of supreme intelligence.

"This world," says Buffon, "was at first a fragment of the sun, detached from that central body by the collision of a comet," and the renowned author developed his theory with singular ability indeed, but whence came the sun and the comet, without which he could not construct his theory, he omits altogether to inform us. Then we have theories of the Plutonians saying, that the earth was at first one vast ocean of liquid fire, which gradually cooled down, until at length the surface was solidified into the earth's crust. No, says the Neptunian, the earth was at first invested with one chaotic ocean, holding the materials of all rocks in solution, from the waters of which they were by and by precipitated. No, says a third, all space was at first filled with atoms of ethereal matter, after a time condensed into nebulæ, which nebulæ were further condensed into the sun, the stars and the planets, of which last, the earth underwent a cooling process to fit it for becoming what it is, the habitation of organized beings. Then with regard to man, one asserts the multiple origin of mankind through the creation of different races in distinct zoological zones, thus contradicting the biblical account of the derivation of all men from a single pair, and the distribution of mankind into communities and nations from a common centre in Western Asia. Another will have it that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype, and putting Adam and Eve out of the way, looks back through a bewildering number of years to a simple progenitor, a worm, perhaps, or a bit of sponge, or some animated shell.

The great guide of this school is Mr. Darwin, who must be a funny kind of a gentleman. In the elaboration of his theory, which has caused great and unaccountable sensation in the scientific and literary world, he believes that animals have descended from at most four or five progenitors. Nay, analogy leads him to believe that all animals and plants have descended from one prototype, and therefore infers that probably all the organic beings that ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form into which life was first breathed.

The progeny first became diversified into numerous species, when individuals in the struggle for life were modified in the breeding and cross-breeding, according to the necessities for getting along in the world or by accidents; for example, a bear slips into the water, and becomes the parents of whales, or the fish gets out of the water and is represented in after years by dogs and cats, horses and men, of whom we say Mr. Darwin himself is not the least remarkable specimen. He says he can hardly doubt that all vertebrate animals having two lungs have descended by ordinary generation from an ancient prototype of which we know nothing, furnished with a floating apparatus or swim-bladder. So all lungs were

once swim-bladders, and betray a fishy ancestry. His argument is, that the lung is a developed swim-bladder, and that it could not come into existence except by improvement upon that swimming machinery, therefore that all creatures which now have lungs once swam. In their fishy state they required tails; accordingly, we must not be astonished to find animals possessed of lungs also having tails. A well-developed tail having been formed in an aquatic animal, it might subsequently come to be worked in for all purposes, as a fly-flapper, as in the case of the horse, or as an aid for turning about, as we see in the dog. So far Mr. Darwin. Here we must say that if tails continued in our supposed family, amongst our cousins, cats, dogs, horses, &c., on account of their utility, we don't see why we were not allowed to keep the same appendage, at the time of the wonderful transition, when we passed from the fashion of haddocks and herrings; whereas tails would be useful to us when mosquitoes are about, and indeed would be an aid for *turning about* to a very large class of politicians.

Another school puts forward *development theories*, asserting the transition from ancient monkeys into man, through natural changes or developments in the course of past time. Philosophers of this school do not condescend to tell us what time it required to make a man out of a monkey, nor how far we may look back to see our grandsires hanging by the tail from the boughs of the Banyan tree, or cracking cocoanuts on the Island of St. Domingo. Differing thus as wide as the poles are asunder, our world builders and man-makers are perfectly agreed in one thing—they all beg the question. They assume the materials of the world as pre-existing and ready at hand, for each one to fashion the world and its inhabitants out of them according to his own peculiar fancy. But ask whence came these pre-existing materials, and they will give you no more satisfaction than the Cochin China world-builder, who gravely tells you that "a hen laid an egg, and from the egg came the universe;" but whence came the hen he cannot tell. Differing, *toto cœlo*, in other respects, they agree in another point: they condemn Moses of ignorance of philosophy—nothing less. He was quite in the dark about the origin of things say all; he and his creations were ages behind the true date of the world's production. He knew nothing about geology; he knew nothing about zoology, &c., &c., &c. So philosophers differ, and so they agree, and so continue piling theory upon theory, rivalling the confusion of their predecessors building in the plain of Senaar. But He, who in olden time so easily scattered the builders of the tower of Babel, scatters with equal facility modern world builders, with their notions, theories, and systems. One scheme appears to-day, another to-morrow, following one another like the successive views presented at each turn of the kaleidoscope, and they are as evanescent. Voltaire, the arch-scoffer of the last century, once in his life told the truth, when he said "that philosophers put themselves in the place of God, and destroy and renew the world after their own fashion." They do put themselves in the place of God, all who ascribe the formation of the universe to second causes, irrespectively of the Great First Cause, whose creative energy alone could impart efficiency te second causes; whose intelligence could direct them to the working out of ends of surpassing wisdom; whose goodness alone could make them fruitful of the most beneficial results. It is edifying and consoling to the Christian philosopher to know that science,

properly applied, is in perfect harmony with that revealed information which so illumines honest inquiry, as to save us from darkness, doubt, and the most degrading absurdity. The history of the creation of the world and of man, flowing from the inspired pen of Moses, maintains unshaken the credit for truth which it obtained throughout thousands of years with the wise and virtuous in the whole universe of faith; whilst, day by day, new facts are elicited, new results obtained, by the researches of infidelity itself, which not only do not militate against, but give confirmation doubly strong to the ancient convictions of men. The homage which true science, in its complete and just conclusions, has paid to the history of Moses, united with the experience of our own time, establish it as the certain solution and protection for all the difficulties and perplexities produced at any time by scientific theorists. The history of Moses being the oldest of all works, commands reverence for its antiquity: the basis of all religion, it commands reverence for its origin. No authentic history precedes Genesis, or, indeed, commences, till long after its publication. We are acquainted with the dates of the history of the Roman sway. We can trace the rise and progress of Grecian art. We can examine the origin and power of Persia and Babylon. Egypt, too, opens her earliest traditions to our view. But beyond all is darkness. Authenticated history leads us no farther. The inspired penman is our only guide. Lucretius, an atheist, very properly asked: "If the world be so ancient as some are ready to assert, how is it that we have no historian before the Trojan war? or that the records of great facts are not inscribed on the roll of fame?" Arts only recently discovered, and every day in process of discovery, show that man's existence on this globe has been only of recent date, while the father of modern science, Cuvier, declares that nothing is more demonstrable than the comparatively brief habitation of man on the earth, that may have been created millions of years ago. Great indeed is the value of Mosaic history on account of its contradiction of the absurd theories of our day, regarding the origin of man and his place in nature; the truth of all it states being substantiated by the most illustrious matter of fact evidence. Some scientific persons of our time, instructed by the number and arrangement of bones and muscles, pretend the resemblances to the monkey to be so strongly marked that, underrating certain zoological distinctions, and overlooking some others, they place man in the same group of species. Now the zoological demonstration that man does not share his order with brutes of any kind, has been long familiar to every one even most slightly imbued with philosophical knowledge. The conclusion drawn from the construction of man's head, affects the foundation and the whole superstructure of the animal kingdom. The acclamation of universal life gives man a solitary, exclusive, and dignified position among animals. His structure, so wonderfully distinguished in his skull and brain, harmonizes with the grandeur of intellect and soul. Moreover, the structure of his hand has always been recognized not only as a fitting instrument for his service, but also as a signal of his superiority over other animals. Thus, too, his erect form habitually glancing towards the heavens, points to his future eternal home; and whilst other animals necessarily bow towards earth for purposes of life, man, only occasionally, bends himself to mark the footsteps of his journey o'er its surface. What other animal has

even the slightest resemblance to the human face divine, which not only exhibits interior emotions in the affectionate smile, and cheering laugh, but also manifests the wonders of intellect and sentiment by expressive features, which can be seen and felt, but defy all definition and description. His unique faculty of speech is a means whereby he actually escapes the limitations of time and space, and advances far beyond the boundaries of the mere animal domain. Notwithstanding those various distinguishing qualities, some philosophers, after a study of man's bones and muscles and brain, without perceiving the deeper principle beneath, assign him a place in the same tribe with apes or monkeys, on a seat somewhat higher than that occupied by the gorilla, yet not so high but that the gorilla, ourang, or chimpanzee, may be in the line of man's ancestry.

Professor Huxley contends that man resembles the lower animals as they resemble one another, and differs from them only inasmuch as they differ amongst themselves; hence he argues that if a scientific being from the planet Saturn entirely free from all human prejudices, should come to our earth, and calmly discuss this question, he would necessarily decide that man is merely entitled to rank as a member of the same order as the apes of the same globe. But if man (continues Professor Huxley) be separated by no greater barrier from the brutes, than they are one from another, it follows that man is produced by the same process which originated them. So that marmosets (small monkeys) having arisen by gradual modification of apes, then there is no ground for doubting that man originated by the gradual modification of an ape. "You are a monkey," says Mr. Huxley. "You are a man, made to the image and likeness of God," says Moses; and that Moses told the truth we are assured by nature's profoundest utterances; by man's fitness for the position he holds; and by the command of God to subdue and have dominion, placing man on a throne which he still occupies, above and over all that lives. Ages ago, King David, who had a fair amount of science, recognized man's place on earth, when he exclaimed, "Thou hast made him, O Lord! little lower than the angels. Thou hast subjected under his feet all sheep and oxen, moreover, the beasts of the fields, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea." Incontestably it is so. The brute rendered homage to his superiority, whilst erroneous philosophy lowers him to their level. This terrestrial dominion of man—is it not an emblem of his sovereign power and a testimony that he is not a monkey, but the image of God? King David lived amongst a people, simple in its thoughts and habits, without refinement, without science, without art, without commerce, or much acquaintance with other nations. The shepherd and his sheep seeming to enjoy themselves in the consciousness of man's protection; cattle reposing in peace, recognizing the supremacy of the master. Such a scene of pastoral life was the plain type of man's superiority over creation. But if David stretched his gaze across the desert, in the vicinity of his loved Judea, he would see the Arab mounting his untamed steed, and making it obedient to his will; or he might see the huge, unwieldy elephant, peaceable and quiet in its nature, rushing on the phalanx of the enemy, in obedience to the voice of a child seated on its neck. Passing from the period in which David spoke, a few centuries down the course of time, and a few hundred miles towards the western sun, we come to a new age, and to a new clime. How great the change from simple

pastoral life to the brilliant civilization of Greece and Rome. Man is then found acquainted with the mysteries of nature, with the wide boundaries of the world, and by science and commerce, makes time and space tributaries to his wants and comforts. Travelling along through the civilized world, you find smiling fields, agreeable mansions, flourishing cities, where once there were only barren deserts, stagnant waters, and impenetrable forests. How has happened the pleasant change? Who has wrought this second creation? Man! His well-directed and laborious hand has "renewed the face of the earth." Certainly Moses knew the truth when he wrote: "God made man to His own image." Many of our readers cultivate the liberal arts and sciences; some are at least acquainted with them; we think all have taste and sentiment. Look then through the vista of ages, over the classic Egean Sea, around the mystic Acropolis, the ruined Parthenon, expressing the awful language of silence; behold the statue of Apollo, now called the Belvidere, or the Venus of Medici, or Laocoön, writhing in marble agonies. Do you not admire the statue seeming to breathe? Where was it till thus brought to light? In a shapeless block, which had to be torn from the bowels of the marble quarry. The sculptor seized it, his steady eye pierced it, and noble thought grasped the object, strongly closed up in folds of rock. How does he drag it out? His chisel strips off the superfluous covering. By the force of enticing blows and coaxing touches, delicately repeated, he relieves, little by little, the beautiful proportions he had conceived; finally, he frees them from their cold fetters, and the infant of genius, the masterpiece of skill, starts to light before admiring spectators. Truly man is not a monkey—he is the image of God. You admire paintings. Well, let us look at them —portraits and landscapes. What noble aspects and touching expression in some; what astonishing composition in others. Look at the portrait of Washington by the illustrious Philadelphian artist, Rembrandt Peale. Behold there an eye seeming to scan the full destiny of his country, the wonderful calm of the whole countenance, reflecting, as the unruffled sea does the varied hues of the heavens above, all the impressions of consummate, patriotic virtue. Look at the compressed, amiable, though determined lips, seeming to express: "No more need be spoken: I have vowed to establish and preserve the independence of my native land." Behold the entire countenance, framed, as it were, within a halo of preterhuman unselfishness, the property of Washington alone, amongst all the best and greatest of patriotic citizens. Is the canvas animated? Whence so much seeming sentiment and life? Take up a landscape painting. Tell me what skill has labored on the smooth surface of the canvas, so as to raise up rocks, and dig out valleys? There in that wonderful operation of the painter's pencils, the breeze appears upon the sunny hill, sporting among flowers and foliage; and we fancy we can hear the foaming surge whistling on the billows of the deep. By what art does the perspective stretch to the distant mountains, and glow beyond the horizon, chasing the setting sun? How does a Claude Lorraine seem to arrest the sun in his downward course like Joshua, and to fix his sinking beams in the mild twilight of the evening sky? If it be not nature, it is a most exquisite imitation—it is a creation in painting. Monkeys don't do these things. It is the work of man—yes, of man most certainly, "made to the image and likeness of God." I am sure all our readers love music. Well, let me

ask whence those varied and melodious sounds which so wonderfully strike upon your ear without the least confusion? A variety of sonorous, vibrating bodies are simultaneously set in action to produce them: the calculating spirit of man graduated their forms and combined their relations; he willed that some should strike the air so as to produce deep, rolling tones, whilst others sigh softly, and all by a mixture of sharp and heavy sounds, produce the enrapturing harmony. The composer in idea assembles all those instruments; he traces on paper the course they are to follow; all answer to his will, and produce that ravishing melody which transports the soul, and often brings out a flood of tears. Moses told the truth, and we know that man is "the image and likeness of God." "Let us go down to the sea in ships," and notice those intrepid men who leave the calm and security of the land, to do battle with the rolling floods of the inconstant ocean. They seem to cast a yoke upon raging billows. The tyrants of the air, so well and poetically described by Camoens, the bard of the Lusiad, which so long frightened and repelled the renowned Vasco de Gama, are obliged to yield to the lord of land and sea, to open a passage across the raging waves, and waft him into the harbor he aimed at in the darkness of the midnight storm. How wonderfully by the use of a few ropes and a few yards of canvas, is the ship made to walk the sea like a thing of life! What creative genius in those brave, industrious mariners who rule the deep, deep sea! I love to ride on the fierce, the foaming, bursting tide, because I know that the commander on the quarter-deck is not a monkey, but a being "made to the image of God." More immediately in our own day, surprising as well as pleasing attestations are offered by practical science, that "man was made to the image of God." He has succeeded in laying hold of that mighty power, which, imprisoned in the bowels of the earth, at times with a sudden explosion forces up thousands of tons of superincumbent earth, that falls upon and burns the fertile fields of Italy. This mighty element of steam, which, imprisoned, becomes a fiery caldron amidst the snows of Iceland, is turned into the mighty giant of locomotion rising from the curling vapor of the steam-engine, like the genie from the jar of the Arabian fisherman, and man uses it to carry him along through hill and dale at the rate of fifty miles an hour; or taking it far out on the deep, blue sea, challenges Boreas, and in the very teeth of the hurricane, flies to gather the sweet fruits of the tropics, or to smash the ice peaks in the Arctic circle. He has brought into service the lightning, and directs it as he pleases, either to fire a magazine that will blow a city to atoms, or to run across the ocean with a message of friendship. Artists make use of the rays of the sun for drawing-materials, and produce with an accuracy of nature, pictures of everything they choose to photograph. By a less labor than that of Aladdin, we have but to place our finger upon the metal gas branch beside our desk, or above our head, when "the Genius of the Lamp" starts into light before our eye to do our bidding. We draw the spirit of the fire from the bowels of the earth; we purify him from the grosser matter which retards his activity or diminishes his power; in hollow cylinders of metal he runs noiselessly and unseen beneath the pavement of our busiest streets; he enters our houses, and glides harmlessly beneath the gilded wainscot or the fluttering brocade, ready to come forth with his dazzling torch whenever and wherever we choose to call upon him. Many of us are mechanics and know that the mechanical element embodies itself to

our imagination in the form of a huge engine, which sends its shafts along every stage of society, and its gear into every department of life, and keeps up a perpetual whirl with an exerting energy in every head, hand and mind. By its own monotonous uplifting of its giant arms it sends everything into the most opposite and conflicting motion. Here it goes pumping, and there it is draining, lifting and ramming; here raising into air enormous iron tubes that could have coffined ten Titans; there drilling an eye through a needle which a microscopic insect could not creep through; here battering into a compact fluke, a mass of iron which all the Cyclops could not have lifted; there gently riveting its head upon a pin; here violently twisting together the strands of endless wire rope; here actually drawing through flame without burning it, the thread scarcely thicker than the cobweb which has to weave the finest cambric; there voraciously lapping up the liquid mud of the streets with its pebbles and brickbats into a capacious stomach; here it whirls around in the printing press the cylinder inscribed all around like an ancient pillar, and imparts to thousands of outspread sheets the indelible impression of the RECORD, now read by all persons of intelligence and taste.

As yet we have looked on man amidst arts and sciences, having materials and instruments for his work, with a lever by which he seems to kick the Alps out of his way when tunnelling the Simplon, or with a needle piercing his way through the watery barriers of Cape Horn. Let us take him aside from all extraneous aid, that he may appear only with his thoughts and meditations, and he will present more striking features of resemblance with the Author of his being; he will be more distinctly known as "the image of God." Think of a Numa, a Solon, an Alfred, a Leo, a Gregory, a Malachi, an Ollam Fodhlo, a Washington, a Marshall, a Napoleon, and so many ancient and modern legislators. What force of authority, what grandeur of character, what depth of views, what toil of brain in those sages to combine the interests of state and citizen, to enchain the passions under the yoke of laws, to settle and balance power on institutions, adapted to the peculiar disposition of various populations! on the misty path of their proceedings, and in such lofty speculations, could they find issue from the labyrinth beset with innumerable obstacles, if they had not a guide in the celestial light which belongs to man made to the image of God. We cannot estimate too highly the empire which men obtain over their equals by the most noble and powerful force of language. Remember those famous orators of Greece and Rome, and our own Henrys, Grattans, Burkes, Clays, and Websters, who could at their pleasure sway the multitude just as the zephyr or the gale moves the water of the sea. Whence that power of reasoning, the energy of language, and sublimity of thought, unless from the immortal source which sprung up when, as Moses relates, God breathed into man a living soul? Is it not from the same source that those immortal verses stream, which, after so many ages, still charm us in the masters of Greek and Latin poetry, and have been so well followed by the bards of our own time? Yes, the fountain of poetry, that flows in ever increasing floods of melody and of thought, burst forth, a spring of intellectual light and life, on the first day of creation, when the morning stars sang together, and "man was the image and likeness of God." We do most seriously think that the most refined and accomplished monkey which ever chattered in an African jungle,

never could be developed into a genius like Homer; nor could by magic poetry magnify a few Phrygian huts into the city of Priam; or transform some swarthy daughter of Sparta into that fatal beauty "who launched a thousand ships, and burned the topmost towers of Ilium." Now please reflect upon the faculty to which the sublime science of astronomy addresses its delightful information, and you will decide that such mental capacity is not the development of a monkey, but surely the development of the image of God in man. You are told that some of those bright specks which spangle the azure field of night are worlds, each a thousand times larger than our earth. The sun himself, whom Miss Lucy the housemaid treats so contemptuously when she says, "she will shut him out, lest he should spoil the carpet," and bangs the shutter in his face, as if he were a small dirty boy from Moyamensing; and Miss Fanny, who was colored brown on the banks of the blue Moselle, pokes out a bit of a parasol to shade him off from injuring her complexion; this sun, treated with so little ceremony, is an immense luminous world, which could inclose more than twelve hundred thousand globes as large as ours. Do you not seize on it with your imagination. Can you not revolve the mighty orbs in the circumference of your ideas? Does not thought pass from one to another more quickly than the lightning? Surprising though they may be in their massive size, what is all the blind, inert, and insensible bulk alongside of an intelligent being? Those globes spread far away their oceans of light, yet themselves are not the more enlightened. They continually roll on in the same circle, but as yet they have not become conscious of it. They do not, like man, know the hand that launched them on the tangent of their orbits. They are ignorant of the law by which they pursue their varied round. Their number is prodigious as their size. Yet we can add in thought as many as we please today, at every hour, at every instant. Their motion astonishes imagination, escapes the eye, but its rapidity cannot fly beyond the grasp of our calculation. Man's great thought can precede them, or follow them at will, and prescribe the time for each to perform its course. In a manner he says to each, "At such an hour you will go forth," and at that hour it goeth forth. He beckons to the comet that has not been seen for three hundred years, and tells you to look to the sky, and behold it is there at the hour he determined for its reappearance. Is not this an image of God! Lay aside the telescope, and fix your eyes intently on yourself, and you find something more prodigious than the celestial dome ribbed with brilliant worlds. To find the earthy casement of the body united to an intelligence more capacious than the universe, is indeed truly marvellous. And have we not an intimate consciousness of this wonder within ourselves? Do we not know that the understanding has not arrived at any horizon of thought, that it knows no limit other than the space in which those worlds float, and consequently in it, as in the expanse of space itself, the universe is contained? The giant of poetic fable supports the orb of earth, his shoulders bend under the heavy load, but we carry the universe within the brain, without complaint of burden or fatigue. Admiring thus the power and extent of mental faculties, we can proclaim that within us as well as around us there is overwhelming evidence that Moses told the truth, and that "man is made an image of God," not a monkey developed in the notions of Prof. Huxley. But perhaps some sneering skeptic

will point out individuals in the human family of limited intelligence and uncultivated mind, and ask what lineaments of a celestial affinity do they exhibit? I answer, the most valuable, most admirable, most amiable traits, which are not the exclusive property of any privileged class, but belong to the beggar and the boor, as well as to the rich and learned, which all may equally possess, excepting the wicked, who will reject them, and the infidels, who defile them. In fact, it is not so much by our talents, nor by qualities of genius that we resemble God, as it is by our sensibilities, our affections, and our virtues. It is especially in the spiritual element, commonly called the heart, that the attributes of the Deity are to be found reflected in purity and beauty. There, as on an altar consecrated to the Lord, are immolated the passions which anger heaven and trouble the earth. There, are offered to our Creator and our neighbor the generous sacrifices of self-denial. There, truth, candor, simplicity, innocence reign, and the purity which, like the ray of morning, can travel through a foul atmosphere without being sullied. Look steadily upon that spiritual element, and none can fail to see the traits of common family in rich and poor, wise and simple, and likewise a genealogy rooted in the first man "made to the image of God." Give attention particularly to love in its holiest essence and consecrated name of charity, and mark its Godlike purpose to unite the children of the great family by ties of fraternal affection. Charity sees only friends and brothers amongst men, and extends thoughts and wishes even where it cannot reach a cherishing hand. Hence its fervent prayers embrace those who have passed from the earthly scene, as well as those whose occupancy of the world is only a journey to the same final exit. Not less extensive in its objects, than intelligent in its relations, it embraces all creation. Immense and infinite indeed must be the nourishment of its ardor. For it will have nothing less than God; towards him it rises, becomes attached to him, adores him, invites all nature to glorify him, rejoices in his supreme felicity, aspires to him, as its origin, and the eternal source of beauty, power, and perfection. Alas! our narrow field of paper will not permit us to proceed farther in the contemplation of those attributes of man which so precisely define his origin, manifest his subsistence, and being of an immortal significance, render our theme inexhaustible. However, enough has been said for our present purpose, enough to assure any reasonable person that the most thorough examination cannot fail to deduce from the utterances of nature, from the principles of science, from the facts of judicious experience, the conclusion, that man is a miniature of the Deity; a miniature of Omnipotence in the extent of his energy and activity; a miniature of wisdom in the capacity of mind and heart, more apparently, more purely so in the flitting days of his innocence; yet even in the obscuration of his fall, sufficiently bright to attest the source whence he came, as the slightest shade fails not to indicate the presence of the object that preceded it. Hence we conclude, that if in our days is verified a Scripture which says, "Man when he was in honor did not understand, but compared himself to four-footed beasts," another Scripture is verified, which says, "Man was made to the image of God."

# THE HYMNS OF THE ROMAN OFFICE, FOR EASTER AND PASCHALTIDE.

METRICALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE BREVIARY AND MISSAL.

BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

## I.

### AT MATINS.

*Rex Sempiterne Cœlitum.*

ETERNAL King of heavenly spheres,
Of all things made the framer Thou,
Thy Father's equal Son while years
Eternal shall continuous flow.

Who, while the world was in its prime,
Didst Adam to thy form create,
And that dead mould of earthly slime
With noble spirit animate.

Who when the Demon's wily snare
Had soiled the glory of our race,
Didst deign Thyself our flesh to wear,
Restoring it to primal grace.

Who first was born from Virgin's womb,
Now from the grave tak'st second birth,
That we, with Thee, may break the tomb
Of sin, and burst the bonds of earth.

Eternal Shepherd! Thou thy sheep
Dost in baptismal waters lave;
The soul in founts of life dost steep,
Where guilty nature finds a grave.

Thou, cancelling sin's heavy debt,
Didst for us hang upon the cross;
The last drop of thy blood didst let
To cleanse away our earthly dross.

Our Paschal joy, sweet Jesus, be
While Easter's golden cycles glide,
And may our souls re-born to Thee
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

Glory to God the Father be,
And glory to his risen Son,
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,
Reigning while endless ages run.

## II.

### AT LAUDS.

*Aurora Cœlum Purpurat.*

Aurora decks the purpling sky,
The earth with alleluias rings,
Concerted strains the heavens reply,
The bass is hell's deep mutterings.

For Jesus, our most potent Lord,
Hath burst to-day the grave's abyss,
And all the ancient Saints of God
Have with him woke to endless bliss.

With many a guard and sign-set stone
Was sealed in vain the garden tomb,
Christ rising all hath overthrown,
And death to its own grave hath doomed.

Enough of tears! enough of sighs!
Away with all funereal woes;
For hark! the white-robed angel cries:
"This morn death's conqueror arose."

Our Paschal joy, sweet Jesus, be
While Easter's golden cycles glide,
And may our souls from death set free,
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

Glory to God the Father be,
And glory to his risen Son,
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,
Reigning while endless ages run.

## III.

### AT VESPERS.

*Ad Regias Agni Dapes.*

Crossed is the Passion's crimson sea,
Our robes with paschal splendor shine,
As at His regal banquet we
Sing Christ our chief, the Lamb divine.

Whose love in Calvary's sacrifice
Alike was holocaust and priest;
His blood was our redemption's price,
His flesh is our celestial feast.

The devastating angel's sword
Hath spared alone the blood-stained posts;
The late divided sea hath poured
Its waters o'er the foemen hosts.

Now Christ is our paschal paste,
The victim lamb all purity,
The banquet where chaste souls may taste
The azymes of sincerity.

O! victim, truly heaven's own,
Thou conqueror of hell's domains,
The chains of death, by Thee, undone,
Freed man eternal life regains.

Christ's trophy-blazoned banner flies,
Re-opened heaven for Him waits,
Till He ascending through the skies
Drags hell's chained demon to its gates.

Our Paschal joy, sweet Jesus, be
While Easter's golden cycles glide,
And may our souls redeemed by Thee
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

Glory to God the Father be,
And glory to his risen Son,
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,
Reigning while endless ages run.

## OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS IN PASCHAL TIME.

### I.

### AT MATINS AND VESPERS.

*Tristes Erant Apostoli.*

WITH heavy heart and nameless dread
The sad apostles mourned the fate
Of Christ, who in the tomb lay dead,
The victim of his servants' hate.

Meanwhile the truthful angel's voice
Had thus unto the women spoke:
"Ye faithful souls shall yet rejoice,
Christ will himself console his flock."

While to the mourning brethren they,
On wings of joy, their steps retrace,
A shining form obstructs the way;
They falling the Lord's feet embrace.

Quick to the Galilean heights
The apostolic bands retreat;
An inward peace their souls delights
As they their risen Master greet.

Our Paschal joy sweet Jesus be,
While Easter's golden cycles glide,
And may our souls from death set free
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

To God the Father glory be,
And glory to his risen Son,
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,
Reigning while endless ages run.

### II.

### AT LAUDS.

*Paschale Mundo Gaudium.*

Exultingly the Paschal sun
Bathes all the earth with molten gold;
Resplendently the risen One
His glad apostles now behold.

Like shining suns His five wounds each,
Within His flesh now glorified,
They see, and going joyful preach
Him risen who was crucified.

O! potent King, most clement Lord,
With regal sway our hearts possess;
May we with dutiful accord,
Thy glorious name forever bless.

Our Paschal joy sweet Jesus be,
While Easter's golden cycles glide,
And may our souls redeemed by Thee
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

To God the Father glory be,
And glory to His risen Son,
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,
Reigning while endless ages run.

### III.

### THE PROSE AT MASS.

*Victimæ Paschali.*

To Christ their pasch let Christians raise
A sacrifice of grateful praise,
The Lamb has the guilty sheep released,
Christ hath His Father's wrath appeased.
Life and death in dreadful strife
Have met; death claims the Lord of life;
Then He immortal bursts death's chains,
And His eternal throne regains.
Tell us, O Magdalen, we pray,
What wonders saw'st thou on the way?
"The tomb of Christ the living God,
Angelic hosts, the cloths and shroud,
The glory of my risen Lord,
For Christ my hope is truly risen,
In Galilee ye'll see the vision."
We've known Thy triumph victor King,
Save us, Thou sweet mercy-spring,
Amen, Alleluia.

### THE GRADUAL VERSICLE AT MASS.

*Hæc Dies.*

This is the day the Lord hath made,
Let us exult and thereon be glad.

### THE ANTHEM.

*Regina Cœli Lætare.*

Gladness be with thee, Heavenly Queen,
He whom thy chaste womb worthily bore,
As He hath promised is risen again
For us, Him reigning in glory, implore.

# ROSE LEBLANC.

## Chapter XII.

"What a delicious soft air, and what a lovely blue sky!" said Alice to herself, as, after seeing her grandfather and André start on their shooting expedition, she stepped into the garden, where the flowers seemed literally to enjoy themselves in the morning rays. "I really think," continued she, "that a great deal too much harm is said of this world, and there certainly is happiness here below for those who love God and man, and the sky and the flowers." And her beautiful open countenance looked almost as radiant as the blooming autumn roses which she was smelling with a delight that almost amounted to ecstasy.

"Mademoiselle, there is a man asking to see you; he is in the courtyard," said a servant, coming after her into the garden.

"One of our people?"

"No: he says he comes from the neighborhood of Pau, and he insists on seeing Mademoiselle. He is not a peasant, and does not appear to be a gentleman either, but I think he seems to be a respectable person," said the old servant, who saw that his mistress was a little doubtful as to whether she should see the stranger or not.

"If you think he is respectable, Pierre, you can show him into the hall, and I will come and speak to him in a minute." She had the greatest confidence in the discrimination of old Piérre, who sometimes took her to task for admitting so readily all who came to her for help.

In front of the fireplace in the hall, and holding his hat in both hands, stood Henri Lacaze, for it was no other, waiting for the young mistress of the castle to appear. That he was very restless soon became apparent from his sudden and abrupt movements: he walked impatiently up and down the hall, sat down, got up again, drummed on the window-panes with his fingers, never even casting a glance on the beautiful landscape that was before him. At length the door opened, and Alice came in, and, inclining her head with the grace and dignity that were habitual to her, asked what was the object of his visit.

Henri gazed at her for an instant without speaking, and then said, "I should feel more at my ease if Mademoiselle would please to sit down." Alice took a chair, and motioned to Henri to do the same.

"No, I would rather stand: it is more seemly; and besides, what I have to say is very simple, and will not take long. I shall not detain you more than a few minutes. They tell me that Mademoiselle is M. André Vidal's cousin?"

"M. André de Vidal?" replied Alice. "Oh, if it is to him that you wish to speak, it is very easy to send for him; he is out shooting with my grandfather, but they cannot be far off, for I heard a shot a moment ago."

"I do not wish to see him," said Henri, in an agitated voice; "but you will do me a great kindness if you will undertake to deliver a message to him. It is asserted in all the country round about that you are as good and as kind as the saints in heaven; that you bestow benefits on every one, and that nothing in the world would induce you to tell a falsehood. Therefore I hope you will forgive one who comes to you to know the truth. Tell me, then, Mademoiselle, it is not true, is it—it cannot be true—that André Vidal should be going

to marry any other than Rose Leblanc? If it is wrong to ask you, I entreat you to forgive me, but I must know, for if it is true it will break Rose's heart, and I promised before God to make her happy, and a promise made to God must be kept."

Alice had turned red and pale by turns during this speech. How many different thoughts and mingled feelings chased each other through her mind, and stirred her inmost soul, while this stranger was so boldly putting a question to her of which she had never dared to acknowledge all the bearings even to herself! In spite of the efforts which she made to conceal the pain that she felt at words which she could not but believe to be sincere, anxiety and distress were expressed on every feature. A keen thrill of pain almost made her heart stand still, for the first time, and, almost without her own knowledge, she loved, and loved with her whole soul, with all the tenderness and devotion of her nature, him whom her grandfather had chosen to be her future husband, and whose generous impulses and lovable qualities had been developed by the influence of a few days of happiness, as flowers expand under the sun's genial rays in spring. And now, wounded pride, which seemed almost like remorse, a fear of betraying herself, the feeling of suspicion, which weighs so intolerably on those whose youth is full of present happiness and of hope for the future, entered and took possession of her heart, and her embarrassment became almost insupportable. But in souls that are really Christian, there is one feeling that predominates over every other, which governs every action, even the most trifling, and holds the most violent and unlooked-for emotions in subjection—the sense of duty, that watchful and unyielding ruler, whose law is all-powerful, and from whose dominion nothing can escape.

Often, when thinking of the dull and desolate life whose wearisome monotony André used to complain of, had Alice wondered to herself whether no attachment, no love had ever softened his bitterness of spirit, and cheered his loneliness. The name which Henri had just pronounced, brought to her mind the young girl she had seen at Pau and at Betharam, and she recollected her lovely face and her winning and graceful ways, and a voice within her seemed to say, "It is she."

Henri was awaiting her answer with an anxiety which approached to agony.

Having paused for an instant to collect herself, Alice said, with great calmness and gentleness, "I do not know whether I ought to answer a question which I do not see that you have any right to ask, but I am willing to act with the same openness and simplicity which you have shown towards me. M. Andre Vidal is not, as far as I know, engaged to be married."

"What, not to Rose?" exclaimed Henri vehemently. "He has been living in this house with you for more than six weeks, and has never told you that he is engaged to marry Rose! Oh, God! it is as I thought: the man is a liar!"

"I cannot listen to you any longer," said Alice, with a beating heart and colorless face. "If you have come here to complain of M. de Vidal, you must address your reproaches to him, not to me;" and she rose to leave the room.

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; I entreat you forgive me! I am a boor and a ruffian; Rose always told me so; but in pity for her, in pity for me" . . .

"Is she your sister?" said Alice, touched by his grief and his earnestness.

"No, she is not my sister, though we were brought up together; she is more than that, if possible; she is more like my child, since the day when God in his goodness made use of me to save her precious life, and I swore to make her happy. And this man who has stolen her heart away,—to whom she has given the love that once was mine,—this man, who promised to marry her,—does he dare to make sport of us, to cast her off, to despise her, now that she loves him and loves me no more? No, it is not possible; it would be too infamous!"

"You loved this young girl, then?" said Alice, in a choking voice.

"*Did* I love her? Do not I love her now!" exclaimed Henri vehemently; and his hands clenched convulsively a little bag which he held out to her. "This is the money that is to procure a substitute for the man that she loves. These are the fruits of the long sleepless nights, when she used to wear out her eyes with work and crying. You may count the money easily, but you will never count the tears that she has shed while earning it." And he threw the purse on the table.

Alice opened it mechanically.

"Did that poor girl really get all this money by her work?" she exclaimed, with emotion.

"She had earned just a quarter of that sum," answered Henri, in a constrained tone, "when she fell ill, and was in danger of death; but God did not call her to himself this time, and when she recovered she found the money that was required to make up the amount already in the purse."

"Oh, it was you, then," cried Alice, with the deepest emotion, "it was you that put it there—you that loved her? Oh, what an example!" she added to herself. After a moment's silence, she said, "Is it really quite true that my cousin is engaged to marry this young girl?"

"As true as the truth," replied Henri, taking up his hat and stick.

"And she is called Rose?"

"Rose Leblanc, niece of M. Dumont, of Jurançon."

"And she sells fruit at Pau?"

"Yes; and it was all through going to sell that cursed fruit that the mischief was done."

"If I do not mistake, you were at Betharam on the sixth of September. We prayed together at the foot of the cross on the Calvary."

"Ah! I fancied your face was not quite unknown to me; it was on that very day that we were in such danger. There was a landslip just as we were coming down the mountain towards Choroaze."

"I remember," cried Alice. "They told us of it that evening, at Pau."

"Rose lay in my arms as if she was dead when we reached the only spot where there was a secure footing. It was then that I made the vow that I told you of. It is very simple."

"Yes," repeated Alice, inaudibly, "it is very simple; but, at the same time, it is the most sublime thing I ever heard of." Then, having thought for a moment, she added, "Is it long since Rose began to love André?"

"It is very long since she ceased to love *me*," answered Henri, in accents broken by such acute and evident suffering that Alice could scarcely bring herself to question him further. She forced herself to proceed, however; for she felt that not only her own happiness, but André's prospects, the fate of the poor girl who loved him so faithfully, and perhaps even of the noble heart whose sufferings and heroic self-sacrifice she so well knew how to appreciate, depended on the frankness with which she should deal with him.

"You will forgive me," she said, trying to steady her voice, "if in André's cause, and that of her whose happiness is dearer to you than your own, I ask you whether you consider that this marriage would be really a suitable one; and whether you are certain that there exists on both sides such a deep and true love as will compensate for the disadvantages of a match that is unequal in point of birth and education?"

"Unequal, do you call it?" exclaimed Henri, quickly. "A common soldier, without fortune and without position" . . .

"He is a near relation of the Baron de Vidal," interrupted Alice, in a gentle voice.

"What, he? André? . . . Well, it makes no difference whose relation he may be, he certainly is not worthy of our Rose; but, since she loves him, he must marry her. Ah, that is why he has never spoken of his engagement to her; that is why he so seldom writes to her, now that he has become a fine gentleman. Now I see why she looked so sad when she gave this purse into my hands, instead of jumping for joy, as she used to do at our village feasts, as I expected to see her do. Have I not wrestled and fought with myself, and made violent efforts to control the passions that rage within me, and to forgive this man, who has trodden upon my heart, and who thinks no more of destroying one's happiness than if he were crushing a spider? and now, because he is a gentleman, forsooth, and has rich relations who are willing to own him at last, he thinks he may set everything at defiance, and break his word to Rose. No, by heaven! he shall marry her! He must make her happy, I say, or he will have a desperate man to deal with. Because, if Rose were to be unhappy, I should go mad, and then perhaps I might kill him."

Alice looked up in his face in terror. His features were convulsed with rage and grief, and he seemed to have lost all control over himself. She rose and took leave of him with great gentleness, saying—

"I will execute faithfully the trust that you have committed to me; and, if necessary, I shall not fail to put forward Rose's claim to André's love and fidelity; but I do not doubt that there is enough of affection and gratitude in his heart to render my poor words unnecessary. Farewell! You may trust in me."

"I do," murmured Henri, in a low voice, as he bent over the hand that she held out to him.

Alice's face was calm, and there was no tear in her eye; her voice even had not failed her as she pronounced those last words; but, when the door was closed, and she was alone with God and her guardian angel—on her knees, with folded hands, and eyes raised to heaven, she made the sacrifice of her hopes of earthly happiness, her poor heart torn with grief, but her soul filled with the peace that passeth all understanding, which the world cannot give, nor the world take away!

## Chapter XIII.

It often happens in the trials of this life, that when there is question of making some great sacrifice, there are circumstances mixed up with it which complicate our sufferings, and make the performance of our duty much more difficult. For those who may truly be called Christians, sufferings that are merely personal have compensations which almost change their nature; but when, by making a sacrifice, we give sorrow to another person, or deprive those we love of their happiness, their hopes, or the dreams in which they love to indulge—of that which brings the smile to their lips, and

relieves the sadness or the monotony of their lives—then indeed the trial is hard to bear, especially for those who possess the rare gift of really caring for the feelings of others. This was the case with Alice. To scatter joys around her seemed a necessary condition of her existence. It was her delight to alleviate, if only for a moment, the pain or the sufferings of her fellow-creatures; to brighten the sad face of one in trouble; to cause the aged and the blind to rejoice, or an ailing child to smile. It was in the performance of acts such as these that she placed her chief happiness. She loved to feed the birds, to bring dying insects to life in the rays of the sun, even to revive the drooping flowers by carefully watering them. Her loving and devoted nature hailed with delight whatever could procure a moment of pleasure or of consolation for others. And now she sat thinking, with her head clasped between her hands, and turning over in her mind every means she could devise for softening to her grandfather the impending deathblow to his dearest hopes, and this without one thought for herself, without allowing a murmur to escape her, at the loss of her own prospects of happiness. She knew how entirely the Baron was set upon her marriage with André, which would have secured to his name the old domains and traditions of his family. She observed that, since André's arrival, he had seemed to take a new pleasure in life, and to interest himself about a thousand things for which he had long ceased to care; and his delight at the idea of the speedy realization of his hopes, betrayed itself in almost everything he said and did. Like a ray of the sun after a stormy day, it had come to brighten his old age, and to soften the bitter memories of the past.

"And now it is all over," said poor Alice sadly to herself, with a troubled brow and an aching heart. "There will be an end to his pleasure in turning over the family archives; to all his plans; to the secrets he used to pretend to keep from me; and to the half-expressed anticipations which I used to interrupt with kisses. If he would only make André his heir, without thinking of me; but that I know he will never consent to do. At all events I shall tell him that I do not intend ever to marry. But if André marries that poor little Rose, he will have nothing more to say to either of them. However, happen what may, he must marry her, since he has promised to do so; and it would be very wicked to seek to turn him from it. There never was a more touching proof of love than this purse, containing the fruits of long nights spent in hard work and in tears. I look upon it as the pledge of a sacred trust, which I have promised to fulfil, by God's help. And I am sure that my grandfather, even with all his cherished hopes at stake, would never urge his nephew to abandon one who linked herself to his fate at a time when he had nothing to offer her but his love and his poverty, and whose affection brightened his life, while we his own relations never so much as thought of him."

As Alice murmured these words, a few tears fell from her eyes; but, before the end of that day, whose dawn had seemed so radiant and joyful, she was destined to weep far more bitter ones. When, in this life's journey, we are checked by some apparently insurmountable obstacle, we often say, with Mary Magdalene in the garden of Gethsemane, "Who shall roll away for us the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre?" And soon, perhaps, some unforeseen blow dealt by the hand of God delivers us from a painful anxiety by means of some overwhelming misfortune. The stone is indeed rolled away, but

the sepulchre is empty. Happy are we, then, if, from the depths of a despair so great, that we seem to have neither a hope nor a fear left for the future, we are able to hear a voice like that of the Angel of Comfort saying to us, "For you Earth has no more joys. Turn your eyes to Heaven." Alice had spoken the truth, poor child, when she said so sadly, as she thought of her grandfather, "No more plans, nor hopes, nor pleasures for him."

A few hours later, she was kneeling by the bedside in the keeper's cottage, and praying as those only know how to pray, who follow by the strength of their desires and the earnestness of their faith the soul of some dear departed one to the foot of the throne of God, and utter for the first time the cry of grief, not unmixed with hope, "Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord."

The Baron de Vidal had been out shooting for some hours, and had been talking a little to André, as they sat under the shade of a great oak in the middle of the day. Suddenly he complained of a violent pain in his head, and then of giddiness; this was followed by faintness; but after a minute or two he seemed to revive, and fell asleep quietly with his head resting against the trunk of the tree. From that sleep he never awoke; and André, who had gone to a little distance to look at a view that Alice had mentioned to him, found him motionless and insensible when he returned to his side. In an agony of terror he threw himself on his knees beside his uncle, and felt for his pulse, and put his hand on his heart; both had ceased to beat, and André knew that there was no hope. He shuddered as he thought of Alice, knowing the strength of her love for her grandfather. The lifeless body of the old Baron was hastily carried to a cottage on the outskirts of the forest, and the doctor and the Curé were sent for with all speed. André undertook the painful task of breaking the sad news to poor Alice. When sitting at her window she saw him return alone, and marked his deathly paleness, she guessed at once that some misfortune had happened, and calling to him in a terrified voice with imploring eyes, sought in his face a contradiction of the fears which she had no voice to express. André had no hope to give her; his only answer was to seize her hands and cover them with tears and kisses. Alice rose without a word, and signed to him to follow. As they walked together towards the cottage she was praying inwardly; she only asked for one consolation, and this was not denied to her; for as she fell on her knees beside the lifeless body of her grandfather, the old Curé said, in a trembling voice, "My child, he went to confession, and received Holy Communion this very morning." A cry of thankfulness went up from Alice's heart, and was received by the angels who watch around the bed of death. "Yes," she exclaimed, "this is the second of October; the Feast of the Angel Guardians; doubtless he commended me to their protection. Oh, Father! dear Father! God is merciful, indeed, to us His weak and miserable children!" And hiding her face in the poor counterpane of the bed, she bathed with her tears the cold hands of him who had been to her father, mother, and brother all in one. André softly approached the bed, and, kneeling down beside Alice, joined his prayers to hers and those of the old Curé. She held out her hand to him without speaking; but he did not take it, and stooped to press his lips to the border of her dress. An hour later they walked together at the head of a procession of servants and peasants, who bore to the castle the mortal remains of the Baron de Vidal, one and all lamenting as if

they had lost a friend or a parent. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the trees in the park and the flowers in the garden, and illuminated the panes of the turret windows. The plants all bathed in dew shed their sweetest perfume; the evening breeze shook the tufts of long grass which grew on the walls; the swallows skimmed hither and thither; the rooks cawed in the top branches of the old elms, but the merry voices of the village children were hushed, and even the dogs lay motionless in their kennels. The country people soon began to ascend the hill on their way to the chapel in the castle, which was lighted by the candles on the altar, and by a few lamps which hung from the roof in the nave. They all knelt down and prayed in silence. Not a sound was heard, but the clink of the rosaries as they passed through the fingers of the women and the old men, and now and then a sob or a long-drawn sigh.

The sun disappeared and the moon rose, shedding her soft light over the country, and the silence of night fell like a veil over the woods, and rivers, and valleys; while the tears, the prayers, and the tolling of bells continued round the body of the Baron de Vidal. André went backwards and forwards from the chapel to the terrace, where a few weeks ago his uncle had pressed him to his heart for the first time. He was quite overcome with grief, and his soul was oppressed with sad presentiments: his only relief was in watching Alice, who as she knelt motionless at the altar rail, with her eyes fixed on the tabernacle, seemed scarcely to belong to earth; her beautiful face was bathed in tears, but so unearthly in its expression of love and of hope that grief seemed almost to have given place to ecstasy, and André, as he gazed upon her, scarcely ventured to pity her, and felt almost tempted to invoke her as a saint.

## Chapter XIV.

Three months had elapsed since the death of the Baron de Vidal. Alice de Morlaix still lived at the castle of Roche Vidal, which her grandfather had bequeathed to her, with an old aunt of hers, Mdlle. de Tournefort by name, who had formerly been a Religious; but, in the Revolution, had been obliged to leave her convent, and was thrown again upon the world, like a sheep forcibly driven from the fold. For many years she had led a solitary and peaceful life, in a small house near the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de Fourvières; but now she had come to reside with her niece, and joined, as far as her somewhat advanced age would allow, in the charitable occupations which had been Alice's only consolation since the death of her grandfather. It had rained all the morning, and the day was beginning to decline. Alice was seated at the window reading, but keeping a vigilant eye nevertheless on the road up the valley by which carriages came to the castle. Mdlle. de Tournefort, who was in her armchair by the fire, observed with some asperity:

"The roads must be broken up by the weather we have had since yesterday. Your little peasant will not arrive before seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and Jean will not hurry his horses for all the pretty faces in the world. You must make up your mind to this, my dear: but you always get so restless and excited when your poor people are concerned, that some day you will quite lose your head. Besides, when one does a foolish thing, it unsettles one for daily life, and I am tired of telling you what folly it is not to conform to the customs of the world. Ay, I see that little mischievous smile of yours. It is true, that for many years I have renounced the world, whose maxims I am always trying to make you respect; but either

one must separate himself completely from society, or else try to live at peace with it, and respect its prejudices, which after all are generally founded upon some groundwork of reason. Now, you must acknowledge, my dear Alice, that your ideas are somewhat romantic, and" . . . .

"Oh, I know very well, dear aunt," interrupted Alice, with a quiet smile, "that I need not expect any mercy from you on that point. And yet, though doubtless there are many bad books that are called romances, there are certainly some" . . . .

"That are good? No, never!" exclaimed Mdlle. de Tournefort. "There is not a novel in the world that is not detestable and pernicious. And what vexes me, I confess, my dear Alice, is that your conduct with regard to young De Vidal and the little creature who is coming here to-day is much more like what is to be found in novels, than like plain, practical, everyday life."

"I am afraid, dear aunt, that you will never prevent there being something of what you call romance everywhere, from the palace to the hovel, wherever the heart of man is to be found fighting the battle of life."

"But I put it to you, my dear, is it fitting that a young man of good family should associate with a peasant girl, a fruit-seller, and even promise to marry her? It is against all the rules of society; and though it may be lawful, it is certainly not expedient, and in the eyes of the world will be ridiculous. And yet you expect to carve out a grand destiny for this wise youth! You want him to take a high position in society; and you think that in him will be carried out all the old family traditions which your grandfather used to set such store by. And then, instead of trying to prevent this mesalliance, you must needs do all you can to help it on! Alice, Alice, your heart is good, I know; but I do wish I could see in your character a little more prudence and moderation."

"But who is to blame, dear aunt, if circumstances should occur in real life as extraordinary as those which come to pass in books? Can you wonder that a young man like André, with all his natural gifts, and full of talent and good feeling as he is, secluded in a dull village till he was twenty years of age, forgotten by his rich relations, and estranged from those among whom his lot was cast, as much by the education which he has succeeded in acquiring for himself as by his natural tastes and character,—can you wonder, I say then, that in his desolate isolation he should have become attached to the loving girl who cheered his lonely life, and was always ready with her affection and her sympathy?"

"Oh, pray spare me these romantic descriptions! You know very well that I do not like your way of looking at those things. It is far too sentimental. If you would only try not to allow your imagination to run away with you! It is not that I find fault with your wish to place this young De Vidal in the position that his birth requires. Far from it. He has had the misfortune of being brought up in an inferior condition, and it is both kind and fitting that you should furnish him with the means of making a suitable appearance in the world; and they say that nothing contributes so much to form the manners and open the mind of a young man as travelling in other countries. And in this way I think that the defects of his early education may be remedied."

"Oh, aunt," cried Alice, blushing, "if you had only known André, you would be forced to admit that nature and genius can make a better gentleman, in the true sense

of the word, than was ever produced by the mere training of courts and drawing-rooms."

"Nevertheless, his journey to Italy was entirely your doing, although you made it seem as if the suggestion came from Colonel de la Feronnière; and though the pretext was that his health required it, I understood very well" . . . .

"No, dear aunt, that is just what you did not do. The trials and difficulties of this life are not always so easy to understand; and there are mysteries in the hearts and destinies of men that are not to be fathomed at first sight."

"Ah, there you are, off upon your highflown ideas again!" exclaimed Mdlle. de Tournefort. "It is hopeless," added she, with a sigh.

In order to make the reader understand the indignation of the aunt, and the behavior of the niece, it will be necessary to go back to the circumstances which immediately followed the death of the Baron de Vidal. On the day of the funeral, and as soon as the ceremony was over, the will was read; and it was then found that the Baron had bequeathed the Castle of La Roche Vidal, and the whole of his fortune, to his granddaughter. The will had been opened in the presence of Colonel de la Feronnière and of several old friends who had gathered round Alice, as a last mark of respect to one whose loss was a cause of the deepest regret to all who had had opportunities of knowing and appreciating his rare qualities and talents, and of enjoying the charms of his conversation. The will was dated several years before the Baron's death. His sudden end had prevented his making any alteration in it, if such had been his intention. Mdlle. de Morlaix remained, therefore, the sole inheritor of her grandfather's property. The Baron had made no mention of his brother's children, and merely commended Alice to the care and friendship of Colonel de la Feronnière, in whose charge he also left her fortune, till she should be of age, or marry. As Mdlle. de Morlaix had already reached the age of twenty-one, it was no longer a guardian, but a guide and a friend that her grandfather's last wishes assigned to her. She felt deeply the want of some one to advise her, and accepted with heartfelt gratitude Colonel de la Feronnière's offer of help and counsel, in the numberless cares and duties which now began to crowd upon her. He asked her to spend some time with him and his wife at their country house near Bordeaux. Alice agreed to do so on condition of being allowed to stop first at Pau, at the Ursuline Convent, where she had made her first Communion.

This being settled, she had a long conversation with M. de la Feronnière about André's prospects, and begged him to hasten on as much as possible the arrangements that were being made to enable him to leave the army, and to secure to him an income sufficient for the position in the world that the Baron de Vidal would have wished him to occupy. She implored him to join her in her efforts to convince her cousin that in so acting she was but discharging a sacred duty, the fulfilment of which had been left to her by the express wish of her grandfather; thus depriving him of all pretext for refusing an offer which she did not wish him to ascribe to her generosity.

The Colonel, to whom the Baron had often confided his projects, quite entered into Alice's feelings and wishes; and he thought it better in every way, as the matter was of so delicate a nature, that André's fortune should be finally settled upon him before there should be question of a marriage, which, however much he might wish it to come

to pass in the end, at present would only serve to complicate matters, and put both Alice and André in very difficult positions. He promised, therefore, to act with the greatest discretion in the business; and to endeavor to manage it without giving offence to André's sensitiveness, which was always ready to take alarm.

Alice appreciated his kindness and sympathy, and thanked him from her heart. Later in the same day, she came and sat with André on one of the seats of the terrace, whence her grandfather was wont nearly every evening to watch the sunset. Here, in sight of the landscape which the old man had loved so dearly, and the details of which he was never tired of admiring, Alice could not restrain her tears. André buried his face in his hands. Both felt a dread of beginning a conversation of which they could not but foresee the probable end. Alice was the first to control her emotion, and by one of those efforts that were habitual to her whenever she conceived that she had a duty to perform, she succeeded in mastering her grief, and to all appearance was perfectly calm, though her heart was beating violently.

"Dear André," she began, with great gentleness, "we have spent some very sad days together. I do not think we shall ever lose the remembrance of them. And now that we must part" . . .

André trembled and turned very pale . . .

"Let us resolve at least to walk with a firm step in the path that honor and duty shall point out to us; not pausing before any obstacle; not shrinking from any sacrifice. My dear grandfather's last thoughts rested on the hopes of seeing you bear worthily the name of his ancestors. It was his dearest wish and the object of all his desires. He was constantly speaking about it, and telling me his plans for your future happiness. You can have no idea with what zeal and with what delight he made the requisite arrangements for securing to you the means of an easy and honorable existence, and a career conformable to your tastes, and in which you might cultivate your talents."

On hearing these words, André raised his head suddenly, but turned it away without daring to encounter Alice's eyes.

"He had not time," she went on, "to bring about himself all that he longed to do for you, but fortunately his friend and yours, Colonel de la Feronnière, is as well as myself fully acquainted with his intentions even to the very least details; and now, knowing his wishes, there is nothing left for us to do but to put them in execution as speedily as possible." André threw a bewildered and half-frightened glance at Alice: he knew not how to interpret her words, not daring to accept the hope that they seemed to hold out to him. "M. de la Feronnière," continued she, "has a real friendship for you, and if at any time you should be in want of advice or support, you may have recourse to him with all confidence. He said this to me just now, and begged me to tell you so from him. And for my part, dear André, it is most consoling to me to think that my grandfather's hopes will still be realized; that the position you will occupy in the world is the one in which he wished to see you; that your good qualities and your talents will lend a new brilliancy to the name of which he was so proud, and that his last wishes" . . . Here Alice's voice trembled so much that she could proceed no further. André, almost beside himself, seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips, without being able to utter a word. After having, as her custom was, raised her eyes to heaven, and prayed inwardly for a few instants,

Alice continued in calmer accents: "And now, dear André, let there be no secrets between us; true affection should be frank and open. I know that you love a charming young girl, and that she dearly loves you in return. I know what her affection, her devotion to you has been, for I have here the most touching proof of her patient and faithful love," and so saying, she laid the purse that Henri Lacaze had left in her charge, on the stone table beside which they were seated. "O my dear cousin," she added, "it gives me great joy to think that you will now have the means of proving to her your gratitude, and of sharing with her a fate which will be a happy one in the eyes of the world, and happier still, I hope, in all that constitutes man's real happiness and greatness." Alice ceased speaking, and there was silence for some minutes.

André sat perfectly motionless, like one stunned. He felt as though a weight like that of a mountain had fallen upon his heart. Despair, rendered more bitter by pride, filled his whole being, but not for the whole world would he have betrayed by a sigh or a look the agony that Alice's words had caused him. "What does this purse mean?" he said at last, in frozen accents.

"It is the fruit of the toil and sleepless nights of your promised bride, and contains the sum that was to have procured you a substitute. Day and night she worked to earn this money, till at last she fell ill from fatigue and grief. Then a noble and generous heart came to her aid; one who loved her with a love which shrinks from no sacrifice, which yields to no selfish consideration, and proves an incentive to the highest virtues, supplied what was wanting to fill this poor little purse, which has doubtless been often wetted by her tears. He came here to see me not long ago, and begged me to give you this, and to tell you that it was from Rose."

"You want me to marry her then?" said André, in a constrained and hollow tone.

"Yes," replied Alice gently; "you could not think of abandoning now one who loved you so faithfully when you were poor and unhappy."

"No, no!" cried André, with an accent of mingled anger and emotion. "I will not abandon her, for she does indeed love me. I will marry her, for she never deceived me. Poor Rose! She never showed me a glimpse of heaven only to plunge me afterwards into the lowest abyss of despair."

"No, indeed," said Alice, with heartfelt earnestness; "she has been to you what a flower is to the prisoner, or a cool spring to the thirsty traveller. Her sweet face" . . . .

"Do you know her then?"

"We knelt together at the Cross of Betharam, and I had seen her once before at Pau."

"Ah, that was on the day when I first saw you! Yes, you are right; I must marry her, for love and sorrow are strong as death, and the sea itself will never quench the thirst of a soul that loves. Yes, I will marry her! I will die rather than forsake her."

Alice trembled without exactly knowing why: she did not know what to say in order to calm the nervous excitement which was apparent in André's words and manner.

"That man of whom you were speaking just now," he continued, in a tone of suppressed irritation, "that Henri Lacaze—what does it signify to him whether I marry her or not? and by what right does he come and interfere with what concerns Rose and me alone?"

"It signifies to him that she whom he loves should be happy," said Alice, lowering her eyes. "It

is a noble and tender heart that beats in that manly breast; I honor that man with all the strength of my soul."

"In that case I envy him," murmured André, but too low for Alice to hear, "with all the strength of my despair." Again there was a long pause. André was calling to mind the thousand proofs of affection that Rose had given him, and his heart was deeply touched as he remembered how tender, how faithful, and how trusting had been her love for him. Anger and grief gave way for the moment to tender feelings, and in spite of the passion that was raging in his soul, and the agitation which convulsed his features, he pressed the little purse to his lips, and covered it with kisses and with tears.

Alice silently watched his emotion; she saw his tears fall, and heard the broken words that escaped his lips, and if her woman's heart bled at that moment, the angelic spirit within her rejoiced. "God be praised!" she murmured, clasping her hands, "God be praised! he loves her, and I shall be the only one to suffer."

André turned to her at last with a more composed face. "Alice," he said, "you have taught me a great deal during the days that we have spent together. I shall always thank God for having allowed me to know you. I look upon you as the guardian angel of my life and of my destiny, and under your protection I place all the resolutions that I have made. I accept your bounty also, Alice; it is the simplest as well as the most fitting way of showing my gratitude for a generosity which you have tried to disguise under another name. I shall go to Rose, and thank her for all she has done for me, and promise to make her happy. Poor child! she well deserves it."

"You will bring her to see me at the Ursuline Convent, at Pau, where I hope soon to be. I long to see her again."

"To Pau? are you going to Pau?" cried André, and a ray of joy flashed from his eyes.

"Yes, I want to have a little quiet time for thought and prayer at the foot of the altar before which I used to pray in my childhood, and it is in those holy precincts that I should like to see you again with Rose. And now, farewell, André, and may God bless you. And let us always remember," she went on, carried away by irresistible emotion, and turning towards him with her face all bathed in tears, "let us ever keep in mind those lines of Metastasio which we were admiring together a few days ago, and of which Henri Lacaze always reminds me:

'E proviamo al mondo che nato in nobil cuore,
Sol frutti *di virtù* produce amore.'"

(To be continued.)

## THE STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

### II.

THE year 1777 brought an important change in the relations between California and Mexico. "The Captaincy General of the Interior Provinces" was formed from New Mexico, Sonora, and California, which were detached from the viceroyalty of New Spain. Theodore Santa Cruz, the governor of the new province, though friendly to the missions, was imbued with the innovating liberalism of the day, and eager to reduce its theories to practice. The system of settlement hitherto adopted did not agree with his ideas, and he planned a radical change in it. The missioners were not to collect the Indians into settlements, but simply to visit them in their *rancherias*, leaving their material civilization to the lessons of the European settlers. To carry out these theories two missions were founded on the Colorado River, under the names of San Pedro y San Pablo, and La Purissima Concepcion. Eight Spanish families were settled at each, though without any municipal organization. An ensign and eight dragoons were also quartered at each settlement. The missioners, four in number, were not allowed to bring the Indians around the church, but were directed to instruct them in their own villages. The results of this ill-judged attempt were foreseen by the Franciscans, who nevertheless endeavored to carry out the plans of Santa Cruz even at the risk of their lives. A few of the Yama Indians in the neighborhood received instruction and baptism, but it was not long before the great body of the tribe came to regard the presence of the strangers as an unmixed evil. The cattle of the settlers consumed the wild grain which they had been used to gather for food, and they saw themselves also dispossessed of the best lands by the new-comers, without receiving any return like their countrymen in the other missions. The soldiers, too, were guilty of some excesses, which the Franciscans were powerless to check. The Indians, at length, made a general attack on the settlements, and utterly destroyed both. Almost all the settlers were killed, including the four Franciscans. The former governor of California, Rivera, who happened to be in the neighborhood, with six dragoons, for the purpose of recruiting horses, was surprised and killed at the same time; and another party had to fight its way back with great difficulty. A strong detachment was immediately despatched from San Diego to the scene of the massacre, but only to find the settlement and missions a mass of smoking ruins. Two of the Fathers had been decently interred by an Indian woman, and their graves were recognized by the fresh-springing verdure amid the general ruin. The bodies were taken up, inclosed in coffins, and sent to San Diego, and the commander having ransomed the captives from the Indians, returned without being able to punish the offenders. The missions were never restored, and this sad tragedy was the only result of the Commandant General's ill-conceived plan.

The fate of the Colorado missions, and the refusal of the College of San Fernando to send priests to any others of the same kind, caused the governor to return, though reluctantly, to the former system. Father Serra founded the San Buenaventura mission, on the old plan, in 1782, thus complet-

ing the three projected by the Inspector Galvez. This was also the last foundation of the venerable Superior, whose health had at length begun to give way. Finding his strength failing, he set out to make a last visit to his missions, and administer confirmation to the converts, as he had received special faculties for that purpose. At San Francisco he rested for a few days, and prepared for death by a retreat and general confession to his old friend, Father Palou. On his way back he consecrated the new church of Santa Clara. The builder of that edifice, Father Urguia, had died a few days before, and his loss deeply affected the Superior, whose mind was also disturbed by the delay in the arrival of missioners, on account of the difficulty between Santa Cruz and the Franciscans. He still continued to discharge his duties, in spite of his failing strength, and Father Palou, who was called to Monterey to assist him, found him, on the arrival of the packet from San Blas, cutting up cloth for his Indians. He insisted on receiving the Viaticum on his knees the following day, and two days later his soul passed away from earth to its eternal reward. So calm was his end that the visitors, with whom he was conversing a moment before, thought he was only lying down to sleep, and retired quietly from the room. Of his seventy-one years, more than fifty had been passed in religion, and thirteen in the country which claims him as its apostle. He left at his death more than six thousand Christians in California, and had fixed the foundations of religion too deeply in her soil to be overthrown by all the storms of later times.

The work of the mission was ably continued by Father Palou, who succeeded Father Serra as Superior. The mission and pueblo of Santa Barbara were founded in 1786, that of La Purissima, to the north, the following year, and those of Santa Cruz and La Soledad, near Monterey, in 1791. During the presidency of Father Palou, the French squadron under La Perouse touched at Monterey, and was entertained hospitably by the missioners. The illustrious navigator was greatly struck by the work that had been so noiselessly accomplished in this remote region, and his account of the voyage bears honorable testimony to its success. Father Lazuen, the next Superior, founded three missions, in 1797, under the titles of San Fernando, San Miguel, and San José. All three attained considerable importance, especially the last, which counted twenty-five hundred Christians at the date of its secularization. The following year the greatest of the missions, San Luis Rey, was begun by Father Antonio Peyri, who continued to direct it for thirty-five years. San Juan Bautista, between Monterey and Santa Clara, was founded in 1799, and Santa Inez, in the present county of Santa Barbara, in 1804. A pause in establishing new missions followed. The troubles which convulsed Europe probably prevented the arrival of new priests from Spain, whence nearly all the Californian Franciscans were drawn, and the consolidation of the missions already founded fully occupied those already in the country. The settlements now extended in a continuous chain from San Diego to San Francisco, at distances of only ten or fifteen leagues apart, and contained upwards of fifteen thousand Indians. Besides the central establishment, most of the missions had several detached farms occupied by Indians, and thus the entire coast, to the foot of the second chain of mountains that runs parallel to it, was occupied by civilized communities for more than five hundred miles.

As the system founded by Father Serra had reached its full development at this period, it will be well here to describe briefly the nature of the missions. The experience of the Jesuits had shown the necessity of providing a settled life for the Indians, in order to train them to Christian habits. Each mission was accordingly an agricultural and manufacturing establishment, presided over by the missioners. The population varied in different districts from four to five hundred up to three thousand or more. Each mission possessed a large tract of land as the property of the Indians. The principal establishments were on a similar plan in nearly all the missions, though of course differing in dimensions. One side of the large courtyard or *patio* was formed by the church, and the others by a two-story building, containing residences for the priests in charge and the various employees of the mission, as well as schools, magazines, workshops, and hospitals for the sick. The young girls were lodged in a place apart under the charge of the gravest of the Indian women, and were employed during the day in spinning, weaving, and similar works. With the growth of the population sun-dried brick and stone gradually took the place of wood as the material of all those buildings, some of which had a frontage of several hundred feet. The church of San Luis, with its stone tower and ornamented front, was erected under the direction of a Spanish architect, and had some pretensions to grandeur, but the majority of the missions, though strongly, were plainly built.

In front of the mission establishment was the house of the soldiers, four of whom and a sergeant formed the usual guard. Besides protecting the priests and their converts in case of an attack from hostile tribes, the soldiers served as postal messengers, but they had no part in the internal police of the mission. Order was maintained by Indians appointed by the Fathers, and was seldom seriously disturbed. The soldiers, in fact, often gave more trouble than the Indians, and were it not for the spirit of routine so prevalent throughout the Spanish administration, their presence would probably have been discontinued as useless. A few European mechanics were also employed in some of the missions to instruct the Indians. Two Franciscans directed each mission, one attending to the work of instruction and the other to the temporal administration, and all were subject to the Superior at Monterey.

The married Indians and their families resided in little villages around the mission, or on the various farms belonging to it. Those residing near the church attended mass and evening prayers there every day, and employed the rest of their time in cultivating the mission lands; the work being always light, and distributed according to each one's strength. A strict community of goods was established, each one receiving food, clothes, and occasionally little articles of luxury, from the common stock, and being carefully nursed in the hospital in times of sickness. In the morning the Angelus bell summoned all to the church; and after mass a breakfast of *atole*, a kind of Mexican porridge, was partaken of. The Father in charge then led his people to their work in the field, the most intelligent Indians acting as overseers, and the religious sharing personally the toils of their converts. The men who had learned trades worked as carpenters, masons, tanners, or wine-makers, in the workshops and yards of the mission, and the women employed themselves in spinning the wool of the flocks and weaving it into cloth. At midday

the church-bell recalled all from their work, and a couple of hours were allowed for dinner, which had been in the meantime cooked in the public kitchen, and was now distributed in portions to each family to carry home. The afternoon labors concluded about five in the evening, and after the recitation of the rosary in the church, and the distribution of supper, the Indians amused themselves with various games and dances until it was time to retire. On Sundays and holidays, as a matter of course, no work was done, and when mass and instructions were over, the Fathers encouraged their Indians to take part in innocent amusements.

All the property of the mission belonged to the Indians in common, the Fathers being only administrators, and receiving for their own use nothing beyond the necessaries of life. Besides food, clothes were distributed to the laborers at different times of the year, and when the surplus of the harvests, or the hides and tallow of the slaughtered cattle, had been sold, the Fathers made special distributions of tobacco, furniture, and other little luxuries, and occasionally small sums of money, among the Indians. A sufficient store was always kept in the public granaries to guard against the dangers of a bad year, and the surplus that still remained was employed in decorating the churches, improving the buildings, and bringing fresh land under cultivation.

The Indians were far from being insensible to the disinterested labors of their spiritual guides. Their affection for the Franciscans, in spite of their usually unimpassioned nature, was of the strongest and most lasting kind. Duflot de Mofra, a member of the French legation in Mexico, who paid a visit to California in 1840, gives a touching account of the manner in which the Indians of San Luis Rey still remembered Father Peyri. While he was visiting the half-deserted building, two parties of Indians approached, and the chiefs having saluted him with Spanish courtesy, asked if he had come from Spain. On his answering in the affirmative, he was very eagerly asked if he had seen Father Peyri? Being told that if still alive he was at Barcelona, the Indian spokesman replied, with an accent of the deepest conviction, that Father Peyri could not be dead, and that they confidently expected his return to bring back their banished prosperity. Finding a sympathetic listener in the French diplomatist, the Indian then told the sad tale of the wrongs he and his people had suffered from the "liberal" plunderers. He concluded by asking if his countrymen could be blamed if they avenged themselves by flying to the mountains and waging war on the whites, when they saw the buildings they had raised left desolate, their flocks destroyed, their fields and vineyards laid waste, and themselves without protection against the violence of the administrators, who had seized on the missions? De Mofra exhorted them to patience, but he could not but admit the justice of the chief's words. This little scene, while it illustrates the attachment of the Indians to their pastors, also shows that they were far from being the stupid and senseless race that some have unjustly represented them to be. Their notions of right and wrong, and their attributing their troubles to that wretched Government that had usurped sway among them, were much in advance of the liberal politicians of Spanish America, and even of countries of far higher pretensions. They had also more laborious and industrious habits than the Creoles; and in the school at the mission of San José, De Mofra found about sixty

Indian children, with only two or three whites. The aptitude which the former displayed in learning reading, writing, arithmetic, and music, considerably impressed the generous traveller. And his accounts of the various missions in their decay excite a lively feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate race so rudely crushed by the spirit of irreligion and anarchy.

The Franciscans acted both as spiritual guides and temporal administrators of the missions. The missioner who superintended the laborers at work frequently took personal part in their toils, not only by way of instruction, but also to inspire the habitually lazy Indians with a respect for labor. This conduct was adopted throughout California, and some thirty years ago the Dominican President of the Lower California missions actually died while ploughing among the Indians. The success that attended this course, and the remarkable ability with which the missions were administered, attracted the warmest admiration of both Catholic and Protestant travellers, many of whom were at a loss to understand how such administrative faculties had been developed in the cloister. The integrity of the Franciscan administrators in the numerous transactions which their position imposed on them was above suspicion. The English and American ship captains who visited California during the early part of this century readily delivered whole cargoes of goods on the simple word of a Franciscan. Nor was their confidence ever misplaced. None of the missioners who were forced to abandon their missions by the Mexican authorities carried with them any part of the wealth which they had administered, and many of them, in their advanced age, had to beg an asylum in Mexico.

From the beginning of this century down to the establishment of Mexican rule, the prosperity of the missions was uninterrupted. The flocks and herds increased to an extent which left the missions independent of the alms on which they had at first relied for their supplies. The population was increased by constant accession from the savage tribes of the Sierra Nevada, who presented themselves at the mission every year. When the harvest had been gathered a number of the Christian Indians visited their savage countrymen, and their representations were generally successful in inducing many to accompany them on their return, and receive instructions in Christianity. Force was strictly prohibited in bringing the Indians around the missions, but the latter presented themselves voluntarily in such numbers that in 1832 the Christian population attained the number of more than thirty thousand, though the natural increase of the old converts was comparatively small, as is generally the case among newly civilized races.

The remoteness of California saved it from sharing in the first troubles of the Mexican revolution. Hidalgo's insurrection indeed prevented the revenues of the "Pious Fund" from being transmitted to Loretto, but the resources of the missions had increased so as to be independent of such aid. An impulse was even given to new foundations in 1817, when the mission of San Rafael was established to the north of the bay of San Francisco, and Father Payeras, the then Superior, proposed the erection of a second chain of missions, pueblos, and presidios, parallel to the first, and further inland. The overthrow of the Spanish dominion alone prevented this design from being carried into execution, as the success of San Rafael showed that the zeal of the missioners had not been relaxed by prosperity. In a few years,

Father Fortuni, its director, had gathered seventeen hundred Indians within its jurisdiction from the hitherto unvisited tribes, and it was evident that nothing but a sufficient number of missioners was needed to secure the entire conversion of California. Unfortunately they never arrived, and the revolutions of Mexico soon stopped any further mission growth that might have been expected.

The downfall of the Spanish rule and the establishment of the Mexican Republic were proclaimed in Monterey in 1822. The majority of the white inhabitants had taken no interest in the revolution, under which, indeed, they were not left to rule themselves. The province was declared a territory of the new republic, and in 1824, General Echandia was sent from the capital as governor. The new governor's rule was marked by the usual features of ignorant liberalism. The president of the missions was driven into exile on the ground of his Spanish nationality, and constant vexations were heaped on the remaining Franciscans. In 1824 they were forbidden to exercise any authority over the Indians, and were ordered to confine themselvs entirely to spiritual matters. Such a change in their relations to their converts would no doubt have been made in due time by the missioners themselves, after the example of the Jesuits in North Mexico, but in the then state of Mexico it was fatal to California. The Indians, removed from their accustomed employments, and harassed by the white adventurers who began to pour into the country, became the terror of the inhabitants, and in 1828 the Padres were begged by the government to resume their former authority. The Indians readily returned to their missions, and for some years the prosperity of the latter was even greater than before. In 1833, according to the report of the Prefect, San Diego contained an Indian population of two thousand five hundred, occupying seven ranchos or farms, of several leagues each in extent. The olive grove planted by Father Serra and his companions was the best in the country, and even at the present day, after thirty years of neglect, it continues to flourish. The mission possessed eleven thousand horned cattle, and more than thirty thousand sheep, and disposed annually of a large quantity of hides, tallow, and wines to the American traders, besides furnishing supplies to the garrison of the presidio. San Luis Rey had still larger possessions. Eighty thousand beeves, more than a hundred thousand sheep, and more than ten thousand horses were counted in its corrals; and its buildings were the finest in all California. Father Peyri, during his long administration of thirty-four years, had established tanneries, soap factories, distilleries, wine-presses, salt-pits, and extensive workshops of different kinds, and had gathered more than three thousand five hundred Indians under his care.

San Gabriel was even wealthier than San Luis, possessing more than a hundred thousand cattle and twenty thousand horses, with about forty thousand sheep. Agriculture, too, was carried on more extensively, and the vineyards annually yielded more than five hundred barrels of excellent wine. The Biscayan Father, Zalvidea, who administered this mission, was a man of extraordinary activity and great business capacity. He despatched a vessel every year to San Blas, laden with oil, hemp, and linen, and frequently another to Peru with a cargo of soap or tallow. The mission possessed extensive works for making the former, and also large tanneries, besides wine presses, a distillery, a saw-mill, and workshops for different trades. The

manufacture of linen, cotton, and canvas was extensively carried on, and the mission supplied most of the cordage required by the dockyards of San Blas. Foreign vessels brought goods in exchange for these products, and the storehouses of the mission often contained several entire cargoes purchased from them. Three splendid vineyards, four large orchards of European fruits, an olive garden, and an orangery, surrounded the mission, all kept in the highest cultivation by the Indians, and surrounded by thick hedges. The three thousand Christians who formed the population of San Gabriel enjoyed a degree of material comfort proportional to this wealth, and rarely shared by any of their illfated race. The other missions, though not equal to the three already described, shared in the common prosperity. San Luis Obispo was famous for its manufactures of cotton and wool. San José was scarcely inferior in importance to any of the great missions, and Santa Clara was not far behind it in the number of its inhabitants. The school of music in the last-named mission was celebrated throughout California, the Franciscans having organized a complete military band among the Indians. A French traveller who visited California when the missions were nearly ruined, was astonished to hear the "Marseillaise" and other airs played by the Santa Clara Indians with good taste. San Rafael, notwithstanding its late foundation, counted seventeen hundred neophytes, and San Francisco Solano, the only mission founded under the Mexican rule, gathered together a population of thirteen hundred in the ten years of its existence. The works of all the missions were executed by the Indians, under the direction of the Franciscans, assisted by a few European mechanics. The Indians, besides the labors of the farm, learned to make bricks, to cut stones, burn lime, make roads and bridges, and erect all the buildings required. Many of their roads still remain, and are unsurpassed by those of a later date. The irrigation works executed under the Franciscan rule showed an agricultural experience unknown even to the population that has since occupied the country, and within the last few months skilled engineers are endeavoring to imitate their system on a scale adapted to the wants of modern California.

Such was the state of the missions in 1831, little more than sixty years after Father Serra had arrived in San Diego. More than thirty thousand civilized Indians enjoyed therein a prosperity unknown to almost any branch of their race. And this result had been attained without expenditure of either blood or treasure on the part of the Government of Mexico. The "Pious Fund," or estates purchased for the California missions by the alms of the Mexican Catholics in the eighteenth century, defrayed all the expenses of their establishment. The Spanish Government simply left the Franciscans free to assemble the Indians into settlements, and protected their converts, and the charity and zeal of the missioners accomplished the rest.

The wealth accumulated by the industry of the Indians was unfortunately too tempting a prize to be let slip by the needy revolutionists who by turns seized power in Mexico. The ill success of Echandia's first attempt at depriving the Franciscans of their authority, did not prevent him from renewing his attacks in 1830. As usual, high-sounding phrases were not wanting to disguise the proposed spoliation. The Governor professed the liveliest desire for the welfare of the Indians, and on that account he urged the division of the mission property among them. To carry

out this plan he had already in 1828 appointed administrators, to act in the place of the Franciscans as managers of the estates, and these officials still continued to trouble the missioners. The latter stoutly defended the interests of their converts, and for some years delayed, if they could not finally prevent, their destruction. The greed of the "liberal" politicians, however, was not to be baffled by a few unarmed friars. The Mexican Congress had already seized the revenues of the "Pious Fund" in 1823, and in 1832 they were formally sequestrated in the hands of Government for a period of seven years. No justification was made for this act of high-handed robbery, which some years later was consummated by the sale of the whole property by Santa Aña. The missions might and would have survived this loss; indeed, they had received little from Mexico for twenty years previous to the sequestration, but the Californian territorial Junta was not slow to follow the example set it by Congress. The Spanish birth of most of the missioners afforded a pretext for attacking them personally. Father Martinez, the exemplary and enlightened pastor of San Louis Obispo, was exiled in 1830, and the following year the Prefect Apostolic, Father Sanchez, died of grief from the attacks of the Governor on the missions. A short respite was given by the government of Colonel Victoria in 1832, who suppressed the offices of the administrators, but he was quickly driven from his office, and under his successor, Figueroa, the attacks on the mission property recommenced with greater violence. Seven Spanish Franciscans were forced to leave the country during the first two years of his rule, leaving their missions unprovided with successors. Among them was the venerable Father Peyri, who had administered San Luis Rey from 1798, or more than thirty-eight years, and who now returned with no other wealth than his habit and sandals to beg an asylum from his brethren in Mexico. The Indians, who owed their welfare entirely to his labors, were inconsolable at his departure, which they well knew was the forerunner of their ruin, and for years afterwards they continued to hope for his return.

The departure of so many missioners, and the death of others, left several of the missions without pastors, and in 1833 the Mexican Congress, in a moment of justice and good sense, decreed that successors should be provided for the banished Franciscans. In accordance with this decree, eleven priests were sent to California by the Convent of our Lady of Guadalupe at Zacatecas. They proceeded on foot to San Blas, there to await an opportunity of embarking for Monterey. At San Blas they were met by Mr. Forbes, an English Protestant, who, in spite of his anti-Catholic prejudices, was much struck by their pious and humble demeanor. All were dressed in coarse serge, and displayed a close adherence to the spirit of their rule in their whole demeanor. They had unfortunately only too much need for the exercise of patience on their voyage. The captain of the vessel which was to carry them to California suddenly joined a revolutionary party and put them on shore, and it was only after long delays that they were able to reach their missions. The tardy justice thus shown by the Mexican Government was, however, incapable of arresting the destruction of the missions. The Spanish Californians had fully imbibed the taste for plunder, and they were not to be balked of their prey. The character of the white population in California never stood high. The soldiers who were the first colonists were but little suited to found industrious com-

munities, and since the establishment of Mexican rule they were usually men of the lowest character. Idleness and gambling were the prevalent vices among all classes, and the rancheros, whose notions had been unsettled by the constant revolutions of ten years, looked with covetous eyes on the riches accumulated by the industry of the Indians. The lay administrators, who had been gradually forcing themselves into possession of the missions, were not disposed to give them up to the newly arrived Franciscans. The Territorial Assembly finally decreed, in August, 1834, the entire secularization of the missions. As usual, the most brilliant promises accompanied this spoliation. The missioners were to continue to direct the spiritual welfare of their converts, and to receive salaries from the property of the mission. The Indians were to receive lands and cattle in full property, and lay administrators were to continue the mission establishments for their benefit.

It is hardly necessary to say what was the execution given to these flattering promises. Figueroa made a pretext of allotting farms and cattle to the Indians, but the greatest part of the stock, and the best lands, were reserved for what were styled the "wants of the Government," which might more justly have been styled the greed of the governor. The administrators, generally old domestics of the missions, hastened to enrich themselves with the wealth intrusted to their care; the best farms were granted to friends of the governor, and the cattle which did not share the same fate were in many cases carried off by the neighboring rancheros. The Indians, no longer protected by the Franciscans, and exposed to constant violence and robbery from their white neighbors, soon abandoned the missions. Those who received cattle, and were not robbed of them by the rancheros, usually sold them for brandy, and the majority returned to savage life. The missioners still struggled to keep a remnant of their flocks around the missions, but it was an unavailling attempt. The governor, Alvarado, after setting up for a time an independent state in California, obtained from the Mexican Congress, in 1836, a decree completing the spoliation of the missions, and he and his partisans hastened to seize on the last remnants of their property. Alvarado seized for himself a part of the cattle still remaining at the mission of Carmel, and sold the whole establishment of La Soledad for a rancho near Monterey. The venerable pastor of this mission actually died of want in 1838, while attempting to say mass for the few of his converts that he still kept together. General Vallejo seized the mission of San Francisco Solano, and the cattle belonging to that of San Rafael, both of which he entirely ruined. The materials of the buildings at Solano were used to construct his own private house, and the forty or fifty Indians that remained of its thirteen hundred converts were employed as his servants. A similar fate befell San Juan Bautista, and in 1842, when Micheltorena endeavored to restore the missions, the work of destruction was too far advanced to be stayed. His overthrow sealed their downfall, and the disappearance of the Indians under American rule leaves no hope of their restoration. A few hundreds still remain round the old mission farms, and three or four thousand more are incorporated with the Spanish population, but the destruction of the great mass of the converted Indians by Mexican anarchy is a fact scarcely less striking than their civilization by the Franciscans. The Mexican Indians, driven to the woods and

mountains to escape the vexations of the rancheros, fell victims to the epidemics which decimated the savage populations about the years 1839 and 1840. So rapid was the depopulation, that the census taken of 1842 showed only four thousand Indians remaining at the missions. Perhaps an equal number were scattered through the pueblos and ranchos, but the rest were either destroyed or lost forever to civilization.

Few pages in history are more affecting than the fate of the missions raised with such patient devotion. The French diplomatist, De Mofra, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information respecting California, describes them as he found them after seven years of the revolutionary administration, and his narrative must excite the sympathy of every man of feeling. The mission of San Diego in 1840 was crumbling to ruins, its vineyards and olive plantations were running wild, and its works deserted. The herds and flocks, which numbered forty thousand horned cattle and nearly as many sheep in 1833, had disappeared, and the old Franciscan who remained amid the ruins had only succeeded in preserving a single farm, two leagues away, for his Indians. The twenty-five hundred inhabitants of seven years before had dwindled to five hundred, who still remained on the spot of ground left to them; the rest had wandered away or perished. Father Peyri's old mission of San Luis had fared even worse. Father Gonzalez, its pastor, had only been able to keep together four hundred of its once numerous population, on the outlying farm of Las Flores, where they still preserved something of the order and government introduced by the missioners. The alcaldes came to salute the visitor, and ask him in Spanish for news of their still remembered guide. At San Gabriel the extensive plantations and manufactories of Zalvidea were abandoned, and the youngest of the Spanish Franciscans was found moulding bricks among the four hundred Indians that remained of three thousand. A part of the others furnished Los Angeles with the labor required for cultivating its fields, being miserably paid, and often abused by their white employers. Even in their misery the Indians still preserved the habits of industry given them by the missioners, and they alone performed any agricultural work in California. San Fernando and Santa Barbara had fared a little better, but in each the population was reduced to a third of its former number, and all the great works had been abandoned. San José had only four hundred of its twenty-three hundred Christians. And Father Gonzalez, whose exertions still enabled them to maintain some degree of prosperity, was actually placed on rations by the lay administrator. Desiring to offer some refreshment to his foreign visitor, the worthy priest had to beg a double allowance from the lay occupant of the mission, who thereupon sent him two plates of beef and some wretched corn bread, though his own table was well supplied. The priest, thus unworthily recompensed for a life of sacrifice and toil, made no complaint on his own account, and only raised his voice to protest against the ill-treatment of his Indians. Not content with previous spoliations, some of the neighboring rancheros were seeking to remove the latter entirely from the mission, to form a town at some distance off, thus depriving the unfortunate natives of their last protection. Santa Clara had lost five-sixths of its inhabitants, but the buildings were tolerably well preserved, and are now occupied by the Jesuits as a

College. Santa Inez had preserved a considerable part of its cattle, but only two hundred and fifty of its thirteen hundred Indians. San Buenaventura and La Concepcion were without priests, and almost deserted, and the magnificent buildings of San Miguel were only inhabited by twenty or thirty Indians. La Soledad, San Juan, and Carmelo had been entirely ruined, as well as the northern missions of San Francisco Solano and San Rafael, and San Francisco only preserved about fifty Indians. A still sadder sight was presented by San Antonio, where Father Gutierrez, almost paralyzed and helpless, was refused by the administrator the means of entertaining his visitor. The most affecting spectacle, however, was offered by San Luis Obispo, where the oldest of the Californian missioners, who had almost been a contemporary of Father Serra, was found alone. Scarcely a hundred Indians were left of thirteen hundred that had formed this congregation; but the venerable priest refused to leave them, and declared he would die at his post. The sight of the venerable religious, who had seen the rise and full development of the mission, then left without a companion in his ruined mission, and depending for his daily food upon the plunderers of his flock, made a deep impression on his French visitor. After nearly sixty years of toil in the missions, the Father had no other bed than an ox hide, no cup but a horn, and no food but some sun-dried beef. All was unable to wring a complaint from his lips, or to induce him to quit his post. He even still spoke of fresh missions, and of planting Christianity among the savage tribes. The whole of the missions in 1842 only counted four thousand five hundred Indians, instead of nearly thirty-one thousand at the date of the secularization. The number of horned cattle had fallen from more than four hundred thousand to twenty-eight thousand, the horses from sixty-two thousand to less than four thousand, and the sheep from three hundred and twenty thousand to less than a tenth of that number. The yield of cereals had fallen from a hundred and twenty thousand bushels to less than seven thousand, and that of the vineyards to almost nothing. The cultivation of cotton, flax, and hemp, as well as of the olive and many other fruits, had been entirely abandoned, and the irrigation works and manufactories allowed to go to ruins. As the old missioners died their places were left unsupplied, and the deserted missions continued to fall to ruins, or became the abode of the first comer. California was finally erected into a diocese in 1840, and the arrival of its first bishop in 1843 may be regarded as the final end of the Franciscan missions.

As might be expected, the plunder of the missions added little to the prosperity of the white population. The larger part of the cattle was recklessly slaughtered in the course of a few years, and the fields and vineyards which had yielded such abundant returns to the toil of the Indians were abandoned for want of cultivators. Many of the most valuable crops ceased to be produced, as cotton, hemp, and flax, and the oil, soap, and other manufactures of the missions were scarcely made in quantities sufficient for the wants of the country. The American conquest and the discovery of gold in the Sacramento River a few years afterwards, brought a new population to California, and few of the spoilers of the missions now retain their illgotten acquisitions. The churches and buildings not already alienated were secured to the Catholic Church by the treaty of annexation, and many of them are still used, and serve to

recall the memory of their founders. The race for whose salvation the latter toiled so well has wellnigh passed away, but other worshippers, professing the same faith, and destined, it is hoped, to perpetuate it in the land, have taken their place, and the memory of the Franciscans is yet potent for good among the new population of California.

Such is the brief story of the California Missions. Catholic charity and religious self-sacrifice solved in them the problem that has baffled for nearly a century the statesmen of the American Union, namely, how to preserve the Indians. The blood and gold so lavishly spent on Indian wars and treaties, and often with the best intentions, have failed to raise a single savage tribe to civilization within the United States. The half-civilized Cherokees and Iroquois alone have preserved an often-threatened existence, but it has been found impossible to bind down the wilder tribes to settled homes, or even to let them dwell among the white population, while the Franciscans gathered around them spontaneously thousands from the most degraded races on the continent, and won them to habits of labor. That the greed of those who should have been its protectors overthrew their work, and that their converts perished under the blight of revolutionary lawlessness, cannot be laid to their charge. Their task was to convert and civilize, not to raise armies, or set up governments for their own defence, and that they accomplished, as it has never been elsewhere accomplished in the United States, as it never was or will be accomplished anywhere save by those who share the same spirit of Catholic charity.

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## IN THE STRIFE.

### The Heart.

I die, I die! this toil I cast aside!
  It weighs me to the earth! I cannot bear
Its weary burden, which my strength has tried,
  Until I eager fly to deep despair.
A cool and tempting sea, wherein I cast
  All turmoil, and deprived of power it lies;
A dark, unknown abyss, where falleth fast
  All care, and then, in shadow low, it dies!

### The Soul.

E'en so, transfixed upon the weary cross,
  Two thousand years ago, cried thus, O, God's Heart!
But seeing its despair would be thy loss,
  From its dread agony, it would not part.
Heaven waited but His look to free its Lord;
  *The look came not.* Ah! steadfast then He clung,
That thou despair shouldst conquer with a word.
  Hush! 'tis the name of that on which He hung!

# LOVE AND DUTY.

## AN IRISH STORY.

### Chapter 1.

In one of the most beautiful valleys of Ireland, sleeping in the warm flash of a bright July sun, stood as pretty a little cottage and surroundings as the eye of the poet could contemplate or the skill of the artist portray.

Covered with climbing rose trees that clung, and crept, and hung a wealth of flowery gems from eave to basement, and of that intermediate size which presents to one's mind the idea of a bower of comfort, a very palace of home delights, Woodbine Cottage stood in the midst of its pretty little garden, rose-alleyed, box-bordered, and now replete with all the wealth of flowers that spring to the caresses of the summer sunbeams; all old-fashioned beautiful flowers, such as carnations, gillyflowers, and others of the good antiquated style.

Around it spread a scattered grove of chestnut trees, through whose large-leaved foliage the sunbeam glanced here and there, stencilling the bright luxuriant sward that spread beneath, and turning the brown-hued sycamore trunk into a netting of variegated silvered and golden gray.

Away on either side were undulating hills, beneath whose bases the heavy-foliaged elms stood, denoting where a river glided placidly, murmuring its lazy croon while it stole along, now dark in shade and again brightly glancing as it emerged from beneath the shadows of the tall trees overhanging its margin, and so onward in its checkered course until it lost itself in the broad expanse of a clear lake, that added the last and most beautiful feature to the scene.

The golden-banded bee wended his way from flower to flower, while he tooted his merry horn, only silent as he paused to sip honey from the curled recesses of the orchis or foxglove; a hundred merry-voiced grasshoppers chirped from every tuft, and made up the chorus that throbbed and throbbed like the pulses of a vivid life, that though now it seemed to sleep showed life in every phase of the scene; faintly mellowed by distance came snatches of melody across the meadows from some orange-billed blackbird, which in the cool shadow of a riverside thicket felt the luxury of life that flushed within him and around him, and feeling, gave vent to his delight in bursts of song that rippled, flowed, and lost themselves in the stretches of warm sunny air.

Rich, radiant July!

Near the rustic gate leading into the cottage-garden, embowered in rose-trees, and canopied by a wealth of intertwining woodbine stems and leaves, from whose every part hung tasselled honeysuckles, golden and crimson streaked, that flung an odor almost too rich around on the already heavily perfumed air, was a pretty circular seat, on which sat a young girl, well in keeping with all around her. Beautiful she was in good truth; and yet it was not in regularity of contour her fairness consisted. There was none of the Grecian statue in the broad brow, over which her golden brown hair fell profusely; nor in the violet dark eyes, rather irregular nose, and sweet full lips. Indeed, it was in expression that her chief beauty lay. Everchanging as the skies of her own native land, whether flashing with mirth or sympathizing with some pensive tale, her face was one to charm with its "beauty

truly blest, whose red and white, Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Twenty summers had garlanded Woodbine Cottage since that on which the wee Minnie Connor first opened her dark eyes on the world. Twenty summers—and each succeeding summer saw her grow more and more fair, at the same time increasing in amiability beneath the loving guidance of her mother, until she became the very soul of the cottage, alike dear to all who knew her, from the admiring domestics to the almost idolizing parents.

In truth as she reclined on the shady seat that bright July day, she formed a very fair and pretty picture. The *petite* form, graceful as the golden-colored osier that drooped over the river below, was robed in garments of spotless white, pencilled here and there by straggling sunbeams, that now and again found their way through the leafy awning to gaze on the fair form, and lose themselves among the waves of golden glossy hair; a hat hung carelessly in one hand, while the other supported the shapely head—pretty hands, but not too pretty for the commonplaces of life; just pretty and useful in happy combination. A volume of poems, by Longfellow, had fallen from her hands, and lay unheeded on the seat; for she was now engaged in thought that dreamily shone in her dark eyes, and was denoted by the partly opened smiling lips through which her teeth shone, as a row of pearls gleaming through red coral.

She was picturing to herself the beautiful little village of Grand-prè, which the poet describes so eloquently in a few lines—every line a very poem in itself. The evening scene where the good pastor walks down the street; and then her thoughts wandered to Evangeline and "Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith;" the departure of Gabriel and the desolation of the happy confraternities; the wanderings of the faithful girl after her loved one—but here her thoughts ran off into a different yet somewhat parallel channel, as she thought of Hugh Brady, far away amid the wilds of the far distant Australian Bush, toiling to win wealth for her sake. And her mind ran over the vistas of her past existence; shadowed by no cloud save one, from the time she first remembered Hugh as her companion in every sport, in every wandering by the riverside, until the day he came to her with pale features and flurried manner to announce the death of his father, and worse and worse, the ruinous condition in which he had left his affairs. And soon Hugh was made to understand by Minnie's prudent money-loving father, that said father's son-in-law must possess, if not a greater amount of money than he intended to dower his daughter with, at least an equal amount of that very necessary article; and so one word led to another, until Hugh was called a penniless beggar, which compliment was returned by the appellation of a miserly old man, followed by a declaration that he, Hugh, would never return until he could buy Woodbine Cottage twice over. So, after an interview with Minnie, during which mutual vows were exchanged, Hugh departed, commended to the care of Mary, the Star of the Sea, by Minnie; a commendation renewed every morning and evening as she prayed in the solitude of her chamber before her little lace-draped altar; and oftener it arose from her heart in the silence of the fields or as she followed the routine of the household duties.

The day wore on; slowly, yet steadily, the sun traversed the cloudless blue expanse, and the shadows grew long and slanting; yet Minnie, wrapt in thought, still continued dreaming. A pert little wren, attracted by the coolness and

deceived by the silence, fluttered to the door, but suddenly perceiving the occupant, uttered such a sharp series of his little creaking notes of alarm as fully to awake the damsel from her revery; and then Master Wren, hopping from spray to spray, cocked his little tail and bobbed his tiny head as his sparkling bead-like eyes glanced from beneath leaf and spray, and all the while chattering away at a furious rate, as though the safety of every bird for miles around depended on his warnings.

Thus aroused, Minnie picked up her book and tripped off gaily to the house, her heart full of confidence in Hugh, and the protection of the Mother in Heaven.

In a few moments she emerged at the back of the house, where her appearance was greeted with a storm of applause from the various feathered creatures which expected with her arrival a supply of creature comforts.

Long-legged turkeys, gobbling loudly as they ran; ducks that strove hard to get up a lively walk, with obliquely-held head, out of which the dark eyes glanced knowingly; a stately cock, accompanied by the numerous members of his harem, one of which, followed by a brood of down-clad, long-legged chickens, kept up a continual cackling, varied now and then by a furious rush at something near. Soon, however, the noise abated, and Minnie heard her name called from the house. Turning around, she saw it was her father called, as he stood at the back window of the parlor, in company with Matthew Griffin, a middle-aged farmer, whose visits to the cottage were much more frequent lately than she at all liked. He was unmarried, and every time he called her father seemed to grow more moody than ever. Many a time had she questioned her mother, but Mrs. Connor was as much in the dark as her daughter, and could offer no solution. In obedience to the call she distributed the remaining food at once, and hastened back to the house. As she entered, the clapping to of the front gate intimated that the unwelcome visitor had taken his leave for that time; so it was with more lively steps she proceeded into the parlor, from which her father had called. He was still standing at the window, gazing off into the orchard and the meadow beyond.

He was thinking deeply, for he did not seem to notice her when she entered, and it was not until she touched him on the shoulder he looked around. She was startled at the expression of gloom on his features, an expression not usual in his daughter's presence, for she seemed to act upon his harsh nature like the summer sunbeams on a mountain lakelet. But though something of such an effect gleamed in his gray eyes, yet no smile appeared on his face as he gazed on her smiling features. He opened his lips to speak, but with a pained look he again turned to the window and looked out; then suddenly turning, he spoke sharply:

"Minnie, my child! time is fleeting; I and your mother are growing old. We wish to see our darling comfortably settled before we"—

"Nonsense, father!" was the abrupt interruption of the as abrupt speech her father had commenced with. "Neither you nor mother will die for twenty, thirty years to come; and—and surely you have not grown tired of me yet!" and here she pressed closer to her father, and wreathed her arm around his neck.

"But Minnie, you will marry *some time*, and it's just as good now as any other time. There, not a word now!" as she was about to interrupt him, "not a word now, until I tell you all I've got to say. You must, as I told your mother last evening, marry one day or

another; and as there is no time like the present, and you have got a good offer, why I think the best thing we can do is to marry you right off at once!"

"But, father! I shall never marry, except"—

"Stop, my pet! Do I not love you dearly, and do you think I would advise you to act wrongly? Besides, Matthew Griffin is a rich man, and"—

"Matthew Griffin? What! that old man!" said Minnie sharply, while she withdrew her arm from him. "Would you, indeed, ask me to wed such an"—

"And why not?" returned her father as his brows contracted slightly, "Is he not an excellent match for you? Park House, which he bought from that worthless scamp, Brady, is the best"—

"Father!" exclaimed Minnie, and her father saw her eyes *could* flash, "I do not care how you praise that sordid old man, but I will not—I cannot stand by, and hear you malign Hugh, the son of your old esteemed friend—a welcome visitor to your house until he became poor by no fault of his; and all because of the wretched gold Griffin has, and Hugh has not. Hugh is good and true, and—and forgive me, father, if I may seem too bold, but I love Hugh, and I will never, never marry another!" And here poor Minnie burst into a tempest of sobs that shuddered through every fibre of her frame.

"Minnie, you'd better go to your mother; she will tell you another reason for your compliance. But, bear in mind the fact that my decision is and shall be unalterable. You must marry Matthew Griffin."

He compressed his lips, and she knew but too well how firmly he was determined to carry out the resolve he had made.

## Chapter II.

Poor Minnie! How soon had all the bright beauty of the day vanished, leaving instead an air of universal sadness on the whole scene, on the land and on the sky. She found her mother seated outside the door, and while she hid her face in the folds of her parent's dress, she strove to tell between sobs all the words her father spoke.

"No receipt openeth the heart," says Bacon, "but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lieth upon the heart to oppose it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession." Truly does the quaint old writer express himself. What is so sweet as to mark the joy of a true friend at one's good fortune? And what eases the heart that is almost breaking with the weight of solitary grief, more than imparting one's sorrow to a friend, who can truly sympathize? And if a common friend can do so much, then, in a much greater degree, can a mother comfort—a mother! the first, the best, most beloved of friends!

And so, in a few minutes, the sobs ceased; and the story was told. However, the good woman could not bestow much comfort; in fact, she could only augment her child's grief, when she related the reason her husband had referred to. She could only tell her that Griffin had her father in his power; that at any moment he could ruin him and them.

It appeared that affairs had gone wrong with Connor for some months past. Crops had failed, cattle failed, friends failed; and between all the failures, he was obliged to borrow money of Griffin, who gave it freely for some time until he had the other completely in his power, when he turned on him and gave a choice of two things—complete ruin, or the bestowal of Minnie's hand, for he was of an age not to care much as to the heart. Of two evils choose the least; and, it seemed to Minnie's

father that it was far easier for her to bestow her hand on his creditor, than be flung out on the world with —and this was the bitterest reflection for the gentle-hearted girl— her parents driven from the dear old cottage, where they had experienced a life far smoother in its course than most mortals drift upon.

Poor Minnie! Now, indeed, was she placed in a very unenviable position. On one hand, filial love urged her to sacrifice herself, while on the other, a deeper, a more intense feeling, urged her to be true to him who had her heart with all its wealth of love and prayers. She could not be false to her vows and love.

Her mother kept silent, leaving her to take counsel with her heart. If only she were concerned, there would be no hesitation in her mind as to the course she would advise; but how would the man she loved as ardently this day as twenty years ago, how would his proud, gloomy nature bear poverty—and worse, to one of his disposition, the pity of those around?

It would kill him, she feared; and, perhaps, on the other hand, if Minnie consented, would she survive the sacrifice of her tender heart? She could not say one word in comfort or otherwise.

Minnie heard her mother sighing, and starting passionately from her side, she hurried away to think in silence over the dilemma she had found herself placed in so unexpectedly.

As she walked down the meadows towards the river, the sun was just setting behind the hills, and the whole western sky was changed into a sheet of bright crimson gold, graduating away into lake and purple, until it merged into blue again.

Slowly, provokingly slowly, it seemed to Minnie, whose thoughts were all in a flutter, and could appreciate none of its sweet, calm beauty, glided the river along, tipped here and there by the willow-leaves that drooped over it, as if trying to fathom the secrets of the pool below, where the carmine-flecked trout dart about like a stray sunbeam, and then spring to seize some unwary fly, and so sending a series of circling waves to the shore, that as the setting sun gleamed on them, seemed changed to gold.

When Minnie reached a level portion of sward that sloped down to the water, until the daisies almost kissed their reflections, she sat down and pressed her throbbing temples against the rich grass. Her thoughts were in a perfect tumult, but insensibly the solemn beauty of the evening soothed her troubled spirit, and as she listed to the "mellow murmur of the river gliding on mid the gray hills downward bending in obeisance to its tide," mingled with the music of the birds that ever love to sing in the cool of the evening, she felt its charm subdue her soul, changing its turmoil to a holy peace.

That night, Minnie prayed more fervently than perhaps ever before in her life—prayed to the Mother of God to direct and help her in her trouble. Yet though she felt the effect of them in the calm that fell upon her spirit, she could come to no conclusion.

One way was despair, worse than death, to herself; the other, death to her parents, who would never survive the shock of being ousted from their home. And then the shock was so sudden, so fearful, that she could scarcely credit her recollection on being awakened next morning by the chorussing of a rich-toned thrush, seated on the topmost branch of a sycamore; she thought that the vague sense of misfortune brooding over her soul must be the effect of some dark vision of the night.

Little thought was required to convince her of the stern reality; and again, she implored the Virgin Mother to help her in the dire strait she was placed in.

Her father made no mention of the affair that day; on the next he informed her that her suitor had allowed her one week to decide; at the same time, as she had heard from her mother, vowing to do all he had threatened, if answered in the negative; while, on the other hand, in case she accepted him, he would forgive her father the amount he owed, and furthermore, would advance any sum Connor might in future require.

Slowly the days wore on, and still the maiden was undecided.

Now, she was resolved to dare all, and keep her hand for him who must forever hold her heart. She could not, would not, prove unfaithful to him, whom she felt in her heart of hearts was true to her, as he toiled in the opposite, far-away quarters of the world. But anon came the thought of all she owed her dear parents, the tender solicitude that watched over her childhood, the kind counsels, the numerous little compliments ever paid her, even by her father—all, all flooded through her mind, and swept away every resolution formed anterior to them.

She walked about as if in a dream, and performed her duties mechanically—a moving automaton, motion, as it were, but no life. And, at length, the last day of the allotted time came round, but Minnie was as yet undecided; she could do nothing but sit at the window of her room, and gaze vacantly out on the scene below.

In the midst of her meditations she saw the revered form of her parish priest—dear, kind Father Rohan—coming up the road, and at once, she determined to seek his advice, and act accordingly.

So, starting up, she descended, and opening the door, sped lightly down the pathway, and held the gate open as the good man entered.

"How is my child, this beautiful day?" was the query of the priest, with whom Minnie was an especial favorite. He had poured on her head the waters of life; had prepared her for her first Communion, as well as for Confirmation; and had persuaded old Connor to place his daughter under the care of the good nuns in the neighboring town to complete her education; at the same time raising her thoughts above the low level of this fleeting life, but too prevalent amongst most maidens.

It was, therefore, with a free heart that Minnie, after drawing the priest into the garden seat, revealed to him everything, concealing none of her sentiments.

He heard her with surprise and sorrow, for there was no more than one person, save the family most interested, who knew of Connor's embarrassments, and that one was the hard-hearted Griffin.

After thinking for a few moments, however, he looked up, and as he gazed on Minnie with his clear hazel eyes she knew he had come to some conclusion.

"My child," said he, "you must be true to yourself, true to your vows, true to Hugh!" And he emphasized his words by a little energetic tap of his neat blackthorn cane.

Minnie's heart leaped within her bosom at these words. All was ended now. The path, though it might be rugged, was yet clearly marked out for her, and it led to rest, to peace, to happiness in the end! And after all, the good pastor's decision was not to be wondered at, when one considered that Hugh was as much a favorite as Minnie from his early boyhood up!

"Yes, Minnie," he continued, "trust in God and the Blessed Virgin, and tread in the straight path.

Sorrow may be yours for a while, but patient endurance for the love of Him who trod the path of Calvary will render you more perfect, more worthy of reward! I will go to your parents now to tell them of your decision, and try to make your father approve of it. That's right!" as a smile once more lit up her face. "Let Matthew Griffin do his best, or rather worst, we will strive to lighten the burden by sharing it between us. Good day, now;" and so concluding his speech he turned from the arbor, and proceeded to enter.

## Chapter III.

What a mere unstable thing is the human mind! how it is acted upon by circumstances, depressed by sorrow—raised, enlivened, given a soul to, by joy! A few minutes ago, Minnie acted as if in a trance, now she felt again all the pleasures, the delights of existence. She heard the corn-crakes, adown in the corn-fields, call to one another with monotonous regularity, and she found music in their harsh notes, while a solitary crow, sailing leisurely along, uttered a caw as if rejoicing with her in her joy.

In one word, nature once more had a soul! Mrs. Connor had at once consented to Father Rohan's wishes, but her husband was not so easily changed. He respected the priest as a man, and loved him as a priest; but he well knew that Father Rohan's charitable and generous nature had not left him money sufficient to satisfy Griffin's claims. Besides, he was still very bitter against young Brady, and could not be forced to repose that confidence in him the others felt. However, he would not oppose his wife, daughter, and priest; so as there was no help for it, Woodbine Cottage should be parted with.

As might be anticipated, Griffin, on hearing this, to him unexpected, resolve, grew almost frantic, and immediately proceeded to put his threat into execution. His claims amounted to much more than Connor's own calculation, and ruin, hopeless ruin, stared them in the face. It was in vain Father Rohan gave all he could, and promised more, striving to obtain a little clemency from the hard-hearted debtor; Griffin was inexorable. He yet hoped to force Minnie to his purpose, and so grew more than ever determined.

July had passed; it was autumn, and nature had become more gorgeous, more magnificent than ever. The ripening corn-fields spread away in amber expanses, with here and there a darker varnished shade, as the light breezes bent the heavy-headed stalks; the elm's dark-green foliage was tinged with a light auburn brightness, more than beautiful, though but the symptom of decay; the willow had assumed quite a golden cast, and now and again, a leaf would flutter sighingly from its parent stem, and drop lightly on the waters of the river, that seemed as if clasping it to its breast, while it eddied and whirled it along; the blackbird had ceased to sing, though the clear notes of the thrush yet gave vocal charms to the scene; and it was evident the year was growing old, yet growing beautiful, with a fleeting evanescent blush, such as lights the face of one preyed upon by the insidious disease, consumption.

Outside Woodbine Cottage, the roses were still in bloom, though the ground beneath was strewn with many a petal, and flowerless footstalks were to be seen in the beds. As yet all was beautiful and bright outside, but all was sad and drear within.

This was the last day in the old home! on the morrow it would be in the hands of strangers—the household gods desecrated by rude, nay, sacrilegious fingers, and the once happy inmates flung on the cold charity of their neighbors; for

though every one was willing to befriend them who always assisted the friendless, yet, however warmly aid may be given, it will still fall coldly on the hearts of the receivers.

Silently and sadly, like spectres one might say, the three principal persons walked or rather wandered aimlessly from room to room.

There was no reproach in word or look to Minnie, but still she imagined such in the constant yet unconscious sighings of her mother, and the averted downcast face of her father.

And even as the day wore on, her heart reproached her for the misery she could prevent, even though the price be more than her strength could bear. Even Father Rohan, who visited the cottage at midday, was dubious as to the wisdom of his advice; for, after all, human nature is human nature, and no more; Hugh might not be worth the sacrifice—he was worth it, that he could vouch for; but it is not always absence makes the heart grow fonder; and he had never written home since he landed in Australia; and, in fact, the good priest's mind was confused, so that he could not clearly reflect one way or another.

The day wore on; Minnie was praying in her room before a picture of the Immaculate Conception — praying for light to see and strength to bear. She reflected on the great Sufferer for the sake of all, and it seemed to her that her sacrifice could not compare in the slightest, the very least degree with His; and her heart seemed to whisper, in the words of Elsie in the Golden Legend, how more or less woman's life is "full of woe," a dower the sin of Eve bequeaths to her sex, and as the golden rays of the setting sun streamed through the window into the room and gilt the pictures until the Madonna seemed to smile — she resolved rather to obtain the blessing of Mary.

> My life is little, only a cup of water,
> But pure and limpid—
> Take it, oh! my prince!

Yes! she would sacrifice herself for those she loved!

Full of the resolve she hurried to ask her mother; but Mrs. Connor had gone out, so that she should not face her father; Minnie passed out and walked towards the river.

She could not, however, find her in any direction, though she traversed all her usual haunts.

Oh! it was a bitter, a very bitter sacrifice!

And Hugh! Well, perhaps he would meet some other girl, whom he could love and be happy, as she hoped he would; but, what was life to her, what could it be, save a scene of misery from which death would be a willing release. Through life she would have no enjoyment—nothing but dreary watching from day to day for the coming of that which seemed to her in the springtime as dark and dismal as it was now welcome. Yes, the ordeal of death seemed to her comparatively nothing to the sad monotony, the vague hopelessness, of her future life.

She wandered about by the banks of the river vaguely, from place to place, until she found herself near the old bridge, at the side of which a small patch of sward ran down to the water's edge. The golden-leaved willows encompassed it, and a tall old elm, springing from one of the clumps, spread its hoar old branches overhead, giving a shade to the sweet retreat.

This was a favorite spot for her and Hugh, and the sight of it now almost upset all her resolutions. Coming upon it unexpectedly, a feeling arose in her breast. O that feeling! that feeling! who can describe it? who has not felt it? whether it arises from the view of some familiar old love-spot, a long-

preserved letter, a lock of hair! She flung herself on the ground and then gave way to a wild weeping.

After some time, her grief gradually subsided, and the sorrowing parents there alone in the old cottage recurring to her mind, she determined to pursue the course she had marked out.

She rose to her feet, and in pursuit of a sudden thought, determined to put an end to her woe, one way at least, by disclosing her resolution to Griffin in person.

His house, Hugh's once, was but two fields away, and it was preferable to go to Park House at once; thus settling the matter and preventing the agony of another night's unrest. So crossing the bridge, she hastened along the road leading to Park House.

And here, too, every tree, every little hill or vale, had some reminiscence connected with the oldtime happiness; there was the little stream down which they had launched their fragile boats, made out of the broad leaves of the iris, for the whole space of a long summer's evening; and, a little further on its course, the smooth-swarded bank, where they had often sought for the luscious wild strawberries. She marked, too, the tall ash tree rising out of a scrub of holly and brier, up which he climbed to find a thrush's nest, and had descended quicker than he had ascended, falling, nest and all, fifteen or twenty feet, through holly and bramble, to the immense detriment of clothes and flesh, and the great alarm of Minnie, standing beneath.

But why strive to recount all, when there was an old recollection attached to everything? It was but prolonging the pain to pause and to think; so she hurried the more swiftly on.

Turning the old avenue she caught a glimpse of a group of persons standing at the door, among whom she recognized the venerable form of Father Rohan.

So much the better; it was a relief to her that some one should be present to ease the embarrassment she scarcely hoped to avoid.

When she came in sight of Park House again, there was no one to be seen, but the door hung open, while the whole house seemed to strike her with a loathsome effect. The blood rushed to her head as she thought on what she was about to do; her heart felt as lead within her bosom, and an uncomfortable, hot sensation crept up her throat.

However, there was no use in delaying; only a prolongation of grief — and she approached the porch. As she came nearer, she experienced a new sensation— strange as new—a feeling of desperation, rage, almost madness, against Griffin, the author of all her griefs.

It was with haughty head, then, and bright, stormy eyes, she entered.

There was nought of hesitation now, as she turned towards the parlor, so often the scene of many a pleasant hour, never, alas! to be repeated.

O happiness! happiness! wert thou not a Dead Sea fruit, fair to look upon, but when tasted, nothing save dust and ashes! She paused amid the gathering shadows one moment, for her bosom seemed suffocating. Her heart gave one wail over the loves and pleasures of the past, about to be forever buried, and then she entered.

It was yet bright within, for the light from the west entered through a western window. She saw three persons seated within. Two of them rose hastily, one of the two rushed forward, and with a scream she fell into the arms of Hugh Brady!

Oh! the bliss of that bright moment repaid her for all, even were

her troubles threefold. She lay silent — too happy, too blest, to move from his clasp, while old Father Rohan saw something very admirable out of the window and felt something very troublesome in his eyes; and the third person, Mr. Griffin, shuffled some papers laid on the table, and smiled cynically!

> I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
> Who cannot picture to himself—

singeth the wizard of the North, and *I* write not for those who cannot imagine all that followed. Woodbine Cottage remained with the Connors, and Park House was returned to its lawful owner, who had parted with it on the condition of repossessing it, as soon as he found himself in a position to pay off the mortgage.

He had been enabled to do this by one of those sudden freaks of fortune, for he had fallen upon quite a treasure at the diggings, while those around could obtain comparatively nothing.

And when winter came upon the land, hushing the voice of the river, and bestowing a feathery garment on hill and dell, on a bright, frosty morning, with all around fair and joyous, Father Rohan united his protégés in the bonds of marriage, so that Minnie became after all the mistress of Park House!

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## MORE ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF OUR HOUSE OF REFUGE.

It never for a moment occurred to us when we furnished the RECORD with "Let there be Light," that such a commotion could have been created. Letter upon letter, inquiry after inquiry has been made as to how any one could be so bold as to attack either our House of Refuge, its report, or the competency of the managers of the former and the compilers of the latter.

The appended note is of a class with several we have received. Could not public opinion be brought to bear as effectively on our American military school or prison?

"Prominent among the many charitable institutions of which Catholic Dublin can justly be proud, is the Hibernian Military School situated in the Phœnix Park. This institution was founded, and largely endowed by the government, for the education and training for a military life of the orphans of Irish soldiers who, in England's cause, had shed their blood in the Crimean war, like the devoted men whom General Grant led to death at Shiloh and in the Wilderness. The great majority of these destitute orphans were Catholics. But, as in some countries in our day, religious liberty, in Ireland, was only a name. As the Church Establishment, with its rich benefices, was designed for the aggrandizement of the minority of the nation, so was the Hibernian School, with its endowments, used for the benefit of the minority of the orphans. The ministers of the Established Church, or, indeed, those of any church or sect save the Catholic, not excepting the Bonzes or Lamas of Thibet, had free access to this institution. The priest only and his religion were discarded. To him only was it forbidden to approach

those brave young souls, who, rather than forsake the faith of their fathers, suffered the effects (often even to the lash) of the cruelty of their unrelenting masters; and resisted the alluring baits of proselytism. Often have many of these red-coated little boys, on their return from the city to the institution, approached me, during my evening walks in the Park, to tell their many tales, in whispering tones, of grief and suffering. One, how he was flogged because he had made known the injustice with which he was treated; another, how he had lost his stripes or V's because he would not become a Protestant; a third, how, although most deserving, he could not, because he was a Catholic, obtain the rank of colonel, &c., for in this institution they had all the grades of a regular army among them. All the officials, generally military men, were Protestants. The Protestant minister had his neat church, in which he could inculcate his doctrines of private judgment, and he had his 'well-selected' library, by which he could scatter whatever calumny and slander he pleased about the Catholic religion. But as truth itself has said 'there is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed,' so the doings of the Hibernian were brought to light by the action of the late Mr. John Francis Maguire, in Parliament.

"A commission was appointed to examine its many windings and report as to its condition. A Catholic chaplain, Dr. Leonard, now Bishop of Capetown, was appointed, by whose exertions, and those of the Cardinal Archbishop, civil and religious equality was obtained, and preserved for the Catholic orphans.

"* * *."

Nothing would afford us more pleasure than to satisfy all our interlocutors individually; but we acknowledge the impossibility of responding even to a tithe of them. Our only resource is then to furnish what little light we have collected within the past few weeks through the medium first selected. Fortunately, we have so far succeeded as to be able to furnish information to our querists from first hands. What we wish particularly to present our readers in the present article is a comparison between the printed declaration of the managers, and the observations of visitors, or the admissions of those appointed to escort visitors through the Refuge.

A short while ago we called again at the institution. After slight delay we were placed in charge of a gentleman whose business seemed to be to say as little as he could when direct information was requested; still we received sufficient admissions from him to amuse, if not to instruct. We do not, however, mean to claim infallibility for our guide, as the gentleman in charge* gravely told us afterwards that the party who had been appointed to accompany us "knew nothing about the institution." Still we can scarcely accuse the manager of sending "blind guides," and we prefer to believe that the party who played usher for us did know something about the institution, as he shall help us prove before getting through with this article.

Arrived in the shops we asked our guide, "May we speak to the boys?" "No, sir; it is not allowed," was the quick response. As we had gone out of our way to visit this Refuge, we determined not to leave without getting some information about the boys, and so we ventured to continue looking at them for awhile, when our guide meekly informed us, "that he would be obliged to us if we would hurry up, as *they never allowed more than twenty minutes to visitors*," espe-

* Assistant superintendent.

cially, we suppose, if these came to see for themselves. We have so many things yet to learn that we are inclined to think the possibility of making this last declaration agree with some extracts from various reports. How does this muzzling coincide with the following?

"But above all, constant endeavors are made to quicken the moral sense, to cultivate the best feelings of the heart, and in short, to make the inmates feel that the House of Refuge is indeed a home, where, shielded from the temptations of a sinful world, and watched over by guardians solicitous for their welfare, they are trained for lives of virtue, usefulness, and respectability." (Report for 1871, Address by J. J. Barclay, p. 9.)

We must repeat what we asserted in our former article; it is barbarous to withhold from these juvenile convicts the poor privilege of a word with inquiring friends. What kind of a home is that in which silence is imposed in the manner against which we are protesting. Of what use are the invitations which we find in various reports, thus:

"They renew their invitations to the senators and representatives of Pennsylvania to visit this great school for the reformation of wayward and neglected children, and assure them of a hearty welcome. They will then have from personal observation a full opportunity of witnessing, at least in part, the good that the school is accomplishing. They will see a large and well-ordered family of young persons busily occupied in the workshops, the play-grounds, or schoolrooms, acquiring habits of industry and a knowledge of the use of tools, or enjoying themselves in healthful exercise, and thus invigorating their constitution, or receiving that scholastic instruction which is necessary for their success in life. If they accompany them to the refectory they will see them enjoying the nutritious food provided for them; or should they enter the chapel with them, they could not fail to be edified in witnessing the devout attention with which they listen to that instruction which is intended to make them wise unto salvation. A visit to their neat and well-ventilated sleeping-rooms cannot fail to be satisfactory. All here is well calculated to gratify the philanthropic legislator. How delightful must be his reflection that owing to him, at least in a measure, are these priceless blessings bestowed.

"A distinguished citizen of Baltimore characterizes the House of Refuge as 'One of the wisest of modern charities.'" (Report, 1871, p. 9.)

We are not a "distinguished citizen," nor do we ever expect to be a "senator or representative of Pennsylvania," and still we claim as good a right as either to see, and to be invited to see the "large and well-ordered family of young persons." We claim this right all the more as a taxpayer, since partly through us, at least in a measure, "these priceless blessings are bestowed." We must not be considered fastidious, since the managers claim "that two-thirds of these young persons, 'placed under their guardianship, and who were allowed to remain under their care a proper time, became respectable citizens" (Report, 1873, p. 7), and this, though up till the forty-second year of the institution's existence, "the accommodations would admit of nothing but the crudest classification!" What makes us more desirous of knowing how "two-thirds became good citizens," since "the managers find no little difficulty in procuring suitable situations for their wards, where they can be taught some useful trade."

(Report, 1872, p. 12.) Still further is our curiosity excited about those "two-thirds" when we study over the various reports from 1867 to 1873.

The compilers assert, with much sentimentality, "Many a soul, about yielding to that fatal recklessness consequent upon sin, has been saved by some kindly prayer, offered in his behalf, or the recital of the *wondrous story* of Jesus' love." But how are the Refuge boys taught to look upon this "wondrous story?" The wondrous story, if told of Jesus as a mere man, would amount to very little. How do our friends, the Hicksite Quakers, look upon Christ? Do they not deny His divinity? Still our guide informs us that "even Hicksite Quakers" had been allowed to talk about this "wondrous story" to children, two-thirds of whom are reputed the offspring of Irish parents.

The assistant superintendent allowed himself to remark that Catholic children would be allowed to confess "in case of danger of death," but that under other circumstances "it was not practicable." Catholics, said he, would not consent to teach on the "broad ground of morality," hence they were neither allowed nor invited to instruct on Sundays.

Another reason given by the superintendent why Catholic priests were not invited to instruct Catholic children in this Refuge, is that they (the priests) "would not preach, except in a blessed pulpit." We are almost inclined to believe this gentleman, who asserted that this guide did not know what he had been talking about, is equally at sea about Catholicity. Catholic priests would not teach in an unblessed pulpit! Did not the saintly Timon preach in a *Masonic* hall in Texas; the courtly Cheverus in a Protestant chapel in Massachusetts, and the learned England in his neighbor's conventicle in Charleston? Shame on those who try to cover their injustice to Catholic children under such groundless excuses.

The godless, broad-ground morality which this Refuge gives, is fully nurtured by the nature of the books kept in the "well-selected library." We shall not pollute these pages by even mentioning names; the managers have been called upon for a list of these books, which we were inclined to think were at first merely historical or moral. But we have since seen that a goodly portion of them consists of paltry novels, and a class of books in which "Almost a Nun" and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," may be taken as specimens. We would not even object so much that these should be used to fill up, were it not that the "Report" assures us, free access may be had by all the inmates able to read. There may be some consolation derived from the assertion of our guide that "the library is very little used." There is hope for these poor lads yet; their good sense in not using such trash proves their superiority to their keepers, who give it as their opinion that the library is very "select."

How then, in the face of such facts can the managers make such a flourish of trumpets, as we find in the following:

"The large room heretofore occupied by Messrs. Barnhurst & Robinson, as a shop, has been converted into a boy's reading-room. This room, though not yet furnished, is cheerful and commodious, and supplies a want, in connection with our accommodations, which we have long felt, particularly during the inclement seasons of the year. We hope soon to occupy this reading-room, and to make such arrangements as will serve to increase, in our youth, a love for the companionship of good books.

A love for good books cannot be too deeply impressed nor too highly appreciated. Though silent, they are powerful educators—human elevators. Their very silence adds force to their argument and power to their persuasive demonstration. The companionship of good books like the dews of heaven falling silently by night, *refresh** and *invigorate*. By them the mental powers are strengthened, latent thought kindled, and noble aspirations evolved. In this connection let me say, we are greatly indebted to those friends of the institution who furnish us so liberally with periodicals, both secular and religious. And we offer them this assurance, their gifts are gratefully appreciated, carefully read, and preserved in volumes, bound by the officers; they make as valuable and attractive additions to the libraries as any found on the shelves of the publisher. (How complimentary to the publisher's shelves!) The school committee has supplied a number of well-selected books during the year. The plan of supplying deficiencies —resulting from wear and tear— each year, instead of allowing the libraries to run down, is the proper one, and we are indebted to the committee for the benefit of this plan." (Report, 1872, p. 34 *et seq.*)

The Refuge library-books resemble in one respect, perhaps, the Refuge managers—their effect is silent, but all the more dangerous on that account.

Perhaps we are not doing the institution all the justice we should, Then we must blame our guide, who more than once requested us to "hurry up, as visitors were not generally allowed more than twenty minutes," to examine for themselves.

Among the donations of books and periodicals acknowledged, and therefore approved, we find in 1871: Henry Peterson, Esq., Saturday Evening Post; American Tract Society, Illustrated Christian Weekly; A. M. Collins, Esq., twelve numbers of the London Sunday Magazine.

"We are indebted to Charles Wheeler, Esq., and other benevolent gentlemen, for a *full supply* of different Sunday-school papers" (1869).

The supply must have been full which precluded all popish papers, these not being approved by the committee, and by such action prevented more than half the inmates from learning anything of the doings of their church or its ministers. They may read "Fox's Book of Martyrs," but we are sure they would not be allowed "Butler's Lives of the Saints," or "The Young Crusader," or "The Little Schoolmate," "The Young Catholic," or any other equally interesting Catholic magazines or serials. These would keep up bigotry, say the managers, and broad-ground, or broad-brimmed morality is what our Catholic wards must learn.

Lest we should be considered as meaning to misconstrue the religious aspect of the Refuge, we will introduce paragraphs from various Reports, making comment wherever called for:

"The great truths of our *holy religion* are imparted to our youthful family, without sectarian bias." (Report, 1869, p. 9.)

What is meant by "our *holy religion*?" Has it no "sectarian bias," or does Mr. Barclay's consist merely of the "broad ground of morality?"

"The clergy of different denominations, and other kind friends, officiate in the chapels twice on Sunday. To them the managers return their thanks, for their gratuitous labors of love."

Are Catholics then not a "denomination?" We know we are

* Did the teacher of grammar review this paragraph?

not a "sect;" or is this one of these general rules requiring the exception to Catholics, who have two-thirds of the numbers in the Refuge, that the rule may be proved.

"There is one thing on which all who are engaged in the work of reformation agree. It is this. No system, be it the most extended classification, or otherwise, can avail without the *example*, *guidance*, and *prayerful efforts* of *capable* men and women in the work." (Report, 1870, p. 30.)

The managers forget that the broad-ground morality people, with Prof. Tyndall at their head, deny the efficacy of prayer, or at least demand tests, by which no anti-broad-ground moralists would think of tempting the Almighty.

"The greatest agency in our work, and on which we most rely, is Christianity. Christianity, which suggests and enforces that love for our kind, which is willing to sacrifice something for the sake of elevating and purifying depraved and neglected humanity. Christianity presents a pure faith and virtuous code of morals, which promises the best results to those who follow its holy guidance." (Report, 1870, p. 33.)

Again we would remind our friends who do not even refuse "Hicksite Quakers" a pulpit, that Catholic boys will not accept broad-ground morality. Despite the efforts of proselyting gospelmongers, the old faith will hold on, and if unfortunately it be removed, it will only be to make room for that broad-ground morality which accepts Christ as mere man, or Christ, as God, to be, one as good doctrine as the other. A *pure faith* cannot be an uncertain one, and where private judgment comes into play as *decider*, there impurity of faith must follow.

"To accomplish this (reformation) the constant effort is made to awaken them from their state of sluggish and criminal insensibility into a lively and intelligent appreciation of their responsibilities as moral agents. They are shown the path of duty, and urged to walk therein; with many their steps are very feeble at first, and the slightest obstacle will cause them to stumble and fall. They have much to contend and struggle with, even when making a vigorous effort themselves to throw off the burden of their sins; but when conscience appears not to be touched, and there is a stupid, and it might be said, a brutish indifference to all that relates to their highest interests, we can only persevere with the hope that our labors may yet be successful in giving them a pungent conviction of their moral defects, correct views of their relation to society, and the responsibility they are under to their Creator."

Supposing a Catholic boy, believing in confession as a means of remission of his sins, should ask to have a priest called, what then? Our enlightened superintendent assures us that the Irish lad would have to prove himself "in danger of death," or else he would have to *live on* in his sins!

Should any doubt have lurked in Catholic minds as to whether this Refuge is a proselyting institution, the following paragraph will place that question among the probabilities. We are ingeniously told how children were formerly sent out West thus:

"Previous to the war, we bound a large number in Illinois and Iowa, but the terrible civil strife that occurred had the effect of stopping our operations in that quarter. Many of our apprentices enlisted in the army with the consent of their masters, and others went without.

"There is no more suitable field

for indenturing our children to the farming business, than the West presents. It has some peculiar advantages. The lad is at once removed from all those evil associations which led to his treading the path of error. He is in a new country, and feels all the nerving influences of a new life. The panorama of existence without a shadow spreads before him; he realizes that the past is no shackle to hinder his onward progress, and that he can truly become the architect of his own fortune. In the West he has a chance to arrive rapidly to competency, to become a landed proprietor himself, which upon our thickly settled Atlantic coast is extremely problematical." (Report, 1872, p. 25, *et seq.*)

It would be an interesting question, could such be followed up, to ascertain how many of these apprentices were given to Catholic farmers. We will not ask the managers to answer it, for their horror of everything Catholic necessarily renders their action very decided in such cases.

One would imagine a certain league between the uncouth conductors of our street cars, and the managers of the Refuge, both are so hard on the newsboys, as may be inferred from this paragraph:

"Many of the boys committed here have been employed in blackening boots and selling papers. They are generally the children of worthless and intemperate parents. They frequently set aside all parental authority, and continue their business without responsibility to any one. Their life of a street *gamin* has peculiar charms for them, and thus it is they refuse the position of honest toil. Satisfied if they can earn or steal enough to procure their food, and any apology for clothing, they live on from day to day. Nightly they visit the galleries of the lowest places of amusement, and readily pick up all the ribaldry and obscenity prevalent there. They sleep anywhere, in cellars, sheds, boxes, or in the warm basements of newspaper offices. Every day we read of their deeds of crime, of stealing, of picking pockets, of robbery, and as they grow up into a stronger life, of burglary and highway robbery. If arrested and confined, they vitiate the minds of their associates with tales of their wild and irregular life, and as soon as they are free, return to it again with a renewed zest.

"This business should be under proper municipal regulation, permitting none over sixteen years of age to engage in it, and those under only by special license based upon evidences of good character. That something should be done to dissipate this gang of incipient criminals, seems to be a public necessity." (Report, 1872, p. 25, *et seq.*)

There is advice for our Common Councilmen. Would it not be better to have a law framed that every wife or maid-servant should polish her husband's or her master's shoes? This would be a more effective stop to the nefarious business of this gang of incipient criminals than the remedy proposed by the sages of the Refuge. The managers surely do not mean to say that it is less dangerous for those under sixteen than for those above that age. We freely admit, though that the Refuge is not the place to reform such lads, since as soon as they are free they return to their wild life "with a renewed zest."

But we are tired of dealing with an institution so un-American, in the city where the breath of Americanism first had legal existence; we must allow this home of bigoted intolerance to live on in the land where religious liberty is proclaimed to all; we must permit Catholics to slumber while these wolves in sheep's clothing devour the souls of

thousands who are brought up in this Refuge, either to forget their faith or to deny that they ever held it. Let Catholics remember that they are to blame in great part for this unwarranted state of affairs. Our share of the work has been done for the present. In waiting for better days for our Catholic waifs, we can only pray to God that in His mercy He may look down upon and protect those whom Catholics fail to watch over, and Protestants eagerly seize upon as choice victims for that house of perversion so near the Infidel College,* whose plan it so closely follows.

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## MY BLIND SISTER.

### I.

THIS was how I found it out. Lettie and I were sitting in the window at our work—it was some mourning we were making and it had to be sent home the next day early. She said, "Jane, it seems as if the sun had given up shining; how dull everything looks! don't you think so?"

I did not notice it; there was still an hour's daylight. She put up her hand to her forehead as if it pained her, so I bade her go out for a turn in the garden; we had sat close to our sewing all the day, and the young thing was tired; even I was, and my eyes ached wearily. She went along by the flower-bed, and gathered a few roses—we were in the middle of July then—and gave them to me through the window, saying that she would go down into the town for some trimmings we wanted to finish the dresses. I would rather she had stayed at home, and replied that the shops would be shut; but she was not listening, and went away down the path as I spoke. It was dusk when she came back; I had just shut the window, and was lighting my candle; she said, "I could not get the fringe, Jane," and then laying her bonnet on the dresser, took up her work. After she had sewed perhaps five minutes she dropped her hands on her knees, and such a strange, hopeless expression came into her face, that I was quite shocked and frightened.

"What ails you, Lettie? what can have happened?" I asked, suspecting I scarcely knew what.

She looked at me drearily in silence for some moments, and then said hastily, "I might as well tell you at once, Jane,—I'm going blind."

My work fell to the ground, and I uttered a startled cry.

"Don't take on about it, Jane; it can't be helped," she added.

"It is only a fancy of yours, Lettie; I shall have you to Doctor Nash in the morning. What has made you take such a notion into your head all at once," said I, for I thought this was another nervous whim. Lettie had been a good deal indulged by our mother before she died, and had shown herself not a little headstrong sometimes, as well as fanciful.

"It is of no use, Jane; I have been to Doctor Nash myself, and he said plainly that I was going blind. I have been to him twice before: I knew what was coming. Oh, Janey! what shall we do?

* Girard.

what shall we do?" and having borne up thus far she broke down, and sobbed aloud, with her face on her arms on the table.

"We shall do very well. In the first place, I don't believe Doctor Nash knows anything about it; and, in the next, I shall take you to a great doctor, and hear what he says before I give in to thinking that you are to be blind all your days."

She was a little cheered by this.

"To a great doctor, Janey! but where is the money to come from?" she asked.

"Leave that to me. I'll arrange somehow." It was very puzzling to me to settle how just then, but I have a firm conviction that where there is a will to do anything, a way may generally be found, and I meant to find it.

She took up her work, but I bade her leave it. "You will not set another stitch, Lettie," I said; "you may just play on the old piano and sing your bits of songs, and get out into the fresh air—you have been kept too close, and are pale to what you were. Go to bed now like a good little lassie; I'll do by myself."

"But there is so much to finish, Janey."

"Not a stitch that you'll touch, Lettie; so kiss me good night, and get away."

"And you don't think much of what Doctor Nash said?" she asked very wistfully.

"No! I've no opinion of him at all." And hearing me speak up in my natural way (though my heart was doubting all the time), she went away comforted, and in better hope. I had put it off before her, because she would have given way to fretting, if I had seemed to believe what the Doctor said; but as I drew my needle through and through my work till three hours past midnight, I had often to stop to wipe the tears from my eyes.

There were only two of us—Lettie and myself—and we had neither father nor mother, nor indeed any relatives whom we knew. Lettie was seventeen, and I was four years older. We were both dressmakers, and either worked at home or went out by the day. We lived in a small, thatched, three-roomed cottage outside the town, which had a nice garden in front. Some people had told us that if we moved into the town we should get better employment; but both Lettie and I liked the place where we had been born so much better than the closed in streets, that we had never got changed, and were not wishful to. Our rent was not much, but we were rather put to it sometimes to get it made up by the day, for our landlady was very sharp upon her tenants, and if they were ever so little behindhand, she gave them notice directly.

I set my wits to work how to get the money to take Lettie away, but all that night no idea came to me, and the next day it was the same. With two pair of hands we had maintained ourselves decently; but how was it going to be now that there was only one! Rich folks little think how hard it is for many of us poor day-workers to live on our little earnings, much more to spare for an evil day.

## II.

SUNDAY found me still undecided, but that was our holiday, and I meant to see Doctor Nash myself while Lettie was gone to church. She made herself very nice, for she had a modest pride in her looks which becomes a girl. I thought her very pretty myself, and so did the neighbors; she had clear, small features, and a pale color in her cheeks, soft brown hair, and hazel eyes. It was not easy to see that anything ailed them, unless you looked into them very closely, and then there was a dimness to be

seen about them, which might be disease. She had put off thinking about herself, and was as merry as a cricket when she went down the lane in her white bonnet and clean muslin gown. She nodded to me (I was watching her from the doorway), and smiled quite happily. I was as proud of Lettie as ever my mother had been. She was always such a clever, warm-hearted little thing; for all her high temper.

When she was fairly gone, and the church bells ceased, I dressed myself in haste, and set off into the town to see Doctor Nash. He was at home, and his man showed me into the surgery, where I had to wait maybe an hour. When the Doctor came in, he asked sharply why I could not have put off my visit till Monday; was my business so pressing? He did not consider how precious were the work-days to us, or maybe he would not have spoken so—for he was a benevolent man, as we had every reason to know; he having attended our mother through her last illness as carefully as if she had been a rich lady, though we could never hope to pay him. I explained what I had come about, and he softened then, but would not alter what he had told Lettie himself.

"She has been with me three or four times," he said. "She is an interesting little girl; it is a great pity, but I do not think her sight can be saved—I don't indeed, Jane."

He explained to me why he was of this opinion, and how the disease would advance, more lengthily than needs to be set down here. Then he said he could get her admitted into the Blind Institution if we liked; and that I must keep her well, and send her out of doors constantly. And so I went home again, with very little hope left, as you may well think, after what I had heard.

I did not tell Lettie where I had been, and she never suspected. There was no vespers that afternoon, and we were getting ready to take a walk along the river-bank, as we generally did on fine Sundays (for all the town went there, and it freshened us up to see the holiday people far more than if we had stopped at home reading our books, as many say it is only right to do), when one of our neighbors came in with her son. Mrs. Crofts was a widow, and Harry was studying medicine with Doctor Nash. They were both kind friends of ours; and, between Lettie and the young man, there had been for ever so long a sort of boy and girl liking; but I do not think they had spoken to each other yet. Lettie colored up when Harry appeared, and went into the garden to show him, she said, the white moss-rose that was full of bloom by the kitchen window; but they stayed whispering over it so long, that I did not think it was only that they were talking about. Then Harry went out at the gate looking downcast and vexed, and Lettie came back into the house with a queer wild look in her face that I did not like. Mrs. Crofts said, "Is Harry gone?" and my sister made her a short answer, and went into the bed-room.

"Harry is going back very soon; I shall be glad to have the examinations over and him settled. Doctor Nash thinks very well of him; he is a good young fellow, Jane." I replied that he had always been a favorite of mine, and I hoped he would do well; but, listening for Lettie's coming to us, perhaps I seemed rather cold and stiff; for Mrs. Crofts asked if I was not well, or if there was anything on my mind; so I told her about poor Lettie's sight.

"I've seen no appearance of blindness; Harry never said a word. You don't think it can be true?" she asked. I did not know

what to think. I was sure that, in that whispering over the rose-tree, my sister had told young Mr. Crofts; and I wished his mother would go away, that I might comfort her. At last she went. Then I called to Lettie, who came at once. She had been fretting; but, as she tried to hide it, I made no remark, and we went down the lane to the river meadows in silence. The first person we met was Harry Crofts. Lettie seemed put out when he joined us, and turned back. She stayed behind, and was presently in company with our landlady, Mrs. Davis, who was taking the air in a little wheeled chair drawn by a footman. Mrs. Davis had always noticed Lettie. Harry Crofts looked back once or twice to see if she was following; but, when he found she was not, he proposed to wait for her, and we sat down by the water on a tree trunk which lay there.

"This is a sad thing about Lettie's eyes, Jane," he said suddenly.

"Yes, it is. What do you think about them? Is there any chance for her?"

"Doctor Nash says not; but, Jane, next week Philipson, the best oculist in the country, is coming to stay a couple of days with Nash. Let him see her."

"I meant to try to get her to another physician for advice."

"There is nobody so clever as Philipson. Oh! Jane, I wish I had passed"—

"Do you fancy you know what would cure her?"

"I'd try. You know, Jane, I love Lettie. I meant to ask her to be my wife. I did ask her this afternoon, and she said, No; and then told me about her sight—it is only that. I know she likes me: indeed, she did not try to deny it."

"Yes, Harry, you have been so much together; but there must be no talk of marrying."

"That is what she says."

"She is right—she must just stay with me. You could not do with a blind wife, Harry: you, a young man, with your way to make in the world."

He tore up a handful of grass, and flung it upon the river, saying passionately, "Why, of all the girls in Dalston, must this affliction fall on poor Lettie?" and then he got up and walked away to meet her coming along the bank. They had a good deal of talk together, which I did not listen to; for their young hearts were speaking to each other—telling their secrets. Lettie loved him: yes, certainly she loved him.

## III.

Doctor Philipson's opinion was the same as that of Doctor Nash. Lettie was not so down-stricken as I had dreaded she would be, and she bade good-by to Harry Crofts almost cheerfully when he went up to the examinations.

"There, Jane, now I hope he'll forget me," she said to me; "I don't like to see him so dull."

That day Mrs. Davis sent her a ticket for a concert at the Blind Institution, and she went. When she came home to tea she told me that the girls and boys who sang looked quite happy and contented. "And why should I not be so too? what a number of beautiful sights I can remember which some of them never saw!" she added, with a sigh.

After this, imperceptibly, her sight went; until I noticed that, even in crossing the floor, she felt her way before her, with her hands out. Doctor Nash again offered to use his influence to get her admitted into the Institution, but she always pleaded "Let me stay with you, Janey!" and I had not the heart to refuse; though she would have had more advantages there, than I could afford her.

Not far from us there lived an old German clockmaker, who was besides musical, and acted as or-

ganist at St. John's Church in the town. We had known him all our lives. Lettie often carried him a posy from our garden, and his grandchildren came to me for patches to dress their dolls. Müller was a grim fantastic-looking figure, but he had a heart of pure gold. He was benevolent, simple, kindly; it was his talk that had reconciled Lettie, more than anything else to her condition. He was so poor, yet so satisfied; so afflicted, yet unrepining.

"Learn music—I will teach thee," he said to my sister. So, sometimes in our little parlor, and sometimes in his, he gave her lessons in fine sacred pieces from Handel and Haydn, and taught her to sing as they sing in churches. It was a great delight to listen to her. It seemed as if she felt everything deeper in her heart, and expressed it better than before: and it was all her consolation to draw the sweet sounds up out of that well of feeling which love had sounded. I know that, to remember how Harry loved her, gave a tenderness and patience to her suffering which it would else have lacked. She, who used to be so quick with her tongue, never gave anybody a sharp word now.

I do not say much about our being poor, though, of course, that could not but be; still we had friends who were kind to us: even Mrs. Davis softened, and mentioned to me, under seal of confidence, that, if I could not quite make up the rent, she would not press me; but I fortunately had not to claim her forbearance, or else I do fear she could not have borne to lose a sixpence; and when it had come to the point we should have had to go like others: she was so very fond of money, poor woman! Lettie used to go to the Institution sometimes, where she learnt to knit, and net, and weave basket-work. Our doctor (a better man never lived, or a kinder to the poor) had her to net covers for his fruit-trees, fishing-nets, and other things; and to knit woollen socks for himself and his boys; so that altogether she contrived to make what almost kept her. Now that the calamity had really come, it was not half so dreadful as it had seemed a long way off. Lettie was mostly cheerful. I never heard her complain, but she used to say, often, that there was much to be thankful for with us. She had a quiet religious feeling, which kept her from melancholy; and, though I did not find it out until afterwards, a hope that perhaps her affliction might some day be removed. Harry had put that thought into her mind, and I do not think I am overstating the truth in saying that his honest, manly affection for her was the great motive to his working so hard at his profession, in which he has since become deservedly successful and famous.

We had six very quiet years. It seemed to me as if Lettie had always, from the first, gone softly groping her way, and I had always led her to church and back. We had not much change or variety at home. There was I forever at my work, and Lettie at her music. She had gained a great deal of skill now; and many a time have I seen a knot of people standing at the corner of our garden hedge to listen to her singing. I have heard several grand public performers since then; but never one who could touch my heart and bring the tears into my eyes as my poor blind sister did. On Sundays, at church, we could hear her voice, clear and sweet, above all the rest; for Lettie loved the grand church music, and often sang in the choir, at mass, and vespers. She said it made her feel happier and better, and more thankful to God. Perhaps in losing one sense, her enjoyment through the others grew more intense.

## IV.

At the end of these six years Harry Crofts came home. He was often at our house, and we liked having him; but, though Lettie seemed happy enough, he was uneasy and discontented. I have seen him stand beside the piano, and never take his eyes off her by the half hour together; but his face looked quite gloomy. At last he one day said to me, "Jane, are you timid? I do not think Lettie is. She seems strong and well." I knew he meant more than a simple inquiry after our nerves, and I asked if he thought he had found out a cure for my sister?

"Yes; I believe I have. I saw an operation performed in Paris on a girl's eyes similarly affected. It was successful."

I said not a word. The prospect seemed too good, too beautiful to be true! Just at this minute Lettie came in through the doorway; there was sunshine behind her, and she appeared to bring it into the parlor with her. "Are you here, Harry?" she immediately asked.

It was a strange thing, that, although she neither saw him nor heard him speak, she was at once aware of his presence. He got up and took her by the hand, and brought her to me. "Tell her, Jane, or shall I?" he whispered. I signed to him to speak himself, which he did without hesitation.

"Lettie, have you courage to undergo an operation on your eyes which may restore your sight?"

She clasped her hands, and such a beautiful color came flushing up into her face—you would have said it was like an angel's face, it changed so brightly.

"Oh, yes! anything, anything, Harry, only give me that hope!" said she, softly.

I looked at him questioningly to ask if he had not better warn her of possible disappointment, and he said at once:

"Lettie, I ought to tell you that this operation may fail, though I do not fear that it will. For my sake, Lettie," he added, in an undertone.

"Well, then, for your sake, Harry," she replied, with a low sigh. "Even if it should not give me back my sight, I shall only be as I am now."

They went out into the garden together; and, from the earnest, gentle way in which Harry talked to Lettie, I know that he was preparing her for what she had to undergo. She did not want for courage in any circumstances, and I did not look for her being weak now.

The operation was performed during the following week. Doctor Philipson and Doctor Nash were both present, but Harry Crofts himself did it. His nerve was wonderful. Lettie behaved admirably too; indeed, nobody was foolish but myself, and when it was over I fainted. It was entirely successful; my sister has her sight, now, as good as I have. For several weeks we kept her in a darkened room, but she was gradually permitted to face the light, and the joy of that time is more than words can describe.

Harry Crofts soon after claimed her as his wife; and really, to say the truth, nobody had a better right to her. The report of the singular cure he had made, lifted him at once into consideration; and, as he made diseases of the eye his particular study, he is now as celebrated an oculist as Doctor Philipson himself: many persons indeed give him the preference. The operation, then thought so much of, is now of frequent occurrence; Lettie's kind of blindness being no longer looked on as irremediable.

And this is all I need tell about our history; it is not much, or very romantic, but I am often asked about it, so I have just set down the truth.

## SPRING.

SPRING has been celebrated in glowing terms by the poets of all ages, but in the climate of North America, the weather is by no means so mild and delightful, especially in the early part of the season, as it is painted. In Greece and Rome indeed, which were the birthplaces and nurseries of our poetry, the temperature of the air, the pure blue of the sky, the soft green of the opening leaves, the thousand delicate tints of the flowers scattered profusely on swelling hill and sweeping valley, with the perfume they exhale, and the music poured from every grove, all unite to fill the senses with enjoyment. There the descriptions of the enraptured muse are true to nature, and the inhabitants of such latitudes feel that the language of poetry is only a transcript of their own sensations. But it is not so in more northern climates, such as our own. Our bards, indeed, equally kindle when Spring is their theme, but they glow with a borrowed warmth. Their taste and fancy, having been moulded by the Greek and Latin authors, almost unconsciously transport them to the classic ground from which their models drew their images, causing them to breathe, as it were, the same atmosphere, and to luxuriate in the same delicious climate. It would be more gratifying to the acumen of the critic, than pleasing to the feelings of the man of taste, to examine how much of the language and imagery of modern poetry relative to Spring, is drawn from classic ages and classic scenery, and then to estimate what remains of direct inspiration poured into the soul in this changeable and backward climate, from our own earth, and sea, and sky. We have no relish for such an inquiry, though it seems to be almost forced on the mind in comparing the ethereal mildness and balmy sweets which breathe in Spring, as portrayed by our poets, with the actual experience of our atmosphere, and of the vernal productions of our native soil.

In the commencement of the season, winter not only lingers but rages. Our rivers, ponds, and lakes are still either rigidly bound by icy chains, or only partially disengaged from them; and in some respects the severity of the climate is frequently even more intense than during winter itself. Sometimes the tempest howls with redoubled fury, driving broad flakes of snow through the darkened air, and incumbering the wide earth with its drifted heaps; and while the herds on the low grounds stand forlorn and destitute of food, the flocks on the hills are in danger of finding a sudden grave at the bottom of the precipice, whither they have fled for shelter. At other times, the cold and sleety rain falls in torrents, carrying along with it the snow which it has melted in the mountains, and spreading dismay and ruin over the inundated valleys; and at other times, again, the hoar frost lies thick and chill, and spreads its snowy mantle over hedge and field, while the deep blue sky, and the sun rising in the glowing east, without a cloud, speak deceitfully of to-morrow's softness and beauty.

But notwithstanding the rigors of the climate, there are not wanting, even at the commencement of the season, interesting proofs of the advancing year, and harbingers of a more genial season. The day has already encroached on the long and dreary night, and the sun takes

daily a wider circuit in the heavens. The buds of many trees and flowers have begun to swell; the anemones are in flower, and the crocus spreads its cloth of gold on the sheltered borders; and most interesting of all, the swowdrop, which had for weeks burst through the rigid soil, has now opened its chaste and delicate blossoms to the chilly breeze, and seems to vie in whiteness with the winding-sheet of winter, from which it derives its name.

Among the feathered tribes, the rooks are beginning to obey the first law of nature, and their incessant notes of enjoyment, mingled with the bustle of preparing for the important duties of incubation, everywhere attract the attention of the lovers of nature. The croaking raven, led by a congenial instinct, selects some venerable tree, where she may build a nest; and the sweet songs of the woodlark and chaffinch, mixed with the mellow tones of the blackbird, from the neighboring groves, delight the ear; while the wren, the titmouse, and hedge sparrow, flutter from spray to spray, and utter their varied notes of gladness, as the sun sheds his warmer rays on wood and field, giving the promise of approaching mildness and fertility. "Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble; partridges begin to pair; the house pigeon has young; field crickets open their holes, and wood owls hoot; gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the stone curlew clamors, and frogs croak."

These indications of the advance of Spring precede more unequivocal symptoms of awakening nature. The sun continues longer above the horizon, and the weather, though still unsettled, is sufficiently dry to evaporate the superabundant moisture poured on the earth, at the commencement of the season, in the form of rain or snow, and to favor the various processes of vegetable life, which are now in active operation, while it prepares the soil for the labors of the husbandman.

The animal tribes now find a delicious repast in the sweet and tender herbage which begins to clothe the sheltered valleys with its soft verdure; and among the innumerable sources of enjoyment which this most interesting of all the seasons affords, perhaps there is none which sheds so sweet a pleasure over the benevolent mind as the universal gladness which, as the weather becomes more genial, sensibly pervades everything that lives. There is a kind of mysterious sympathy which seems to pass from tribe to tribe of the animated world, and to unite them all in one common hymn of gratitude and praise to the bountiful Giver of all good. The lowing of the cattle as they browse on the green fields; the bleating of sheep from heath-clad hills, while their new dropped lambs sport near them, exulting in the consciousness of young existence; the hum of the industrious bees, as they fly from flower to flower collecting their sweet food; and the varied notes of love and joy, pouring from bush and brake, all unite in one harmonious and spirit-stirring chorus. Nay, inanimate nature itself seems conscious of the general joy, and as the sun breaks forth from the genial shower, every blade of grass sparkles in his beams, wood and meadow smile, and the very silence of the clear heavens and swelling earth utters the voice of enjoyment.

The gradual progress of Spring indicates beneficent design. There is an obvious and studied preparation conducive to the salubrity both of animal and vegetable life. Were the change from winter to spring to be sudden, the constitution of organized existences, such as we find it in our latitude, would receive so violent an impulse, as would be attended with many injurious con-

sequences. There is here, therefore, a wise adaptation; but the proper way of viewing it is, not so much to consider the climate adapted to these existences, as them to the climate.' There are necessarily great varieties of climates from the equator to the Arctic circle, and in them all we discover a most admirable fitting of the produce and living inhabitants to the conditions of their respective localities; insomuch as, that changes, which would utterly destroy the plants and animals of one climate, only tend to give vitality and health to those of another. For example, fatal effects would ensue in our climate, were the alteration from Winter to Spring to be sudden. And yet nothing can easily be conceived more rapid than the change of temperature from intense cold to genial warmth, in Siberia and other regions verging on the Polar circle; and there the conditions of the animal and vegetable world are such, that the violent impulse is just what was required to bring them hastily into life, and enable them quickly to fulfil their various functions during their few and fleeting weeks of summer. In the whole economy of nature, there is scarcely anything more worthy of remark, as indicating a designing cause, than this species of adaptation, by which the powers of life are suited to the varying conditions of climate. There is, indeed, something extremely satisfactory, as well as peculiar, not only in this respect, but in the whole plan of creation, exhibiting, as it does, so much uniformity, combined with such variety, a uniformity as to general design, which might even be supposed to indicate poverty of invention, were it not for the amazing skill with which that general design is modified and altered, so as to be rendered suitable to change of circumstances and conditions, the former by its analogy, marking unequivocally one contriving mind, the latter by its endless variety, displaying the all-pervading wisdom and beneficence of unwearying energy and never-exhausted resources.

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## THE MONTH OF MARY.

Blooming flowers and singing birds
  Hail the month of May;
The springing leaves and sunshine
  Fairest tributes pay.

Every little bright-winged bird
  Its sweet story sings;
Every flower and blossom gay
  Richest perfume flings.

And every leaf upon the trees,
  Every dewdrop fair,
Every whisper, hushed and still,
  Of sweet summer air,

Tells the same soft pleading story
  To Mary, full of grace—
How her children, so far from her,
  Long to see her face.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF J. THEOPHANE VENARD, MARTYR IN TONQUIN; or, What Love Can Do. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert.

THE LIFE OF HENRY DORIE, MARTYR. Translated from the French of Abbé Baudry, by Lady Herbert. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873.

St. Joseph's College, at Mill Hill, England, is a large seminary for the training of young ecclesiastics for the special duty of the foreign missions, and Lady Herbert, the well-known English authoress, is one of the most ardent patrons of this noble institution. She endeavors to give a practical proof of her sympathy by the publication of what is known as the Foreign Missionary series of books, the profits arising from the sale of which are devoted to the college in question. The two works on our table are the latest issues of this series, the lives of two of the French missionary martyrs who suffered by the recent bloody persecutions in China and Corea. We might, from the fact that these books are mostly compiled from the letters of the sainted priests themselves, almost designate them as autobiographies. Lady Herbert has evidently selected her subjects with a view of animating the young English seminarists, and even young laics, with a spirit of enthusiastic zeal to emulate the example of their French brethren. Certainly she could not have selected lives better calculated for her purpose than those whose soul-touching histories are before us—lives whose strength sprang from the sweetness of that divine love which influenced their every action.

We think that, apart from the main effect for which these books were intended, we can discern the secondary one, scarcely less important, of popularizing in the public mind what it too often regards with a careless eye, if not as almost a subject of ridicule for its supposed chimerical tendencies, namely, the Foreign Missionary movement. With the former advantage to be gained by those who are destined to bear abroad the gospel of peace, and the latter by the devout Christian in the world, we cannot too strongly recommend to both classes the perusal of these biographies.

CHURCH DEFENCE. Report o ference on the Present Dange Church. New York: Cathol cation Society, 1873.

Would anybody ever imagine above title that there was any this book that was not serious? anybody suppose from the ap extract from Shakspeare's "T which graces the title-page—

"Here's neither bush nor shrub to b weather at all, and another storm l hear it sing i' the wind."

Could any one credit, we rep the "storm brewing" was a storm ter, not of terror; that the "s the wind" was only the merry itory whistle of that prince of jokers, gay Dr. Marshall, backe rising chorus of pealing mirth future readers of his latest squi the Anglican Catholics (!) Spu cimens of Catholicity have no love the Marshall brothers; for of them, under the appropriate ized name of "Herr Frolich," i with the sword of keenest satire *Catholics at Cologne*," the irre Doctor, under the dignified title *deacon Chausable*," is never ea he is tilting his well-sharpene quill against the "Anglican C nearer home; while the poor vic Goldsmith's village boys,

"Full well they laugh, with *counterf* At all his jokes, for many a joke h

But how much longer are the provoking sallies to continue? the "*Comedy of Convocation*" wa Surely *My Clerical Friends* m enough; but "No," says the "on with the dance," *Canon I* and *Prebendary Smiles*, *Archdea* and *Rev. Silas Trumpington*, *the of Chaldee* and *Prebendary Creedl Marmion* and *Rev. Mark Weas deacon Tennyson* and *Rev. Cyri the Bishop of Dorchester* and *th of Brighton*, a lively double dancing, "with solemn step an over the ruin of their *quarterea* Representatives, these gentle every shade of that church's *High Church*, *Low Church*, *Broa Ritualist* and *Anglican unatta* keeping time to the Doctor's

baton. No wonder if there should have arisen a doubt as to whether Mr. Weasel *did wink at Dean Marmion* during the entertainment. Of course he did. How could so jocund a gentleman help it? or how can anybody help winking his whole face into "one vast substantial smile," who studies the performance of these reverend disciples of Terpsichore from the pages of *Church Defence*.

TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY to the Legislature of the State and to the Common Council of the City.

In this Report, covering some eighty closely-printed pages, we have an account of one of the greatest charities of modern times; one to which Catholics throughout the country point with pride, and whose workings some of the best minds in the land are now studying. From this pamphlet we glean that visitors are welcome at all hours, and every facility will be given to examine the workings of the institution. There are about 1300 boys and about 450 girls. The great fire which destroyed the buildings of the female department has prevented the complete carrying out of the Sisters' views, but the Brothers' department for boys has surpassed all expectations. The pamphlet before us is evidence of their skill in the printing department, as are also *The Little Schoolmate* and *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, all published in the Protectory printing-rooms. Brothers have been sent from this establishment to open a similar home in Quito, South America, and the rector, Brother Teliow, has been called to several places to give advice in the starting of similar enterprises.

Brother Teliow is a practical man; and how completely he refutes the charges that have been made against this institution by its enemies, will be seen by the following extract from the Report before us:

"For the better information of the public, it may be well to state that the success of the New York Catholic Protectory does not result from the immense appropriations which we are falsely accused of receiving from the city treasury, as some would have it, but rather from its beneficial and economical management.

"The city vouchers show that two similar reformatory institutions, the House of Refuge and the Juvenile Asylum, received respectively $210,000 and $195,000 for building purposes, while our institution was granted but $100,000.

"And in this connection it will not be irrelevant to state, that the inmates of our Protectory exceed numerically the united totals of these two institutions by SEVEN HUNDRED, whilst our *per capita* allowance is equal to that only of the last mentioned of them, viz., the Juvenile Asylum.

"Our success must proceed, then, from a different source, namely, from economy and the harmonious working of our system."

WILD TIMES. A Tale of the Days of Queen Elizabeth. By Cecilia Mary Caddell. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1878. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

We are of opinion that in order to insure the success of this work it would be only necessary to say that it is from the same gifted pen which gave us, some years ago, that most charming of Catholic novelettes, *Blind Agnes*, which, albeit a simple little story, has deservedly ranked in profundity with those widely different works, Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* and Father Boyce's *Shandy Maguire*. But lest we should be accused of arguing only by analogy of the merits of Miss Caddell's present work, we will say that we were quite unprepared to expect from her so brilliant a romance as WILD TIMES. The narrative displays a richness of scenic description, an easy flow of fine dialogue, a graphic portrayal of character, and a fertility in the invention of startling episodes, which, without impairing the originality of the work, mark it with a strong similarity to some of the finest pages of Walter Scott. The days of Queen Bess were indeed times to try the souls of men of faith, and the able manner in which our authoress has depicted the heroic constancy of the faithful Catholics in contrast with the debased meanness of the world-blinded recreants of that period, is not the least of the recommendations of this novel. The story is interspersed with several fine poetic gems; *The Gipsies' Chorus*, *The White Rose*, and *The Song of the Lily-Bells*, adding very considerably to the attraction of some of the more effective passages. The binding is neat, and sufficiently beautiful to make the book an adornment for a drawing-room table.

CONSTANCE AND MARION, OR THE COUSINS. By M. A. B. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1878.

An interesting little tale, in which love and controversy are very neatly combined. The scenes are laid in Ire-

land and England, and the story is particularly to be commended for its smooth and graceful diction. It has the common fault, however, of too many Catholic stories, *namely*, that it is too elevated for young readers, and almost too trifling for older persons, except for its controversial passages.

THE NORMAL ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC. By Edward Brooks, A.M.

THE NORMAL ELEMENTARY SPELLER. By A. N. Raub, A.M.

AN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By William Fewsmith, A.M., and Edgar A. Singer.

ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA. By Edward Brooks, A.M.

A FAMILIAR COMPEND OF GEOLOGY FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY. By A. M. Hillside.

We have received all the above from Messrs. Sower & Potts, of Philadelphia, and find pleasure in stating that Prof. Brooks has done real service to the cause of education by his very *practical* books on mathematics. We are too theoretical in all our school-books, and whoever attempts to correct the above must and will receive the gratitude of conscientious teachers. The *Elements of Algebra* and of *Arithmetic* bear evidence of considerable insight into the wants of intermediate schools. The practical problems are numerous and all to the point. The binding of the *Algebra* should be improved; for boys who once take up this book will use it so much that it will soon go to pieces in its present dress.

We would like to speak approvingly of the *Primary Speller* and the *Elementary Grammar*, but we cannot see any great or even small improvement in these volumes over their predecessors in the same field. Their principal if not only redeeming quality is their brevity, which may recommend them to county and primary schools. We almost despair of seeing a really good grammar for schools published till other influences are brought to bear on publishers and teachers, while we doubt, in common with many teachers, if there is any need whatever for special books on spelling. Practice makes perfect, more in spelling than i else. This may be obtained nary readers. We defer n *Compend of Geology* till we fully examined it.

THE NESBITS, OR A MOTHER'S QUEST. New York: Catholi tion Society. 1873. Receive Eugene Cummiskey.

This short, but well-writ shows forcibly the trials and t to which young men are expos advent into the world of busine life. Everywhere, in the count the salesroom, at the festive the public thoroughfare, or in circle, dangers beset them whi the constancy of a hero to baffle come. Fidelity to sound p structions, to the teachings of education, and to the sacred o of the Church, can alone prove arms for such a combat. This son that this little tale very conveys. The plot, unlike th similar tales, is full of interes and romantic adventure, whic urally make the book attracti class of readers for whom it intended, but who could s induced to peruse such a work ordinary phases.

The book also contains t tales; one of which, *The Litt the Poor*, we cannot too str demn, for the reason that it the growth of that trite vulgar convent is a resort for unfortu who cannot, from want of pers fications, or the possession of of this world's goods, fill th places in society. It is time nonsense was suppressed; and believe that Madam Craven, ular and beautiful tale, *Fleu* done a great deal towards th cannot but regret that there are who not only believe such s selves, but actually encourage ment in others, and even, as in instance, under what purport from the language of the pre book, to be ecclesiastical sanct

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. V, NO. 26.—JUNE, 1873.

## CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON:

### A CATHOLIC HERO FOR THE COMING CENTENNIAL.

THE Sabbatarian quiet and calm Quaker spirit of the good city of Philadelphia is sadly disturbed; for nearly two years there has been a din and bustle of preparation for a grand indefinite something,—indefinite, however, not in itself, but only as to the magnitude and splendor of the realization of the great idea that has seized upon the brains and laid like a brilliant incubus upon the minds of our usually stolid and easy-going citizens. This idea has proven strongly communicative in its nature, and has run like an electric current past its original limits to thrill every class of minds throughout the nation and the world. So powerful a thought from so calm a source must forebode something extraordinary, as in truth it does. That thought is the celebration of the centennial of the Declaration of American Independence in the place most appropriate for such an event, the city wherein that Magna Charta not of a nation only, but of the world, was framed and promulgated.

Of the plan of the celebration we need not here speak. The magnificent purpose of those who have it in charge is already well known, though scarcely as yet realized as to its stupendous grandeur by the masses of the people. They only know it as yet by what we have designated it—as a splendid but indefinite something of the future, to the consummation of which all energies are bent, all purse-strings loosened. Hence we have a whole host of objects bearing the designation of Centennial, as if, after the true Yankee fashion, to familiarize the mind to the object by the constantly renewing mention of the name. Centennial committees, Centennial meetings, Centennial hotels, Centennial steamboats, Centennial streets, Centennial parks, Centennial hats, Centennial neckties, Centennial skirts, Centennial bonnets

(not, of course, for centennial ladies—oh dear no! lovely woman's age is sufficiently certain as not to reach that extended tenure),—in fact, the whole air is so redolent of Centenarianism that we begin to feel like so many Rip Van Winkles as we tread the streets of our goodly town, living over again the reminiscences of our school days, as realized more vividly than books could teach them, in the centennials of the minor revolutionary events which cluster like satellites around the grand central festival of the "glorious Fourth." Again we laugh with patriotic mirth at the doings of the Boston tea-party; again we hear in fancy Major Pitcairn cry out, as he rides presumptuously over the village green at Lexington, "Down with your arms, rebels! down with your arms!" Bunker Hill and Cowpens, Brandywine and Germantown, Monmouth and Valley Forge, Saratoga and Yorktown, are again before us in all their vivid reality. The dim, shadowy forms of the departed royal governors pass before us in the faded habiliments of their former splendor, like the ghosts of Banquo's line, and startling us by their strange fantastic shapes, awaken us more fully than any other historic reminiscence to the living fact that the past is dead, that America of the closing nineteenth century is not the colonial appendage of the British crown; that the statesmanship of the Walpoles, Foxes, Pitts, and Burkes of the British school, and the Jeffersons, Hamiltons, Clays, and Websters of the American order, has given place to the politics of a Ben Butler and a Simon Cameron; a Continental Congress to a Washington Ring.

The shrill whistle of the locomotive arouses us still further from our historical reverie to the patent fact that the material progress of the age is marvellous; that there is an immense distance fro days of the stage-coach, cans and the post-rider, to those ocean steamship and the ma telegraph.

The only living thing that to be a connecting link b the past and the present is pert miss, with her incipient tion of the towering old-time gear, and her quaint Dolly V that does look like a fortieth to her great-great-grandm faded brocade gown and though there is but little fan semblance between the face of maidenly modesty and c that peers from the portrait ancient dame among the rub the garret, and the bold, countenance of her latest descendant.

These antitheses are sugg If the material progress of t and nation is wonderful, do moral advance keep proport pace? We fear not. Still, n are not so bad, all things, s godless schools, a licentious and a man-made religion, ( ered. And, after all, our fathers and grandmothers mortal like all their descen couldn't have been exactly gons of perfection in all th nay, the spirit of the times ( ered, perhaps they were no or not so good, as we are. theless, certain it is that must be something even purely moral order which, w the disadvantages of soci political corruption display self so visibly in the terrible cal contests, the horrors of a civil war, and the train of soci which is eating like a canke into the heart of the famil business circles, destroyin ties of blood and affection ar ping the confidence which m urally seeks to repose in his man,—there must be, we something which, in spite of

has, like a guardian angel, brought our glorious republic in strength unparalleled, in power as yet not all developed, in beauty unimpaired, in majesty undiminished to this celebration of her ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

What is that something? The vigor of a plant displayed in flower and leaf and blossom comes, we know, from good soil and a healthy root and an invigorating atmosphere; the good character of the child, of the grown man, untarnished not because it is unconscious of evil, but because it has the inherent or acquired power of resisting its attacks, redounds to the honor of the parent who created, and, by training, moulded it. So if we would learn the secret of our country's glory we must, after the teaching of the wise men of every age, "study the examples of the fathers," mindful of the language of Holy Writ, "*Rememoramini pristinos dies in quibus illuminati magnam certamen sustinuistis.*" "*Remember those early days, in which, being enlightened, you sustained a great conflict.*" Surely the forefathers of our Revolution were men of mighty virtue, of unparalleled simplicity, of conscious nobility, of unflinching justice, to sustain, with their feeble extent of resources, the mighty conflict of those early days which established us a nation. But how sublime above all ordinary comprehension must have been that far-seeing wisdom which caused them to lay the foundations of the republic so broad and deep that all the rudest shocks of a century have not been able to shake it, which enabled them to give to a form of government politically the most unstable all the durability of the strongest of dynasties,—that intellectual power which has made the Union, in the language of Victor Hugo, a colossus of bronze, which traitors could only scratch. "*La republique Americaine est un colosse de bronze les traitres ne peuvent que l'égratiner.*"

But our country's power is not merely a defensive, a self-preserving one: she is the teacher, the example, the queen of the nations, the terror of tyrants; the oppressed of all the earth seek refuge beneath her star-spangled mantle. The wisdom of the classic lands and the science of the Orient look for inspiration to revive their flickering light from the beauteously beaming brow of the young queen of the West. In her teaching she is not aggressive. She makes no missions for herself, and, going forth, enforces her self-dictated doctrines with pompous rhetoric or sharp-pointed sword, but sits quietly at home, on her throne of hills encircled by oceans, and preaches to the world by *her example*. And soon the face of the earth shall be agitated, its oceans be furrowed by the gaily-bounding ships, its lands by the swiftly whirling railroads that bear the wealth, the brilliant brain-fruits, and the crafty hand-works of all the world to the lap of fair Philadelphia, to be offered through her hands and in her appropriate name of Brotherly Love as the tribute of the nations to their umpire and queen. And turbaned caliph and crowned czar, and mitred pontiff, shall bow in typical political reverence as they clasp, with hand of peace and good-will, the grasp of a crownless President.

Whence, we again repeat, this glorious consummation? The vested pontiffs and mail-clad princes of Runnymede wrested, at the point of the sword, from a weak and defenceless king the charter of Britain's liberties; but the few simple-hearted, pure-minded, and unarmed men who, in Independence Hall, wrested by a stroke of the pen, from that same powerful but faithless Britain's haughty monarch the palladium of America's liberties,

conferred a far greater benefit to the world, and left for all time a spectacle for men to worship and to wonder at.

Among that little band of dauntless patriots there was one whom we Catholics of America can pre-eminently claim as our hero, our exemplar for the coming Centennial, nay, in some respects the greatest of them all — CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON. We make this broad statement advisedly and not unmindful of such pre-eminent names as Massachusetts' sturdy statesman, Samuel Adams, or Pennsylvania's dignified, gentle, and intellectual Benjamin Franklin, and hosts of others whose fame is as familiar as a household word. Yet we will look in vain in the history of Carroll's career for any of those brilliant achievements which usually make a man a hero in the esteem of his fellow-men. His grandeur was of a gentler mould, like one of those delicate pieces of ancient Grecian statuary, whose artistic graces and delicately chiselled proportions must be studied in detail ere the beauty of the whole becomes apparent to the observer. Gentility of blood, suavity of manner, the polish of education, simplicity of taste, but, above all, that sterling gift of faith, the old-time "faith of our fathers," insinuating itself into all the actions—even the minutest —of every-day life,—this it was that made him great; this it was that made him greater than his associates, whose signatures accompany his on the famous Declaration. Their patriotism was undoubtedly sincere, self-sacrificing, exalted; but it sprang from the human source, the natural love of liberty—natural in its origin, natural in its tendencies; while his was electrified by the grace divine of that faith-born charity, of which it is said, "If the Spirit of God shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." Fed by the sincerest and tenderest piety, this spirit of faith and devotion grew with his growth and gilded his dying hours with the accumulated effulgence of a lifetime.

There can be no true greatness inseparable from goodness, and that Charles Carroll combined both in a pre-eminent degree is unquestionable, from the esteem and influence with which he swayed his fellow-men. Happy will it be for the Catholic men of America, youths and seniors; happier still for the land we love and live in, when the light of such an example shall be the guiding star that illuminates the surrounding darkness of infidelity, dishonesty, impurity, and that false liberty whose law is death.

Charles Carroll came of a good pedigree; his grandfather, Daniel Carroll, of Littalouna, King's County, Ireland, was a lawyer of the Inner Temple. He held during the reign of James II, a clerkship in the office of Lord Powis, one of James's leading cabinet ministers, but left England shortly before the accession of King William, of Orange, to seek his fortune in the American colonies. It is related that Mr. Carroll remarked one day to his lordship, that he was happy to find that the affairs of the state and of the king's service, were proceeding so prosperously, to which Lord Powis replied: "You are quite in the wrong; affairs are going on very badly; the king is very ill advised," and then after pausing a few moments, thus continued: "Young man, I have a regard for you and would gladly do you a service. Take my advice; great changes are at hand; go out to Maryland; I will speak to Lord Baltimore in your favor." And Mr. Carroll, following the advice of his friend, obtained government employment in Maryland, with liberal grants of land; and settled

as a merchant in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, where he died in 1765, leaving his family independently wealthy. And this was the establishment in America of one of its noblest families, a family who in the person of John, first Archbishop of Baltimore, and his illustrious cousin Charles, the subject of this sketch, has made itself renowned while our country has a history or where the Church of Christ is known; for the Carrolls through all their generations have been stanch in their Catholicity, as well as gentle in their blood.

Charles Carroll, the son of Daniel Carroll, and father of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born in 1702, and soon became a prominent man in the province, from the active part which he took in the affairs of the colonial government, but more especially from the necessarily lively interest which he as a Catholic felt in the religious disputes of the day. All historians concur in representing the position of the Catholics of Maryland at that time as deplorable; the persecution from which they had fled in the mother country was waged even on the virgin soil of the Colonies with as relentless a vigor as under the immediate shadow of the British sceptre. But what rendered their situation particularly annoying, was the fact that they themselves had established the colony of Maryland with their own wealth and toil as a special refuge from religious persecution, not only for themselves, but by Baltimore's magnanimous, though, perhaps, unwise proclamation of religious toleration for the downtrodden adherents of all the sects, who, now returning his generous liberality by the basest ingratitude, became in turn the oppressors of their liberators. Roman Catholic priests, says Sanderson, a *Protestant historian*, were forbidden to exercise any of the functions of public worship. The provincial council granted orders to take children from the pernicious influence of Catholic parents; Catholic laymen were denied the right of suffrage, and their lands were assessed double when the exigencies of the province required additional supplies. Besides the oppression of legislative enactments, personal animosity was carried to such an extent that the Catholics were considered as beyond the pale of fellowship, not suffered to walk with their fellow-subjects in front of the state-house at Annapolis, and were finally obliged to wear swords for their personal protection, a privilege which we are surprised to find was allowed to them by their bigoted oppressors. Whenever the enemies of God seek to destroy the Church they invariably begin by attacking Catholic education, and substituting in its place a godless system of mental training, knowing full well that if they drop the poison at the source, the whole stream will flow on an irresistible torrent of corruption. Our forefathers of the Maryland colony were not exempted from this evil, less bearable than the physical torture of the executioner. Catholic schoolmasters were tracked by the myrmidons of the law, and even parents were prohibited from giving their children religious instruction. In this emergency, nothing seemed left to the Catholics but to seek a better fortune by emigrating still further into the unexplored wilds of the vast continent. Among others, Charles Carroll, then on a visit to France, sought to obtain a tract of land beyond the Arkansas River. The extent of the tract demanded, when pointed out on the map of the then Louisiana territory, startled the French Minister of State, and the grant was not obtained. But Mr. Carroll was happily not obliged to carry out his design of leaving Maryland, for shortly after his return, the rigor of the persecution

was relaxed, and the Catholics once more rested in safety beneath "the shadow of their own vine."

Charles Carroll's wife was Elizabeth Brook, who seems to have belonged to an old Maryland family, from the fact that the name frequently appears in Maryland genealogies. Their illustrious son, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born at Annapolis on the eighth (twentieth of September N. S.) 1737. Amid all the religious oppression of the day, the stanch soldiers of the company of Jesus, following the dictates of their noble leader Loyola, had never relaxed in Maryland their hold of the great citadel of the faith, Catholic education. At Bohemia, a remote and secluded spot on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, these noble Jesuits had established a grammar school, "where, without observation or molestation, the Catholic youths of the province received a preparatory training for the European colleges." Here young Carroll and his cousin John, afterwards first Archbishop of America, made their minor studies. Father Farmer, the early apostle of Pennsylvania, was one of the teachers at Bohemia. The old mission is yet in the hands of the brave sons of Loyola.

From hence the two Carrolls, whose names were to be so intimately blended in their country's history, the one in the ecclesiastical, the other in the political order, went, just where "everybody who was anybody" among the persecuted Catholics of the British dominions went, in those days, for a collegiate education, namely, to Rheims, St. Omers, and Louis Le Grand. It was during Charles Carroll's residence at the last-named place that his father visited France, for the double purpose of seeing his son, who had been parted from him at eight years of age, and also to obtain the grant of territory to which we have already alluded. Passing from Louis Le Grand, the young Charles commenced the study of the civil law at Bourges, whence he returned to college at Paris, where he continued until 1757, in which year he took up his apartments in that famous school of all common law students, the Inner Temple, London. He had resided six years at St. Omers, one year at Rheims, two years at Louis Le Grand, one more at Bourges, two at Paris, seven in England, and thus, after nineteen years of student life, characterized by piety of character, application of mind, talents of brain, and amiability of disposition, he returned, in 1764, at the age of twenty-seven, to his native shores, surely inferior to none by abilities, natural and acquired, of all those who with him took part "in the first discussion of those principles which being (just at that time) honestly proclaimed and fearlessly supported, occasioned the war of the Revolution."

Mankind is naturally agitative. One popular excitement seldom dies out before another succeeds. It was perhaps the forebodings of the coming revolution which withdrew the Protestant colonists from their open oppression or petty social teasings against their Catholic fellow-citizens. Certain it is that the Stamp Act soon united all classes in a common system of defence against the mother country. This defence naturally was at first polemical not military; the country required talents of a high order to compete in the controversial arena with such statesmen as Britain could boast of in those days, and colonial America called not in vain; her sons could talk, and when talking proved fruitless, they would show her that they could fight; the fact that "the general character of the arguments used was calm and dignified," proves that colonial statesmanship was of a very high order. Need we add that in that

peaceful triumph of the rostrum and the pen, the talents of such a man as Charles Carroll were not allowed to remain unrecognized, but shared in the victory of the repeal of the obnoxious enactment.

Local interests alone claimed his attention during the political calm which followed, the large landed interests and extended connections of Mr. Carroll giving him great weight in the discharge of his duties as an active and able citizen. It was also during this period of comparative repose that he married, in June, 1768, Miss Mary Darnell, daughter of Henry Darnell, Jr., who was sufficiently lauded in the chronicles of the day, and whose family, if we mistake not, was already connected by marriage with the Carrolls, Archbishop Carroll's mother having been a Miss Eleanor Darnell.

The next occasion which called Mr. Carroll prominently before the public, and indeed confirmed him in their political favor, if it did not also greatly assist in the promotion of that spirit of revolution which was rapidly growing in the minds of the people, was a purely local one,—the question of "the settling of the fees by proclamation." In 1770 the public attention began to be turned towards the fees of the civil offices of the colony. The House of Delegates began an investigation, which demonstrated many abuses resulting from the then existing system, and the necessity of a change in the table of fees was fully demonstrated, not only on account of the old abuses, but the new and growing wants of the province. The lower house, upon due consideration, passed a new law commensurate with the requirements of the period. But when it was sent up for the concurrence of the upper house, it met with violent opposition from those members of that body whose official profits would have been diminished by its passage, and the influence of these men effectually defeated it. In this emergency, Governor Eden, with the advice of his counsel, whose sympathies were evidently with the bill, issued a proclamation, dated November 26, 1770, only a few days after the prorogation of the Assembly, commanding and enjoining all officers and persons acting in an official capacity, not to take, under pain of his displeasure, any other or greater fees than those therein mentioned.

Here it will be readily seen that the remedy was worse than the disease. Bad as the old system of fees might have been, the question of its continuance or repeal was evidently vested in the representatives of the people, and the fact that they had acted unwisely and selfishly in continuing it, did not sanction the principle that "two wrongs will make a right," from which Governor Eden evidently acted when he usurped the high-handed authority which was displayed in his proclamation, and which all the arguments of his supporters tending to prove that this action was a part of his prerogative, failed to convince the minds of the excited people.

The contest resulting from this condition of affairs was waged long and bitterly; but it finally resolved itself and spent its force in the celebrated dialogue between a "First Citizen" and "Second Citizen," though the latter, Mr. Daniel Dulaney, provincial secretary, afterwards dropped this title and continued the discussion under the signature of Antillon. This newspaper war created the most intense sensation, and the great test question of the coming revolution, the right of taxing the people without the consent of their representatives, was argued in the ablest and boldest manner by "First Citizen." One passage in particular thrilled the

entire community, referring to the disagreement between the two houses. The writer said: "*The authority of the chief magistrate interposed and took the decision of this important question from the other branches of the Legislature to itself. In a land of freedom this arbitrary exertion of prerogative will not, must not be endured.*"

Even the supporters of First Citizen were startled by language so determined, but those among them who happened to possess the secret of Mr. Carroll's authorship were astonished, says his biographer, Sanderson, at one of the largest landholders in the country avowing sentiments which might be so injurious to him personally in their consequences. He however carried the day, "Antillon" was silenced, and the proclamation subsequently carried by a numerous procession to the gallows, when, after being suspended for a time, it was publicly burned beneath them by the common hangman.

Letters of congratulation were sent in from all quarters to First Citizen, through the public press, as the only means of communication with an anonymous author, but when it became known that that author was Charles Carroll, the enthusiasm was greatly intensified; the delegates, William Paca and Matthias Hammond, had, on the day of their election, been instructed to return the thanks of their constituents to the great anonymous, and they obeyed in a letter filled with admiring sentiments of the warmest gratitude; but now that the author was revealed, the people of Annapolis came in a body to thank him for his defence of their rights.

This was what we would call nowadays "the making" of Mr. Carroll. Henceforth he was master of the people's confidence, and one of their foremost champions in all the preparatory measures taken for their defence against Britisl gression. With the keen per tion of a statesman, he foresa approaching struggle with mother country, and never doubted about the issue of s contest resulting favorably fo Colonies. As early as 1771 or in a conversation with Sa Chase, the latter remarked, " roll, we have the better of ou ponents; we have completely ten them down." "And do think that writing will settl question between us?" asked Carroll. "To be sure," re Chase, "what else can we r to?" "The bayonet!" was th cisive answer, "our argument only raise the feelings of the p to that pitch when open war w looked to as the arbiter of th pute."

Some years before the comm ment of actual hostilities, Graves, the brother of Ad Graves, and then a member o British Parliament, wrote to Carroll on the subject of the turbances in America, laughi the idea of resistance on the of the Colonies, and declaring six thousand English soldiers w march from one end of the conti to the other. "So they may," Mr. Carroll, in his answer, ' they will be the masters of the only on which they encamp; will find naught but enemies b and around them. If we are b on the plains we will retreat t mountains, and defy them. resources will increase with difficulties. Necessity will for to exertion, until tired of cor ing in vain, against a spirit w victory after victory cannot sul your armies will evacuate our and your country retire an imm loser from the contest. No, we have made up our minc abide the issue of the approac struggle, and though much l may be spilt, we have no dou

ultimate success." The effect of such sentiments on the people of the Colonies can readily be seen served to place their enunciator among the first rank of American patriots and statesmen, and if his active co-operation was not at first so apparent in the earlier events of the Revolution, it was owing more to circumstances of time and place, than to any lack of courage in following up his bold words by deeds as brave. While the quotations which we have given will serve to prove to our readers that Mr. Carroll was not a believer in "peace at any price," but rather that in a just cause, he preferred "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt," he was not a political namby-pamby.

Yet another instance recorded of Mr. Carroll's firmness in the political emergencies of the times, and of the influence which it gained for him with his fellow-citizens. A quantity of tea, an article the importation of which into Maryland was forbidden by a resolution of the House of Delegates of June 22d, 1774, had been brought up to Annapolis by the brig Peggy Stewart. The whole populace was in an uproar; all the neighboring counties sent their self-constituted delegations to the capital town, and the crowds surrounding the court-house threatened master and consignees with violence, and the vessel and cargo with destruction. Committees were appointed to superintend the unloading of the brig, and prohibit the landing of the tea. The excitement remained unabated, and the friends of Mr. Antony Stewart, the owner of the vessel, applied to Mr. Carroll, as one whose influence would protect him from violence. Mr. Carroll's advice was short, sharp, and decisive. "It will not do, gentlemen, to export the tea to Europe or the West Indies. Its importation, contrary to the known regulations of the Convention, is an offence for which the people will not be so easily satisfied; and whatever may be my personal esteem for Mr. Stewart, and my wish to prevent violence, it will not be in my power to protect him, unless he consents to pursue a more decisive course of conduct. My advice is that he set fire to the vessel, and burn her, together with the tea that she contains, to the water's edge." The result was that in a few hours' afterwards, the Peggy Stewart, with sails set and colors flying, appeared to the cheering crowds upon the shore, a vast sheet of flame.

From this time official provincial honors began to be heaped upon Charles Carroll. But his widely-known talents, and his enthusiastic zeal for the cause of American Independence, could not fail of recognition throughout the country, consequently, when in 1776 Congress determined upon sending a delegation to Canada, Mr. Carroll was appointed a commissioner, in conjunction with Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase. The object of the commission was to win the Canadians to the colonial cause, a very delicate mission, since the defeat of General Montgomery's expedition, and the subsequent quartering of the Continental troops upon the inhabitants, had dampened what little favorable feeling had ever existed among the Canadians toward their fellow-colonists across the St. Lawrence. But there were religious differences existing between them which were of greater weight with the Canadians than any political causes of separation. England had guaranteed them religious freedom, while on the other hand the remnants of the Puritanical influence still prevailing prior to the opening of the Revolution, had from time to time exhibited itself in the hot-headed and bigoted expressions of legislative speeches and papers. This had been particularly the case in Massachusetts,

and even in Maryland, Catholic as it ought to have been. Some of these had even gone so far as to denounce the home government for the granting of religious freedom to the Canadians. To explain all this away as the work of a few, not the judgment of the many, was the first task imposed upon the commissioners, and by a shrewd stroke of policy, the Continental Congress requested Charles Carroll to invite his illustrious cousin, Rev. John Carroll, to accompany him and his associates to the North, "*to assist them in such matters as they shall think useful.*" The invitation was accepted, and the four patriots and firm friends set out from Philadelphia, early in 1776, on their tedious journey to Montreal. They presented in their various proclamations a very clear statement of these grievances; the mutual advantages to be gained by both parties sinking all previous political and religious differences, and presenting a united front against England. They offered the most liberal inducements; all these at first with some prospects of success, "but the continuance of some of the causes of dissatisfaction, the want of specie, clothing, and provisions; the disorder and sickness prevailing among the American troops, and their total inadequacy to the object for which they entered Canada, again occasioned murmurs among the inhabitants, and finally alienated their affections from the United Colonies." Neither was Mr. Carroll's influence with the Catholic laymen of Canada, nor that of Father Carroll with their clergy, sufficient to remove the religious prejudices and stubborn opinions of such a people as the stolid *habitans*. In a word, the mission was a failure, and on the 12th of June, 1776, the commissioners returned to Philadelphia, and presented their discouraging report at the very time that the Congress was wavering on the question of promulgating the immortal Declaration, wherein Charles Carroll would see realized the result which he had anticipated and hastened years before in his discussion with "Antillon." But he found the representatives of his native State shackled with instructions "to disavow in the most solemn manner, all design in the Colonies of independence." Mr. Carroll had strongly opposed these instructions at the time they had been given, and now more than ever convinced of their impropriety, hastened to Annapolis to procure their withdrawal.

By his indefatigable exertions in this matter, *we can justly claim that by his solè exertions, the vote of Maryland was procured for independence.* The old delegation to the Continental Congress and the old instructions were both withdrawn, and when the new appointments were made, Carroll's name appeared for the first time on the lists of Congress. Detained by important business at Annapolis, he did not take his seat at Philadelphia until the eighteenth of July, but he had already had the satisfaction of seeing the declaration of the convention of Maryland promulgated on the sixth of the same month. The issue of this paper was in part the result of the new instructions which he had borne so active a part in procuring. This paper gave to the world the statement of the causes which inspired the people of Maryland to join their fellow-citizens of the other colonies in proclaiming their independence. It was of itself a simple but noble document.

All the world knows by this time, the printed journals of Congress to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Declaration was merely voted on, not signed, on the fourth of July. Not, in fact, until the nineteenth of the month, as shown by

the secret journals of Congress, did the resolution pass directing it to be engrossed on parchment, and not until the second of August following were the signatures affixed; consequently, as we have seen, Mr. Carroll did not arrive in Philadelphia in time to cast his vote in favor of the document. But when, on the momentous day the roll was called, and slowly and solemnly the delegates walked up in turn to affix their signatures to that imperishable paper, Charles Carroll was asked by Mr. Hancock if he would sign. "Most willingly," said he, and went with the rest to stake by that act, larger personal interests than any man then present; for he was, not even excepting Boston's merchant prince, John Hancock, whose bold chirography headed the list as president, the richest of all the delegates. As Mr. Carroll took up the pen to sign, a bystander remarked, in words to which all, at least, mentally assented, "There go a few cool millions." But some one having suggested that there being so many Charles Carrolls the British sequestrators would have some difficulty in securing the right one, Mr. Carroll immediately dashed off the expressive words which have ever since been appended to his name, whether written or spoken—words which will ever distinguish him by the generous import they convey—OF CARROLLTON.

From this time out Mr. Carroll continued to hold various offices, local and federal. As a member of the Board of War, to which position he was appointed by Congress, in pursuance of a resolution passed on the 18th of July, to add another member thereto, he brought special facilities to the discharge of his duties; "for an investigation having been ordered by the board into the Canada expedition, and the movements of the army in the North, the local knowledge which he had acquired in his late journey as commissioner to Canada, with his acute observations upon the state of the country and the character and dispositions of the people," were of especial service.

He was also a member of the convention which drafted the first State constitution of Maryland, and was frequently re-elected to that position; and after the dissolution of the Continental Congress, was, in December, 1778, chosen to represent his State in the Senate of the United States, where, in consequence of his having drawn the "short term" lot, he retired after two years. He was also one of the commissioners appointed to settle the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia. In 1804, however, the tide of victory turning in favor of the Democratic party, swept Mr. Carroll from political life, he having always been a decided Federalist.

Thus, in the sixty-third year of his age we find him retiring to that long private life, eventful only in the peaceful pleasures of family and friendly associations, and all the enjoyments which unimpaired vigor, wealth, talents, and the proud recollections of an honorable career, and the respect and high esteem of his fellow-citizens, could bestow.

During his thirty years of public life, embracing the most eventful period of his country's history, he is described as a politician quick in decision and prompt in execution. "His measures were open and energetic, and he was more inclined to exceed than to fall short of an end proposed. As a speaker, he was concise and animated. The advantages of travel and society made him graceful. Books, habits of study, and acute observation, made him impressive and instructive. As a writer, he was remarkably dignified; his arrangement was regular, his style full, without being diffuse, and though highly argu-

mentative, was prevented from being dull by the vein of polite learning which was visible throughout."

"In person he is slight, and rather below the middle height. His face strongly marked, his eye quick and piercing, and his whole countenance expressive of energy and determination. His manners are easy, affable, and graceful, and in all the elegances and observances of polite society, few men are his superiors." Such is the portrait drawn of him while he was yet living.

In 1825 one of Charles Carroll's granddaughters was married to the Marquis of Wellesley, viceroy of Ireland, and thus by a singular circumstance became vice-queen of the country from which, one hundred and forty years before, her ancestors had emigrated in fear of a political system which her grandfather had risked his life, fortune, and sacred honor to destroy, which fact drew forth from the late Dr. England, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, S. C., the appropriate and beautiful thought applied to Mr. Carroll, that "*in the land whence his father's father fled in fear, his daughter's daughter now reigns as queen.*"

Several of his female descendants were married among the English nobility, while some of our oldest Philadelphia families, such as the Jacksons, Bayards, and Turners, can claim a descent from him. Many years ago, when St. Mary's Church was the resort for the *élite* of Philadelphia Catholicity, many of these descendants might be seen every Sunday among the attendants at High Mass. The Hoganite schism and "the snares of the world" served, however, to draw many of them from the old faith of their fathers, and now St. Mary's can point to but one of them among her limited congregation, and she only a collateral descendant, a venerable lady of nearly years.

The fourth of July, 18! the United States a happy, prosperous nation, celebr golden jubilee or semi-c anniversary of their Inde When that auspicious morning dawned all but that band of patriots, w old hall had signed the Declaration of freedom, w ered to their fathers. T of those three were on for they were among the lustrious of them all: Joh who inspired the De Thomas Jefferson, who and Charles Carroll. Tw were known to be grappli terrible struggle with de surely this wondrous fact i than fiction, that when t that sublime anniversary ROLL OF CARROLLTON mained like a last linger of the glorious orb of Inde

John Adams, raising, v bling hand, a glass of his parched lips, gave ing toast to the day an tion in his final utteral DEPENDENCE FOREVER!" *dimittis, Domine! nunc* were the last faint Thomas Jefferson, as he sa his dying wish, by fulfilli to the very hour the first tury of his country's freed six years later, in Novem Charles Carroll, of Carro regarding the evanescen the patriot's earthly reno dawning of the heavenly of the Christian's perfec exclaimed with his dyin "*I have lived to my ni year; I have enjoyed health; I have been ble great wealth, prosperity, of the good things which can bestow; public ap esteem, applause—but wh look back on with greates*

*tion to myself is, that I have practiced the duties of my religion.*"

We have held Charles Carroll up to our readers as our Catholic hero for the coming Centennial, not because we have no other, oh, no! we do not forget the many illustrious heroes who honored their faith and adorned at the same time by their brilliant achievements the annals of their country, but because he of Carrollton, while so intimately connected with that national independence the hundredth anniversary of which we are about to celebrate, seems to combine all those types of true greatness which should adorn one who is a Catholic, and at the same time a patriot, statesman, and gentleman of the old school. America, alas! needs many such. Shall she have them from the ranks of the Catholics whence she now more than ever needs them? Young Catholic men of America, rise and answer. Will you waste the flower of your manhood in the thirst for gold, or the vanities of error, or the debaucheries of false pleasure; or will you, looking at the portrait of the noble and gentle Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, awaken to the conviction and act up to the inspiration that not a Morris's financiering, not a Jefferson's statesmanship, not a Franklin's genius, grand though they be, will alone save our country, but that it is a Carroll's faith that, sanctifying this vast continent, must confirm America in her proud national preeminence?

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## EARTH.

It hath golden chains; but 'tis weary work
To drag their glitt'ring weight;
Though they dazzle and please a little while,
Their brightness we learn to hate,
Oh! why clasp them on the heart?

It hath shining sunbeams, that softly fall
On our paths awhile—and then?
Alas! deep and withering shadows come,
Their warm light to quench, just when
It falls brightest on the heart!

It hath sweet, sweet dreams, that we learn to love,
And to welcome, oh, so oft,
To our "inner life," but on some sad day,
Dead, dead are their voices soft;
Then, why fill with them the heart?

It hath ideals that we proudly love,
And we think so great and true;
Poor dreamers are we—for their own hands blot
The pictures our fancies drew!
Oh! why waste on them the heart?

It hath weariness—oh! what weariness,
So real, and sad, and sure;
It never proveth false. No, no;
We learn its truth, and endure
This one gift earth brings the heart.

Then why fix it here? Oh! why strive for rest
Where there is no rest? Why stay
Chained down where there's nothing to love or prize,
Of which we may not some day
Cry, "'Tis dead!" to the poor heart?

And why linger to make a choice, when low
In the soul a God's voice speaks,
"Come to Me," He says, and then list, oh! list,
*Why* for thee He loving seeks,
"*For I will refresh thy heart!*"

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## ROSE LEBLANC.

### Chapter XV.

Alice had been two days at the Ursuline Convent, when one morning she was told that Rose Leblanc was asking to see her. She went to the parlor and welcomed her most cordially. "How glad I am to see you, dear Rose," she said, making her sit down beside her. "You will allow me to call you so, will you not? and I hope you will call me Alice instead of Mdlle. de Morlaix, as you did just now. Is not André with you? I was told that he had left Bordeaux some days ago."

"He is gone, Mademoiselle, gone to Italy."

"To Italy?"

"Yes. It is a long way off, is it not? almost as far as Algeria?"

"And what was the reason of this journey?" said Alice, with a troubled expression, and playing with the leaves of a book that was lying on the table.

"It was on account of his health," answered Rose. "He was never very strong, and it seems that his military duties were too much for him. They used to laugh at him and call him the *gentleman*, and he wanted to show that he was as good as the best of them, and outdid them all. He was as thin as a skeleton when he came back, and almost immediately after his return he fell ill. He had a fever, and never slept at night, and would hardly eat anything. His poor mother was very miserable about him, and although he is now so rich, which naturally would make them all very happy, his sad and absent manner distressed them extremely. His elder brother, M. Baptiste, who loves him as if he were his son, insisted on his seeing a doctor. "Now you are rich," he said, "you must take care of yourself as the rich do." So they sent for M. Douleau, who is the cleverest doctor in the town. He said at once that his lungs were affected, and strongly advised his spending the winter in Italy. M. André was good enough

to come and ask me whether I objected to this. I said that, on the contrary, he ought certainly to go since the doctor ordered it; and so he went, as I had the honor of telling you before, and it will be a week to-morrow since he started."

"And what does the doctor say?" asked Alice, turning pale; "does he hold out hopes of a speedy recovery?"

"Yes; he says that travelling and change of scene will do him good, and that with care he will soon get better. André has divided his fortune between his mother, his brother, and himself; so they are now well provided for, and very much pleased with him."

"And you, dear Rose," said Alice, with a forced smile; "you must have been very glad to see him again."

"Oh, yes; of course," replied Rose, twirling the corners of her apron.

"And your uncle and aunt are no longer opposed to the marriage?"

"They say that it is all right now that we shall have enough to live upon, and that I am old enough to choose for myself."

"This winter will seem very long," said Alice, with an involuntary sigh.

"Ah, yes; very long, as you say. Now that I no longer go to market, and have not to work for a substitute, the day appears very tedious. There is nobody at home now but my uncle and aunt, and since Henri went away they have become so gloomy and so cross that it is unbearable."

"M. Lacaze?"

"Yes; my uncle's adopted son. He went to Brittany to see some new kind of oxen, and also some ploughing machines. He has invented one himself, and he wanted to compare it with the others. They say that he is very clever about that sort of thing. Henri cannot talk as well as many others do, but for doing work well there is no one like him in the whole country. Now that I do not go to market I take care of the cows; we have got some very fine ones at home, and one in particular, a white one, with long pointed horns. Henri showed me how to manage them just as if he had attended to them all his life. When I was ill it used to amuse me to watch them out of the window. I am very fond of animals, and so is Henri. Some people are like that, and others do not care about them at all,—M. André, for instance. He always began to yawn when I talked to him about our cows."

A slight smile crossed Alice's lips. "Well, then," she said, "tell him, when you write, that he is to bring you a pretty little Italian greyhound."

"Ah, those are such dear little dogs! I saw one in the park once; it had a great coat on, and was following an old lady all wrapped up in furs. But you see, Mademoiselle, I find it very difficult to write to M. André. It is not that I write so badly, but the spelling I cannot manage. Just think how difficult it must be when one has got out of practice. I never was very good at grammar. If you ask the Sisters, they will tell you that I always got good marks for reading and sewing, and sometimes even for arithmetic; but never for grammar. It is like being fond of animals. It comes naturally to some people and not to others."

"Oh, I do not quite agree with you there, dear Rose; with a strong will one can conquer these sort of difficulties."

"Do you think so?—even those about spelling?"

"Most certainly. And do you know, dear little Rose, that that is just what you must learn to do. With your natural cleverness and lively disposition you might do

very well without education in a little village like Jurançon, but when you marry André, you will find yourself in a position in which it will be necessary for you to be able to write easily, and without making mistakes in spelling."

"It is for that reason," said Rose, "that I begged Henri to take the money for the substitute to you himself. I had begun three or four letters to explain about it; but there were so many mistakes in all of them that I could not help crying. It was so tiresome to begin over and over again, and never to succeed. And when Henri saw how vexed I was, he said he would deliver the message himself. If he was at home now, he would help me to write to André."

"Rose!" cried Alice, with an involuntary gesture of astonishment, "how can you think of such a thing?" but seeing the calm and unconcerned expression on the girl's face she was silent. "*Has* Henri ever helped you?" she asked.

"No; he went to Brittany two days before André came back. I can write to *him* easily enough, for he does not mind mistakes in spelling; and besides, he likes to hear about what goes on at home. I tell him all about his dog and the cows."

Alice did not answer; she was thinking over a plan which her conversation with Rose had suggested to her. After a little reflection she said, "My dear little Rose, I have a proposal to make, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you. Do you not often feel that you ought to inform yourself about things, and to acquire tastes that would help you and André to have more occupations in common? The time that must elapse before André comes back seems appointed for the very purpose of enabling you to attend to what I may almost call a duty. Will you come and stay two or three months with me at La Roche Vidal? I shall soon be back there, and a visit from you will be a real interest and pleasure to me. Try and make your uncle consent to this plan, or rather I will and ask him myself. You will a fine herd of cows there that very fond of."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed joyously.

"We will read together; we try to like books, because An so fond of them; we will writ

"Ah, you will write to hi me!" cried Rose.

"No!" said Alice, blushing ly; "but I will teach you h write to him."

"Oh, how kind you are, moiselle! how I love you!"

"Call me Alice, then."

"No, I cannot take such a li as that, but if you will not le call you Mademoiselle, I wil you my good angel."

"You consent to come, th asked Alice.

"With all my heart; only—

"Well?"

"If I knew—"

"If you knew what?"

"Supposing I were want home, I could always go could I not? When there one there but my uncle, Aunt has not too much to do; b —in short, I might alway home if I was sent for, I supp

"Certainly; I could send one with you to Jurançon, a time that you might wish to go b

"Oh, as to that, I can go well by myself in the diligenc

"You forget that André be angry with me if I were to you to travel alone."

"Just as if he were not goi do me the honor of marrying suppose," answered Rose, po a little.

"And just as if I had not ised to watch over what is de to him on earth," answered de Morlaix, in caressing tone with some emotion in her voi

Alice, Alice! it may be that Mdlle. de Tournefort was right after all: you have a noble nature; your generosity is proof against any ordeal, and your fortitude in proportion to it; but prudence is not one of your virtues, and you do not even possess common foresight. You will always be ready to sacrifice your own happiness to that of others; but rather than renounce a suffering that has become dear to you, you will plunge still deeper into your heart the sword that has pierced it. You will doubtless have courage to conceal the wound from the eyes of others, but shall you have strength to endure it to the end?

## Chapter XVI.

Rose had been established for some weeks at the castle of La Roche Vidal. She was one day sitting by the fireside, holding a book in her hand, which, however, she constantly allowed to fall on her knees, and exclaiming, from time to time, "Good heavens, what weather! What torrents of rain!" Then getting up she went to the window, and put her face close to the panes against which the rain was driving furiously, and listened to the hurricane which was blowing through the arches of the castle, and seemed to threaten to uproot the trees in the park. Then she returned again to her place, and taking up her book with a yawn, hastily turned over the pages, all the time following with her eyes the movements of a half-benumbed fly which was slowly crawling along the floor.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Mdlle. de Tournefort, who for some hours had been working at her embroidery with a great show of assiduity, as a sort of protest against Rose's idleness.

"I was thinking about the rain," answered Rose, leaning back and shutting her pretty black eyes as if to pursue more at ease her meditation on this seemingly prosaic subject, which however seemed to have more interest for her than the Adventures of Télémaque, which Mdlle. de Tournefort had recommended her to read. Was she musing on the dangers that André might then be encountering at sea, for in his last letter he had said that he was on the point of leaving Naples for Sicily? or was she thinking of the day when the storm overtook her on the banks of the river, at Pau? or was she merely indulging in one of those half-mournful reveries into which we are so apt to fall while listening to the raging of a storm from whose fury we are sheltered? It was not that what the Germans call *wehmuth*, or what with us goes by name of *spleen*, had any part in her character. She was naturally as gay and as free from care as the birds of the air, and if sometimes a shade of sadness crossed her brow for a few instants, the cloud was easily dispelled. But Rose nevertheless was not entirely happy. She almost always sighed when André was mentioned. Whether it was that she had some vague suspicion of his feelings towards Alice, and of the change in his affection for herself, or that his letters were becoming shorter and more rare, so it was, that she always seemed distressed and unhappy after receiving them; though her natural liveliness soon regained the ascendant. Alice had ceased to wonder at André's liking for the attractive young peasant girl. She found it impossible not to love her for her simplicity and untaught grace. And indeed Rose was a great darling; Nothing could be more winning than her bright smile and playful ways, or more lively and original than her rejoinders; and her clear liquid eye, and the soft silvery tone of her voice won the hearts of all who approached her; while her little tempers and

innocent rebelliousness only made her a thousand times more attractive. She would coax Mdlle. de Tournefort just as she did her Aunt Babet. That worthy lady did all she could to withstand the seductions of this fascinating village girl, but the dignity of her sixteen quarterings melted like snow in the sunshine before the gay spirits and playful, enticing ways of Rose, who carried by storm, one after the other, all the bulwarks behind which she had entrenched herself, in order not to be forced to love the little peasant who had dared to think of marrying a De Vidal. As to Alice, she could scarcely find it in her heart to speak to her about study and education. She was afraid that she should only injure, by trying to improve upon it, one of those masterpieces which nature is sometimes pleased to create in order to show how exquisite her work is when she produces one of her best specimens. "What does it matter," she would say to herself, "whether Rose knows grammar or not, when without it she can warble out the prettiest language in the world, and enchant all who hear her? What is the good of wearying her with books that will never make her cleverer than she naturally is, or of teasing her with lessons when nature has taught her how to win the hearts of all who approach her?" Alice's reasoning was false; but her instinct was a true one, when she felt that by seeking to elevate Rose to André's level and to inspire her with his tastes and feelings she ran the risk of destroying the peculiar charm of her character, and that by trying to mould her disposition to another model she might only transform a graceful original into a feeble copy. Alice had hoped to give her what she herself possessed, and by dint of zeal and perseverance to communicate to her some of the gifts of mind and of soul by means of which she had been able to e: such a beneficial influence cousin; but the best will world would have been disco before so impracticable a tas after teaching her to writ rectly, and giving her a few elementary notions of histo geography, she renounced a of making this child of learned, and ceased to urge more profound studies. Wh Rose sat down to her boo would clasp her forehead wi hands and bend her brows, a claim, with sighs, "Oh, wha I do! when I try to learn think of nothing but the c home, and the stories Aunt used to tell me when I was I can't help it; when my go gel explains anything to m all I can to pay attention, goes in at one ear and out other." Alice saw that th very true, and Rose acknow it with the greatest simp Sometimes the two girls wo still with their hands on the that was open before them, a each into a reverie, withou perceiving that the readin ceased; then they would l each other and smile, and would put her arm round neck and say, "I shall neve wise. Let us go and see th calf that was born yesterd will be so much more inter than all these histories c Greeks and Romans."

"But that is not what we reading about!" exclaimed in a sort of half-comical d "Have you forgotten alread we were to finish to-day the h of Clovis and the battle of To Do you not want to know h French became Christians?"

"As long as they are Chri it is quite the same to me came about," replied Rose, abstractedly at the birds tha fluttering about the turrets.

"Do you not care to hear how the prayers of Clotilde, and the vow that Clovis made, when"—

"Ah, a vow! I know Henri made one on the mountain side at Choroaze. I am sure he made a vow that day, when we were so near death, but he would never tell me what it was. Perhaps he has sent a silver heart to Our Lady's altar."

Alice always felt her heart thrill when Henri's name was mentioned; for the depth and tenderness of his love for Rose touched her to her inmost soul. Strong natures that are capable of lofty sentiments and noble actions do not generally attach themselves to others of the same order; but they understand and appreciate them, and feel drawn together by a sympathy which often seems unaccountable, but which proceeds from the feelings and virtues that they have in common. Alice often thought of Henri's words, and encouraged herself to accomplish the task which she had set herself to perform, by calling to mind the example he had given her of self-sacrificing love. Her task was a severe one; for every one of André's letters, whether to herself or to Rose, were so full of sadness, and betrayed such utter dejection, that she could not help forming the worst opinion as to the state of his bodily health; and sometimes an involuntary suspicion would cross her mind—which, however, she always at once rejected as sinful. She would often ask herself, however, and more in fear than in hope, whether a struggle carried on in secret, and a concealed suffering, were not undermining that delicate frame. And as she thought over many of the words that had escaped him, and the expression she had often seen on his face during the days which they had passed together, and which seemed so long, and yet so short, the recollection of bitter grief endured, mingled with that of a transitory happiness, would almost overwhelm her. She would reproach herself also with the line of conduct she had adopted towards André, although she could think of no better way in which she could have acted. Perhaps she had been wrong in urging him so strongly to keep his promise to Rose, and in talking to her so continually about him, and trying by every means in her power to raise the tone of her mind, and to increase her love for him; and in this respect she thought she had succeeded, for Rose became daily more preoccupied and less joyous. She seemed to be no longer happy at La Roche Vidal, where André never came or spoke of coming; and at last she timidly expressed a wish to go back to her relations. Sometimes she complained of headaches, and rejected all the attempts that were made to relieve and amuse her. When Alice tried to comfort her by speaking of the coming spring, and of André's return, she would begin to weep, as if she had ceased to look forward to it.

Mdlle. de Tournefort soon perceived that her niece, and the little village girl, as she always called Rose, were not happy; and that the calm and serene temper of the former, and the natural gayety of the latter hardly enabled them to bear up against the sorrow that, from some unknown cause, seemed to weigh upon them both. She animadverted more than ever upon the romantic ideas which, according to her, had brought about such sad results, and often reproached Alice with what she called her sentimental folly.

"This is the way your novels end," she said one evening, while vainly attempting to thread her needle by the light of the lamp. "You expect to make people happy by striving to carry out all sorts of absurd plans; and you only suc-

ceed in making them miserable. It is clear from M. de Vidal's letters that he is wretched. You must indeed be blinded by your mania for mésalliances, if you have not perceived it; and that poor little Rose, whom you have been tormenting with books and lessons during the three months that she has been here, in the hope of making an accomplished young lady of her, will never be anything but a very pretty and very charming peasant girl. You cannot have failed to notice how thin she is getting, and that she is losing all her color and freshness. In short, she is fading away like a wild flower shut up in a hot-house, and wearies herself to death with waiting for her fine gentleman, who cares no more for her than he does for me. I told you from the first how it would be, my dear Alice, if you would only have believed me. But, no; you would go your own way. You would follow your own fancies, and try to turn real life into a pretty novel."

While Mdlle. de Tournefort was speaking, Alice had listened with a visible effort, and with her hands clasped, as if in pain. Every one of her aunt's words entered her heart like a knife, yet she never thought of complaining, but took all the blame to herself, and silently accepted the doubts and fears that the somewhat rigid common sense of her good old relative suggested.

At last Rose fell ill. It was either home-sickness or the sickness of deferred hope; there is very little difference between these two complaints. One day she leant her head upon Alice's shoulder, and said in a whisper:

"My good angel, do not be angry with me; but I must leave you. I love you with my whole heart; and you are as good as the saints in heaven; but I weary every day for the sound of the river under my window, and I long to get back to the cows my uncle and aunt. I at your grand table, an tite goes away when I it."

Alice pressed her tc and hastened to make p for her departure.

"Dear Rose," she s her as they took lea other, "he will soon be

"Oh, do you really exclaimed Rose, turnin

"Yes, yes, he will with the fine days in s then you will cease to pi cows, and your river, an den, and even for your aunt."

"You are very kind," Rose, as she threw her her. "Pray for me, m gel, for I am very unha

Mdlle. de Tournefor been watching the two her window, said to her sigh, "Well, we have second volume of the nc to goodness we were page of it!"

## Chapter XV

The carriage which Rose back to Jurançon about eight in the ever gate of the garden in Dumont's house. Aunt running out to meet h uncle took her in his carried her into the kitc a bright fire was burnin

"So here you are b little Rose! Come and the fire. You must be Let me look at you: wl as pale as a ghost. Giv supper, quick!" he crie Babet, who was preparin and all the time lookin whose face was now ligl the bright flame on t She took off her bonnet and her hair fell in long curls all over her should

When Babet placed the soup-dish on the table, Rose clapped her hands and cried in childish glee, "Oh, there is our own good soup again! How nice it smells! I quite long to taste it."

Babet burst out laughing: "To hear you talk, one would suppose that your rich friends had let you starve."

"There was a great deal too much to eat out there; it took away one's appetite," said Rose, as she proceeded to demolish what her aunt had set before her. "Ah, dear old Médor!" she cried, stooping to kiss the dog's great head, as he came and laid it on her knees. "Is Henri still in Brittany?"

"He is coming back to-morrow," replied M. Dumont. "He will be uncommonly surprised when he finds you here. But how pale you are, Rose, now that you are away from the fire! Have you been ill, little one? Are you very tired?"

"Oh yes, very tired, uncle; but I mean to have a good sleep in my own little bed up stairs."

As she laid her head on the pillow, she looked up with a sweet smile at Aunt Babet, who was drawing the curtains, so that the rays of the moon should not fall upon that childish face, which seemed, as in former days, to be waiting for a kiss from her old aunt before going to sleep.

"A letter!" cried the postman, knocking at the door of M. Dumont's house on the following morning. Rose ran to open it, and held out her hand for the letter; but trembled all over, when she saw that it was in André's handwriting, and addressed to M. Lacaze.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "why does he write to Henri? what can he have to say to him?"

She put the letter down on the table, and went and sat by the fire; but, during the whole of the rest of the day, she could scarcely take her eyes off the address, and was absent and preoccupied, and would hardly answer when she was spoken to. If she went out of the house, the thought of the letter still pursued her; and, after walking once round the garden, she came back to look at it again, and to feel its shape and thickness, and examine its stamp and seal. She would have given the world to open it, but could not summon courage, though she tried to persuade herself that she had the right to do so.

"Perhaps it is something that requires an immediate answer," she argued to herself, "and it may be two or three days before Henri comes back."

She sadly wanted to ask advice on the subject; but as, above all things, she dreaded lest her uncle or her aunt should open the letter themselves, she did not venture to speak about it. While she was in this state of uncertainty, Jules Bertrand came to see her. She gave him a very friendly reception; and inquired after the old friends who used to meet her on the road between Pau and Jurançon.

"Ah, Mdlle. Rose, there are no more meetings on the bridge, now that you have given up all your old habits, and no longer sell fruit at the market, nor come to our weekly balls. I used to be so fond of M. André, and now I detest him with all my soul. They say that he is going to carry you off to Paris, and that we shall never see you again at Pau."

"How can people talk such nonsense?" said Rose, angrily; "don't his relations and mine, too, live here? Why should we be supposed to be so heartless?"

"Madame Vidal tells everybody that she can get to listen to her, that her sons are now gentlemen, and M. Baptiste is thinking of settling at Bordeaux, and she means to go with him. When people become rich they do not much like

living in the place where they once were poor. That is why I am so much afraid that M. André will go and establish himself somewhere, a long way off from Jurançon. Ah, you are going to be a real fine lady, Mdlle. Rose, a *lionne*, perhaps, as the newspapers say, and there will be no getting near you."

"Hold your tongue, Jules, you provoke me!" exclaimed Rose, stamping her foot.

"Ah, I am so glad to hear you tell me to hold my tongue; it shows that you are not changed yet, Mdlle. Rose; but then, also, you are not married yet. If I go to Paris, as I hope to do, for my aunt has promised to get me placed with one of my cousins in a linen-draper's shop, I shall never dare to present myself before M. de Vidal."

"Then it is you that will be changed, not I, my dear Jules; for who ever knew you lack courage to push yourself anywhere?"

"Well, you are quite wrong, Mdlle. Rose. For instance, I was quite unable to overcome my natural timidity, and call at the Chateau of La Roche Vidal all the time that you were staying there, though I was once in the neighborhood upon some business of my aunt's. I was dying to go and see you, but never succeeded in summoning up sufficient courage. I should have been so glad, besides, to renew my acquaintance with that charming young lady whom I saw and spoke to at Pau, and who sent me such a beautiful rosary from Betharam. She made an impression upon me that time can never efface."

Jules said this with such a sentimental air, that Rose burst out laughing; but the next moment she said, with a sigh, "Mdlle. de Morlaix *is* an angel. Jules, can you tell me at what time the diligence from Brittany comes in?"

"At the same time as that from Bordeaux, about four o'clock. Do you expect any one to c it?"

"Yes, Henri."

"Ah, M. Lacaze. He is quite gentle since last su everybody says he is hard the same person. It is eve you went together to Be You can have no idea how he is grown to everybody."

"Do they say that?" crie looking at André's letter, was lying on the table.

"Yes; but they also say looks ill, and that he has very thin; and it is not to l dered at, for it must be v wholesome to keep in one' as he does. I know by when I don't speak, it makes me feel quite ill."

"Jules, go away!" cried in great agitation, for she h heard Henri's voice in the k and her heart beat so viole almost to choke her. She t the letter, for she wanted t it to him herself. "Oh! if knew what he says!" sh mured, clasping her hands Jules went away, and soon came in.

"Well, Rose! how are said he, taking both her ha

"Very well, thank you," plied, trying to avoid his ey

"But I say just the co You are ill, Rose. What matter with her?" said he, t to Aunt Babet, who just t tered the room.

"You had better ask h answered her aunt, who was nettled by Rose's unusuall turn demeanor. "She do open her mouth twice in a I suppose she does not care talking to us now that she i to marry a gentleman."

"Oh, Aunt Babet! how c say such things, when you how glad I was to see y how often I asked to be allo come back?" and the poor gi

into the garden without seeing that it was raining.

"What is the matter with her?" demanded Henri a second time, in a voice like thunder.

"I tell you I know nothing about it; the whims and follies of the young people nowadays are quite unbearable. In my day, either people married or they did not, and you knew what to be at; but as for Rose—here she comes back; she looks quite upset. I shall leave her to you: perhaps you may be able to make her speak."

Rose came in, and, going up to the table, put André's letter upon it. "Will you read this letter, Henri?" said she, pointing to it. She went and sat near the window. Médor, who could not obtain the smallest notice from his master, laid himself down at her feet. Henri leant against the chimney-piece, and opened André's letter. A profound silence ensued. Rose sat with her eyes riveted on Henri's face, trying to discover there some indication of what was passing in his mind. It betrayed nothing, however. He read steadily to the end of the letter, and then turned back to the beginning and went through it again. This time he stopped reading every now and then, and looked straight before him, but without changing countenance or giving the least sign of what might be passing within him. At last he folded it up and put it in his pocket, and went out of the house. The rain had ceased, and a ray of sunshine flitted across the valley, and white clouds were sailing rapidly over the blue sky. Henri took off his hat, for his forehead was burning. He walked round the orchard and stopped for an instant by the meadow, and looked at the cows which were quietly chewing the dripping fragrant grass. Soon he retraced his steps, and went back into the house. Rose was still sitting where he had left her, with her head leaning on her hands, and the dog sitting before her and gazing at her with anxiety. Henri sat down beside her.

"Rose," he began, "try and take courage to bear what I have got to tell you. God is my witness that I would rather die than give you pain. You know well that I would do anything, and give all I possess, to make you happy, but if He does not see fit that"—

"Is André dead?" asked Rose, turning pale.

"No, not dead; but he—the man who loved you, the man whom you love—oh, Rose! pray for strength to bear it, for strength to say, Thy will be done, Lord! Rose, my own beloved child, that man loves you no longer."

"Oh, Henri!" murmured Rose, in stifled accents, "does he say that? is that what he says in the letter?"

"He is still ready to marry you, he says, if you insist upon it, but he loves some one else, ungrateful villain that he is! Oh! Rose, Rose, do not cry so bitterly; you will break my heart."

"Oh, Henri! if you only knew!" murmured Rose, half choking with sobs.

"Poor child! you are very unhappy! I know very well how it is."

"No, no; you don't understand, you don't know, Henri"—

"Oh! yes I do, indeed, only too well. Do you think that I too have not suffered, I who love you with my whole soul, who would give my life to see you smile, and to hear you say, 'Henri, I love you?'"

Rose lifted up her head, and let her little hands fall into the two large ones that were stretched out to her. Tears were still rolling down her crimsoned and burning cheeks, but a radiant smile was beaming on that childish face, and her features expressed nothing but

happiness. "Henri!" cried she, "Henri, don't you understand that I love you? Oh! I am too happy!"

Henri's face became as pale as death. "Rose! what do you mean? Speak quick, if you do not wish me to die! What do you mean?"

"That I love you, *you!* and that I love him no longer, and left off loving him a long time ago."

"It is not possible. My God! it cannot be true," murmured Henri in a stifled voice, and clasping convulsively the two little hands that lay in his with such force as almost to crush them. "When was it? How did it come about? Tell me everything."

"I hardly know," said Rose, laying her head on his shoulder. "I hardly know myself when it began: perhaps it has always been so. I was doubtful about it before I fell ill, since the day that you carried me in your arms when the road gave way under us. But when you went to Bordeaux with the money for the substitute, I was quite sure of it. And afterwards, when I saw M. André again, before he went to Italy, I felt more certain than ever that I did not really love him, and that I had always loved you, even when I was not conscious of it. But I did not dare to tell anybody, for I had so often promised M. André that I would marry him. And, besides, he said he loved me. And you—I don't know"—

"You don't know! Oh, Rose! how narrowly we have all escaped being miserable! But read this."

Rose took the letter which Henri held out to her. But, before beginning to read it, she raised her eyes to his face with such a look of love and of happiness that he—the man from whom sorrow had never wrung a single tear, even when his heart was breaking—felt his strong breast heave, and turned away his head to hide the tears which rose to his eyes.

"Let us see," said Rc one of her old merry smi us see what says this poo who does not wish to have more to say to me." And voice she read what follow

"It is to you that I add letter, which it costs me m I can say to write; to y more than anybody have a reproach me, and to whon been the cause of such bit I now venture to come for and guidance; and acco your decision my conduc ruled. In your hands I p fate, and that of Rose, wh piness, as I declare before dearer to me than my own that I could prove it by ac stead of words. What can I loved Rose, as you too w What I have suffered du last six months has made derstand what torture my her must have caused you

"*He* understand!" crie striking the table with his fist, "that he never will!"

"And yet your heart h been racked with remorse.

"How does he know? I well for him to talk."

"You have never had t yourself of ingratitude, w not a day, scarcely an hou that I do not reproach my terly with the involuntar that I have done to her, w to be dearer to me than a on earth"—

"Ah! God be praised Rose, interrupting herself be praised that he loves longer! What a pity should torment himself s We must write to him at c

"Go on," said Henri; reading this first."

"Whom I promised t and am still ready to mar

"You see he says the Henri, with a slight touc easiness.

"Ah, you think perhaps—You deserve that"— and she lifted her forefinger as if to threaten him.

Henri seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips in rapture.

"That I am still ready to marry her if she wishes it, and if you, her friend and protector, insist upon it"—

"And why don't you insist upon it, then?" said Rose, half pouting and half smiling.

"I am the master of my own actions, but alas! I am no longer so of my heart. Removed suddenly as I was from the obscure and monotonous life which I had led since my childhood, circumstances brought me in contact with one who inspired me with that deep, unchangeable, irresistible love which departs only with life. God knows I have struggled and prayed, but in vain I have tried to banish her image from my mind, and to conquer the love that I always looked upon as treachery to Rose. I have no hope of ever seeing her again: I shall never be of any account in her life. The torments I suffer are not relieved by one delusive hope. If Rose calls me back to her,—if you tell me to marry her,—I will promise her a faithful love, and an unfailing devotion. But would she find her happiness with me?"

"What do you say, Henri? We must write, and tell him not to make himself uneasy about my happiness. Poor André! I am very sorry for him. Let us see what more he says."

"I cannot believe that she would. It is not possible to be happy with one who suffers, and whose life is one long torment. My health gets weaker every day under the burden of grief that weighs upon me. I tremble at the thoughts of making my poor little Rose, whom I love so dearly, share my sadness, my weariness, and my misery. Oh, Henri! you who once loved her so well, who love her still perhaps"—

"You see," cried Rose, "how truly he guesses."

"He need not be a magician to find that out," said Henri.

"Ah! well! I know *I* thought you had quite left off loving me."

"You were a little fool. But now let me finish the letter."

Henri took it. It was as long as letters are wont to be when the person who writes is somewhat at a loss what to say. André offered to give Rose half the fortune that had come to him so unexpectedly, and begged his former rival to try and make her happy, since he was no longer able to do so.

"Do not hate me," he added. "I deserve that you should, I know I do; but if suffering may expiate a man's faults, I have a right to your forgiveness."

Rose was much touched by these last words.

"Henri," said she, "we must write him a very kind and comforting letter. We will tell him that you forgive him with all your heart. You do, don't you, Henri?"

"It is not very difficult now," he replied with a smile.

"We will tell him also not to trouble himself about my happiness, and that we thank him with all our hearts for what he offers to give us, but that we do not require it. We shall be rich, you know, Henri. Uncle always told me so. Oh, how pleased he will be, poor dear uncle! I forgot how happy it will make them. How I wish that André could be happy also! I wonder who it is that he loves!"

"Why, Rose, do you mean to say that you do not guess?" replied Henri, much surprised. "Well, *you* at all events are not a witch!—Why, Mdlle. de Morlaix, of course!"

"My good angel! Is it possible, Henri? Oh, how nice it would be, if they were to marry! They would be so happy together. They would read as long as the day is long. Only I wish for her sake that he

cared more about animals, for *she* is very fond of them. Give me the letter."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Give it to me: I have an idea in my head."

Such being the case, Henri had not another word to say; the letter was made over to Rose.

(To be concluded.)

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## A STORY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

On the 6th of March, 1474, a grand fête took place at the Castle of Capresa, situated in the territory of Arezzo, near the bourg of Chiusi, a pretty little country place in Tuscany; for the podestat (or magistrate) of the town, Messer Ludovico Léonardo de Buonarotti, was regaling his friends and vassals as a means of thanking Divine Providence for having sent him a fine, healthy boy, for whom he already began to predict the most brilliant career, although this beautiful, chubby-faced little fellow was as yet only a few hours old.

"My little Michael Angelo," said he to himself, rubbing his hands, whilst the priest poured the baptismal water on the head of the newly-made Christian, "my little Michael Angelo will one day be a podestat like me—what am I saying? Podestat! he will become an ambassador—perhaps even a gonfalonier."

And the happy father held up his head at these proud imaginations; and far indeed from him was the thought that the glory of his family would one day be only a *mason*, as he afterwards said in his impotent anger.

After the baptism there was the customary banquet, which was served up with great splendor; the rarest viands, the most exquisite fruits, the choicest wines—nothing was wanting which could contribute to the brilliancy of the entertainment. Then, according to custom, the three principal guests pronounced each one a wish over the child, which had just been brought in asleep in his cradle, and who was smiling sweetly to the angels, without troubling himself about the horoscope which was being cast for him.

Then the first guest, taking a branch of rosemary, plunged it into some holy water, and depositing it on the cradle of the little Michael Angelo, began to say with an involuntary smile—for not only was he aware that he was about to wound the vanity of his host, but he even took a malicious pleasure in doing so—

"By this sacred rosemary, I wish that thou mayest one day be a great painter."

Messer Buonarotti shrugged his shoulders in disdain on hearing these words; but he did not venture to make any remark, inasmuch as the fine arts were at that time in great repute in Florence, and artists were patronized by Laurent de' Medicis, surnamed Le Magnifique, sovereign of Tuscany at this already distant period.

The second took a branch of vervain, dipped it in the same manner into the holy water, then placing it on the child's cradle—

"By this sacred vervain, I wish that thou mayest one day become

a great statuary," said he in the same tone, and with the same intentions as his colleague, for the vanity of the podestat had made him more envied than loved.

The dissatisfaction of Messer Buonarotti became still more apparent on hearing these words.

Then the third took a branch of thyme, dipped it in the holy water, placed it on the cradle, precisely as the other two had done, and like them also he said,

"By this sacred thyme, I wish that thou mayest one day become a great architect."

And all three then kissed the child's forehead, and the little Michael Angelo was carried away still sleeping.

After these wishes, so contrary to the desires of the podestat, a certain coldness reigned amongst the guests; and it was a great relief to Messer Buonarotti when he heard them call for their saddle-horses, and saw each one depart on the way to his own dwelling.

When the podestat found himself alone, he at first gave way to his ill humor; then, thinking that perhaps he might be able to remove the evil spells which had just been thrown over his son, he called his major-domo, Don Bartholoméo, in whom he placed entire confidence.

Bartholoméo commenced by trying to console his master; but afterwards, being superstitious, as were most people at that time, he persuaded the podestat to go and consult a *stregga* (witch) who lived near Sienna, and whose power was boundless. Messer Buonarotti adopted this advice. The following morning, at the break of day, accompanied by a small escort bearing coffers filled with presents, he set out for the stregga's abode.

Towards evening he reached her dwelling, and was much surprised to find, instead of an old, decrepit woman, a young girl—in fact, almost a child—who, with her hair floating over her shoulders, and her hands filled with fruits, resembled the goddess Pomona more than the Sibyl whom he expected to find. Don Bartholoméo having, however, affirmed that this was the stregga in person, the podestat knelt down before the young girl, and offered her his presents.

"Most lovely child," he said reverently, "take pity on an unhappy father, and overturn the evil spell which false friends have cast around his child."

The young girl smiled, and thus two rows of beautiful teeth, whiter than pearls, were to be seen between her coral lips.

"Show me your hand," said she, "and tell me what it is that torments you thus."

The podestat gave his hand to the young girl, who, whilst listening to the recital of the three wishes made by the guests, was attentively studying the lines which were developed under her eyes.

"Thy name will be handed down to posterity, thanks to that child," said she, when the podestat had finished; "he will be covered with glory, and will be renowned amongst the great ones of the earth."

"Then he will not be a painter!" joyfully exclaimed Messer Buonarotti.

"He will be a painter," pronounced the stregga with gravity.

The countenance of the podestat thereupon became clouded.

"There is one thing which consoles me; he will not be a statuary, at all events," said he, trying to shake off the ill humor which was gaining upon him.

"He will be a statuary," pronounced the stregga slowly, in the same tone.

The podesta shrugged his shoulders, murmuring,

"Two wishes granted out of three! Heaven will, I trust, spare me the third."

"He will be an architect," said

the stregga, in a slow and solemn tone.

Then Messer Buonarotti lost all patience.

"To the devil with you, witch of Satan!" cried he, his eyes glowing with impotent fury; for in pronouncing these last words, the stregga had disappeared, leaving the escort, the podestat, and his presents in the middle of the road, where she had met them.

The poor father was forced, then, to return to his desolate home, being, however, decided on struggling against his fate; that is to say, on keeping his little Michael Angelo far removed from all arts and artists.

In the first place, he put him out to nurse at Settigano, at the house of a stonecutter, who was as rough and heavy as the material he had to cut. There he left him during five years, to live like the country people, and develop his physical strength, without any culture whatever capable of awakening the germ of his intelligence.

Everything is providential in the life of a great man; and thus the father of the little Michael Angelo, who dreaded beyond all things that his son should be made a mason, was obliged to put this child out to nurse to the wife of a stonecutter, because Settigano, where the podestat's estates were situated, is a country of quarries, and stonecutting was the one only occupation of the place.

Michael Angelo, who was vigorous and robust, grew up inured to the sun's rays and to the open air. His first playthings were a chisel and a piece of stone, which he used with wonderful skill in his little hands, already hardened at this tender age; and the sounds which never failed to silence his cries of grief or joy were the grinding of the saw and the noise of the workman's hammer.

When the young Michael Angelo was a little older, his father fetched him away and took him with him to Florence, there to begin the education so necessary for the career to which he destined him. Accordingly he dressed him in a little cloak, and put a cap upon his head and a grammar under his arm, and sent him to a master to decline nouns and conjugate verbs. It was pitiful to see what a doleful mien the poor child had.

At first the master took an interest in him, because he was such a fine, handsome, good-tempered boy; but little by little these good dispositions disappeared, and the professor loudly complained of his scholar, who spent all his time drawing with charcoal on the walls.

Messer Buonarotti was angry; scolded, and even severely punished the little disobedient child. But when he perceived that the spirit of the evil genus was interfering, and that his unlucky son decidedly preferred the brush and palette to all other kinds of learning, he was very discontented and angry, but at length he resigned himself very unwillingly to place Michael Angelo as an apprentice with Dominico Ghirlandaio.

The first wish was thus accomplished, and also the most ardent desire of the child, who had had the satisfaction of burning his grammar, and was never more to see the face of the pedant who had made him recite it.

Nevertheless, his father was far from pleased, and he was forbidden to come home. He was an apprentice, or almost a serving-boy, at Ghirlandaio's; but, in spite of all that, he felt himself happier than a Medicis, for he was free to daub as much as he pleased, and could, without fear of being scolded or having his ears pulled, pound colors, draw cartoons, or mould clay.

Michael Angelo thus attained his fifteenth year, and already dreamed of future glory as a painter, when

one day, as he was crossing the palace gardens, he met his foster-father and several of his old friends, honest stonecutters, who had nursed him at Settigano.

The meeting was most cordial, They pressed each other's hands, embraced, and mutually promised to meet again; for these worthy people, employed in constructing a pavilion for Laurent le Magnifique, were to remain some time in Florence.

The future great man joyfully kept his promise.

Almost every day, then, during the leisure hour which he was allowed from the studio, Michael Angelo went to look for the work-people employed at the grand duke's palace; and his joy was unbounded when these worthy friends, pleased to see the love which their young comrade still retained for the carving of stone, made him a present of a beautiful piece of marble, which they allowed him to cut about just as he pleased.

The only thanks of the podestat's young son was to take off his doublet, throw down his cap, and with a beating heart, sparkling eyes, and trembling lips, he seized a chisel and set himself to work with eager blows of the hammer, to rough-hew the head of an old grinning Faun (rural deity).

From that instant the studio of Dominico Ghirlandaio was deserted as the school of Messer Francesco had been; the second prediction was beginning to be fulfilled.

One day, when Michael Angelo had very nearly finished his work, a plain-looking man of about forty years of age, rather shabbily dressed, stopped in front of him and looked on in silence. The young statuary, intent on his work, took no notice of the stranger, who very soon came nearer to him, and quietly placing his hand on his shoulder, said to him, smilingly:

"My young friend, if you will permit me, I should like to make an observation."

Michael Angelo turned quickly around, and seeing the simple appearance of the stranger, replied disdainfully:

"You make an observation—you!"

"Or a criticism, if you prefer it," continued the stranger, in the same good-humored tone.

The young man folded his arms, and looking at his interlocutor from head to foot, began saying in a sarcastic manner.

"Go on, sir; speak out; let us see whether you are a connoisseur."

The stranger did not appear to take offence at the discontented manner of the statuary apprentice, and still smiling with the same good humor, he said, with a little twinkling of the eye,

"Pray, where have you seen old men with all their teeth?"

Michael Angelo colored deeply, and bit his lips with vexation, for the observation was just; and the unknown, not wishing to increase the confusion of the young man by his triumph, immediately went away. Then the young statuary gave a great blow with the chisel in the jaw of the Faun, so as to break two of his front teeth, taking care to press in the gum to render the illusion more complete.

The next day, as soon as the garden was opened, Michael Angelo returned to his post to put the last strokes to his work. On arriving at the spot, he stood perfectly stupefied on perceiving that the Faun had been taken away. The old man, however, was there in the same place as he was the evening before.

"Where is my marble?" asked Michael Angelo, angrily of him, for he guessed that he was the author of this larceny.

"It has been taken away by my orders," replied the unknown, with the same smile as before.

"And who are you, sir, to give

orders in the garden of Laurent le Magnifique?" said the young man with haughtiness.

"Follow me, and you shall know," replied the unknown, walking towards the palace.

"Most certainly; I will follow you and force you to restore me my Faun!" cried Michael Angelo, walking beside him with angry strides.

When the unknown, still smiling, and the young man, still fuming and swearing, arrived at the steps of the palace, Michael Angelo, seeing his conductor about to walk up, hastily took hold of his arm and stopped him, saying,

"Stop, stop, sir! Do you mean to go on to the prince's apartments? In his garden, if you like, since he gives permission; but if you enter here, we shall both be turned out."

The unknown gently withdrew his arm, and without saying anything continued his way. When he crossed the antechamber, the guards and servitors who were there immediately rose up and saluted him with profound respect.

"Ah, what!" said our young artist to himself, quite surprised; "can this countryman possibly be any one employed in the palace? Then I have made a great mistake in talking to him as I have done. But pooh!" said he again, with the indifference natural to his age, "it is of no consequence. My Faun is my own, and he must give it back to me."

The unknown, whom Michael Angelo still continued to follow, crossed the galleries and halls, not only without being stopped, but everywhere meeting with the same deference and respect.

"What the deuce!" the latter began to say to himself anxiously; "I think I have had a very foolish freak. If this good man should be the secretary of the prince, I shall have closed the doors of this palace against myself forever."

At this moment, and without turning round, the unknown pushed open the door of a cabinet regally furnished, and enriched with the most precious works of art. Michael Angelo stopped on the threshold, perfectly dazzled. Frightened and trembling, he thought himself most certainly lost; and as he raised his eyes, in trying to make apologies for his conduct, he perceived in the midst of all these works of art his old Faun, placed on a beautiful console richly carved.

"You see, my friend," then said the unknown, still smiling in the same good-humored manner, "that if I have had your work taken away, it was in order to place it in very good company."

"But, good God!" exclaimed the young man, unable to contain himself any longer, "what a profanation! for my rough attempt is quite unworthy of all these beautiful objects which surround it. What will the prince say when he sees it here?"

"The prince will say that the future of a great man is to be seen in your work, my child; and he holds out his hand to you to aid you to walk in the arduous path which leads to glory."

And, whilst speaking thus, Laurent le Magnifique—for it was he—held out his hand to Michael Angelo, who raised it to his lips with lively gratitude.

From this day, the young artist remained attached to the prince, who had discovered his rising talent; but, unfortunately, this happiness was of short duration. His protector died a short time after, and then commenced for Michael Angelo endless peregrinations, which wearied his very existence. Often he was without money and without work, pursued by the hatred of his rivals, to whom his admirable talent gave offence; and it is said that a Roman sculptor even attempted to assassinate him.

But, through all these vicissi-

tudes, the third wish of his godparents was accomplished, as well as the two others; for he completed his glory in erecting the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome.

Michael Angelo is undeniably the greatest genius of his age, as a painter, a statuary, and an architect. He has left in these three different arts the finest works in existence; namely, the picture of the Judgment, the statue of Moses, and the unequalled cupola which is still so much admired at Rome.

He declined gradually of a slow fever, and expired the 17th of February 1563, at the age of eighty-eight years.

Michael Angelo possessed physical beauty, and beauty of the soul, which is a thousand times more precious. Generous towards others, he lived scantily, and deprived himself of everything through his boundless charity; for he gave enormous sums to his relations, to his servants, to the poor, but more especially to artists.

Eager and earnest at work, not caring for pleasure, learned, grave, and austere, he loved solitude, less from a desire to avoid society than from a wish to recollect himself in God. Never neglecting his duties, severe for others, but much more severe for himself, his life was irreproachable, and he united firmness of soul to the sublimity of genius.

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## CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

### V.

ADAM, in his fallen state, associated his two sons to his work and penitence. He shared the cultivation of the earth with his eldest son, and the pastoral care of the flocks with Abel, the second born. The sons did not regulate their conduct according to the commands of their father in the services of religion, as they had done in their respective departments of labor, and hence a novelty was introduced in the outward worship. Adam no longer contented, as in the days of his innocence, to pay due homage to the Creator of all things by abstaining from a few of them, he added the effusion of blood to the offering of the finest productions of the land and fold. The father and his offspring acknowledged themselves sinners; they confessed that they had no longer any claim to life, and substituted the blood of a victim to their own in order to express their sentiment. But the blood of animals could not replace that of man and expiate his sin; it was only a confession of guilt, yet sufficient to render the offering of Abel more perfect than that with which Cain satisfied himself.

Such is the source of the offerings and sacrifices which have always constituted the *essential worship* down to Jesus Christ, even among nations absolutely unknown to each other, and which is still in the complete and perfect order of religion ordained by the adorable Redeemer. The ever bountiful fruitfulness of Providence is praised among Christians by the *offering* of bread and wine, always accompanied by the essential *worship* by means of the adorable Victim who reconciles sinners by His blood, and has given them life by the sacrifice of Himself.

If we reunite in one the particulars of the histories of Noah, Melchizedek, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, and of the following

ages, we find in all their religious services, a common repast after the sacrifice, great respect for the dead and a devout care for the preservation and decoration of their tombs. All those customs were equally admitted by the other nations, and indicate among the Hebrews, as well as the rest, the tradition of two important truths, viz., that all men ought to love each other, as being children of one and the same Father, who provides for them in common, and that there is a second economy of life, and something to hope for after death.

The silence of the sacred historian on the intention of these practices is well worthy of remark. If at the same time that he mentions the practices, he had also stated the intentions of them, he might be looked upon as the inventor of this doctrine. The more it seems natural to us, on the one hand, that Moses should have spoken of them, the more we perceive, on the other, that his silence was not without a motive. He leaves to a greater master the care of informing us about those important truths. This is the object of the great alliance which is to reclaim man from error and to bring him back to his duty. But the narrative of Moses, by mentioning the offerings, the sacrifices, the common repast, the funeral honors, and the tender attachment of families to their ancestors, shows the traditional knowledge of the truths connected with all those practices. The cupidity of the human heart wanted to find something else in them; the conceit of unenlightened human judgment pretended to interpret them; the rashness of selfish opinion dared to rule them: hence the first crime of idolatry. The knowledge of those things became more or less disfigured and confused; but notwithstanding, they remained in society, and proceeded from a primitive institution, which we cannot refuse to acknowledge. In fact, the conformity of practices among nations that either hate or know not each other proves their reunion in one common origin. Therefore the history of mankind written by Moses has its vouchers and proofs throughout the society which covers the earth.

By transmitting to us the memory of the customs of the first ages, Moses informs us of the most important fact that could be communicated by ancient history, namely, that religion was never abandoned to the arguments of the human mind nor to the changeable researches of our reason. The Creator imprinted the principles of it on the conscience, with the "light that illumines every man coming into this world." No one can be ignorant of that law which is properly called the natural law, because the common nature of spirits is such that they are all sensible how just it is to honor our Maker and love our fellow-creatures. But the spirit of singularity might presume to add to, or retrench something from it; therefore all was fixed from the very beginning by the regulation of outward worship. Adam and Noah, when they ordered their children to make religious assemblies at certain determined times, and prescribed to them the rule of offerings, sacrifices, common repasts, and funeral honors, transmitted likewise to their posterity the instructions inseparably connected with these practices. The latter were significant and a real language, forming a public and perpetual predication, through which all those that were willing to understand it, conceived easily and without hesitation that we ought to give glory to Him from whom we receive everything; that we are obliged to acknowledge ourselves sinners, and to supplicate for the expiation of our iniquities;

that we are bound to love our fellow-men, as being children of a common Father; and finally, that we ought to honor the dead who have been faithful to the law, and be still united to them in the bond of charity, because they are not really dead any more than their works, but expect the judgment of God in an economy wherein the good shall be rewarded and the wicked punished.

The expectation and the persuasion of the first men are evidenced by their practices, as our actions are the expression of our faith. What we have just seen is the ground itself of our own religion, as well as of the natural law; whence it follows that the origin of primitive usages is no other than the foundation of the gospel: it is the same spirit and the same wisdom. Reason then at its first opening had its rule ready made; whatever it has added of its own, is only an alteration. But we cannot derive so much advantage from the narrative of Moses, unless we previously corroborate by unsuspected testimonies that will show its exactness.

The regulations and faith of the first ages mentioned by Moses, are found among the major part of the ancient nations, even those most sunk in superstition and idolatry. Hence all the monuments of profane antiquity become our authorities. Travellers have found the same customs amongst all nations the most obscure and uncivilized, and all unite in one and the same origin, and lead back to a primitive source of uniformity found only in the Mosaic history. Error produced many evil absurdities. Baal, an imaginary lord, placed in the sun; Baaltis, an imaginary queen of heaven, dwelling in the moon; a mother of harvests abiding on the earth, and other similar mad inventions of corrupted man, all of them destroying solid piety and trust in God. There was opportunity for capitulating and bargaining with these whimsical and malicious deities, because they were the work of imagination and of human contrivance. But when we consult Homer, Hesiod, Diodorus, Plutarch, and all antiquity, we find among a world of fables, the religious assemblies, offerings, sacrifices, and expiations; the common repast and mutual tokens of brotherly love; the honors paid to the dead, and expression of the strict union which men intended to maintain with their departed friends. Paganism annihilated the spirit of religion, at the same time that it clogged it with ceremonies; but the original worship and the primitive truths were found in it. Now, this profession of living brotherly love with all men; of giving glory to a being, author of all things, and equitable judge, who punishes and rewards with justice, is properly what is understood by the natural law. It has been fixed from the beginning of the world, by the uniform teaching resulting from and implied in the outward worship and the earliest ordinances. So that Moses by informing us of the history of man, informs us likewise that he had from the beginning a rule, although he unfortunately pretended to frame it by his own understanding. This caused the fall of the first parents, and perverted the primitive worship and traditional law. All those who swerved from revelation have been led away by a spirit of independence and singularity. Thus the rule prescribed and revealed has been at all times one; whilst the arguments which evade, or obscure, or suppress it, are innumerable, and multiply from one year to another. The Bible continues the history of man throughout the progress of the corruption that ensued from his fall; and from the selection of a few events only, out of

a long extent of time, we perceive that it is rather the history of the human heart than of man. It keeps within the circle of our wants, and teaches us to judge wisely of all things, by valuing them only in subordination to the precepts of religion. When, for instance, it adverts to the most estimable arts, such as metallurgy, agriculture, music, musical instruments, and other beneficial inventions bestowed even on wicked men in the posterity of Cain, it shows that Providence gives even to the badly disposed what may be their due, and that we must notice their industry without jealousy or murmuring. It exhibits the domestic feuds and all the dismal consequences of polygamy first introduced by Lamech, in defiance of the primitive institution. This first example brings on and authorizes greater usurpations, and the greedy and strong appropriate to themselves what ought to have been divided. Anger and fury, supported by a strong constitution and a long life, make society a band of fighting men always in turmoil. Man advances from fall to fall, from mistake to mistake. Religion gradually dwindles even in the families that boasted of a remnant of fidelity to outward worship. The sight of God's works, reason, conscience, religion, its practices, and the most intelligible instructions connected with them; in a word, all the aids of religion remained of no effect. The human mind reasoned upon the whole ordinance of heaven, and from the examination of authorities fancied it had found means to evade, or motives to despise them. It cast away the yoke of the law, and of the outward worship; for, wherever the spirit of singularity will intermeddle and pretend to be the rule, there will infallibly prevail schisms, infidelity, immorality, and the most fatal excesses. The Deluge alone could put a stop to the crimes of the first age of the world, whilst at the same time it became a dreadful warning for all futurity. Heathen antiquity has preserved the memory of this catastrophe; poets and historians of several continents have mentioned it; so that there is a monument of the awful event more exposed to observation than a pyramid erected immediately after the occurrence, and which should afterwards be searched for in one single place, without any certainty of the date of its erection.

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## THE INVALID TO SPRING.

I FEEL thy gentle breathing upon my cheek, fair Spring!
'Tis but to me the fanning of the death-angel's wing;
I hear the silvery accents of thy gladsome tones and meek,
Echoes from the spirit-world they to my faint heart speak.

I breathe the scent of death in the violets of thy crown,
Thine eyes are like the sun's glance from a coffin thrown,
The echo of thy step that wakes to life the blossoming sod,
Thrills through me like the falling of mine own funeral clod.

Thy vision 's like a maiden scattering roses o'er my tomb,
Thy kiss upon my clammy brow is but a hectic bloom,
Thy coming 's like the opening of a lily in the night,
To heaven's endless summer thou'lt lead me, spirit bright!

## THE VOICE AN INDEX TO CHARACTER.

before the eyes or the mouth habitual gesture, as a revela- character, is the quality of ce and the manner of using is the first thing that strikes new acquaintance, and it is the most unerring tests of ıg and education. There ices which have a certain ıl ring about them,—a cer- mething, unforced and spon- s, that no training can give. ng can do much in the way ing a voice, but it can never ss more than a bad imitation quality; for the very fact of ıg an imitation, however ac- betrays itself like rouge on ıan's cheeks, or a wig, or hair. On the other hand, ıre voices which have the jar ehood in every tone, and that full of warning as the croak raven or the hiss of the ser-

re are in general the natu- hard voices, which make lves caressing, thinking by o appear sympathetic; but ındamental quality strikes h the overlay, and a person e very dull indeed who can- etect the pretence in that lrawling, would-be affection- ce, with its harsh undertone ıarp accent whenever it for- self.

without being false or hypo- l, there are voices which as well as disappoint us, e so entirely inharmonious ıe appearance of the speaker. ıstance, there is that thin squeak we sometimes hear the mouth of a well-grown man, when we expected the lling utterance which would een in unison with his out- seeming; and, on the *other* side of the scale, where we looked for a shrill head voice or a tender musical cadence, we get that hoarse chest voice with which young and pretty girls sometimes startle us. In fact, it is one of the characteristics of the modern girl of a certain type; just as the habitual use of slang is characteristic of her, or that peculiar rounding of the elbows and turning out of the wrists which are gestures that, like the chest voice, instinctively belong to men only, and have to be learnt and practiced by women.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far their expression hidden. In moments of emotion, no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment, the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse unchecked.

Again, in fun and humor, is it not the voice that is expressive even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow *are all* aids certainly. But the

voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiescence of a fourth when relating the most outrageous impossibilities, — do not we know all these varieties by heart? have we not veteran actors whose main point lies in one or other of these varieties? and what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance?

Pathos, too,—who feels it, however beautifully expressed so far as words may go, if uttered in a dead and wooden voice without sympathy? But the poorest attempts at pathos will strike home to the heart if given tenderly and harmoniously. And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory.

Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the "bedside voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable,—telling in a crowd, impressive in an address,—but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick-bed as court trains and brocaded silk for the nurse.

There are certain men who do a good deal by a hearty, jovial, fox-hunting kind of voice,—a voice a little thrown up for all that it is a chest voice,—a voice with a certain undefined rollick and devil-may-care sound in it, and eloquent of a large volume of vitality and physical health. That, too, is a good property for a medical man. It gives the sick a certain fillip, and reminds them pleasantly of health and vigor; it may have a mesmeric kind of effect on them—who knows? —and induce in them something of its own state, provided it is not overpowering. But a voice of this kind has a tendency to become insolent in its assertion of vigor, swaggering and boisterous; and then it is too much for invalided nerves, just as mountain winds or sea breezes would be too much, and the scent of flowers or a hay-field oppressive.

The clerical voice, again, is a class voice; that neat, careful, precise voice, neither wholly made nor yet quite natural, with its mixture of familiarity and oratory.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in the indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot

has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice, too, does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the best active work; and when we meet with a keen-witted man who drawls, and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that would be natural to him, we may be sure there is a flaw somewhere, and that he is not what is called "clear grit" and "whole-souled" all through. We all have our company voices, as we all have our company manners, and we get to know the company voices of our friends after a time and to understand them as we understand their best dresses and state service.

The person whose voice absolutely refuses to put itself into company tone startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting-jacket. This is a different thing from the insincere and flattering voice, which is never laid aside while it has its object to gain, and which affects to be one thing when it means another. The company voice is only a little bit of finery, quite in its place if not carried into the home, where, however, silly men and women think they can impose on their housemates by assumptions which cannot stand the test of domestic ease.

The lover's voice is, of course, *sui generis;* but there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes that is quite as enchanting—the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners. Such a voice is Alboni's; such a voice we can conceive Anacreon's to have been; with less lusciousness and more stateliness, such a voice was Walter Savage Landor's. His was not an English voice; it was too rich and accurate; and yet it was clear and apparently thoroughly unstudied. *Ars celare artem*, perhaps; there was no greater treat of its kind than to hear Landor read Milton or Homer.

Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are certain lisps and catches which are very pretty, though never dignified; but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, or the faintest suspicion of the Scotch twang, gives a certain piquancy to the voice. So does a Continental accent generally, few of us being able to distinguish the French accent from the German, the Polish from the Italian, or the Russian from the Spanish, but lumping them all together as a "foreign accent" broadly. Of all the European voices, the French is perhaps the most unpleasant in its quality, and the Italian the most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself,—not the sing-song voice of a schoolboy, but an unnoted bit of harmony.

The French voice is thin, apt to become wiry, and metallic; a head voice for the most part, and eminently unsympathetic; a nervous, irritable voice, that seems more fit for complaint than for love-making; and yet how laughing, how bewitching it can make itself!—never with the Italian roundness, but *câlinant* in its own half pettish way, provoking, enticing, arousing.

There are some voices that send you to sleep, and others that stir you up—and the French voice is of the latter kind, when setting itself to do mischief and work its own will. Nothing strikes the traveller more, perhaps, than the difference in the national voice and manner of speech.

The sharp, high-pitched, stridulous voice of the French, with its

clear accent and neat intonation, is a pleasant exchange for the loose, flabby utterance of England, where clear enunciation is considered pedantic; where brave men cultivate a drawl, and pretty women a deep chest voice; where well-educated people think it no shame to run all their words into each other, and to let consonants and vowels drip out like so many drops of water, with not much more distinction between them; and where no one knows how to educate his organ artistically, without going into artificiality and affectation.

And yet the cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a correct carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak, beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings and lispings, and quackings, and chatterings—a very menagerie, in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.

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## OUR LADY'S KNIGHT.

### Chapter I.

Many years have passed since the incidents here related happened.

In those days a cry for help rang through the Christian world—a cry from Palestine, where the Holy Sepulchre and the holy places were in infidel hands. Those were brave days, when men thought not of comfort or home or of the ease of social life, but gave up, without one thought of regret, all they held most dear, and went over the deep seas to fight under the banner of the Cross.

History still tells of the brave Hugh Talbot, who died in the Holy Wars. He had already set sail for Palestine when his little son and heir, Bertrand, was born. He bade adieu to wife and home; he parted with many a broad acre of his fair estate in order to raise a small body of armed men. With these he joined the first Crusade, and fell pierced by the dagger of a Saracen chief, crying with his last breath upon our Lady and St. George.

It was long before the noble lady heard of her husband's heroic death. When she did so, Bertrand was old enough to ask her why she wept and why she wore that heavy mourning dress.

The Talbots of Dene were a branch of that noble and ancient family celebrated in the history of their country. Their home was called the Helde.

The child Bertrand had many faults, but with God's help his mother trained him well; and as he grew in years, his soul grew in beauty. His one great pleasure was to hear stories of knights and warriors—stories of chivalry—wherein the strong helped the weak, and the brave defended the helpless. Above all other things

he loved to sit at his mother's knee and listen to the story of his father's life and death.

One pleasant bright summer evening in May, the lady and her boy were out in the garden, sitting under the shade of the great trees. The perfume of a hundred flowers filled the soft breeze; the western sunbeams lingered, gilding the blossoms and the trees; the birds were singing their Vesper hymn; the little fountain under the chestnut-trees rippled merrily. On the lady's knee was a large manuscript beautifully illuminated, and she was bending thoughtfully over its pages.

The boy was playing near her in a part of the garden called Our Lady's Grove. It was a spot so beautiful, that its memory haunted those who saw it, and never died away from them. Overhead the thick branches of the tall trees were interwoven so as to form a perfect arch. Not one glimpse of the blue sky could be seen through the leaves, but the sunlight came filtered, as it were, through the branching roof, filling the green glade with a mellowed golden light most beautiful to see. Plumed lilacs and yellow laburnums bloomed between the larger trees, and the ground was a carpet of fairest flowers. Sweet blue violets, white lilies, and purple heart'sease grew in rich profusion. At the end of the grove stood a beautiful white marble image of the Virgin and Child.

Immediately above its head there was a small opening in the trees, through which a golden sunbeam passed, falling upon the face of our Lady and Queen. People came to visit the Helde, for it was rich in grand paintings and rare manuscripts; but they were forgotten long before the fairy-like Lady's Grove. No one knew from whence that wondrous image had been brought. It was large as life, and the face had a look of such unutterable love and angelic purity, that it made all who gazed upon it love the Queen of heaven. The lips were parted with a smile; for the Mother was gazing into the face of her Divine Child. Careful hands had twined fragrant roses and stainless lilies at the feet of the Star of the Sea. One tall lily seemed bending in loving admiration over her head. A little fountain murmured its sweet rippling song in the grove, and of all parts of the garden, there was none the birds liked so much as this. They were always chanting there the glory of God and the praise of His Mother.

While he was still a child, Bertrand preferred to say all his prayers in the grove. Whenever ripe fruit, or sweet cakes, or any of the delicacies children love so well, were given to him, before tasting them he invariably went with the nicest portion and offered it to the Holy Child. One could have fancied Our Lady smiled as these gifts were laid at the feet of her Son.

On this beautiful summer's evening the boy played till he was tired; then he crept to his mother's knee, and looked over the illuminations in the manuscript. Mrs. Talbot was reading the story of St. George of England, and there was a picture of the knightly Saint in his armor.

"There, mamma," cried the child, "that is how I see papa in my dreams—that is how he looked when he started for the Holy Land. I too must be a knight."

"You shall be a knight, if you wish," replied his mother. "What will you be—a knight of St. George?"

"No," said Bertrand; "I shall be 'Our Lady's Knight.' I care for no other title. For my shield I will have a stainless lily on a field of blue. I am not worthy to carry the image of the Queen of Heaven on my banner, but the lily is her emblem, and it shall be my pride."

"Then you will want to go to the Holy Wars, Bertrand?" said his mother.

"Yes," was the blithe reply. "I must be a crusader, and you, mother, must take care of the Helde, and pray for me as you prayed for my father before me."

"Your father was slain by a Saracen chief," the lady said—"a wealthy and powerful man who lives near Damascus. What should you do, my son, if ever he fell into your hands?"

"Do!" said the child hastily—"why, kill him, as he killed my father."

"Would that revenge be worthy of Our Lady's Knight?" she asked.

"In war," murmured the boy—"it is all different in war. I would freely pardon any enemy who offended me; but that Saracen dog who slew my father, I could not forgive him."

"Yesterday," said the lady gently, "I read to you the history of the men who murdered St. Stephen. Do you remember his prayer?"

"Yes," he said thoughtfully.

"Do you think," continued his mother, "that when Our Lady prayed for pardon for all men she said, 'Except for those who murdered my Son?'"

"No," replied the boy; "I am sure she did not."

"And if you call yourself Our Lady's Knight, who must you imitate?"

"Our Lady herself," replied the child. "Ah, mamma, I see all you mean. If I go to the Holy Land, and the Saracen who slew my father should fall into my power, I will pardon him, and show him a Christian's revenge."

"That is my brave noble boy," said the lady. "You may never reach Palestine; you may never see the man who is your enemy; but if you do so, do not forget the promise you have made this fair summer evening."

"I will not," replied the child. And then he left his mother's side; for she had turned from him, and lifted her calm face to the sweet evening sky, while her lips moved rapidly in prayer.

From that time the boy's destiny was settled. He grew rapidly. He was strong and healthy, gifted with wonderful strength and quickness. He studied deeply all knightly lore. He could ride the wildest horses, and with the sword, the dagger, and the crossbow he could do wonders.

His mother's eyes lingered lovingly on his comely young face. There was in it the strength of a brave warrior, the tenderness of a woman, and the purity of a child. At times when he lay sleeping she would kneel by him and pray. Ah, we know how good mothers pray for their sons. She never asked for riches or honors to be given to this her idolized boy; she never asked for talent or genius. Her one prayer was, that her son might have grace to save his soul; that in this life he might do and suffer as God willed; but that, come what would, her son should win for himself the kingdom of heaven.

He was not softly and delicately reared, this child whose life was one longing after the Holy Land. His fare was coarse and simple. He was better satisfied with a goblet of clear water from the cool well than with the richest and most costly wine. Body and soul, he was trained to be a true Catholic knight.

It was a proud day for his mother when he, by the hand of the brave Richard Cœur de Lion, received the order of knighthood—a proud day, although he was going from her, and her home would be desolate without him. The hour came when she kissed his comely face for the last time, when she clasped him in her arms, and prayed God to bless her son.

## Chapter II.

It was on one of the brightest of days that the young knight set out for the Holy Land. Proudly enough did the gallant fleet sail over the sunny seas. Bright and beautiful were the visions that filled the crusader's heart as he watched the blue sky and the sunlit waves. The lion-hearted king had spoken kindly to the young knight, and looked pleased when he saw the stainless lily upon the blue shield.

They reached the Holy Land at last; and then the desire of Bertrand Talbot's heart was accomplished. He was soon famous, even amongst the flower of chivalry, for his brave deeds, for the strength and prowess of his arm. Foremost in all danger, reckless of hardships and fatigue, always cheerful and gay, even when others desponded —there was no one more popular or beloved in the Christian camp than he who was known as Our Lady's Knight. He helped the weak, sustained the drooping and weary, comforted the sorrowing. His hand, so strong in battle, was gentle and tender as a woman's when he took care of the sick. By many a dying man Our Lady's Knight knelt and said the last prayers, and wiped the death-agony from his brow. Ask him anything in Our Lady's name, and he would grant it, if it were the half of his life.

The blue shield and the stainless lily were known as well in the camp as the royal arms of England or France. Once he had inquired from those who were present when the siege of Acre first began, if anything were known of Solymon, the Saracen chief, who lived near Damascus. He heard nothing, save that he was a renowned warrior, and was supposed to have in his palace many Christian knights as slaves. They spoke, too, of his immense wealth, and the wondrous beauty of his daughter Solyma.

That was all Our Lady's Knight could hear of the man who had slain his father. He thought with horror of the Christian captives in the gorgeous palace.

"Let me die," he said, "on the battle-field with knights and warriors around me, the clash of arms, the sound of the trumpet, and the cheers of the soldiers in my ears; but to linger out a long life in that helpless captivity,—ah, God save me from a fate like that!"

His ardent spirit, his brave heart and fiery valor, rebelled at the thought. Any road to heaven, any martyrdom save this. Sad stories were told of the Christian captives, who were forced to labor loaded with chains, and oftentimes kept in a darksome prison. So large were the sums demanded for their ransom, that in many cases it was impossible to raise them, and the drooping captives died a long, lingering, living death.

Such stories were told round the camp-fires, and filled the heart of the young crusader with an untold dread. Was it a foreboding of what would fall upon that bright, glad young life, of the long and weary discipline that would fit this immortal soul for heaven?

King Richard, of the Lion Heart, often sent for Our Lady's Knight into his camp. The boy had a voice of most marvellous sweetness; never was heard one more beautiful among the children of men. It was so rich, so clear, so melodious, that it was only fitted to sing the praises of God and of Our Lady. In the grove at the Helde he had often amused himself for hours together, in singing sweet simple stories of Mary, his Queen and Patroness—little legends that one would think the angels had whispered to him, they were so quaint and lovely. When the warrior king was tired, and wished for rest, he would send for the young knight, and liked nothing better than the sweet legends he sang of Our Lady.

And one evening he sang so sweetly and so clearly, that the king and his officers were charmed. Then King Richard drew a chain of gold from his neck, to which was suspended a little cross.

"I have not shed tears," said the Lion Heart, "since I saw my father the king lying dead; but thou hast forced them from me, Sir Bertrand, by the sweetness of thy voice and the words of thy story. Until I die I shall love the great Queen of Heaven better for what thou hast sung of her. Take this chain, and if ever the time comes when thou requirest aid, send to me, and by the memory of this night I will give thee help and succor."

The young knight took the chain, and thanked the kindly monarch for his gift. Never again did he sing before the Lion Heart, or stand in the midst of that goodly array of stately warriors.

On the morrow came one of those sharp engagements between the Christians and the Saracens. Our Lady's Knight fought boldly; the stainless lily upon the blue shield was ever seen where danger was most prominent. The steed upon which he rode was killed beneath him; he mounted another, and nothing daunted, cried to the soldiers around him to fight in the name of Our Lady and St. George. Then came a sharp, quick blow from a Saracen dagger, and Our Lady's Knight fell upon a heap of the slain.

He was not dead, although his wound was painful and even dangerous. For many hours he lay there senseless and numb with pain. It was sad and sorrowful to see that young face, once the light of his mother's home, all white with agony and stained with blood. Was this the end of that gallant life, so full of high hope and brave resolve? The blue shield and the stainless lily lay broken by his side.

And then, O sad and sorrowful hour! a Saracen horseman, mounted on a magnificent steed, and attended by a troop of followers, rode lightly by where so lately that deadly fight had raged. The glitter of the gold chain around the crusader's neck attracted him. He reined in his horse, and told one of his retinue to dismount and carry off the spoil from the Christian.

With cruel, ruthless hands they tore the chain from his neck, and then a deep moan burst from Bertrand's lips.

"Ah!" cried the chief, "he is not dead." And then, as the light from the evening sky fell upon the Saxon face and fair hair, he said, "How comely he is, the Christian knight! Surely he is noble and of high rank in his own land; there will be a goodly ransom for him."

In obedience to his lord's commands, one of the horseman flung the motionless body of the young crusader across his saddle, and he was carried off a captive in the hands of the Saracens.

Dire was the sorrow and dismay in the camp when it was known that Our Lady's Knight had been made prisoner. The king declared he would have revenge; but great events were happening, and men had not time either to mourn or avenge those they loved best. The King of France, in what seemed the moment of victory, had declared his intention of returning home, and the whole army were in a state of anxious suspense.

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The sun's last rays had departed when Bertrand opened his eyes. Under an escort of Saracen horsemen, he had been sent by his captor to his own home, there to be guarded as a prisoner until a heavy ransom should be paid. The men had stopped to rest on the high road that led to Damascus, when slowly and confusedly his senses returned. His first glance fell upon the dark fierce faces of his guards; and then

his heart sank, for he knew that the doom he had dreaded more than death was upon him—he was a prisoner in the hands of the Saracens.

He was weak and faint with loss of blood, and in his heart there reigned a desolation worse than death. While they hurried him along the high road, under the pale light of the evening sky, there came to him a vision of the beloved, gentle mother at home, who was even then praying on her knees for him. He asked but one question—

"Whose captive am I?"

They understood the meaning of his words, although his language was unknown to them, and a harsh voice replied:

"You are the prisoner of our mighty lord Solymon, the Saracen chief—Solymon, who lives near Damascus."

Then the young knight's heart stood almost still.

"For what am I reserved, my God?" he cried wildly. "Why have I fallen into the hands of the man who slew my father?"

The great loss of blood so weakened him, that he ceased to know the hours as they rolled on: he was only conscious of the rough arms that supported him on that dreary journey. Yet those pains were all of use, for he offered them in union with the sufferings of his Divine Master.

The magnificent palace of Solymon was reached at last, and they threw the weary captive into a narrow cell. It was neither damp nor dark. The Saracen chief had no wish to harm his prisoner; he desired that he should recover, in order that the heavy ransom might come to him. It was a small, low room at the western end of the building, but it overlooked part of the magnificent gardens that belonged to the palace. A rude bed was prepared, and the young crusader was laid upon it. His wounds were dressed by skilful hands, cooling drinks were placed at his side, and orders were given that he should want for nothing. "Great would be the sum of gold," said the Saracen chief, "sent for the ransom of the comely Christian who now languished upon that sick bed." Ripe rich fruits were given to him, and when the fever caused by his wounds abated, they gave him the generous wine of the grape, that gladdens the hearts of men.

There was much wonder in the young knight's mind; he had not thought yet of the ransom, and he marvelled why this kindness was shown to him.

Among the prisoners of Solymon there were men of almost every nation: there were captives from sunny France and fair Italy; from Spain, the home of chivalry; and every other Catholic nation whose sons had joined in the Holy Wars.

The greater part of the captives were treated with barbarous cruelty. Forced to labor loaded with chains, ill-treated in every way, deprived of sufficient food, it was woe to the Christians who fell into the hands of the Saracens.

When a large ransom was looked for, as in the case of Bertrand Talbot, the ill treatment was not carried far. When all hope or chance of obtaining a ransom was over, then the captives dragged on a weary life, full of suffering, and deprived of hope.

Slowly enough did health and strength return to Our Lady's Knight. He never ceased to call upon his Lady and Queen for help and deliverance.

The soul little understands the discipline that is sent in all love to prepare it for the glories of heaven. The proud must endure humiliation; ardent, fiery natures must learn the sublime lesson of meekness and patience. The discipline sent to prepare the soul of the young crusader for its future glory

was that of a long and painful imprisonment, wherein all that was most human died away from him, and his heart became detached from all earthly things, and inflamed only with the desire of heaven.

## Chapter III.

When Bertrand was able to leave his bed and sit up, he gazed with a rapture of delight on the gorgeous flowers and magnificent gardens upon which his window opened. It was a scene of marvellous beauty to him: the varied beauty, the glowing colors of the richly perfumed plants, the fountains where each drop of spray was like a rainbow, the picturesque and graceful shrubs, the trees of luxuriant foliage, and over all the clear blue sky. As it set in the "crimson west," the sun seemed to send him sweet messages of love and home in every beam. The soft breeze that came laden with rich perfume, whispered to him of the tender mother across the seas, who would never let her son languish in prison while a rood remained of the lands of the Helde. He did not murmur as yet; he was weak and languid, and he filled his heart and imagination with visions of swift-coming liberty and home. But as health returned, and new strength and life came with it, a wild longing for liberty seized him. He, whose childhood had been spent amidst woods and fields, whose ardent hopes and thirst for glory had brought him to the Holy Land—he who had led soldiers on to danger and to death, whose name had become a proverb for bravery and strength—to be shut up in that little room where he had barely space to move! It seemed incredible. He thought of his past glories, his military renown, the hopes with which he had left his home: was all to end in this, a prison cell and a captive's death?

The proud martial spirit writhed at the thought. Anything but that. Give him the keenest pang death brings on the battle-field, the sharpest torture that could end his life; but not that—not the long torturing imprisonment and its wretched ending.

Poor boy! he was a boy in heart although a man in years. He bowed his head on the narrow grating where the sunbeams peeped in, and wept aloud. Vividly before his mind came the thought of the noblest conquest of all. Greater than the warrior who wins whole kingdoms, greater than the victor whose arms have never failed, greater than the king whose standard should wave over the grandest countries of earth—greater than all these is the man who conquers self; who can win the victory over his own will, wishes, and desires, satisfied to leave his life in God's hands, to shape it as He will—to crown it with the brightest of diadems, suffering and sorrow, and so conform it to the life of His Son, or to allow the sunshine of His love to play around it. He who has won this conquest is a brave man before God, he is the true warrior, and his victory is more glorious by far than the triumphs of Cæsar or Alexander.

Our Lady's Knight, though good and courageous, had not reached that sublime height yet; human wishes and desires, human love of glory and of fame, clung to him strongly, and dimmed the brightness of a beautiful soul. When these should be conquered and trampled under foot, the true warrior of Jesus Christ would be ready for his reward.

But the struggle would be long and painful before this was accomplished, and God's sweet will fulfilled in this dear soul.

When he was considered well, he had a certain portion of labor given to him, and it was to work in the gardens and help in the cultivation

of flowers. Life was not then quite so unendurable; he liked the hours spent out in the bright sunshine amidst the beauty of blossoms and trees. There were even times when he forgot that he was a captive; and while the sun shone and the perfumed breeze sighed around him, he sang again the sweet simple stories that had charmed the lion-hearted king.

One day there came to his cell the great chief Solymon himself; he wished to arrange about the ransom. It was a heavy sum he asked, amounting to what would be now over five thousand dollars in gold. Our Lady's Knight answered him cheerfully; for he knew the gentle mother in that far-off home would raise it for him, even should she sell the last jewel in her case and the last inch of ground belonging to the Helde.

At first his face flushed when he stood in the presence of the man who had treacherously slain his gallant father. For one moment only his strong young figure trembled, and his hands were tightly clenched. It was a temptation, for the old chief was there in his cell alone; but the Christian murmured to himself a prayer, and the dark thought fell away before the sweet names of Jesus and Mary.

It was no easy task, when the Saracen chief had left him, and sent to him a roll of parchment, to write to that gentle mother at home the history of all that had happened; to tell her that his martial hopes and high renown had ended in a captive's cell, and that for life he must remain there, unless she could send this heavy ransom, the raising of which would impoverish her so greatly.

His mother did not value the parchment any the less for the bitter tears that had fallen upon it. Not one word was said to Bertrand of how it would be sent, or how the ransom would be conveyed. But when it was taken from his hands, he felt a new hope in his heart, and he sang that evening sweetly and clearly among the flowers—so sweetly and clearly, that the Saracen's daughter Solyma overheard him, and asked who was the captive with a voice more musical than that of the bulbul.

They told her it was one of her father's prisoners, a brave young knight who had won great fame in the Christian camp. They could not tell his name save that it was Bertrand, and he was known as Our Lady's Knight. On his blue shield he carried a stainless lily, and he was always singing the praises of Mary his Queen.

Ah, and still more: in his cell he had a cross made of two pieces of wood; on the wall with his own hands he had designed a pure lily; and under the cross there hung a picture of a beautiful and gracious Lady, whose face was more lovely than the sun, and in her arms she held a little Child. Who it was they did not know; but underneath her feet, in small letters of gold, was written the name of Mary; and Solyma murmured over and over again to herself that wondrously sweet name.

Nothing, then, would please the Saracen's daughter but she must see this Christian knight. One evening, when he was at work among the flowers, she, with her maidens, went into the garden, and there she saw the comely noble young knight who was so strangely to influence her life. She said no word to him, but something in the fair pure face she gazed upon filled her with wonder, and she thought much about him, and how dearly he loved Mary his Queen.

Bertrand had been some time a prisoner before he saw any of the Christian captives. Their labor was harder than his. But one morning early he saw them chained and led to work. His heart sick-

ened at the thought. Some were young as himself, others gray-haired and feeble. For some there was hope of ransom; for others all hope had fled. Ah, if his mother should be sick—if she should fail in raising the heavy sum demanded—then his fate would be even worse than theirs.

The Saracen chief, aged and worn, had come home to his palace to live. He had grown too old and feeble to fight; he longed only for rest. His beautiful daughter Solyma tended and cared for him. Those who had known him in the strong pride of his manhood believed the old warrior had come home to die. He was fond of visiting the garden, sitting where the warm rays of the sun fell upon him, and dreaming over again the battles of his youth and prime.

Two years had passed since the demand for the ransom had been sent home, and as yet no tidings had been heard. Thinking of this, Bertrand had no song to sing as he worked among the flowers. There was a grove of roses—rich and rare, queenly flowers, whose perfume was ravishingly sweet—and near them the aged chief liked to sit and dream. He never looked at the young crusader, whose bright life was fading in his prison walls. He was thinking of nothing save the glory he had won. The morning was very warm; the sunbeams fell upon his dark worn face, and the scent of the roses lulled him to sleep. The young captive saw his master sleeping, and he moved gently among the flowers. All at once his eye fell upon something dark and small, which seemed to glide underneath the sleeve of the Saracen's robe.

Bertrand drew near quietly. Upon the dark skin of the chief's hand he saw a viper, one of a kind he well knew, whose bite was deadly poison.

His senses for a moment were confused. One bite from the reptile, one touch of its poisoned fangs, and his father's death was avenged, and he was free. Why should he save the life of his destroyer? Let him die the death he merited. The blood rushed in a fiery torrent to his brain and his heart. Let it be so. There was no one present to see. Death from a reptile's bite was a meet end for the vile heathen who treacherously slew his father.

Above the wild beating of his heart and the tumult of his thoughts, that flashed like lightning across his mind, he heard his mother's words:

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it, saith the Lord."

For one second he saw her pure gentle face and pleading eyes. He signed himself with the sign of the Cross, and went at the risk of his own life to save that of his enemy. One moment more and he would have been too late. With a vigorous grasp he clutched the reptile so that its fangs could not touch him, and destroyed it with a heavy stone that lay near.

With a start and a cry the old chief awoke. In a confused mixture of Greek and Arabic, Bertrand told him what he had done, and showed him the reptile dead.

It was a Christian's revenge, worthy of Our Lady's Knight. He had won a victory over himself more noble than any triumphs of arms. He thanked God for having given him the grace to resist temptation.

"You have saved my life," muttered the aged chief; and the young crusader's heart leaped with joy. He thought the Saracen was about to add, "I will give you liberty in return;" but the wished-for words did not come.

Before evening, every one in the palace knew that the young Christian captive had saved the life of his captor and foe, the Saracen chief. But no token of gratitude

was offered to him save one. His lord's daughter Solyma with her maidens sought him, and she offered him her tribute of thanks. He told her he had but done his duty; and she asked him to fetch for her the picture he had in his cell. It was a small one of the ever-Blessed Mother of God, that for many years he had preserved as an especial treasure. He was almost loath to show the picture to heathen eyes; but he remembered the mild face of the Saracen's daughter, and hoped much. Out into the bright sunlight where she stood he brought the little painting, and she took it gently in her hands.

"And who is this?" she asked, after gazing silently for some minutes upon that beautiful pure face. "Is it your queen?"

"Yes," said Bertrand; "it is my Queen, and I am her knight."

"How do you call this name in your own tongue?" she asked.

And with bowed head and eyes that gleamed with tears, he said slowly,

"Mary."

"Where does your beautiful Queen live?" continued the young girl. "I should like to see her."

With a face that glowed with love and faith, he raised his hand to the fair skies.

"There," he replied, "in the blue heavens lives my Mother and Queen."

## Chapter IV.

Solyma could not forget the young Christian's words. Many hours after the sun had set in the golden west, she would watch the blue sky where the pale moon gleamed and the stars burned. She wondered what was on the other side, who was the beautiful Queen the captive loved so well; why, as his emblem, he had chosen a stainless lily. Rapid and wondering were the eager thoughts that rushed through her mind; a strange, new longing, that she could not understand, filled her heart. She said to herself, over and over again, that she would give everything she had in the world to see and speak to that wondrous lady. As the captive worked amongst the bright flowers, she listened more eagerly than ever to the clear musical voice that seemed to rise to the very heavens, uttering so often the name she had grown to love.

No news came of the ransom; the Saracen chief never spoke of gratitude towards the captive, but the severity of his imprisonment was relaxed. Occasionally, too, he found in his cell a dish of ripe fruit and a flask of rare wine. He knew they had been sent there by the Saracen's daughter.

One day, as he was busy at work among the roses, he heard something that resembled a moan. Going in the direction of the sound, behind a large heap of stones which were being used for the erection of a new fountain he found a man, wearing the captive's dress, lying white and senseless upon the ground. Bertrand's heart sickened as he noted the heavy iron around the prisoner's ankles, and the chains upon his wrists. He raised the wearied head and pillowed it upon his arm, while tears, of which the soldier was not ashamed, fell upon the white, cold face. Was this the end of high hopes and military glory, this long captivity, this lingering death?

The face upon which he gazed was a noble one, although the deep lines upon it told of ruined hope and sick despair. Slowly the dark eyes opened and the white lips murmured, as though they would fain utter some word.

"You are very ill," said Bertrand gently, and in his own tongue, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the sick

man, in the welcome Saxon speech, "nothing; lay me down and let me die."

"You are my countryman," said the young knight. "I am called Bertrand Talbot, of the Helde. I have been nearly three years here in prison. Who are you?"

"I," he replied, "have almost forgotten my own name, it is so long since I have heard it. I come from Kent and used to be called Hubert Dacre. It is fifteen long years since I fell into the hands of this Saracen chief."

"Have you hopes of ransom?" asked Bertrand.

"Alas, I know not. I left a wife and three fair children behind me, and I came to the Holy Land. I expended a small fortune in equipping myself and ten followers for the wars. I left my wife and children a goodly estate, but I do not see how they could raise half the sum this cruel extortioner demands. Ah, God!" continued the captive, "what cruelties, what indignities have they not heaped upon me since all hope of the money failed! I have been forced to the hardest labor, deprived almost of food, driven with violence to work when my strength failed. Now the time has come when I can stand no longer; lay me down, my brother, and let me die. I dreaded death, but I thank God the time has come at last. I am so weary."

Our Lady's Knight laid the suffering captive down upon the ground. He went back to his cell, where the day before a dish of ripe rare fruit had been left; he fetched it, and poured the fresh cool juice between the sick man's lips. It refreshed him, and then Bertrand helped him to his cell. When the captive prayed one of the great officers of the chief's household to obtain permission from his lord that he might share his cell with his countryman, the chief smiled contemptuously and gave consent. What had seemed to him a boon not worth granting, was like new life to Hubert Dacre. In spite of himself, tears would rain down Bertrand's cheeks, when in his nightly dreams the wornout captive would murmur the names of his wife and children, fancying himself once more at home.

"My home was so happy," he would say to the young knight, "we dwelt in a quiet homestead near the sea. In my dreams I behold again the walls of my house covered with wild roses and climbing flowers; I see the green meadows, the dark woods, the golden cornfields, and the orchard where my children loved to play. In the morning the sun used to wake me, shining in my room; when I opened my window, the perfume of the hawthorn and woodbine seemed like a message from heaven. I loved my wife so dearly, and my children were the best part of life. I left them," he continued, the old martial fire returning to his eye—"I left them when the cry came from the Holy Land. I knew I should meet danger, I did not fear it; I knew I might meet death, I did not dread it; but never in my wildest dreams did I picture a fate so sad as mine. For fifteen years I have lingered a hopeless, helpless captive; every day it seems to me that I have died over and over again. I have learned to bear in silence and resignation my daily labor, but I cannot endure the visions that come to me in the night."

"What are they?" asked Bertrand.

"Visions of my wife, my children, and my home," he continued.

"Sometimes I imagine myself in the sweet fragrant meadows, the hawthorn blooming upon the hedges, the wild flowers springing in the grass. I look upon the quiet beauty of the skies, and think of this land as of a dream. Oft-

ener still I see my wife's sweet face shining upon me, and hear her bid me "God speed," as she did when I left her so many years ago. Oftener even than that I dream of my three children: Oswald was a fine handsome boy of thirteen when I saw him last, and Ethel had blooming cheeks and bright eyes, but the fairest and best beloved of all was my little golden-haired May. I held her in my arms when I came away; she clasped her soft loving hands about my neck, her tender lips kissed my cheek, and her little tears fell upon my face.

"Come back again soon," she whispered, "come back to love me."

"Ah, Bertrand, in my sleep, in my dreams, I feel again the touch of those innocent lips; those child-like limpid eyes look into mine; my face burns where those tears fell, and her sweet voice calls to me, 'Come home soon.' I wake and wish my torture ended, that I might die. It is fifteen years since I held my child in my arms, yet she is ever the same to me. I cannot fancy her grown or altered, although I know she is a child no more; it is the bright golden head and laughing face of a babe that shines before me and tortures me with its tender beauty. Ah, me, I shall never see wife, children, or home again!"

The young knight's heart melted within him, as the feeble voice murmured of those beloved ones, and grew weaker day by day.

"I had a beautiful dream last night," said Hubert Dacre to Bertrand, one morning. "I saw my little May; she stood there near the cell door, she beckoned me with her hand.

"Come home, dear," she said, "we are weary of waiting; but I knew we should see you again."

"Take hope and courage," said the young crusader, "God is good. You know not what happiness may be in store for you. God rewards magnificently those who serve Him well."

And as the knight taught sublime lessons of resignation and patience to the wearied captive, they stole deeper and deeper day by day into his own heart. For the first time he saw and felt their full beauty, and began to understand that nothing was worth living for save heaven.

"What would it matter after all," he said one day to himself, "what would it matter if my little span of life were spent here in captivity, provided I reach heaven in the end?"

Hard and bitter had been the discipline of that young heart before such thoughts as these came. After all, earthly glory, military fame, high renown, were beautiful; but what were they to be compared to the grandeur of the man who has so far conquered himself as to live only to do God's will, no matter what it may be or where it may lead him to? A new happiness came to him—the happiness that springs from perfect resignation—and the voice that sang amidst the flowers grew sweeter and clearer day by day.

One morning as he was going to work the Saracen chief sent for him. He was seated in great state, surrounded by the chief officers of his household. Before him stood a noble stranger wearing a religious dress new to Bertrand; on the table there lay a glittering mass of gold.

"Sir knight," said the Saracen chief, "your ransom is paid in all honor. You are free to return home with this noble stranger, who has come to seek you."

"It is true you are free," said the stranger. "I have brought the ransom of many noble knights, and I have a pledge for their safety. Some are here, others are im-

prisoned near Aleppo. I go now to free them; I will return for you in a few days."

"Tell me," cried Bertrand, "did my mother send this money? Is she well?"

"Your mother sent it, my son," replied the stranger, gravely. "She is well, for she is now amongst the saints of God."

"Do you mean," he cried, "that she is dead."

"I who knew her cannot call it dying," was the reply. "I like better to say that she is gone home. Heaven, not earth, is the abode for such souls as hers."

"You are free from this moment," interrupted the chief. "You are no longer my prisoner; but if you like to remain here until your escort leaves the country, do so."

Bertrand bowed courteously and hastily quitted the presence of the chief and his officers. He had read the list of names of those knights who were ransomed; that of Hubert Dacre was *not* among them. He went out alone to the scene of his labors, the gorgeous flower garden. He wanted to stand under the blue sky and realize the fact that he was free.

Free as the wind that played with the roses, once more he could cross the sunlit seas, once more he could look upon the Helde, and play in the grove. Never again would his mother's gentle eyes gaze upon him, never would her dear voice utter tender words and blessings, but she, he knew, had "gone home to rest."

He said nothing all that day to the sick captive, who murmured in his sleep of his wife and his golden-haired May. Once Hubert, noting the new light in his face, asked what had come to him; but the young knight could not tell that wearied heart-broken man that he was free.

Night came, and when the two Christians knelt and said their evening prayers together, Bertrand wept for very joy. Soon, so soon, it seemed now, he would hear the church bells chiming over the smiling meadows; once again he would kneel before the altar where his Lord was really present; once again the perfume of incense, the chants of the Mass, the prayers of the Church, would charm him as they had so often done before. He could not pray, at least in words; his heart overflowed with gratitude, and tears of happiness rained down his face.

"What is it, Bertrand?" asked Hubert, gently. "O, surely dreams are not coming to you as they do to me, making sleep a torture! I could die happy if I might see my children once more, for half a minute, just to gaze upon their faces, and then close my eyes forever. What has come to you? Why do you weep?"

"O, Hubert," replied the young crusader, "I did not like to tell you, but I must: do not wonder that I weep, for I am free."

"Free!" cried his listener, clasping his thin hands, "free to go where you list?"

"Free," replied Bertrand, "and in a few days I leave for home; my ransom is paid."

"Great God," cried the captive, "show me Thy mercy! He is free; let me not linger here. Bertrand, men call you Our Lady's Knight; for Our Lady's sake help me!"

## Chapter V.

All night those few words rang through Bertrand's ears. *How* could he help him? what could he do? He could not raise his ransom. To find his own he knew all the resources possible had been tried. He might appeal to the King, who promised to assist him in his hour of need; but there was a faint rumor that the Lion Heart had fallen into the hands of his enemy, and lay in prison.

Help him, for Our Lady's sake.

"Ah, my sweet Mother and Queen," cried the young knight, "you know I have never refused anything asked me in your name. Teach me how to help this poor prisoner, who is captive in the cause of your Son."

Like the sound of a clear silver chime, or the whisper of an angel, these words came to him:

"Give him your ransom, and let him go free."

No voice uttered them; they sounded only in the depth of his own heart. They were but his own thoughts; yet the young knight started as though some one beside him had spoken aloud.

There was a sacrifice—could he make it? give up forever all hope of seeing the white shores of his native country? never to gaze again upon his loved home, never to stand by his mother's grave, or listen more to the sweet chiming of the Sabbath-bells? To linger for perhaps a long life in that hopeless captivity, working through the long day amid Eastern flowers, longing with fierce wild desires to be once more in the battle-field, or at least among his fellow-men? to give up forever all hope of fame and glory, to die in that far-off land, where no prayer could be said over him?—he with his strong young frame, so full of life and vitality; he with his breast on fire with glowing hope! Ah, no; such a sacrifice would be noble, magnificent, but beyond him. God did not require or even expect it. What a wild dream it was! How foolish he had been to let such a thought even cross his mind! All this and more he said to himself, but he could not forget it.

"What would be the reward in heaven for such a deed?" he wondered. "What would Our Lady say to one who should make so great a sacrifice for her sweet sake?"

All night he lay awake, trying, but in vain, to harden himself against the gentle pleading voice. In his sleep Hubert Dacre was at home again; he heard him speaking to his loved wife, and caressing his little child; then, with a most bitter sob, the worn and wearied man cried, still dreaming, "Show Thy mercy to me, great God, and let me be free!"

What had he compared to this poor captive? No loving wife, no tender children mourned for him and called for him with unavailing cries. He had no earthly ties. He had vowed himself to the service of his Lady and Queen. Perhaps she would be better served by him in captivity. She would know how much he loved her, if for her sake and for her love he made this great sacrifice. As he thought and pondered a stray sunbeam peeped into his room, and through the narrow grating there came upon the cool morning air the sweet perfume of the fragrant Eastern flowers. The sunbeam and the fragrance made him think of heaven. What was the fairest of earthly beauty to the glory there? and what share of that glory would not God give to him if he made a sacrifice such as God loves? He had been asked for help in the name of Mary. Ah, if it cost him his life, he must give it. A few more years—nay, even a lifetime—of captivity were but as nothing when compared to the magnificent reward.

Then rising from the rude couch where he had tried, but in vain, to sleep, he knelt and prayed. As he knelt with this sublime resolve in his heart, the sunbeam fell upon his glowing face, and Our Lady and Queen accepted the sacrifice made for her sweet sake, and designed for her knight a magnificent reward.

In few, simple, but eloquent words, he laid his life and liberty at Our Lady's feet, telling her his help had been asked in her name, and

there was but one way in which aid could be given. He gave his freedom, and took upon himself the captive's chain. Sweet to him, he said, would be henceforth the burden of his captivity. He should bear it for her sake; sweet would be the labor and toil, the privations and cares. It would be all for her; never again should a murmur pass his lips. He would praise her that she allowed him to suffer, as her knight should do.

Was it wonderful that Our Lady smiled when the angels laid this prayer before her?

Not one word did Bertrand say until the stranger knight, who had a pledge for the safety of all the captives he ransomed, came to the palace. Then he told him in few words that he would remain, in order that Hubert Dacre, who had been fifteen years in prison, might go free.

Heroic acts of virtue and bravery were not uncommon in those days. The stranger knight said little: he told him it would be hopeless to look for another ransom for at least many years to come, that he had better well consider what he was doing. When the young knight told him he had considered and must do it for Our Lady's sweet sake, he said no more. Tears came into his eyes as he gazed upon the brave earnest young face, and he laid his hands upon Bertrand's head, and blessed him.

They asked permission of the Saracen chief to make the exchange. He was nothing loath. Hubert Dacre was worn out with his long sufferings; Bertrand Talbot was young and active, and no one had ever brought the chief's favorite flowers to such perfection as he had done. He laughed when he heard that one man had given up his freedom for another.

"How foolish these Christians are!" he said with a sneer; "they have no sense."

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Year succeeded year, and Our Lady's Knight never repented his sacrifice. The Saracen chief, whose life he had saved, showed him no mark of kindness or gratitude. Solyma still gazed upon the quiet midnight skies, and wondered about the Queen who lived above them. Still the captive labored at his work, and grew to love the flowers he tended as though they were living beings. Day by day the sweet voice, that sang so clearly of the love of Mary, grew more like unto the voice of an angel. Seasons came and went, the flowers died and bloomed again, and no news came from that outer world to which Bertrand Talbot had once belonged.

The old chief lingered, dying slowly, as strong men often die; the sun rose and set, the tides ebbed and flowed, the planets went on their course, but no change, no release, came to the captives of Solymon.

Day by day the soul of the knight grew more beautiful and more fitted for heaven. All there had been of earth clinging to it was fading away. Bertrand rose early, that he might have time to meditate and pray. He went gladly to his work; for he did it all for God. The heat, the burden, the fatigue, the captivity, the restraint—he bore all cheerfully for the love of Jesus and Mary. When the day's labors were ended he went amongst his fellow-captives, cheering and consoling them, speaking bright hopeful words of the glorious heaven to come, nursing the sick, and tending the dying. There was not a captive in that palace who did not love and bless Our Lady's Knight.

He had almost trampled human nature under foot; earthly glory, military fame, and high renown had ceased to charm him; he longed only for heaven, and the glory of the saints. He knew nothing of what was passing in the world. They had heard something of the imprisonment of the Lion Heart, but no one could say if he were safe again. So ten long, long years passed on, and the brave noble young knight who had left home so proudly, bearing a stainless lily upon his blue shield, was now a saddened wearied man, longing only for heaven.

At length the Saracen chief fell dangerously ill. He bethought himself of the sweet voice he had heard so often amidst the flowers, and he sent for Our Lady's Knight, bidding him sing. Every evening, when the sick man wanted rest, Bertrand came to him, and sang the sweet old stories of his Mother and Queen.

Solyma listened, and her wonder grew deeper. The love of this Lady whom the knight served moved her strangely; and when the chief, soothed by the soft music, slept, she asked numerous questions, which Bertrand loved to answer.

Little by little the beautiful life of Our Lady was told to her, and the young girl became absorbed in the mysteries of the Faith. One longing took possession of her: it was to become a Christian, and live as Catholic maidens did in houses belonging to God.

In all the beauties and mysteries of the ancient faith the knight instructed the lady. He saw that she had a grand soul, capable of any sacrifice for the love of her crucified Master, now that she knew Him.

In patience she bided her time. While her father still lived she could do nothing; she was chained to the side of the sick man, and would not say one word to distress him. But when her duty to him was ended, she resolved to go to the land where Mary was loved and honored, and with her fortune build one of the houses Bertrand de-

scribed, where those who loved and wished to serve God dwelt together.

The chief lingered on his sick-bed, and no news came of the ransom that Bertrand had now long ceased to hope for.

Hubert Dacre had worked hard to obtain it, but affairs were not in a prosperous condition. The long imprisonment of Richard had thrown the kingdom into disorder, men were taxed to their uttermost, and years had passed before he obtained the sum necessary for the release of Our Lady's Knight. It was finished at last, and by trustworthy hands the ransom was sent, and Hubert Dacre looked forward with rapturous delight to seeing his friend—who had been so true a friend—again.

## Chapter VI.

An unexpected happiness came to the poor captives. A Norman priest made his way amongst them, in order that he might comfort them by the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Penance. He was disguised so that it would have been impossible to have guessed at his sacred ministry. Surely God in His goodness never granted a greater favor than this. The joy of making this confession was too much for the crusader, worn and wearied with his captivity. He was never quite the same after it; his face glowed with a new light. It was as though the glory of heaven shone already upon it. His voice grew sweeter and clearer, yet more feeble; day by day strange pains attacked him; there were times when he could not distinguish between dreams and things that really occurred. As he worked amidst the flowers, strange stupors came over him, and he could take no note of time. A weak faint trembling seized him, and yet he could not touch the coarse food given him to eat. Even the ripe fruit that still he found at times in his cell lay there untasted. Strange dreams came to him. There were times when he forgot that he was a lonely captive in a foreign land, and he fancied himself again a child, lisping his prayers at his mother's knee or praying before the image in the grove. Again he rode a victorious knight in the field of battle, carrying before him his well-loved shield, whereon shone the stainless lily, the emblem of his Queen.

Yet, in the midst of these pains and trials, the bright soul grew more beautiful day by day, and more fit for heaven. There was little stain upon the purity of the white robe given to him in his baptism. He had made good use of his sorrows. One and all he had offered them to God in expiation of his sins; he had grown to love suffering, because it brought him nearer every hour to the feet of the Eternal Father. And so it was that the more he endured, the brighter and more radiant grew his soul, until God smiled upon it, and it was ready for home.

He felt no dread when the hour of his death approached; the glory of heaven had already begun to dawn for him. One day—it was when the roses were in bloom, and despite his fast increasing illness, he was at work amongst them—the Saracen chief had grown worse, and could no longer bear the music which had charmed him into rest. All that day it seemed to Bertrand that strange voices sounded in his ears, and a dazzling light shone wherever his eyes fell. Yet those who heard his evening hymn said that the sweet sad notes had never sounded so clearly. He sang for the last time the praises of the Lady and Queen he had loved so well.

When evening came, he went into his cell; he could no longer withstand the weakness that overpowered him. He sat down near the

grating, where to the last he could see the evening sky.

"You will help me, my Mother," he murmured. "During life I have served you; in my death help me."

His head fell back against the hard walls of his cell, an act of contrition came from his white lips.

Ah, me, who repays love and fidelity like Our Lady? I must not tell you what she did for her knight in the hour of his death. The glory of heaven shone in that cell. Those who found the captive in the morning spoke with wonder of the smile upon his lips, and the rapturous expression on his face.

His mission was ended; his soul stood before the great white throne of God. He is bright and beautiful now amongst the saints of God, and his crown is one of surpassing glory. In heaven he bears a lily more stainless and resplendent than the one he bore on earth.

There was grief even among the rude Saracens when it became known that the knight was dead. The fact might have remained long undiscovered; but, strange to tell, on the day of his death the ransom arrived. When they went to his cell to give him the freedom for which he had longed once so wildly, they found a mightier Power had been before them, and set the captive free. Never again did the sweet clear voice sound amidst the gorgeous Eastern flowers.

Ah, and when he knelt before our Queen, he did not forget the poor heathen lady who had been so kind to him. His first prayer was for her.

When the Saracen chief died, his daughter came to England. She restored the ransom to Hubert Dacre, and together they built a church, dedicated to our Lady of the Angels. Solyma was baptized and received the name she loved so dearly. She was known amongst the Carmelites as Sister Mary of the Angels. While she lived she loved and cherished the stainless lily. It stood ever upon the altar of the church before the Blessed Sacrament. She liked best to see it there, for it seemed to her that Our Lady's Knight was keeping watch before his Lord.

Men have forgotten him now, although his story lingered long in their hearts, but in heaven all love and cherish "Our Lady's Knight."

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## SYMPATHY.

FELLOW-WORKER, toiling brother,
Come into the fields with me;
See! the sheaves support each other,
So with us it ought to be.

Lean upon me in your trouble,
And support me with your joy;
Friendship can a lifetime double,
Hatred will two lives destroy.

Oh! remember, the Eternal
Lays us in one barn together,
When with His right hand supernal
Sheaves of life He stoops to gather.

# CIVILIZATION IN IRELAND BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THAT the early history of Ireland is, in comparison with that of most other countries, very little read or known popularly, is equally a matter of certainty and regret. Most schoolboys are well up in the historical records and traditions of Rome and Greece. They are familiar with the literature of both Empires, and quote their poets as household words. Again, they read sufficiently even to be able to institute comparisons as to the intellectual character of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Chinese, Indians, and Persians,—the five great Empires of the primitive world. The most delightful biography ever written, that of Agricola, by his son-in-law Tacitus, is read with avidity by those who seek for a bold and energetic picture of Britain under the Cæsars; and the annals of this country under the successive dominion of Saxons and Danes are, with the exception of some breaks in the ecclesiastical records, fairly familiar to most persons. But singularly enough, the history of Ireland is generally taken up at the period when her misfortunes commence—those internal disquietudes which eventually led to her unhappy subjugation by the descendants of Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. And yet prior to the Norman Conquest her history possesses, in one point of view, an unusual and thrilling interest: I refer to the great influence which Ireland exercised by means of her literature, schools, and teaching, internal and external, not only upon England, but even upon Europe, and some parts of Western Asia. The difficulties in the path of the student are, no doubt, many and important; a cloud of obscurity surrounds the history of those times; there is an inextricable fusion among existing docum and a series of the most confli accounts. The cause of th owing to the inroad of the D who, with all the hostility and terness of uncultured barbaria the evidences of refinement civilization, destroyed whole l ries of manuscript literature, inflicted on the country irrepa loss. But, thanks to the succe labors of such men as Usher Colgan, these difficulties are great measure lightened; an who possesses sufficient enthus to enable him to surmount the that remain will find himself than amply repaid by a perus the annals of Ireland previo the eleventh century.

There is no doubt that, pri the Norman Conquest, Irelanc the great seat of learning and throughout the world; that possessed numberless univers monasteries, and schools in e county of the kingdom; that England, France, Germany, a parts of Europe, crowds of stu flocked in continuous streams t schools as the only seat of lear and that she sent forth learned fessors and holy monks as mis aries of piety and learning, spread the holy faith, and fou monasteries and schools thro out the world. With regard t schools and seminaries that ex at this period in Ireland, the lowing statistics were collecte the first place, Lanigan in his tory of Ireland says, that "sc and seminaries, under the nan monasteries, were established governed by several Irish pre of this period" (fifth century).

great centre of learning seems to have been the university of Armagh, more than worthy of the name of university, since on the reliable authority of Felim, in the year 513, no less than the astonishing number of 7000 (!) students attended lectures. Second to Armagh was the great monastery or university of St. Ailba, founded early in the fifth century. Moore speaks of the immense number of students studying at the monastery built by St. Finnian, at Clonard. Again, at the great college of Cashel, there were upwards of 5000 students and 600 monks. Very nearly the same number of students and monks resided at the different colleges of Down, Lismore, and Slelty. We read of doctrinal disputations at the university of Ardagh, founded by a holy saint—St. Mel. Louth boasted of a university built by a man of renowned learning named Mœtheus. In Connaught, there was a great Episcopal seminary at Elphin. There were other Episcopal schools in Antrim, and a numerously attended college. There were also numberless schools, *e. g.*, Clonrode, Clare, and Clonfliesh, in Galway. There was founded in the north in 480 a large school by St. Olean. Felim again speaks of the renowned Abbey of Mayo, which had attached to it a magnificent and well-attended college. The above universities and colleges are selected from a great number as being the most renowned.

What a magnificent panorama does this disclose! How grandly and boldly it sweeps away the curtain from those ages sneeringly classed by the ignorant and unthinking as "dark!" Here have we at one school alone 5000 students and 600 monks; 5600 men wholly devoted to the acquisition of the arts and sciences. In another 7000 students, and in proportion 1000 monks; each school a huge city of learning. And *these* are but two out of the great number. Where, it will be asked, did these immense numbers come from? Usher, Colgan, Venerable Bede, Felim, and a host of authorities, such as Leland and William of Malmesbury, speak of the numbers of high-born Saxons who, year after year, flocked from all parts of England. No one aspiring to the position of gentleman was considered educated till he had completed his studies at some school in Ireland. Camden says, "The Saxons flocked to Ireland, as to a fair, to purchase knowledge." He and several others tell us that the English people acquired their knowledge of characters from the Irish, and it actually became a proverb; so that if any one was absent from home, he was said to have gone to Ireland for his education. Still greater crowds thronged the Irish schools coming from France and Germany. Italy too sent pupils; and throughout Europe the sons of princes, and princes themselves, came to Ireland "to acquire the highest wisdom." Alfred, king of Northumbria (acc. Felim), studied at the Abbey of Mayo, resided there a long time, and composed a poem in Irish, wherein he praised the learning, piety, and valor of the most hospitable of nations. The three eminent Britons, SS. Gildas, David, and Cadocus, the second a younger son of a king, owed their entire education to the zeal of Irish monks. St. Petrocus, again (acc. Leland) renounced the crown of Cumberland, and retired with sixty companions to Ireland, so great was the enthusiasm inspired by her schools.

These are but examples from the crowds who resorted to the Celtic monasteries, and from Britain only. Venerable Bede, Usher, William of Malmesbury, Leland, Colgan, &c., and a host of celebrated authorities, confirm these statements, and *adduce* numberless other instances.

How the imagination seeks to picture, for instance, at the great university of Armagh, the 7000 students, composed of so many different nations,—Celtic and Saxon, Norman, French, and German,—even many converts from the barbaric Danes! In the early morn the huge bells peal forth from the various quarters of the old city the summons to church and lecture. Wending their way in huge concourse and immense streams, you can listen to the thousands conversing together in the several different tongues and dialects, till arriving in presence of the venerable monks and renowned professors, the immense body kneels down, using in prayer and in lecture, as a common medium of communication, the language of holy Mother Church.

The zeal displayed by Ireland in the promotion of religion and education was not limited to her efforts at home. Colleges were established for the express purpose of sending forth missionary monks and professors to all countries. A distinguished French author of the ninth century writes thus: "What shall I say of Ireland, who despising the dangers of the deep, is migrating with almost her whole train of philosophers, to other coasts?"

This is so vast a field, and so easily corroborated by numerous authorities, that but a few instances will suffice. As early as the fifth century we find one man rising up from among the people, rarely gifted by God as an orator, poet, and divine. His name was Sedulius; and he carried not only his own fame, but that of his country, through France, Italy, and the western regions of Asia. In the sixth we see the renowned and holy Columbkill obeying the inspiration of heaven, and leaving his native land to effect a great and glorious work—*i. e.*, the conversion of the hitherto uncivilized Picts. He then founded the celebrated monastery of Iona or Hyona, the buri of the Scottish kings. C again, founded another gre astery at Bangor, famed multitude of students and r whom its learning and the ness of its rules attracted.

In the seventh century v of St. Aidan becoming Bis Lindisfarne and "Apostle of umbria." He, with SS. Fin Colman, effected the conve the Britons. In the same Columba founded several teries in France and Italy; hast preached for many y Alsace, and afterwards Bishop of Strasbourg; Adar departed, by the command superiors, to the court of king of Northumberland; an bert, son of one of the Iris archs, acceded to the wish deputation sent from Engla he would accept the bisho Holy Island. But after called by God to a more s life, he spent his remaining in prayer in the Isle of Far

A celebrated Irishman Sedulius the younger, bec bishop in the south of Spain eighth century, and assist council held at Rome by G II, previous to his being bishop. Another Irishman gifts was Vergilius, who, being a distinguished divin profound philosopher. He very brilliant treatise contra the received theory of the t to the shape of the earth, was universally declared t plain surrounded by the h he proving it by unanswerab ments to be a globe, and so

It would be beyond the in of this sketch to develop t ject further. The few facts selected, the statistics of the and colleges in Ireland as immigration of scholars, a missionary efforts of Ir monks and professors, from

is quoted, are offered merely
of suggestion, and as an
ment to glance at that period
land's history, which must
possess the deepest interest equally
for Irishmen, and for the descend-
ants of those by whom a great debt
has not and never can be repaid.

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## EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

Infidel theorists would fain
religion from academies
hools. They hold that we
o certain knowledge of any-
hich is beyond the reach of
nses, that religion is not
dge but conjecture, and
re, of no practical utility,
at for all useful purposes,
knowledge is quite suffi-
It is urged that civilization,
ch is meant the conquest of
by mind, has made immense
, and that the triumphs of
tion, as they are called, have
chieved without the aid of
tic creeds.

itting the chief facts of this
progress in art. commerce,
ience, we, who believe that
ristian revelation is a fact,
on evidence through our
of a message of God from
seen world, maintain that
must ever be the ground-
f all education worthy of the
since man is made to pass
good use of this world to
ond the tomb. The present
may boast that its intelli-
has taken a mighty bound,
not always in the best di-
. That it has succeeded in
few colossal undertakings,
justly be denied.

r-off regions the pioneers of
tion have daringly opened
canals, extensive railroads,
sy marts.

t modern skill has achieved
l architecture may be seen
in the Great Eastern, a ship of 700
feet in length, and spacious enough
for 10,000 passengers. In deposit-
ing on the ocean's bed a cable of
2000 miles long, the aforenamed
steamship afforded a giant's help.

At the electric wire's solemn in-
auguration it is noteworthy that
art and science served as religion's
handmaids. From the United
States' President to Great Britain's
Queen, the first message was
couched in these Gospel terms:
"Glory to God in the highest, and
on earth, peace to men of good
will."

Although 16,000 miles intervene,
telegraphic messages are now in-
terchanged by London and Aus-
tralia. An event which one day
occurs at the antipodes is known
and printed the following day in
Europe and America. Ere long
the world's entire circumference
will be electrically belted, and then,
in less than forty minutes, a tele-
gram can be sent round the globe!

After twenty-three years' toil, at
a cost of more than a million, has
been erected Portland's granite sea
wall, with a basement 300 feet
thick, 100 feet in height, and nearly
two miles in length. In the metrop-
olis, wonderful are the river's em-
bankments, tunnels, and railroads.
In the provinces, an astonishing
tubular bridge that spans an arm
of the sea, has to be passed through
by railway passengers to Holyhead.

As regards Continental enter-
prises, artificers, as well as school-

masters, have gone abroad, and are everywhere hard at work. In hydraulics, for instance, across the Isthmus of Suez, a grand canal, 100 miles long, has been cut from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean.

By Stephenson and Brunel's imitators, an eight miles avenue has been pierced through the Alps. Between North and South America is projected a junction of the two great oceans.

The loftiest of the world's tunnels is, peradventure, that of the Andes, 3000 feet long, and 15,000 feet high. The 3000 miles of railway from New York to California employed at times during seven years, 100,000 laborers. Noteworthy, also, are the 1200 miles of the Indian Peninsular railway, worked at an elevation of 8000 feet above the sea level. As if to outrun Europeans in sensational progress, America has held an international peace jubilee. About 20,000 musicians were engaged, and the choruses were reinforced by anvils, bells, fiddles, drums, and a park of artillery!

Some speculators have turned their hopes towards the regions of air. The atmosphere, it is presumed, may become a navigable highway for gas-inflated ships. Commercial bagmen may hire and insure war balloons, and defy cloud winds and hail storms as well as business antagonists, and even (as was done during the siege of Paris), interchange shots with hostile belligerent aeronauts. Like a circle formed by the stone cast into the tranquil lake, each discovery appears to spread to an ever-increasing circumference. As if by magic, inventions quickly follow one another. They loitered formerly, it seems, for ages on the road. From creation's dawn thirty centuries elapsed ere the first elements of geometry were taught to the children of men. Twenty centuries later, and the law of gravitation was detected by Newt the same time Kepler own theory might wait years for an intelliger since, for an astronon Kepler, God had waitec sand years. Verily, " eth up." With the ha vancing on the dial ( does it not seem that pi foot always follows at vainglorious savants?

Of recent inventio least undeserving of n spectroscope, which g rious an insight of the cal constitution. Notev is the meteorograph, strument, whereby the what measure its showe the earth; and the wir registers its own mov revolution in the art ( will, it is said, be short by the logotype—an ap casting thousands of sy short time.

Having forced vapo agent, lightning a mes wind a servant, it n tonish us if, by the swi modern intellect, the fa ing of the earth-born drive the chariot of the far behind.

However rapid thei the acquisition of kno learned should pause that, although

> Science may span earth and
> Yet, still earth's millions toi

Have scientific inventio to truthseekers a mor beacon of faith than th Christ? or removed fro of humanity a single cl ungodly venders of an falsely so-called, are i that philosophy which w to men by the God of " Behold the fear of the is wisdom, and to depa that is understanding." doctrine is ignored by

who prefer physical science, classic, and gymnastic attainments, to progress in ethical training, which ought to be the lifelong study of Man. It is related of a student at a public school that his immodest behavior so shocked his parents at home that they complained of it to the school authorities; but the head-master replied that he was engaged to teach pupils Greek and Latin, and not morality. Better acquainted with Olympus and Parnassus, than with Calvary and Thabor—classic and muscular graduates are more likely to become sharp-witted Pagans than exemplary Christians. However, it is not the use, but the abuse, of athletic games and classical studies that is reprehensible. Both morally and physically, the youth should learn how to live—

As fits their station, and best pursue
What God has placed them in this world to do.

But, is this high purpose promoted by a Darwin, a Huxley, a Lenark, or a Tyndall, who, by urging an apish origin with loss of tail, degrade humanity to a brute level? The idea of this superfluous appendage having been worn off by the practice of sitting, has been laughed out of court, it appears, since Turner's remark as to the formation of human noses by the natural use of handkerchiefs. Skeptics are leagued together to live without God, and would dethrone Him if they could. The Evil One has public adorers. Revolutionists have openly declared themselves friends of the Father of Lies. Under the names of "Antichrist," "Babel's Tower," "Lucifer," and "Satan," periodicals have lately issued from the Italian press—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world and demigods of fame?
For this, hath science searched on weary wing,
By shore, and sea, each mute and living thing?

The guardians of youth ought to be convinced that without religious principles, there can be no education worthy of the name. The fine arts and sciences should be subordinately cultured, while the knowledge of God and His Son Jesus Christ is kept ever paramount before the mind. The consciousness of a present and future Judge's all-seeing eye tends to maintain the tempted virtuous in the dark, and honest without a witness. To win prizes for proficiency in secular learning, or for success in athletic sports, is not the end wherefore the children of men were created. They should be taught to have nobler aims.

The doctors of the nation assure us now that bodily exercise is little profitable, whereas, godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come, "a faithful saying," adds the apostle, "and worthy of all acceptation." Wherefore, piety should be the "Alpha and Omega" of a Catholic educational programme. According to Holy Writ, "Bring up a child in the way wherein it should walk, and when it is old, it will not depart therefrom." Of course, there are exceptions to the rule; but, a religious training's effects are seldom utterly lost; for,

Like a vase, in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But, a scent of the roses will hang round it still.

## UNOPENED BUDS.

A SHAPE of beauty beyond man's device,
Which held a precious life with us begun,
Light feet at rest, like streamlets chained with ice,
And folded hands whose little work is done,
Make this poor hamlet sacred to our grief;
Passed is the soul, which was of nobler worth,
Like fire from glow-worm, tint from withered leaf,
Perfume from fallen flower, or daylight from the eart

Star, faded from our sky, elsewhere to shine,
Whose beam to bless us for a while was given;
Little white hand, a few times clasped in mine,
Sweet face, whose light is now turned to heaven.
With empty arms, I linger where thou liest,
And pluck half opened flowers as types of thee,
And think that angels, amid joys the highest,
Are happier for thy love, which still they share with

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN, PRINCE AND PRIEST. By Sarah M. Brownson, with an Introduction by O. A. Brownson, LL.D. New York, 1873: Pustet & Co., 52 Barclay St., New York.

One of the most favorable signs of the times is the rapid increase of standard works on Catholic history, and this is particularly gratifying in a country where the growth of the true religion exceeds, if aught, the other elements of progress. The old Colonial and earlier Federal records are fast disappearing, or being withdrawn from public inspection, to the seclusion of libraries. Oral tradition must always be converted as speedily as possible into MSS., or it will disappear entirely, or become so intermingled with legendary lore as to prove worthless for the purposes of the historian. One of the most interesting portions of the early history of the Catholic Church in America, and especially interesting to Pennsylvanians, is the true story, more romantic than fiction, of the Prince-Priest Demetrius *Augustine* Gallitzin, and his religious settlement in the Allegha forms, indeed, a sacred pastora esting to Catholics for its religiou to our separated brethren of all nations, as a charming chapter ir tory of our native State; for t sands of travellers and summer who, in passing continually great central artery of commu between the East and West, th sylvania Railroad, as they swep that sublime piece of scenery Horseshoe Curve," or darted the great tunnel beyond, or st share the gay festivities, salubr or health-giving waters of Cress not fail to have heard something litzin and his settlement, Loret a famous resort on account of its which rival those of Cresson; an beneath the old trees at the very Loretto Church, he sleeps in sim his last, long sleep of death. Gallit tory has not suffered from neglect after book, essay after essay, has been published, making the publ iar with the theme. But all of th more or less imperfect. Fr. I

Life was excellent as far as it went, but it was scarcely more than an extended sketch; and many of the magazine articles were mere accounts of Gallitzin's European connections. Miss Brownson has, however, gathered up all these, and combining with them much matter not hitherto brought to light, has succeeded in presenting to the public the fruits of her labors of combination and condensation, in a work which must supersede all former biographies, and place the authoress in a high position as an historical writer, and her book in the first rank as a reference for anything regarding its theme. One of the best recommendations of the work, and a rare attribute in biographical writing, is the impartiality with which Miss Brownson has treated of Father Gallitzin's character. She does not indulge in a series of empty laudations, but displaying all the weaknesses of her hero, shows how divine grace faithfully corresponded with had moulded him into one of earth's most perfect men. There is a large share of epistolary correspondence scattered through the volume, and the style is chaste, clear, and forcible, exactly suited to the subject. The book is embellished with a fine portrait of the saintly man commemorated, and is made still more interesting and valuable by the able introduction from the pen of the authoress's father, the widely known Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, in which he especially treats of the various phases of the Russo-Greek schism, from which Gallitzin was a convert. There is also a beautiful dedication to the memory of the dead mother of the authoress.

The binding is neat and durable, and the type remarkably clear. We are sorry that we cannot say as much for the paper, which seems to us to be unusually poor and altogether out of keeping with the excellent contents of the volume. This defect, however, can be easily remedied in future editions.

THE PROGRESSIONISTS AND ANGELA. Translated from the German of Count Conrad Von Bollanden. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

These are two more of the series of tales republished from the *Catholic World*, in the pages of which they have already earned such merited praise. They now appear bound in one volume. Their celebrated author is a German parish priest, who, being obliged through ill health to forego the sacred duties of his office, devotes himself to literature, Catholic novels being the special line of writing wherein he has earned for himself a worldwide fame, and merited from Pope Pius IX the title which he bears as the reward of his labors. He is peculiarly an adept in "showing up" modern progress, that kind of "progress" at least which has its headquarters in freethinking and freedoing Germany; and whose disciples prefer to view the affairs, both of this world and the next, by the light of a bull's-eye on a locomotive, rather than by the light of Faith.

The tales are excellent, both in the lesson they convey and in the charming serio-comic style in which they are told; and we predict for them wide attention from all classes of cultivated readers.

ELEMENTS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. W. H. Hill, S. J., Professor of Philosophy in the St. Louis University. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

We welcome this work with the greatest pleasure, because it fills a long-felt want in the curriculum of academical instruction. The advanced students of our colleges make their philosophical studies from the Latin text-books of the various approved Catholic authors, but that class of students who, either from the fact that they are not blessed with a fluent knowledge of the Latin tongue, or who have not the opportunity of taking a collegiate course, have been obliged to have recourse to the dubious works of the Protestant writers for what philosophical knowledge they could obtain in the vernacular. Independently, however, of this primary advantage, Father Hill's work is very meritorious. This first volume comprises only Logic and Ontology, but should it meet with public favor it will be followed by other treatises on Cosmology, Psychology, Theology, and Ethics. Of its soundness as a text-book, we presume there can be no question from the high standing of its author, and the suspicion that the Society of which he is a member would not otherwise have permitted its publication. Most of the Latin terms are retained for their conciseness, but always accompanied with an explanatory translation. The author has also adopted the simplest terminology, and omitted the discussion of the modes and figures of the syllogism, which are not of practical use. We give this work our warmest approbation, with the hope

that it is the precursor of many similar treatises, keeping pace with the gradual development of philosophical knowledge.

THE AMULET. THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER. Translated from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1873. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

Herr Conscience is a charming writer, as all who have had the pleasure of reading any of his novels can attest. But it is so long since we have had anything from his once prolific pen that we had began to fear he was entirely lost to Catholic literature. His *Merchant of Antwerp*, however, which came forth about a year ago, the first book, if we remember rightly, that he has given us since 1858, revived his almost forgotten fame, as it was one of the best really Catholic stories lately emanating from the press; and now it is followed by the two volumes with the above title, and a promise from the publishers of a uniform series of all his works.

*The Amulet* is an exciting tale of deep crime and swift retribution from an avenging Providence on the one hand, and on the other, of gentle virtue supported by a firm constancy meeting the reward of its heaven-inspired confidence. The plot is founded on an historical incident which occurred in Antwerp during the sixteenth century.

*The Fisherman's Daughter* is, we fancy, more in the author's usual vein; the shades of night being depicted in colors less dark, and the lighter traits of sound virtue predominating, as they naturally should, in a chastely written story of the simple and beautiful life of the Flemish peasantry. Though neither of these "short tales," as they are designated on their covers, are equal to some of Hendrik Conscience's previous works, yet we can most heartily commend them as small specimens of that pure literature so much needed in our day.

ONLY A PIN. Translated f
French of J. T. De Saint G
New York: Catholic Publica
ciety, 1873. Received throu
F. Cunningham, 216 S. Thir

The incident on which this c
tale is founded, is a well-kn
popular legend, which has been
various forms for many years.
version of an old theme is k
French literature as a little gem.
with Saintaine's famous tale, *Pi*
Laboulaye's *Fireside Stories.*
only the other day that we hel
of the original in our hands, and
wished that some one would tra
when *presto*, like the work of
godmother, who answers at a
all good wishes, we in a few ho
find it on our table, "done into E
as they used to say on the title
our great-grandfather's days.
sure that we need not even sug
thing further about its merits;
alone is sufficiently tempting to
even if the book had not a
European fame. But it is just
very title that we have to fi
Why give a so unnecessarily fr
lation of the far better nam
original, *l'Histoire d'un Epingle*
instance we think it would have
wiser course "to let well enoug

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error in ou
of *Wild Times*, in the May numb
us to say that "Miss Caddel
*Agnes* was equal in *profundity*
nal Wiseman's *Fabiola* or Fathe
*Shandy Maguire.*" The misp
sufficiently ludicrous to be self
The sentence should have read
in popularity."

IN the next issue of this maga
be published the *First Grand P*
*tion*, to be delivered at the Ann
mencement of La Salle Colle
19th, 1873, in the American Ac
Music, Philadelphia. Subject
IX, AS MAN, PONTIFF, AND K

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. V, No. 27.—JULY, 1873.

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER DE SMET.

"Patres vestri, ubi sunt? et prophetæ numquid in sempiternum vivent?"

AMONG the records of the death of notable persons that have supplied the obituary columns of the papers this year, I have not seen that of Rev. Peter John De Smet, of the Society of Jesus. I suppose that the cause of so many persons having looked in vain for an extended notice of the useful life of that great man, is to be found in the resolution of some able writer to prepare a biography worthy of the great name and good works of the distinguished Father. I do not intend to attempt anything of the kind.

I knew Father De Smet's character and usefulness long before I had the pleasure of seeing him, and I had formed an opinion of his powers by his letters and his books. I could judge by his treatises of his attainments in various branches of science; and I could estimate his abilities for usefulness by reading an account of his wonderful labors among certain tribes of the untamed aborigines of our far Western mountains. But it was only when I approached him closely,—when I could listen to his delightfully instructive conversation, that I could form any opinion of the powers by which he won the love and confidence of those who were privileged to be near him.

The vast attainments of Father De Smet were commended to public approval by the extraordinary humility which characterized all his actions and words, and they insured influence by the almost heavenly sweetness that distinguished his intercourse with old and young.

While talking to him many years since of his successful labors among the Indians, and obtaining from him some instruction relative to the character and habits of the Rocky Mountain tribes, I noticed a constantly increasing earnestness in his manner as he dwelt on events in which he had had an

important share. At length he paused, and said, as if speaking only to himself, "How I should like to be once more among those interesting tribes."

"Your labors, dear Father," I replied, "are so well known and so highly prized, that you must feel assured that your wishes in that respect need only to be expressed, that they may be gratified."

"But, my son," said the good priest, "I belong to an order of obedience, and the expression of such a wish might influence the decision of a superior against a greater good. Besides, all know that the mission is one of great personal peril. Life is very unsafe among that people who may not have a knowledge of your person or your mission, or who may be specially hostile to the tribes you are about to visit; and it would be presumption in me to solicit a mission that would cost me my life. When ordered, I will go. The responsibility of the journey will then rest with those whose right it is to send."

I had never before comprehended the full character of obedience. I knew how such a man could serve the cause of religion by action; but not till then did I understand the force of Milton's repeated remark,

"Some waiting, serve."

Father De Smet was sent, and "going, served."

Father De Smet would have conquered twenty tribes of Modocs, and sat at peace with them and the world in the plains of their "reserve," or in the fastnesses of their "lava beds."

Father De Smet was subsequently sent to the wild tribes of the Indians by request of the United States government, and did a service that whole armies would have failed to achieve. The "poor Indian" knew and loved the "Black Coat," and feared offending him more than they did the laced coat.

Of Father De Smet's services on that and other previous missions, history is instructive. It is not my intention to write a history or prepare a biography, since better-informed persons will, I hope, do such works, and do them soon, so far as the great and good "Black Coat" is concerned.

Father De Smet visited his relations in Belgium in 1860, and while there he awakened among the people of the district an ardent desire that a man of such profound knowledge and varied attainments, and, above all, a Christian gentleman of such delightful social qualities, should not be lost to the place of his birth; and especially that the class of knowledge so proper for polished society should not be useless by a residence among savages. So, a short time before the day fixed upon for his departure, a few of the neighbors and friends of the family invited him to visit a beautiful country seat in the vicinity. He accepted the invitation, and spent part of a day in the gratification of a cultivated taste in viewing the grounds, the buildings, and the means of comfort and high enjoyment which the property possessed.

This was a day of delight, and the good father expressed in appropriate terms his sense of gratitude to those who had procured for him such a pleasure. Every moment of his visit had been made pleasant by the natural and artistic beauties in which he had been placed; and the whole was augmented by the conversation of educated gentlemen who could appreciate the worth and attainments of their guest.

When about to leave the scene of such high enjoyment, Father De Smet gave expression to the feelings which the scenes had excited and dwelt with unusual earnestness upon the great beauties of th

property so calculated to afford pleasure to a man of taste. The gentlemen listened with pleasure to the good father's commendation, and after a short time they said to him:

"Father De Smet, your family is connected with the best recollections of this neighborhood, and your career of usefulness in a foreign country has been watched by us and our neighbors with deep interest; and we have felt a pride that one had gone out from among us that so exemplified the great teachings of our holy religion, by his self-abnegation and his contempt of toil and danger; and we have hailed your visit to your native district as a gratification of rare occurrence. We see, as all see, that your labors and endurance have left their marks upon you, and that age is rather anticipating an influence on your frame; and so we and some others have invited you to this day's entertainment, and to this place, whose beauties you so highly appreciate.

"And, now that we know that you think so well of the property, we discharge another duty devolved upon us, and ask you to accept of the country-seat, and come and spend the remainder of your life among your relatives and friends, and amid scenes familiar to your childhood. It is a small offering, but it comes from hearty good will.

"Dear Father," continued the speaker, "you have done a great work; you have endured great fatigue; you encountered fearful dangers, and you have done nobly and successfully the work assigned to you. It is in the nature of things that you should need rest. God affords you some time for that, and by his blessing we are enabled to offer you a place for that rest. You have assisted in the New World to prepare the neophyte for the great work of the priesthood, and with the precepts of the books you have mingled the instruction of example. You have tamed the savage of the mountains, and changed the war-whoop of the Indian brave to the subdued chant of our holy worship.

"These things you have done in the vigor of manhood, leaving many of your attainments in literature and science unemployed. Come now to us. Come back to your own, and let us have the enjoyment and profit of that high cultivation which was left much in abeyance in the New World. Give to your family and early friends the pleasure and benefit of your social intercourse. Let this beautiful chateau and these grounds be your home, as they are, if you will accept them, your property from this moment. Exercise the functions of a priest if you will, of a pastor, if you desire to do so; pursue any course you like, and in the way you like; only reside among us. Lengthen out your closing years by rest or moderate exercise, and let us, your friends, relatives, and neighbors, enjoy the light and warmth of the declining sun, whose noonday brilliancy and heat were given to the stranger."

"My good friends and kinsmen," said the priest, "I understand your goodness, and I am overwhelmed with your kindness. I feel how sweetly might life decline in such association and such surroundings as you propose; and though I might not improve others by my companionship, I comprehend how I should profit by the indulgence of my literary and scientific attainments among men who have taste for culture, and qualifications to improve others. Nor am I unmindful that in the discharge of my clerical duties here I might be gratifyingly useful.

"But bear with me while I say, that He who called me to the ministry in his Church has evidently

assigned me a mission beyond the Atlantic. My superiors have not yet given the command that will send me hence, but, if I would obey with merit, I must not be absent from the place where the order may reach me. The Church may require my service on that mission, or the country may seek to profit by the confidence which the Indian has in my teachings. In either case the honor of God and the benefit of the country in which I reside are equally proposed; and it is not for me, thus honored by both beyond my deserts, to hesitate when the command shall come, or to be willingly absent from the place in which it should find me.

"I repeat to you, that I know how many delights you propose to me, and how the closing years of my life would be made pleasant in your companionship, and in this residence; but I feel that I have not been prepared for the great duties of the Indian mission without an obligation to my 'order,' to the people, and to the Church to discharge those duties. Let me, then, without incurring your reproach for ingratitude, decline the great favor you propose; and, be you assured, beloved friends, that I shall find ample consolation and compensation in the enjoyment of the consciousness of perfect obedience; and in that spirit I shall take leave of you, and renew the dedication of myself 'to the greater glory of God.'"

When Father De Smet had concluded his visit to his native district he set forth for the United States, taking passage in the steamer that left Havre on the 1st of April, 1861. The ship was crowded with passengers, among whom were many families returning to the United States. Many of the gentlemen were scientists, and it was pleasant as well as instructive to see Father De Smet *sitting* in their midst, and maintaining his views on almos subject that was presente modest manner of present explaining questions arres attention of all, and especi he most favorably regarded who comprehended most f subject of discussion.

But these elevated con were not the chief occup his time. There were in t part of the ship many *reli* They could not, by a rule ship, come to him, so he them, and cheered them w conversation, and comforte in the disquietude so natura

There were on board seve from ten to fifteen years Scarcely was the steamer sight of land before the found out that Father De S the friend of boys. He ha ant tales to tell them of the to which they were going, an cially were they attracted by his most interesting na of experience among the In the Rocky Mountains, desc of their manners and custon exact mode of life, their do social, and national habit war movements, and their c of peace, his mode of deali these children of the fores their respectful docility un teaching.

It was wonderful to see t fect delight with which the sters listened to the good ma narrative was to them bey that they had read of R Crusoe; and the dinner gon have sounded in vain if th congregation had not be journed by the beloved teac

It was marvellous to se influence the good man ha these boys; and so mark the influence that it seemed duce a most unpleasant effe one lady, the mother of one finest boys that followed Fa Smet.

"My dear," said this fond mother, Mrs. H—, "do you notice how much attached Willie is to that Jesuit priest?"

"I have noticed," said her husband, "that Willie is always present when Father De Smet is talking to the boys, and I am free to say that I have followed Father De Smet from his conference with the learned gentleman yonder to his pleasant talk with the boys, and have been astonished by the variety of knowledge which he displayed among the learned, as I have been delighted with the simplicity of his instruction to the boys. In both I have been instructed."

"You can do as you please," said Mrs. H—. "You are old enough to take care of yourself. But you and I ought to look out for our son. Why, he yesterday expressed a wish to accompany Father De Smet to the Rocky Mountains."

"Did he say," asked Mr. H—, "that Father De Smet asked him to go to the Rocky Mountains with him?"

"No, no, he did not say that. But you know Willie's strong inclination to travel to distant places."

"I certainly do know that," said Mr. H—. "He went to Norway last summer, and with your approval, I thought, and if we had not been called home this spring he would have gone into Greece by your own request."

"That is true," said Mrs. H.; "but he would not have gone under the care of a Catholic priest."

"Nor will he go to the Rocky Mountains this summer with a Catholic priest," said Mr. H—. "Father De Smet is not likely to go thither himself; and if he should be sent on that mission he would scarcely consent to the impediment of young boys."

"I do not know how that is," said Mrs. H—. "He seems to have bewitched all the boys in the ship, and they follow him round as if he was something more than their father. Certainly Willie was never so taken with any one before."

"Well," said Mr. H—, "I think it is a sign of Father De Smet's goodness, certainly of his exceeding kindness, that he attracts to him the affection of the young. And I am glad that Willie's taste is so good as to find pleasure in the company and conversation of such a man."

"I believe," said Mrs. H—, "that you would be willing to have our only son a Catholic priest, and our daughter a nun."

"My dear," said the husband, with a look and emphasis that seemed to intimate that the conversation was becoming a little too direct for the ears of strangers; "My dear, you have nothing to fear, I think, from the event such as you appear to dread. William is not likely to be a priest, nor Catharine a nun; but with the beautiful example of splendid learning modestly exhibited, with the lovely exhibition of sympathy in the feelings of the young which I have seen in Father De Smet, I am inclined to think that Willie might do worse than become a priest. And when I see the modest humility of the accomplished 'Sisters' that accompany Father Sorin, I think that Catharine might find in them examples of female excellence which fail to her in other quarters; and I should rejoice to know that our daughter had profited by their manners."

The attractions of Father De Smet lost none of their power during the voyage. And his good influence is likely to be remembered by some of these young folks, whose lives, I have reason to know, have been made better and more useful by the association.

I have been betrayed into an extended article by my respect for the multitudinous good qualities of

the late Father De Smet; and in the part that relates to that good man's declining the offer of a home and the enlarged elegancies of life made to him by his Belgian friends, I have embodied the ideas given to me twelve years ago in language which is only partly that in which the narrator told to me the anecdote.

How strong must Father De Smet have felt the obligations of his sacred calling! He had endured the fatigues and shared the dangers of a voyage to the Indians of the Western coast; he had sat down amid the discomfort of their squalid life; had humbled his thoughts and their expression to the comprehension of those gross people; he had acquired an influence which would have been jeoparded had he assumed the least authority; and he had returned to the labors of his mission in St. Louis with no addition to his consequence, and no public acknowledgment of his eminent usefulness. And by permission or in obedience to the orders of a superior, he had gone to spend some little time among his "brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh." The sciences and the arts, social and political economy, appealed to him for assistance, and warmed him into exertion. He stood religious among the religious, scientist among the scientists, and embellished social intercourse by his unequalled social powers. He knew what were the elegancies of refined life, and he was invited to minister to those elegancies in a retirement that should place him where his high cultivation, his pure tast sanctified principles w gratified, while he would from a care as to "what eat or what he should dr at the same time be s mortification that *repeat* bution is likely to cause cate mind.

Never, amid the allur that delightful society wh preciated high worth, di De Smet forget the lofty bilities of his calling as ary priest. Perhaps he mind the prophet mentio Holy Scripture (3 Kings, ter), who was sent by G special message to a cit structions not to abide. T persuaded him to tarry and enjoy himself. He d he did eat, and he did e self. But when he was a lion met him, and kille

Father De Smet kne had authority to visit hi friends; but he knew that a part of his mission to ta them; and so he, in the his order, in perfect obe turned to his work and ing.

Perhaps all are not so strained as was Father The humble may discha duties and rest for enjoy ignorant will perhaps be he does not hasten on hi but the informed, the ma intellect and vast attainr chosen servant of God, w by the way, is torn by a

## LAUDA SION.

(Original Translation from the Latin of St. Thomas of Aquin.)

SION, sound thy Saviour's praise,
To thy prince and pastor raise
Tribute hymns and dulcet lays.

His worth in grandest pæans tell
Though with thy boldest strains they swell,
He all thy praise will far excel.

Special burdens from among
Be to-day thy theme of song,
The sacred bread life-giving, strong.

This the same celestial food
Upon the brethren twelve bestowed,
At that last most sacred board.

Then let thy notes sonorous roll,
Majestic, sweet, free from control,
Telling thy jubilee of soul.

This day, with solemn pageants bright,
Recalls the supper of that night
Whence dates this Eucharistic rite.

In this new feast of the new king,
The new law's Paschal offering
The ancient Phase to end doth bring.

New rites replace the ancient sway,
Prefiguring shades flee truth's pure ray,
Night's doubt is changed to faith's bright day.

What Christ in the last supper wrought,
With mystic memory of him fraught,
We still repeat, as he hath taught.

Learned from these lessons all divine,
We consecrate the bread and wine
Into the host, salvation's sign.

This belief by Christians understood,
The bread is changed to flesh, our food,
The wine converted into blood.

Where sense doth fail to comprehend
What doth the human sight transcend,
Faith with adoring knee doth bend.

'Neath outward forms that greet the eye,
Though signs, not things, we here descry,
Hid elements exquisite lie.

Now though this flesh and blood is ta'en
As bread and wine, a species twain,
Christ 'neath each form doth whole remain.

Exempt from separation's rule,
Though broken, e'er remaining sole,
By each receiver taken whole.

Though one receive the whole blest cake
The same for countless souls we break,
What none consume all equal take.

The good receive, the bad presume
This sacred banquet to consume,
But oh, how different their doom!

The wicked death, life the elect
Deriving hence, a wide effect,
In those the taking doth connect.

All doubts aside, this thought retain,
That when the host in parts is lain,
They each the former whole contain.

The sign, and not the signified,
Is all that we can here divide,
With naught ta'en from the typified.

BEHOLD THIS TRUE ANGELIC BREAD,
Whereon God's pilgrim sons are fed,
No feast herein for dogs is spread.

In ancient figures preordained,
In Isaac and the lamb unstained,
The mystic bread from heaven rained.

Jesus, Good Shepherd, hear our cry;
Have mercy, True Bread, strength supply,
And let us share thy bliss on high.

Thou source of knowledge and of grace,
Who at this feast dost grant us space,
At thy saints' banquet give us place.
Amen.

# ROSE LEBLANC.

## Chapter XVIII.

One morning, when Mdlle. de Tournefort and Alice were sitting at breakfast in the little sitting-room in the turret, where André had so often the year before watched Mdlle. de Vidal at her studies or her work, two letters were brought in by an old gray-headed servant, and handed to his young mistress, who, as she took them from him, little foresaw the influence they were to have on the whole of her future life. Coming from different places, arriving at the same moment, little had the writers of those letters guessed the effect they were destined to produce. One was from Rose Leblanc. It had been penned on the day when she had insisted on taking from Henri the one he had received from M. de Vidal, and was the result of the *idea* which had so suddenly occurred to her mind. She had been at great pains to write it, and had spent nearly a whole day on its composition. Henri had been banished from the parlor, Médor repulsed, and Jules Bertrand, who had called to offer his congratulations on her approaching marriage, warned off the premises. Once achieved, she looked upon this specimen of epistolary style with no slight amount of complacency. It seemed to her a successful effort, which could never be equalled, and had, therefore, better not be repeated. She lived on her own consciousness of its merits, and vowed she would never write another if she could possibly help it. The *chef d'œuvre* was as follows:

"My Sweet Angel: When one is very happy, it is natural to wish everybody else to be happy also, and more especially those one loves. Well, I am so very happy, so very joyful, that I would give the world to make others as happy as myself. And, in the first place, I must tell you, my sweet angel, the good news; and that is, that I am going to be married, and not to M. André at all, but to Henri, who has loved me dearly all along, and whom it turns out that I have been fond of also all the time I thought I hated him. And the best of it is, that M. André does not care for me, and does not wish to marry me. And this is all so very pleasant, that I can hardly believe it has really come to pass. And now I must tell you all about it. But first, I hope you will not think me a deceitful girl, and that I was pretending to like M. André when I did not. You see, when once I had promised to be his wife, I felt it was my duty to love him, and I tried hard to do so. But still, if you had said to me when I was with you at La Roche Vidal, 'Come, Rose, with your hand upon your heart, do you really care for André?' I am sure I should have told you the honest truth. Whether I did at one time really like him, I can hardly say; but indeed I think I did. I am sure I must have been fond of him when he was going to draw for the conscription, and Henri scolded me for talking to him. But then, no sooner were we engaged than it seemed as if I had left off caring for him. And when he went away, and Henri had saved my life and taken care of me when I was so ill, I soon found out who it was I really loved. I tell you all this that you may understand how it all happened, and that I was not deceiving anybody on purpose, when I pretended to like him. It was true, you see, at one time; and then, afterwards, it left off being true; and at last it

was not true at all. Like the pretty landscapes on the windows, when it freezes in the winter: early in the morning they are quite distinct; then, a little later, they are half gone; and about noon nothing of them remains. You who are so clever, and understand about everything, can explain it all, I dare say. Henri says that it was a trial Almighty God sent to teach him not to be so passionate and jealous. And I dare say this may be true; for he never goes into a passion now, and as to jealousy, why, dear me, he will never be jealous again as long as he lives; though he did say the other day that Jules Bertrand was a little jackass, because he kissed my hand when he wished me joy; and he tore up a paper with some very fine verses M. Firmin had written about 'The Rose of the Pyrenees.' But I don't care now. If he was to be ever so cross again, and beat me, or shut me up in a tower like Blue Beard, I had rather marry him than twenty M. Andrés, though I am sure I should be sorry to say anything uncivil about a cousin of yours, my sweet angel. But I must tell you that M. André wrote himself to Henri to say that he did not care for me; that he was attached to somebody else, whom he would love as long as he lived, but whom he never hoped to marry: and that he would marry me, if I insisted upon it. But I suppose he felt pretty sure I should not. And then he very civilly offered to make over to us all his fortune, which was very handsome behavior on his part. But, thank God, we do not at all want for money, though we are much obliged to him all the same for his kindness. I send you his letter to read, my sweet angel, that you may see that he has not behaved ill to me. If it is wrong in me to do so, pray excuse my foolishness. One must not be too hard upon people. It is not his fault, poor man, if he likes somebody else better than me; s it happens, it is a great bl It would have been very ti if it had been the other wa know. As Henri says, 'W been very near being misera life, just for want of underst each other.' How I wish body would understand ever and everybody would be I am sure a king and a queer not be so happy as Henri There is only one thing I c now, and that is that you, m angel, should be happy also. day in my prayers I will Almighty God to make you

"Your grateful little frie servant,

"Rose Lebla

The other letter was from ( De la Feronnière. He gave very bad account of André's A young man who had been ling with him in Italy, and l come much attached to him from Rome to communicate friend's relatives the apprehe he enterained with regard health, and the deep depres spirits which was either the or the result of his illness. C himself to return to Paris, h not forbear from urging on ( De la Feronnière the necessi some friend or relative shou ply his place, and relieve th tude of André's existence. la Feronnière expressed his that he did not see what a ment to suggest on this poin Baptiste Vidal, who had j sumed the management of mercial enterprise in Bo and his aged mother, much firm to travel, could not be ed to leave home. "An had they been able and wil do so," added the Colon greatly doubt if, after the fi ment of pleasure which he have in seeing them, our d valid would have found mu

joyment in their society. You, my dear Alice, who, together with a feeling heart, possess that peculiar intelligence which understands and hits upon the best remedy for every kind of suffering, will perhaps be able to advise me on this subject. If it was not for the duties of my position, which chain me to my post, I would at once set out for Rome; but this is, alas! out of the question."

"Dear aunt," Alice said, "read these two letters;" and whilst Mdlle. de Tournefort was looking for her spectacles, and then slowly perusing first Rose's elaborate though artless composition, and then the Colonel's hurried note, she knelt down by her side, leaning her forehead against the back of her chair. A tear trickled down the old lady's withered cheek as she folded up the letters and took off her spectacles. Two arms were thrown round her neck, and a faltering voice said in her ear, "Let us start for Rome to-morrow."

"So we will, my dear child," was the good woman's unhesitating answer.

There was not a tenderer heart in the world than that of the unromantic Mdlle. de Tournefort. Sentiment had never rippled its surface, but true sensibility dwelt in its inmost core. And real sorrow, whatever its source, was always sure to awaken her sympathy.

Two days elapsed, and on the third the aunt and niece were on board the steamer from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia,—the former somewhat uneasy at the suddenness with which she had acted on the impulse of the moment, and undertaken so long a journey with so little advice from any one but her own heart and the Curé of the village, who had assured her it would be a work of mercy to go and visit the poor young man, whom the late Baron loved as a son,—and the latter absorbed by the thoughts of the task before her, and vague hopes and fears as to the ultimate results of the step she had taken.

On a lovely afternoon in February, just as one of Rome's glorious sunsets was illuminating the sky with its gorgeous hues, and throwing a red light on the domes, towers, and cypresses of the Eternal City, Alice arrived in Rome, her hands clasped together, her lips moving in voiceless prayer, even as if entering a church. As she passed through its streets, the words of Jacob in the desert where angels had visited him arose spontaneously in her mind, "This is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven;" and from each cross, each altar, each sanctuary on the way, a voice seemed to reply, "God's peace be with you."

At that very hour André was sitting on one of the long wooden benches in St. Peter's, his head sorrowfully sunk upon his breast, his forehead of a marble paleness, and his cheeks flushed with the hectic hue of a consuming fever. As the light was beginning to wane, he saw two women enter through the principal door, and walk straight to the tombs of the Apostles, where they both devoutly knelt. He watched them as they passed along the nave, with the sort of anxious sickly curiosity which so often attends incipient disease. After losing sight of them, he rose and slowly went towards the entrance-door. As he was lifting up, with an effort almost too great for his strength, the massive curtain which hangs before it, he saw close by his side the two women he had been watching a moment before, and he drew back to make way for them. Alice turned round to thank the courteous stranger, and their eyes met. She saw him stagger, and held out her arm to support him. "Lean upon me, André," she quietly said.

"Come with us," Mdlle. de Tournefort added. "The carriage is close at hand." And hurrying forward down the steps, she made a sign to the coachman to advance.

André passed his hand over his eyes and brow, and murmured in broken accents, "If this is a dream, for mercy's sake do not awaken me."

"It is no dream," Alice whispered, and then with great simplicity said, "It is for you we are come."

They slowly descended together the long flight of steps in front of the church. The glories of the sunset sky were fading into twilight's gray, and the cold chill of evening pervaded the air. Mdlle. de Tournefort was waiting for them in the carriage. When her companions had joined her, she bade the coachman drive to their hotel; and André leant back exhausted with emotion and scarcely able to speak. As they drove by the obelisks in the Piazza of St. Peter, Alice's eyes fixed themselves on one of the sentences, written in letters of gold on the Egyptian marble: "Vincit Leo de tribu Juda;" the Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered. She repeated these words in a low voice, as if speaking to herself; and they remained impressed in her recollection as a memento of Christ's eternal triumph over suffering, persecution, and death.

André accompanied Mdlle. de Tournefort and Mdlle. de Morlaix to the hotel where they had engaged rooms, and spent the evening with them. Alice, who had been struck from the first moment she had seen him again with his paleness and the alteration in his appearance, was still more uneasy on noticing the feverish excitement which succeeded the languor she had at first observed in his manner. Wearied by the emotion he had gone through, the look of his eyes and the tone of his voice betrayed the restless uneasiness of disease. It was evident that he was taking pains to disguise his weakness, and to deceive himself as well as them as to the state of his health. In taking leave of his companions that evening, he begged to be allowed to call upon them early the following day, in order to escort them in their first visit to the Vatican.

During the night the weather became rainy and cold. One of those sudden changes in the atmosphere took place, from which even the climate of Italy is not exempt. This, however, did not keep Alice at home on the following morning. At an early hour she was on her way to Mass, at the church of the Trinità del Monte. The sky, so bright and so serene the evening before, was now obscured with clouds, and a cold sharp wind blew from the mountains partially covered with snow. The beggars followed her with their loud clamorous vociferations. She felt oppressed with a grief which resembled remorse, and kept asking herself if it had been right to come to Rome, and awaken in André the hope of earthly happiness, at a time when his earthly career was tending to a close, and his thoughts ought rather to be directed to the happiness of heaven, than to the joys of this life. "And yet," she mentally ejaculated, "is it not possible, if disappointment and sorrow have had their share in causing this illness, that it may not be too late for happiness and peace of mind to save him? Ought I to have abandoned him to loneliness and depression, in order to detach him from existence? and is it wrong to run the risk of riveting the links which bind him to earth by cheering his remaining days with the light of love and happiness?"

This trying question, so important in its practical results, so difficult to solve by the dictates of human prudence, was in her mind all the time she spent in church,

and fervent were her prayers for light and guidance. When she came out upon the steps which command the magnificent view from the heights of the Monte Pincio, the majestic spectacle which displayed itself before her eyes took her by surprise. Dark masses of clouds were rolling along the sky in the direction of the sea, and the sun shining brilliantly the while on the intervening plain. Gleams of stormy light were illuminating here and there the domes and cypresses, the old walls, the towers, the broken columns, and the palaces of the city, which was lying before her at the feet of St. Peter's glorious shrine, the outline of whose cupola stood out in matchless grandeur against the blue sky on the opposite side of the horizon.

At that moment she felt the sublime moral greatness of Christian Rome. She understood the sort of influence that it is capable of exercising on men's hearts and minds; and into her mind came at once the thought which threw a light on the path she was about to tread. A deep feeling of thankfulness took possession of her soul. Leaning against the wall, but prostrate in spirit at the feet of Him who had led her to His chosen home on earth, she blest Him for the mercy which was disclosing to her at the same time the nature of the task she had to perform and the means of accomplishing it. "Yes," she murmured, as her eyes lingered on the wonderful scene before her, "yes, here it may be possible to enjoy life and to prepare for death; to love as Christians only can love, and to part without overwhelming anguish; to learn from the saints how to live, and from the martyrs how to die. To inhabit Rome, to study and to love it, must bring the soul into close communion with the other world."

Her eyes fixed on the holy places of the eternal city, whose silent lessons she had already laid to heart, she inwardly pledged herself never to swerve from the line which in that hour her faith and her love, her duty as a Christian and her tenderness as a woman, led her to adopt.

On her return to the hotel, Alice found Mdlle. de Tournefort sitting over the fire, and bitterly complaining of the far-famed climate of Italy.

"André is not come yet, I suppose?" said Mdlle. de Morlaix.

"I have written to him on no account to venture out on foot today. Going backwards and forwards from one house to another would be the worst thing in the world for a young man whose lungs are in a most delicate state."

"Indeed I have been thinking so ever since we arrived," answered Alice, with a sigh.

"It might have been wiser to remain at home," said Mdlle. de Tournefort, in a gruff kind of voice, which was evidently put on in order to disguise the feelings of sensibility which she did not wish to give way to; "but as we have been guilty of the folly of coming to Rome, I cannot but think" . . . .

"What? what do you think?" said Alice, anxiously watching for the next words.

"Well, I think that M. de Vidal should move into this hotel. We can be of some use to him then, and he sadly wants looking after."

"Oh, my dear aunt, you will suggest it to him, I hope. He would not perhaps venture to propose it."

"I *have* suggested it," the old lady testily replied; "you don't suppose he made any objection, do you? They are at this moment getting his room ready."

"I am so glad," said Alice, turning her head away.

Mdlle. de Tournefort held out her hand to her. Both were deeply moved, and there was no need of words to express their feelings.

From that moment Alice and André began to lead a life which partook of the soothing influence which belongs to the scenery and climate of Rome. It was wholly independent of the habits and social cares of a worldly existence, but in perfect harmony with the dispositions of their hearts and the tone of their minds. To those who enter into the spirit which pervades Christian Rome, prayer becomes almost as habitual as thought. Sensible objects are continually calling into play, without fatiguing or overburdening them, the intellectual powers and the imaginative faculties. A keen perception of the beauties of nature and of art mingles itself with religious emotions, and lends a charm to the varied and daily recurring practices of piety, which seem to arise out of every object which the eye rests upon in this strange city, where memory and faith are continually bringing the reminiscences of the past and the thoughts of the future to bear on the present; where Christian and Catholic tradition holds its unbroken course through the lapse of centuries, from the catacombs to the basilicas, from the tombs of the martyrs to the galleries of the Vatican.

The betrothed lovers were often seen in the churches where the devotions of the Stations and of the Forty Hours attract a numerous and fervent crowd, kneeling amongst the beggars on the rough uneven pavement strewn with leaves and flowers, and offering up prayers at the privileged altars.

"How young they are! How pretty she is! How ill he looks!" whispered the old women, who paused a moment, with their beads in their hands, to gaze on the youthful strangers.

"Ah, poverello!" they sometimes ejaculated; "he has not long to remain in this world; that is evident. But he is so devout! he loves the Blessed Virgin so dearly! No doubt he will go straight to heaven: and that santarella, who follows him like his shadow, or rather like his guardian angel,—she looks much more like a spouse of Christ than a fidanzata of this world!"

"Do not forget us," the beggars cried out as they passed, shaking their tin boxes at the same time. "We will pray for you, signora, and for the young signor, that he may recover his health."

"Oh, yes! pray for us! Do not forget to pray for us!" Alice would say, turning back to make her petition to the poor of Christ, after a generous distribution of the heavy Roman copper coin, which drew down on her and André's heads a profusion of blessings.

The strangers in Rome who frequented the galleries and the studios more than the churches, noticed also the pale blue-eyed girl, and the youth leaning on her arm, whose life seemed to hang on a thread. They were seen lingering before Raphaels, frescoes, and Fra Angelico's pictures, or standing in contemplation opposite to the Last Communion of St. Jerome, that sublime farewell to earth, or to the Madonna of Foligno, that first enraptured glimpse of an opening heaven.

One day in the Capitol André remained a long time near the statue of the Dying Gladiator, the sculptured tragedy which Lord Byron has so powerfully described,—

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower: and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

"Consents to death, but conquers agony!" murmured André in a low voice, as his eyes rested with a mild and troubled expression on

the type of heathen endurance, meeting death without complaint and without hope.

The paleness of his cheeks, and the tremulous agitation of his hands, betrayed an interior conflict which Alice's watchful eyes discerned. She drew him away from the cold hall, from the silent marble forms, from the careless sight-seers, into the sweet air, the bright sunshine, and then into the neighboring beautiful church of the Ara Cœli. There, in the temple once dedicated to the false gods of pagan superstition, and now to the infant Saviour of a ransomed world, before the picture of the Virgin Mother—one of those painted by "Luke the beloved physician," and which, in days of yore, smiled on St. Frances of Rome when her sorrow was at its height—peace returned to André's soul. Christian consolations triumphed over human weakness; with a sublime expression of love and joy, after raising his eyes to heaven, he turned to Alice, and whispered the words of St. Paul—"O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

Never was the Italian spring, that lovely bridal of the earth and sky, more perfectly beautiful than the year in which Alice and André wandered together amidst the hills and valleys which surround Rome. With the blue cloudless sky over their heads, in gardens and groves where the almond-trees mingled their pink blossoms with the dark-colored cypresses and pale-hued ilexes, by the side of sparkling fountains, on the shores of the Lake of Nemi, in the woods of La Riccia and Albano, on the heights of Castel Gaudalfo, amidst the ruins of Adrian's villa, or the sanctuaries of Subiaco, the vales of Veii, or the shades of Lunghezza, that verdant oasis of the Roman Campagna, they spent enchanting hours seated on the green grass, surrounded with violets and cyclamens, sometimes with their books in their hands, their eyes wandering from the pious, the learned, or the poetic page to the visible records of bygone ages, or the scenes of nature's loveliest combinations.

"We lead a very idle life," André said one day to Alice; "your only occupation here is to make me happy. At La Roche Vidal, the poor people, the school children, the very birds and animals used to claim a share of your time. Now, I engross it all."

"Oh, these are our holidays," she answered with a smile. "Some other time" ....

"Aye, some other time," he interrupted. "Soon, very soon, others will have you all to themselves!"

The last of their excursions was to Ostia. This was just before the Holy Week. They spent a night there, and stood at the very spot where tradition says that St. Augustine and St. Monica sat together on the evening of their arrival, in the little town where, three days afterwards, she was to die. They read the sublime pages of the Confessions, in which the saint relates the conversation which took place that night between him and his mother, as "they gazed upon the sky and its myriads of countless stars, and raised their minds from the contemplation of material objects to the thought of the soul's immortality, and the eternal happiness of heaven." These words found an echo in the breasts of the affianced lovers. Under the influence of the profound serene beauty of the sunset hour, and of the expressions of the most sublime piety, they remained absorbed in thoughts which were almost prayers, and set the seal to the sacrifice both tacitly felt they would soon be called upon to make of all the earthly hopes and joys which had brightened their young lives. They re-

turned to Rome the next day, but with a different feeling from that with which they had left it. They felt a presentiment that the end of their pilgrimage was at hand; they understood that their brief strange happiness, their short lifetime of love, was drawing to a close. It was not a bitter thought, not a sudden pain. It had been contemplated from afar in the silent hours of prayer and the calm communion of their souls with God. Their feelings were like those of the traveller approaching the end of his journey, as the shades of evening gather around him, as the sun goes down behind the hills, and the moon, with her subdued and holy light, is rising in the tranquil sky.

In the manner which his failing strength permitted, with a faltering step and aching frame, André, always accompanied by his two devoted companions, witnessed the sacred ceremonies of the Holy Week. They did not attempt to mix with the crowd in St. Peter's on Maundy Thursday, or to brave the heat of the Sixtine Chapel; but they knelt at the foot of the steps of the Scala Santa, and leant against the wooden cross of the Coliseum on Good Friday. From a distance they caught the sounds of that wonderful Miserere, the notes of which thrill on the ear like the cry of a sinner who repents, and touch the heart like the voice of a pardoning God.

Then came the day of days in Rome, Easterday, the glorious festival of the Christian Church. A peculiar joy fills the heart that morning, like to no other joy on earth. "Christ is risen,"—those words, the exulting cry of triumphant faith, rise from the souls and from the lips of the assembled crowd. They seem to float in the air, to ring from every steeple, to re-echo from every neighboring hill. The bells of St. Peter's proclaim it with *their deep* sonorous peal. Immense multitudes throng the great temple of Christendom; the silver trumpets fill its dome with soul ravishing melody. The hallelujahs of angels seem to mingle with the praises of men. And the Pontiff at the altar, and the worshippers in the nave, and the crowd about the portal-gates, repeat with one voice, "Christ is risen again."

At the end of the High Mass, Alice, Mdlle. de Tournefort, and André left the church by the sacristy door, and hastened towards the colonnade, where the carriage was waiting for them; but he suddenly stopped, and entreated them to mix with the crowd assembled on the Piazza of St. Peter. They accordingly knelt down on the steps of the marble flight of stairs in front of the Basilica at the moment when the Holy Father came forward on the balcony to bless the city and the world, "urbi et orbi." His powerful and melodious voice rang on the ears of all, and thrilled in the souls of many. It seemed to go forth far beyond the limits of the Eternal City, as if seeking through the wide world all the weary spirits, the aching bosoms, the breaking hearts of the great family which own his paternal sway; all the mourners, the sufferers, the forsaken ones of every clime under the sun. The blessing of the Vicar of Christ, of the successor of St. Peter, rested that day on many a head bowed down to receive it. It made its way to many hearts yearning to be consoled, cheered, and sent on their way rejoicing by that fatherly benediction; but it appeared to descend with more than common meaning, with more than ordinary sweetness on the two youthful strangers, the betrothed lovers, kneeling side by side in a touching attitude of mutual support and trembling earnestness. It was to them as the pledge of an everlasting union in heaven, the only one they hoped or thought of now.

André was leaning heavily on Alice at the moment the Pope withdrew. He whispered to her in so low a voice that she could hardly catch the sound, "Let us hasten to the carriage. I can scarcely stand."

As they crossed the piazza, the men and women, and even the children, made way for the young couple, and looked compassionately at Alice, whom they called "La Santarella Francese," the Guardian Angel of the pale stranger. With difficulty they reached the carriage, and drove alongside the Tiber, and through the Trastevire, on their way back to the Piazza di Spagna. As they crossed the bridge near the broken arches, both of them turned round, and gave a long, lingering look on the dome of St. Peter's. . . . . A few hours later, Alice was gazing on it once more. She had unconsciously approached a window whence she could see the whole city lying in darkness before her, save where here and there a solitary lamp burned before an image of the Madonna. Gas had not then illuminated with its modern brightness the streets of Rome; but the cupola of St. Peter's, like a dome of living fire, was lighting up the midnight sky. She shrank back astonished and almost affrighted, for she had forgotten all about the illumination of St. Peter's. She had forgotten everything but the grief which had fallen upon her, and God, who was giving her strength to bear it.

As the Angelus was ringing, as the day was closing—the bright, beautiful Easterday in Rome—André had breathed his last, with his hand clasped in hers.

She gazed for a long time on the scenes where she had wandered, suffered, and prayed by his side; on Rome, which he had so dearly loved, and whose sacred enjoyments and silent teachings had given them a foretaste of heaven amidst the pangs of one of earth's deepest trials. With her head leaning on the breast of her faithful friend, who was supporting her with a mother's tenderness, she murmured these parting words, with an emotion she did not attempt to control—

"Farewell, blessed sanctuaries! Farewell, chosen home of God on earth, where I would fain have lived, and above all would fain have died! Farewell, André! Farewell, Rome!"

Then, after a few moments' silence, she raised her eyes to heaven, and uttered St. Francis of Assisi's favorite ejaculation: "Deus meus et omnia!" "My God and my all!"

A few days afterwards Alice was hearing Mass in the subterranean chapel of the church of St. Lawrence, out of the walls, and then went and knelt at a new-made grave in the cemetery of that ancient basilica, on which she had had engraved the words of Holy Scripture,—"I shall go to him . . . . but he will not return to me."

She went back to her own home and made no considerable change in her mode of life. It was still more solitary perhaps than heretofore. The late Baron's establishment was gradually reduced, and old servants pensioned off. One of the wings of the castle was converted into a hospital, where the aged and infirm persons of the neighborhood were freely admitted. Mdlle. de Morlaix, with one of the Sisters of Charity, to whom she had committed the care of the hospital, was wont to seek out these objects of her tender compassion in the neighboring villages, and conduct them herself to the home she had provided for them. Mdlle de Tournefort and some of her uncle's old friends, good and pious people all, remonstrated sometimes with her on the extent to which she carried almsgiving, and expressed fears

that she would end by injuring her fortune and her future prospects.

"My future prospects are very simple," she would answer with a smile; and there was an expression in her face which by its very sweetness checked further questioning.

Two years elapsed, and the neighbors began to wonder what was to be the end of all Mdlle. de Morlaix's alterations in the old castle, and whether every portion of it was gradually to be dedicated to the same purpose as the left wing. Her lawyer and the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity had frequent interviews with her; and deeds were drawn up, and plans for building examined over and over again. At last business came to an end; and one evening Alice de Morlaix walked out upon the terrace where she had so often supported her grandfather's faltering steps, and where, a few days after his death, she had parted with André. She gazed on those ancestral possessions once so fondly loved, and fixed, for the last time, her eyes upon them, as she had done on the view of Rome from the Pincian Hill on the eve of her departure from the Eternal City. But there was not the same struggle in her heart as on that mournful day; and gratitude rather than resignation was now her prevailing feeling. The world, its wealth, its pleasures were nothing to her, and no absorbing human affection stood between her soul and God. Two years of solitude and prayer had done their work. She cared for nothing but to follow our Lord's advice to the young man whom when He had looked upon He loved—"to sell all, and give to the poor, and then to follow Him." Her mind was made up. There was no need for further delay. The sacrifice had been made long ago. The seed had been sown in tears; now the harvest was reaped in joy. The last look was given at the glorious landscape and the old towers of La Roche Vidal, and not a tear dimmed the eye which rested upon them with affection, but not with regret. Once more, as she had done in Rome, the young girl said "Deus meus et omnia;" and then turned away forever from the home of her youth, and walked towards the travelling-carriage which was waiting at the gate of the garden where André, the day he arrived at the Chateau, had seen her surrounded by a troop of joyous children. There were waiting for her Mdlle. de Tournefort, who was going to spend the rest of her days in her former little home near Lyons, which she had left out of kindness for her niece, but had always longed to return to; a few old servants, whose tears were flowing fast; the Sisters of the hospital; and the Curé of the village, who had come to give a parting blessing to the daughter of his earliest friend, to the maiden he had instructed in childhood, and whose earliest steps in life he had guided. Alice knelt to receive that fervent benediction; then tenderly embracing the Sisters, the sobbing women, and the children who were clinging to her dress, and waving her hand to the men, who were passing their rough ones over their eyes, she cried out, "God bless you!" sprung into the coach, and went on her way rejoicing.

Two more pictures have to be presented to the reader of this little tale before it is closed, and its simple incidents come to an end.

One is that of the farm of Les Ormeaux, near the beautiful village of Jurançon, at haymaking time. The day is bright and hot; a transparent golden haze hangs over the Vale of Pau; the stillness is such that scarcely a leaf is stirring, even on the topmost branches of the tall elm-trees, under the shade of which is sitting Rose, the loveliest and the happiest of farmers' wives in

the Hautes or the Basses Pyrenees. She had just brought the haymakers their dinner, and is now playing with her child, a rosy boy of one year old, who rolls from his mother's knee into the heaps of sweet-smelling hay with shrieks of delight. It is a charming scene of rural life. The waters of the Gave are peacefully flowing with a low, murmuring sound on one side of the beautiful meadow, and a rising bank, crowned with a variety of fruit-trees, rises in the background. Henri Lacaze is superintending the loading of a wagon of hay at the opposite extremity of the field, and directing the labors of his men; but his eyes often wander towards the spot where his wife is sitting with her baby in her arms. Every object in sight harmonizes with the glowing landscape, which itself combines the brilliant coloring of Italy with the grandeur and the verdure of Alpine scenery. The wild flowers, warmed by the sunshine and trodden under the feet of the mowers, emit the most balmy odors, and smell like the heaps of crushed rose-leaves in the gardens of Santa Maria Novella at Florence. And the Rose of Jurançon, the happy wife of the most loving husband, the mother of the laughing boy whose arms are stretched out towards his father, and whose little bare feet dance with impatience on her knees, because she detains him in her fond embrace; every feature in her face, every glance of her bright eyes is beaming with joy, even as the sunshine is sparkling in the blue waters of the Gave.

And now a woman in deep mourning appears at the gate which leads from the field to the high road, and advances towards the spot where the farmer's wife is sitting. The moment she throws up her veil Rose recognizes her, and they are soon folded in each other's arms. "O my sweet angel, is it you? Is it really you? Henri, Henri, what are you about? What's the matter with you, that you do not come running here directly?" The farmer slowly approached, but no sooner did he see Mdlle. de Morlaix than he respectfully took off his hat, and his sunburnt countenance exhibited almost as much satisfaction as his wife's. Alice sat down between them on a heap of new-mown hay. The baby hid his face on his mother's shoulder, glancing now and then with a half-shy, half-amused look at the stranger. Rose kept repeating from the fulness of her heart, "My sweet angel, my dear angel, what happiness it is to see you again!" At first Alice remained silent, then she held out her arms to the little boy, who, after a moment's hesitation, went to her and held up his rosy mouth to be kissed. Soon he began to play with a little cross she wore, and showed it to his parents with signs of delight.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said Henri, "we have never ceased to think of you."

"Ah, that is true," chimed in Rose; "and to pray for you also. We have so longed to see you and hear about you. Oh, if you could only be as happy as we are! If we could give you half our happiness—a large half too—would we not, Henri?"

"True, wife, and not grudge it either," Farmer Lacaze said; but looking at Alice, in a hesitating manner he added, "I am not sure, however, that our sort of happiness would exactly suit Mademoiselle."

Rose and Alice both looked at Henri; the former with a puzzled expression of countenance, the latter in a way that made him feel he had guessed rightly. No, it was no earthly joy, however pure, that could fill the void of her deep heart.

"Dear Rose," she said, "I have come here on purpose to see you, to witness your happiness, to make

acquaintance with this little child, and to . . . bid you farewell."

A cloud obscured at once Rose's joyous face. "Why, why farewell?" she said. "Where are you going, my sweet angel?"

She turned towards her husband, as if asking him to explain Alice's meaning. "I have been to Betharam," the latter said, "to return thanks for God's mercies to us all since the day we three knelt there together at the foot of the cross. The crowning mercy of my life has been the call to a religious life."

"I thought so," said Henri.

"You are going to be a nun," Rose ejaculated.

"A Sister of Charity," Alice answered.

"Ah, you were always fond of the poor and the sick and little children. It came as natural to you as to me to love animals."

Alice smiled, and Henri said, "Well, Almighty God has made angels and women; but I have a sort of notion that He sometimes throws the two into one."

This made both Rose and Alice laugh, and they did not speak much more of the future that day. But Rose showed Alice her pretty home, her garden full of bees and flowers, and her child's cradle and her home-spun linen, and told her Henri was the best of husbands. And Alice made her several presents, and said a few words of affectionate advice which the farmer's wife never forgot; and then there was a parting, and the last links were broken between Mdlle. de Morlaix and the world.

A few months elapsed, and then in the chapel of the Rue du Bac, at Paris, Alice was enrolled in the army of devoted combatants, now sixteen thousand strong, which, since the days of St. Vincent of Paul, has fought the good fight in every part of the world; which ministers to sufferers in every clime and every nation, and sends forth its detachments at a moment's notice wherever war, disease or poverty calls them to the bedside of the dying soldier, to the wards of the fever hospital, to the haunts of misery or the abodes of despair; whose ranks are daily thinned by hardships and pestilence, and recruited in every land and in every class of society; which commands love and reverence wherever its legions go forth in the name of God and St. Vincent, to conquer the world by loving deeds and heroic actions, by their lives, and by their deaths.

If Sister Geneviève, as Mdlle. de Morlaix was now called, possessed a peculiar gift for consoling those suffering under bereavement, if she knew how to encourage those who had suffered from blighted human hopes, and by a few unpretending words how to initiate them into the joys reserved for all who, having been mourners once, have found the only lasting happiness which can exist on earth, it was doubtless that peculiar trials had made her acquainted with grief and given her a more than common sympathy with sorrows of a similar kind. She knew how to bind up the wounds of the heart with as skilful a tenderness as her sisters daily evince in the ambulance or the hospital: and many a one who she visited in her daily rounds of mercy thought, like Henri Lacaze, that it was difficult to say whether Sister Geneviève was most like a woman or an angel.

THE END.

# THE BEAUTY AND UTILITY OF TRUE SCIENTIFIC GEOLOGY:

## ITS HARMONY WITH THE SACRED SCRIPTURE.

THE history of the world in which we live has ever been an object of interest, and for many centuries one of incessant investigation. From age to age there have been found men to record the actions of those who went before them, or to chronicle the events they saw taking place around them, and in which they themselves not unfrequently participated. Still these records relate but to the deeds of men; they have reference only to the waves that have agitated the surface of the stream of human existence that is ever flowing onward to eternity. In our times there are seen far other histories of the world. There are men who must speak to us of other things than have been dreamt of in former philosophy; who, prying into the caverns of the deep, and searching the recesses of the hills that lift their snowy heads to heaven, and finding there the remains of organic life and the monuments of other forms of existence, tell us of many mighty monsters that lived in the primeval waters, or that once moved upon the earth, strange beyond what poet ever imagined in his most wayward dreams. The characters in which these records are written, although unknown to the men of ancient times, are inscribed with a fidelity and enduringness beyond what man has ever written, and have been made to speak a tale more wondrous than the chisel of the sculptor has written on the tombs of the Pharaohs. Need we say that we allude to the recent discoveries of geological science?

Geology is eminently the science of the present day, both for the strange and important nature of its discoveries, the ardor with which they have been prosecuted, the interest which it has excited in the public, and, we shall add, the vast array of talent which it has enlisted in its cause. We do not pretend to give our readers any original views, nor to add new developments of those which are already before the world. Our design is merely to use the facts collected by others, in order to afford useful and interesting entertainment to many of our friends who may not have any better source of information. The popular objections from geology, or the facts on which they are supposed to be founded, are constantly brought, either in reading or conversation, under the notice of the people, while the solutions are not to be found except in works difficult of access, and less likely to attract the occasional reader. We propose, therefore, to present a brief summary of some leading principles, especially those supplied by the science itself in its progress, for the solution of difficulties.

Science is only a classification of facts. If we begin with a theory before we have a sufficiency of facts we start at the wrong end. Instead of deducing the principles of a science from the harmony and concurrence of accurate experiments, modern sciolists try to accommodate these latter to a preconceived theory; they reject or distort them from their legitimate tendency, and thus obstacles are cast in the way of truth which cannot easily be removed. No department of knowledge has had more serious diffi-

culties of this kind to contend with than geology. The first teachers began with theories, which were long sustained by the ordinary force of important names, but they were sifted and scattered by the usual variations of public opinion. The greatest advance made by geology has been since the commencement of the present century. It has enlisted in its service the aid of many other siences, such as *mineralogy*, *anatomy*, and *chemistry*, and being cultivated by such sages as Cuvier, Brogniart, Lamarck, Agassiz, &c., it has made more progress than at any previous period. The usual method of unseasonable theory has been abandoned, and each phenomenon subjected to a rigorous examination. New views were developed, and new discoveries occurred, especially in the nature of organic remains.

Judging from the progress within the last thirty years, it would be hard to tell what the advance or condition may be in the future. It is not our intention to attempt within our limited opportunity even an outline of the principles which are now generally admitted. We will treat of only a few particulars in this science which may seem at variance with the sacred Scriptures.

The chief difficulties that present themselves to the geological inquirer are principally derived from the distribution of organic life, and the extent of time which seems necessary for its development. The part of the substance of our globe which man has yet penetrated is not more than the sixteen thousandth part of the diameter of the earth, that diameter being very nearly eight thousand miles; and the deepest mine ever excavated not reaching more than half a mile in a line perpendicular to the surface. If a person were to run his nail along the surface of a ball of wood twelve inches in diameter, he would go *deeper, in* proportion to its size, than man has ever done, c ably ever will do, into the It is evident, therefore, that know comparatively little is contained or done in fathomable and unexplored beneath us. The small por which observation extends i to be a crust, foliated like ternal coating of an onion foliations consisting of st different mineral structu each containing peculiar remains. These are dist with such regularity that ea of stratified rock has its ow liar remains. There are than twenty forms of strati and it is in only one or t these the uppermost of s any remains resembling th existing animals are to be In the other and as they ar earlier strata the species, most instances the genera together extinct, and seem been extinct before man or the existing races of anim peared on earth. Each masses of stratified rocks w pear to be the result of a s deposited from water, sor salt and sometimes fresh, be inferred from its shells are sometimes of a mari sometimes of a lacustrine for

It is only rarely that s fresh-water shells are mixe gether. Each of these str they are in many instance sands of yards in thickn the result of slow and grad osition; for the shells th found therein would seem been formed in the very which they are discovered, them being of so frail and a texture, or composed of s delicate articulations, or so with slender and finely prickles, that they could not uninjured the least violence tion, and would assuredly ken to pieces if removed

lence to any distance; and as one generation can be proved to have succeeded another, they must, according to the ordinary laws of production, have required ages to reach their present immense numbers and extent. Such are the contents of the oolitic beds of England. We have still more remarkable instances of this state of things in the beds of the cretaceous system. The chalk is found from the Giant's Causeway in the North of Ireland, along both sides of the Mediterranean, to the very entrance of the Red Sea, interrupted only by a few mountain chains, and is in many places more than three hundred yards in thickness; yet this immense mass has been demonstrated, by Dr. Ehrenberg of Berlin, after long and minute microscopical examination, to be composed almost entirely of shells of small animalcules of the infusoria kind. Some of these shells are entire and perfect as when they were tenanted by their diminutive proprietors, but the greater part are in a state of very minute disintegration. They are invisible to the naked eye; indeed so minute are they that more than a million are contained in one cubic inch, and more than ten millions in a pound weight of chalk. The manner in which these minute artificers raised their stupendous work is very analogous to that of the coral formations of the Red Sea, or the Pacific Ocean. Who can tell the time these extensive beds occupied in their formation? Yet it is a more remarkable proposition in geology, that even before these vast formations began there was animal and vegetable life upon the earth. The very bed of these primeval oceans was, at some earlier period, dry and solid land, and covered thick with foliage and with verdure, such as not even the banks of the Niger or the Oronoco can equal in luxuriance. Such it was when the coal beds were formed. These beds are exclusively of vegetable origin. The very leaves or branches can still be traced, and the species of tree to which they belonged can still be discerned. These species are found nowhere on the present surface of the globe. Their nearest living types are found only beneath the burning sun in the vigorous vegetations of the tropics. Hence it has been inferred that when these forests grew some climates, as England for example, were of a far different and higher temperature than they are at the present day. Nor are these carboniferous beds the result of one period, or of one uninterrupted growth. They are found, one above the other, separated by thick beds of sandstone, and sometimes of limestone formation, which contain marine fossils, and which in any ordinary process must have been formed by watery deposition. These would lead us to suppose that the land which bore this luxuriant vegetation was alternately depressed beneath, and elevated above the sea. Thus it is that geologists account for the alternating layers of the carboniferous strata. Yet how great a period must, according to all the known laws of nature, be required for such mighty and stupendous revolutions; and these are but a few of the phenomena which the geological structure of the globe exhibits to us, and which no less than any of these would appear to require a period far greater than the Mosaic record seems at first sight to allow for their production. The distribution of organic life is also very remarkable. In the very earliest and most ancient rocks no organic remains of any kind are to be met with. The first to be seen are in the upper strata of the Silurian system. After a long interval, which is ascribed to the old sandstone, and during which but few fossils are found, we have the umbrageous forests of the

carboniferous period, and then the new red sandstone and oolitic beds, which are remarkable for the number and variety of their remains. In these we have the earliest specimens of reptiles, which existed and multiplied in great abundance. Some of these were of a size and form very different from any that exist at the present day. The *ichthyosaurus* is said to have presented the external form of a large predatory fish. It resembled the dolphin in the form of its skull, and the crocodile in its formidable jaw and teeth, and had four paddles not unlike those of the whale tribe. The eye of some individuals of this species exceeded in size the head of a man, and the body must have been at least thirty feet in length. The crocodiles, which tenanted the waters of the primeval world, would scarcely admit of comparison for a moment with the mightiest gavial of the Ganges. Had man been an inhabitant of the earth at this period he must have disputed its sovereignty with the *megalosaurus*, an enormous carnivorous, lizard-like animal, some fifty feet in length, and with the *pterodactylus*, one of the most wonderful creatures that ever tenanted this world of ours. It was a flying lizard, with the head and neck of a bird; the eyes were of an enormous size. It had wings of a bat, and the jaws of a crocodile. The *iguanodon* of the later period differed from the *megalosaurus* in being a graminivorous animal. It sometimes attained the enormous length of seventy feet. The remains of all these animals are found imbedded in the solid rock thousands of feet below the surface. Subsequent to these, and seemingly when they had all lived and moved and ceased to exist upon the earth, are found the remains of the mammalia, mostly of extinct, but some of living genera. The *pachydermata*, or thick-skinned animals, of which the elephant is a living rep
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appearance of things; and as these periods are undetermined, sufficient time is afforded for any duration which the necessities of geology require, and it has the additional advantage of presenting to us the works of creation in precisely the same order as they are disclosed to us by the succession of strata, and the development of organic life. The only obstacle to its admission seems to be the generally admitted acceptance of the word "*day*," and the difficulty of deviating so far from its ordinary meaning. But we should, at the same time, recollect that the word day is often employed in a wider and more extended signification. It is sometimes, as in Job, applied to express the entire life of man; in other places it means a year. In the very second chapter of Genesis it is used to express the entire time of creation. "*These are the generations of the heaven and the earth, in the day that the Lord God made the heavens and the earth.*" This extension of its meaning is employed in several other passages. It is not limited to the duration of a solar day, by the words morning and evening, with which it is said to be synonymous. For there could be no rising or setting of the sun, and, therefore, no morning or evening, before the sun was made, which was only on the fourth day. There is, therefore, no absolute and insurmountable difficulty in our interpreting the word day to mean a period of time which was occupied in the production of certain events upon the earth, and which is commensurate with the rise and decline of a definite order of existence upon its surface. This interpretation is able, to a certain extent, to meet all the requirements of geology, and was at one period the most rational and satisfactory solution of the difficulties we encountered. Another interpretation has rapidly gained ground within a few years. According to this supposition, the six days were of ordinary solar duration, and the greater part of the phenomena of geology were produced before they commenced, and during a period which may have elapsed between *the beginning*, when all things were called forth from nothing, and *the formation* of the present order of things, as described in the first chapter of Genesis. It disconnects, in the order of time, the first verse from those that immediately follow, and maintains that a long, and to us immeasurable, interval took place between them. The present formation of the earth is related immediately after the creation, but it is not necessary for us to believe that it was immediately consequent thereon. "*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,*" is the prelude by which the sacred writer commences his narrative, and in which he vindicates the power and sovereignty of God. But how far that event preceded the events recorded in the next sentence, or how many revolutions of animal and vegetable life may have taken place upon its surface, or by how many dread and fearful convulsions these changes were brought about, is not given to us to know. Compare the beginning of Genesis with the beginning of the Gospel of St. John, and how striking is the resemblance between them! If the words of the apostle were the only record of the antecedent world that reached our time, if the documents of sacred and profane history were destroyed, would it not be as rational to conclude that the mission of the Baptist followed immediately or shortly after the beginning there mentioned, as to infer that the work of six days followed immediately on the creation of the world?

The creation of all the constituent parts of the material world we believe to have been instantaneous;

its subsequent organization to have been various and successive, produced and destroyed at different times, and it may be, for anything that we know, regulated by laws of combination and of motion different in intensity if not in kind from anything now in existence; though this difference can be, with our present knowledge, nothing more than a conjecture. The simultaneous creation of the constituent parts of the material universe seems to be declared by the words of Ecclesiastes, "*Creavit omnia simul.*" In conformity with this declaration we should think that God at first only created all that was to be brought forth from nothing; but on the other days did not create, but formed and adorned the things already created. Hence it is that the word which is translated "*created*" is used in the first verse only, and is not met with again until we arrive at the creation of man. This would imply a distinction between the nature of the act described in the first and subsequent verses, and that while the first was a creation from nothing, the other was a making of new forms and combinations out of already existing elements. In like manner, with reference to the evoking of light, we may say that this light was not properly speaking created, because in the beginning God created the whole of matter. The light may have been in existence before this command was issued, and the sun and moon may have been in the vault of heaven before they were bid to shine, and yet can be strictly and truly said to be made for the earth when the specific purpose of illumining the earth was appointed for them. They may have shone on many a monster of form uncouth, and guided on its way many a creature of former times, and of other conditions of our globe. We know that some luminary must have shone on the forms of organic life which are found in the primitive and secondary strata, for these have the organs of vision as powerfully developed as those of the present time; and we cannot suppose these faculties to have been given by infinite wisdom in vain. But when the earth was being prepared for man they got another and a nobler purpose; they were made to light and to comfort him, and to be to him as signs for days, and for seasons, and for years. It is thus that God placed His bow in the clouds as a sign to Noah, though it must have been a necessary consequence of the laws of refraction throughout all time; but it was a mere natural phenomenon before, and it became invested with a purpose, and pregnant with a symbolical meaning to the patriarch and his posterity. It is thus that the sun, moon, and planetary bodies may be considered to be made when they acquired a purpose to fulfil in the natural economy of our globe. They may have existed before; but they did not exist for man. According to this interpretation, therefore, the following may be considered to have been the order of creation: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; calling forth from nothing the material elements of which they are composed, and in their full integrity the angelic intelligences with which the heavens are filled. The material creation was there subjected to various laws, moulded into various forms, and made to minister to many a purpose hidden from human scrutiny. But in what manner these objects were effected, whether by an instantaneous exercise of power, or, as is more in accordance with the tenor of God's works, by a gradual increase and growth, and by what agency, or the operation of what laws their destruction was in part or entirely effected, and for what immediate end, we have no means of ascer-

taining; but it is probable that they were a preparation for that yet nobler and more perfect being by which in after times the earth was to be inhabited, and for whose use and benefit the products of even the remotest period were destined. There was no human eye to contemplate the showing forth of the Divine power and wisdom, but there were celestial intelligences to witness and adore, and many a bright spirit and child of God to sing with joy when the foundations of the earth were laid. When the last great series of events immediately preceding the preseut order of things was completed, and the vast globe itself was convulsed to its centre by the power of that Divine command which went forth, as it shall again, to proclaim that the former things were to be no more, and that all things were to be made new, the relations that existed between it and the planetary orbs became disturbed, the transmission of light impeded, the very luminiferous ether, by whose undulations light is produced, became torpid and inactive; and, as a necessary consequence, there was darkness on the face of the deep, in which earth and sea, and the remains of terrestrial and aquatic existence, and every green tree and shrub, were confusedly mixed up together. Then came the creative spirit brooding over the face of the waters, and the voice heralding the dawn of our present world, "Let there be light, and there was light," quickening into activity and motion once more that fluid which science has demonstrated to be the medium of light, and to be distinct from any of those heavenly bodies whose influence can impart to it the undulations by which the sensation of light is caused; hence the possibility of an evening and a morning on the first day. On the second God made the firmament or terrestrial atmosphere, by which the waters of the earth are divided from those that are above the earth. On the third day was the separation of the land and sea; on the fourth the sun and moon became visible; on the fifth the living and creeping things of the waters, and the winged fowls according to their kind; on the sixth the beasts and cattle of the earth. And when all was completed and seen to be good, God made man to His own image and likeness, and gave him power and dominion over the fowls of the air, the beasts of the earth, and the fishes of the sea.

"Had the Scriptures allowed no interval between creation and organization, but declared that they were simultaneous, or closely consecutive acts, we should perhaps have stood perplexed between its assertions and modern discoveries. But when, instead of this, it leaves an undecided interval between the two, nay more, informs us that there was a state of confusion and conflict; of waste and darkness, and a want of a proper basin for the sea, which then would cover first one part of the earth, then another; we may truly say that the geologist reads in these few lines the history of the earth, such as his monuments have recorded it, a series of disruptions, elevations, and dislocations, sudden inroads of the unchained element, entombing successive generations of amphibious animals; calm but unexpected subsidences of the waters, embalming in their various beds their myriads of aquatic inhabitants; alternations of sea and land and fresh-water lakes; an atmosphere obscured by dense aquatic vapors which, by gradual absorption in the waters, was cleared away, and produced the pervading mass of calcareous formations, till at length came the last revolution *preparatory for our creation;* when the earth, being now sufficiently broken for that beautiful diversity

which God intended to bestow on it, or to produce the landmarks and barriers which His foreseeing counsels had designed, the work of ruin was suspended, save for one more great scourge, and the earth remained in that state of gloomy prostration from which it was recalled by the reproduction of light and the subsequent work of the six days creation."*

The omission in this narrative of anything that had no immediate and necessary connection with its moral purpose is, in our minds, a special instance of that infinite wisdom which presided over and directed its inspired author.

If he had spoken to his people, or to the people however learned of his time; or, yet more, if he had spoken to the people of modern times before the scientific research had laid bare the secrets of the earth, or the forms of life with which the earth formerly teemed; if he had spoken to them of those great monsters of the ancient world; if he had had a chapter on the stupendous dimensions of the iguanodon, and a paragraph on the seemingly incongruous properties of the pterodactylus; would the details seem credible to an ignorant and unscientific generation? Would not his history seem to surpass in absurdity the rhapsodies of the Koran, or the institutes of Menu? The very avataras of Buddha, or the transmigrations of Vishnu, would seem more reasonable and more worthy of belief. If Voltaire had found it laid down in Genesis, before science seemed to bear testimony to the fact, that such things formerly existed on the earth, that the vegetation of England was more luxuriant, and its climate warmer than it is now beneath the line; if he had found there one half of what is now generally admitted, what a rich armory would it not have furnished him for his unholy purposes? It was therefore wise, and it argued a more than human prudence in the sacred writer, to pass them over in silence, and to leave them unnoticed and unknown until the persevering zeal of other times revealed them to the world. His narrative, if it did not make known their existence, so neither did it place any impediment to their admission when science was to admit them within its privileged domain. The supposition which we have advanced with regard to the existence and mutations of the earth during long and to us unknown periods of time, before the work of the six days commenced, is by no means new. It was so believed by some of the most illustrious and most able of the early Christian fathers. It satisfactorily meets all the requirements of science, without offering violence to the obvious and literal meaning of the Mosaic narrative. It may be objected that the extended period, and the remote antiquity to which the creation is thus assigned, are not in fit accordance with the position which man occupies with respect to it; and it may seem unreasonable to admit that the earth has been for ages the abode of living beings while man is but lately arrived upon its surface. If the earth was made for him, as we are assured it was, why was he not placed on it before? The same, or a similar objection was made to the truths of astronomical science when the depths of space were first examined with the telescope, and suns and systems, surpassing in beauty and magnificence even our own, were seen scattered over the fields of space in multitudinous profusion. It was said then as it is said now, that the diminished position which man was made to occupy in the immensity of God's works was also a diminishing of the dignity which religion ascribed to him, and was an argu-

* Wiseman, vol. i, 309.

ment against the fact of his having been redeemed by an incarnate God. Why, it was asked, should the inhabitant of a second or a third rate planet in the solar system, which system is itself but a minute speck in the vast expanse of the created universe, invisible perhaps to the eye of an individual residing in some distant star, be favored by such a wondrous deed of mercy? And were man to rest his claim to that favor, or to rely for the truth of that mystery on his own excellence, or the importance of the position he holds in the scale of creation, it would be an argument conclusive against him. But his claim, if so it can be called, is of a far other kind, and derived from a different principle, and becomes so much the stronger as science extends its empire. His title is derived from his own helplessness on the one hand, and on the other, from the infinite love and mercy of Him who came from heaven to save. If that love could be measured by the standard of human feeling, if it were to save only the nobler being and abandon the less noble to destruction; if it were to be inclined to mercy because of the high qualities of that being towards whom it is exercised, it might be such as man could conceive and estimate, but it would not be the mercy of God. It would not be that mercy of which man knoweth not the height nor depth; a mercy which left the angels to perish while it redeemed men; which left the ninety-nine sheep in the wilderness to seek the poor truant,—it may be the least valuable of the flock that strayed away; which preferred the dying thief on Calvary to the great and the beautiful and accomplished that it could have chosen from Jerusalem. The more you diminish man's place in the scale of the Creator's works, and the more science expands that creation in widening circles around him, the more his redemption becomes in harmony with that Creator's attributes, and the deeper and more grateful the impression which is left upon the mind for that love which rescued him from his calamitous doom. The more you prove that there is no measurable proportion between the Redeemer and the redeemed, the more will that redemption be in keeping with the charity which passeth all human understanding, and whose ways we believe to be incomprehensible. The same concession which we make to the requirements of astronomy with respect to space, it is scarcely fair to refuse to geology with respect to time, when the ascertained facts require that concession. How far soever removed the heavenly bodies may be from our earth, we know not what influence they may exercise in the adjustment and stability of its movements; and, though destined to fulfil other objects in the economy of creation, it will be true to say that they were appointed for the use of men. So also with respect to the requirements of geology, however remote the period at which the globe had its origin; and though the stratification and mineral structure of its surface may have required many successive revolutions and long periods of time for their production, it is still true that they ministered to the purposes of man. This may have been the course and mode adopted to prepare the earth for his use, comfort, and subsistence. The coal which diffuses warmth round his hearth, the glittering gem which lends its charm to beauty, the useful and ornamental metals which are necessary for the wants of civilized society, the marble which he employs for artistic purposes, the stone with which he constructs his dwellings, the limestone with which he fertilizes the earth, nay, the very soil on which he treads,

and from which he draws subsistence, were all prepared by long and laborious processes by the agents, animate and inanimate, of God's bountiful providence, and at remote times, when only the far-seeing eye of God could tell for what final purpose they were destined.

I hope I have said enough to show that the Mosaic narrative presents no serious impediment to the admission of geological science. In its infancy, and when it served to furnish the materials of many a theory to dreaming visionaries, and invest them with the name and semblance of philosophy, it was calculated to excite hostility. The more scientific truth is known, the more perceptible becomes its harmony with that which is revealed. But we should ever bear in mind that the researches of geology can never unfold to us the perfect and uniform system of our globe. It may turn up a page or decipher a sentence in the great book of nature, but it can never spread out the whole; and in the part which remains unexplored may not some fossil or phenomenon exist which would either confirm or unsettle the greater part of what is now admitted as certain. Shall we say that we have reached the point in which the ascertained truths are to preponderate over and exceed in number the unknown, or can it be that we are yet to see our present systems again exploded, and the human mind, like the Sysiphus of Grecian story, doomed again to the same round of toil, and thought, and fruitless investigation? For has it not been said of man and of the earth on which he treads, "*He hath made all things good in their time, and hath delivered the world to their consideration, so that man cannot find out the work which God hath made from the beginning to the end.*"

When the words and works of the Lord are viewed in their real harmony, we derive from their mutual illustrations accumulated evidence of the Author of both, and admire those scientific studies that exercise the godlike faculty of reason in investigating the phenomena of nature. The character of geology is indeed most admirable and attractive. It lays open before you a chronicle of the globe's physical history, whose leaves are as ample as the earth, whose most recent great dates synchronize with the deluge and the creation of man, whose characters are the identical forms of organized beings that lived thousands and thousands of years ago, and, after lying entombed in the earth for ages, now come to light with all the gloss of novelty upon them. To every order of mind geology may afford delightful occupation, its facts are so startling, its objects are so diversified, its results so grand, and many of them so decidedly practical. Not one of the physical sciences but is tributary to geology in the large sense of the word—mineralogy, which not only makes us acquainted with the nature of mineral substances, but determines the laws which regulate the form of everything, from the icicle to the diamond, from the drop of water to the starry orb; fossil botany, which from a stem, a leaf, or the impression graven on the rock forever, builds up to the imagination, according to their proper species, the giant forests that long ago waved over the earth, and determines the temperature of the climate wherein they flourished; fossil conchology, with its myriads of shells in endless, ever-pleasing variety of symmetrical form, delicate convolution, graceful outline; fossil zoology, with its colossal dragon-like reptiles, and many monstrous strange creatures, whose existence was not thought of until their exuvia were recently dug out of the earth.

Not one of the sciences but ministers to the instruction or the pleasure of the student of geology. Not an object, from the orbs that roll in space to the microscopic animalcule, but comes one way or another within the scope of his researches.

Besides its many other attractions, geology is eminently practical and useful in its results. It is of great advantage to the agriculturist, whom it teaches the composition of soils, the mode of cultivation best suited to them, how to correct the excess or supply the defect of the natural causes of fertility, how to carry on the operation of draining upon sure and scientific principles. The architect and sculptor are indebted to geology—the one for the choice of durable building materials; the other for the selection of marble fit to receive the forms of his beautiful art, and worthy to embody the conceptions of immortal genius. It is the geologist who has rescued the search for the metallic ores from mere blind chance, directing it by their distribution. He will tell you where you may expect to find these hidden treasures, imbedded deep in the earth, injected into the fissures of the rock. He will tell you to look for tin in granite regions, lead in carboniferous limestone, most of the metals in veins—gold in quartz sea-rocks, platinum, the diamond, and other gems in alluvial deposits. He will lead the miner to the dark cavern where these treasures are hidden, light his way with a flame more wonderful than Aladdin's lamp, and give to the stroke of the implement wielded by his brawny hand a power to elicit wealth from the casket of flint, such as enchanter's wand never gave. The geologist can best direct to the profitable discovery of coal, that mineral more precious than silver or gold, which enables the brave and enterprising men of this country to traverse land and sea with a rapidity and ease exceeding all former belief, to carry the benefits of civilization to the most distant parts of the earth.

In fine, geology discloses wondrous works of God which else had been utterly unknown to us; it has brought to light confirmations of Holy Writ unthought of before, and found where, for a season, persons supposed naught was to be found but evidence to the contrary.

The geologist finds in the bed of the ocean, on the mountain-top, in the deep valley, the remains of plants and animals, every one of which is an argument of creative power, wisdom, and goodness. To him, as nature's archæologist, is given to decipher the records of these mighty physical events traced by the hand of God, in ineffaceable characters, on the earth's crust long ages before the pen of history was taken up by the hand of man. In the words of the poet, he

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Such being the character of geology, we must devoutly wish that a science every way so attractive, so fruitful of advantages to man, so full of testimony to truth, should be cultivated with all possible ardor for its legitimate ends, but not abused to the unholy purpose of depreciating and opposing the word of revelation. Alas, it has been abused! In the hands of the enemies of Christianity, it fell away from a noble faith. Still bright and beautiful even in its fall, it were a pity it should be abandoned, cast away forever outside the domain of truth. Happily it is every day being won back. If a too fatal curiosity has prompted man once again to put forth his hand to pluck forbidden fruit from

the tree of knowledge, what more worthy of him, as an intellectual being, than to repair to his utmost this offence against the truth by correcting the errors which ignorance associated with a noble science? Whoever does this, according to the measure of his ability, deserves well of science and religion, and makes all lovers of truth his debtors.

Yes, geology at first fell into unworthy hands; it was taken almost entirely to themselves by men ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; and thus misdirected, it was no wonder it soon found itself brought into antagonism with the word of God. But as kinsmen or friends involved in some unhappy feud at the moment of a deadly encounter, overcome by the irresistible power of integrity, embrace one another, even so this once misguided science has been won over by the just influence of nature to the side and support of that sacred cause which in an unhappy hour it had the misfortune to oppose. For a time, geology seemed, like the Gentile world of old, to be cast away from God's truth; but even when it seemed to be utterly abandoned to itself, a light from heaven broke upon it, and the wise men of geology have come to offer their gifts to the Son of God.

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## FAREWELL!

DARK spots there are in sunny places,
Thorns on the stems of flow'rets fair,
Clouds overshadowing beauteous faces,
Young bosoms harboring fear and care;
Mingling with tones of mirth and gladness,
We hear the dull funereal knell,
'Mid pleasure's glee the voice of sadness
Sighs mournfully, "Farewell! farewell!

"Farewell to summer's gentle breezes,
To friendship's whispers, gentler still;
Our frames the breath of winter freezes,
Our souls are 'numbed by scorn and ill.
Farewell, once gay and fragrant flowers;
No dewdrop gilds the drooping bell;
So dried by grief, these hearts of ours
Can scarcely moan, Farewell, farewell!"

Welcome to him the smiling morrow
Who tosses through the weary night;
Welcome to every child of sorrow
The joyful sound—"Behold the light!"
Then how can hearts by anguish riven,
Too sharp, too deep, for song to tell,
Forbear to pant, to pine for Heaven,
Where none shall cry, "Farewell, farewell?"

# THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

## I.

"To the health of the future bride and bridegroom!"

"Yes, to their health!"

"I," said a lady's voice, "propose we drink to the good voyage, to the success in arms, and to the prompt return of Albert. May he return a captain, and may the marriage-feast soon follow that of the betrothal!"

Grateful looks from two persons responded to this toast; those of the future bride and of the young officer's mother. Both were sad, for their thoughts wandered from the present to the hour of parting close at hand.

Albert Lagrange was about to embark for Africa with his regiment, destined for a campaign; and it was hoped he would return in about a year a captain, Knight of the Legion of Honor perhaps, and then accomplish his marriage with Camilla Lagrange, his childhood's playmate, who, having loved him for a long time as a brother, was willing to see in him a guide, a friend,—all that a husband ought to be to a loving and good woman.

But before being united forever, it was necessary they should part for a while; before the time of their marriage they must bid adieu to each other—an adieu that might be forever. When the party had broken up Albert sat down by his mother and Camilla. Madame Lagrange was weeping, and Camilla trembling all over.

"My son," said his poor mother, "do your duty, but take care of yourself if possible, for the sake of those who love you."

"Mother," he replied, "I trust in Providence and in your prayers; it seems to me they will be to me as a shield. However," he continued, joining the hands of Camilla and his mother together, "if I fall, dear Camilla, remember me as a brother and friend, but do not renounce all hope of happiness because of me."

"No," she replied firmly; "you only, Albert, or God!"

He would have answered, but his father interrupted him.

"Albert, the carriage is ready; you must go."

Madame Lagrange sank half-fainting on her son's shoulder, while Camilla's hand was clasped in his.

"The time is come," he said, as his tears fell on his mother's face; "farewell, dearest mother; farewell, my Camilla, my life: think of me, pray for me."

His family crowded round him to take their leave; but at the last moment he hastened back to clasp his mother and Camilla once more in his arms; then the carriage set off, and was soon on the road to Poitiers; and the two sorrowful women, gazing around them, might have said with Lamartine: "One being is wanting to me, and the world is empty."

## II.

NEARLY a year had gone by, with the anguish, the doubts, the brief moments of joy known to all those who have a cherished being at the seat of war. Albert's letters, which were long and frequent, dated mostly from the camp, brought a ray of joy to his family; but when they realized that ten days had passed since the letter was written, they began to say, "Where is he now? Will he write again? Some misfortune may have occurred."

And the hearts of father, mother, and betrothed were thus tortured.

They opened the papers with trembling hands, glancing down the lists of the fallen, till at length M. Lagrange would say, "The war cannot last much longer. What progress has been made!"

But the mother and Camilla repeated to themselves, "Will he ever come again?"

Camilla was an orphan, and had been brought up in her uncle's house. Her love for Albert had grown and strengthened all her life. She knew him so well, she trusted him so perfectly, and respected him so much. He had been the friend and protector of her childhood; and now he was to be that of her whole life. With him too she could prepare for heaven, for his faith was pure and ardent; and they could look forward to their union for all eternity.

Suddenly the letters ceased. Week followed week; in vain was the postman questioned; there was but the same answer, "Nothing from Africa to-day." Camilla and her aunt were in such a state of nervous anxiety that an unexpected visitor, the sound of horse's feet, the ringing of the bell, the grave face of a servant terrified them. However, they waited on; and waiting, bad as it is, is still hope.

One evening M. and Madame Lagrange had gone to pay a visit of necessity, and Camilla, sitting alone at the window, watched for the postman. She saw him coming rapidly along; but he turned aside to a neighbor's house and left a letter there. They also had a son in Africa, and Camilla rejoiced, and said to herself,

"Perhaps Albert has written by the same ship. They were making signs to each other in the next house; they have good news evidently."

She ran to meet the postman, and received several letters from *his hand.* She gazed anxiously at them. Not one bore the handwriting of Albert nor the African stamp; but among them was a large peculiarly-folded letter bearing on it in printed letters, "From the Minister of War."

Camilla's knees shook under her, and she felt that news of Albert's life or death were in those pages; and she cried aloud in anguish.

"My God, grant that he may not be dead! My God, have pity on us!"

She walked slowly home, and waited for the return of her uncle and aunt.

"No letters?" said they as they entered, and saw Camilla's pale anxious face.

"Yes, uncle, here is a letter."

M. Lagrange took it from her, opened it, glanced over it, and fell back in his chair. Camilla caught the paper from his hand, and read as follows:

"SIR: I have the painful duty of informing you that Lieutenant Albert Lagrange fell in one of the last engagements in Africa. This officer was signalized by his exactitude, intelligence, and valor. He is deeply regretted by his companions in arms; and the homage which is justly rendered to his memory will be, I doubt not, a motive of consolation for his family——I remain, sir, &c."

The poor mother had fainted away; the father groaned in anguish of spirit; the servants came running to give what assistance they could; and when Madame Lagrange came to her senses, Camilla had time to realize her own sorrow. She wept with that violence of weeping that we can only pour out in youth over our first keen sorrows.

"Poor child, dear child!" said her uncle tenderly.

"Alas!" cried the poor mother, "I loved him too much. I am justly punished; but this child, why is she to be crushed also?"

A few days after this mournful news Albert's eldest sister, who was married, came to see her parents with her husband and children. Their arrival consoled M. Lagrange; but the mother and Camilla were shut up, as it were, in an inacessible fortress of grief.

One day Camilla said to her aunt, "You must live for those who still belong to you, dear aunt; they gather round you, and you must respond to it; but as for me, I shall become a religious."

"Alas, dear child," said her aunt, who, like all mothers, felt that the child she had lost was the dearest, "If I were free, I should do the same."

Camilla lost no time in announcing her resolution to her family.

"I shall never be consoled," she said, "but in a convent. I shall be more at rest; I have such a horror of the world, I cannot stay in it. My adopted parents do not need me, because their daughter Clemence is going to live with them. I am free to seek the solitude and the rest that I so much require."

M. Lagrange insisted on her waiting for six months; but during this time neither did her grief diminish nor her resolution change.

"I shall never cease to mourn for Albert," she said; "but in doing a little good to others, and in prayer, I shall become more calm. Let me go."

They were obliged to yield to her entreaties; and when the six months had run out, M. Lagrange conducted her to St. Laurent sur Sèvre, the mother house of the "Filles de la Sagesse."

## III.

The evening shades were beginning to fall on the green fields among which rose the Convent of the Filles de la Sagesse; the last rays of the setting sun fell on the windows of the house, the sky was overspread with tints of every gorgeous hue; all breathed peace around, and the sound of the "Angelus" seemed to raise the soul of the passer-by from the beauty of earth to that of heaven.

"Look, my child," said M. Lagrange, "at this beautiful landscape; see this charming weather. There is much happiness still to be found in the world. Think of your family, and enjoy the blessings that God has left to you."

She shook her head; and, shedding the tears that the least allusion to the past always caused to flow, said, "Father, Albert no longer enjoys them; Albert is beneath the ground. I will take pleasure in nothing. This sunlight, this brightness, the singing of birds only distress me."

M. Lagrange made no further remonstrance; and shortly afterwards the carriage drew up at the convent door, and the travellers were ushered into the parlor—a large plainly-furnished room, having no other ornament on the bare walls than a large crucifix, and a picture of Father de Montford, founder of the Order. In a few minutes the Superioress-general entered. She was tall and pale, with a sweet peaceful countenance, a glance full of intelligence.

"Here is my niece, madame," said M. Lagrange, "of whom I have written to you."

"You believe then, young lady," said the superioress gently, "that you are called to the religious life?"

"Yes, madame; yes, mother. God has called me to it by a great sorrow. I have a disgust for the world, and I beg you to admit me among your daughters."

"But do you know to what this holy state will bind you?"

"To love God; to obey, and to try and do a little good to others."

"Certainly," replied the nun; "but you must go further, and you will find that it implies an absolute

renouncement of self, and of the things that are most precious to us. Remember this. By obedience you give up your own will, your right over yourself. You cannot choose your work, nor the place you will live in, nor the companions you will live with. You will work when you want to rest; you will be sent to a hospital when you would like to teach in a school. You will be contradicted in both great and little things; but if God gives you the vocation you will cherish this subjection. By the vow of poverty you give up all your property; you cannot give alms; you will have a narrow cell, plain food, coarse clothing; but if God gives you a vocation you will cherish this austerity. By the vow of chastity you consecrate your body and soul to God; you are no longer free to love creatures; you give up the lawful affections of earth; you will live alone; but if God gives you a vocation you will cherish this solitude of the heart. In our institute in particular, which our holy founder vowed to the 'folly of the cross,' the life is hard. You will have to labor hard; you will be corrected and reprimanded; and God only will be the witness of your fatigue and your trials. Tell me, my child, what does your heart say?"

"Mother," said Camilla with simplicity, "I am not frightened. It seems to me that among you all, in trying to love God, I shall find a little peace, now that Albert"—she could say no more.

"My child," said the superioress with much compassion, "you are acting under the influence of a great sorrow; but is that enough? Is it really the Spirit of God who is drawing you? I. confess that I fear to receive you."

"Mother," said the young girl, "I have read in the *Lives of the Saints* that St. Margaret of Cortona was converted by seeing the dead body of the man sl loved. I want to give my God in the same manner. I to be refused?"

"You can serve Him world."

"No; there I feel sure fall into a useless despair. the rule, the good exam others will help me on; an God calls me to Him, I sl and rejoin Albert, who good."

Mother St. Flavian was s decided.

Camilla respectfully toc hand and said: "If I were door wounded and sufferin the poor traveller in the you would not refuse me an Well, my soul is afflicted—i a little calm; leave it not w receive me among your dau I implore you."

"Be it as you will," sa vanquished superior; "I will you as a postulant, my child you will examine your soul God; you will weigh our tions, you will try to kno rules; and if you persevere, give you the holy habit with And she embraced Camilla te and blessed her.

"Adieu, dear uncle," sa milla; "I shall often think before God."

The old man shed tear said: "My poor Camilla, it losing my son a second time

As soon as he was gone, t perior, after taking Camilla the Blessed Sacrament i chapel dedicated to the H Wisdom, led her to a roo apart for visitors, which she th it best she should occupy that and defer her entrance int community till the morrow. slept little; and that littl troubled with confused ima some in the uniform of the A army, others in the gray di the Filles de la Sagesse.

o'clock a bell roused the
y; and Camilla dressed
id sitting by the window,
he beautiful sunrise. At
k there was a tap at her
a nun entered.
ou like to come to Mass,
elle?" said she; "I will
the way."
ıld like to go, sister; but
in the community yet."
hall admit you by de-
id the sister, whose sweet
e attracted Camilla in-
"I am the mistress of
and for the future, made-
you will be under my

l me Camilla, dear sister;
ke me so happy." And
together to the chapel.
ters were in their stalls,
g large black veils, which
heir heads to their feet;
Mass began. Camilla
rnestly; she prayed for
who was so dear to her,
ad flown to that unknown
re prayers alone could
ı. She prayed too for
he said to God, "I am
console me; I offer my-
e, receive me; I have no
r place in the world, open
to me." When at Com-
me she saw a great num-
ters approach the altar,
was softened. She said,
hall communicate more
; God will come into
He will be my strength;
e the place of all others."
ass came breakfast. Ca-
l the superior had spoken
food was plain, the fur-
mmon. Nothing of the
e had been accustomed
eye; but she took all in
t. After breakfast the
stress, Sister St. Michael,
lla into the garden, say-
e novices are gone to
k; I am not wanted, and I
ou a little time, my child."

They walked round the garden in silence. Here and there rose statues of saints, little oratories, and the Stations of the Cross.

"Let us sit down here," said Sister St. Michael, "near our Lady of Compassion. We shall see the convent, the chapel-cross, and the novitiate. Doubtless, my child, you have often longed to be here. Vocations are often tried for a long while."

"Sister," said Camilla simply, "it is only the last six months that I have thought of religious life. Before that time I hoped to marry. I looked forward to great happiness; but Albert, who was to have been my husband, is dead."

She turned away her head; and the nun, who had known the sorrows of life, felt a great compassion for this poor heart, so young and so sorely wounded. She let Camilla weep in silence, while she prayed. After some time she said, "After this great sorrow which God sent you, you had the sudden desire to quit the world?"

"Yes, mother; and I will open my heart fully to you. I had promised Albert to love none but him; to be either his or God's. I wanted to keep my promise. Then I suffered so much in the world, the happiness of others did me harm; and I knew feelings of envy and murmuring were rising in my heart. I wanted to escape from all this, to save my soul. Then I want to pray much for Albert's soul, and do all I can that he may be happy, and I soon go to rejoin him. That is all, mother."

The eyes of the nun were full of tears.

"Let us pray, my child, that God, who has given you courage and good-will, may give you perseverance. Calm yourself now; we will rest a little, and then go back to the novitiate."

Some time afterwards Mother St. Flavian said to the novice mis-

tress, "What do you think of the new postulant? Can she be received as a novice?"

"She is a truthful, simple soul," said Sister St. Michael; "docile as a little child; and, though she has not come into religion by the ordinary way, I think we may give her the habit. During the novitiate we shall be able to decide finally about her."

"Very well; tell her she shall be received on the Feast of the Guardian Angels."

## IV.

THE chapel was beautifully prepared; candles and white flowers ornamented the altar. The organ, touched by a skilful hand, accompanied the beautiful chant, "Veni Spousa Christi." Fifteen sisters made their vows, and twenty-eight young girls received the habit, and declared in the presence of God, their superiors, and their companions, that they aspired to bear the title of spouses of Christ, and servants of the poor and sick. Camilla, now attired in the ancient costume of the peasants of Poitou, which is the habit of the Filles de la Sagesse, was remarked for the melancholy expression of her face, and the look of entreaty she seemed to give to her crucifix; reminding those who saw it of the words of the "Stabat Mater," "Let me share thy grief divine." She was so different from the other young novices, whose faces were radiant with joy; and who had not lost in the midst of their sacrifice the happiness of their youth.

But it was with a resolute though sorrowful heart that Camilla entered on her probation. She paid scrupulous attention to the rule. The days commenced early with meditation, vocal prayer, and Mass; then came work or study, meals and recreation. One day was like another; but it was a peaceful though hard life.

The novices were gradually trained to teach in the schools and nurse in the hospitals; but much more were they taught to break down the evil part of their natures, and to cultivate virtues which should flourish in the souls that are consecrated to God. The novitiate should be as a furnace, in which all dross should be burnt away, and the pure gold be refined.

Camilla had an especial love for prayer, and never found the hours for meditation too long. The silence of the novitiate suited her disposition. She loved the long quiet room where the white-veiled novices sat silently at their work. She had suffered so much during her first six months of sorrow, from the bustle of the world, visits, conversation, and laughter of children, who knew not what death meant.

She loved also the long walks in the garden and the sisters, where the novices looked like a flock of doves who had taken flight. She accepted willingly austerity, humiliation, and penance; the child-like simplicity of her character made them easy to her; and Sister St. Michael, who saw her more docile and obedient than many religious who aspired to high perfection, often thought, while watching her, of the words of our Lord about little children, and those who are like them. Recreation-time was Camilla's trial; she could not share in the merry laughter and the gayety of her young and innocent companions; and she silently prayed for the suffering souls in Purgatory.

Thus swiftly and peacefully passed away the two years of the novitiate; and the council of the community assembled to decide the fate of the novices who wished to make their vows. Sister Mary of the Cross (which was Camilla's name in religion) obtained a large majority of votes; her regularity, her gentleness, her humility, had impressed all the members of the

community; but Mother St. Flavian was undecided, and she said at last, "I doubt about this vocation, which has been determined by a human motive only."

"That is true, dear mother," said Sister St. Michael; "but does not God make use of many means? Sister Mary of the Cross will run many dangers in the world if we reject her, because she is so simple and ardent; here, gentle, docile, submissive to direction, will she not ripen for heaven? I know well she has not been led by the ordinary way; but, however, I believe she will be faithful, and that she will prove her fidelity by great sacrifices."

"It may be so," said the superioress; "but I cannot induce myself to let her make her vows for more than a year."*

"She will renew them, I am certain," said the novice mistress.

"And what shall we do with her?" said the superior; "to what employment shall we send her? Her talents and her education could make her very useful; but she is too sad to be employed in teaching. You know, sisters, what St. Teresa has said of the melancholy."

"I think," said Sister St. Michael, "that if you employ this poor child in the infirmary among our aged sisters, and if for some years you will keep her under your own eye, you will be satisfied."

"She has an excellent advocate," said the superior, smiling. "You will answer for her, Sister St. Michael."

"Yes; I have confidence in her!"

## V.

TEN months had passed since Camilla had made her vows, and she had begun to lead a more active life. Her beautiful voice, once so much admired in the world, was now employed in the choir, to the delight of the sisters. She gave some of the novices lessons in languages and history; but her principal employment was in the infirmary among the sick and infirm sisters; and there her tenderness and compassion was satisfied. When, however, she was first appointed to this office, she said in confidence to Sister St. Michael, "I should like to have been sent to a military hospital among the poor wounded soldiers."

"O no, my child; that office would not have been good for you: your thoughts ought to be for the future entirely consecrated to that Spouse who loves us with a jealous love."

"Yes, I wish to love Him also," she cried; "my whole will is His now; but sometimes I think"—

Here she broke off; and a few hours afterwards she came to accuse herself for what she had said, as a fault. However, religion, deeds of mercy, and obedience were working a salutary effect in her mind.

Her sorrow was becoming gravity; a serene expression appeared on her once suffering face, and in the eyes which used to be so constantly red with weeping.

She prepared herself to renew her vows at the end of the year.

One day, when she had finished reading to her invalids, she was told her aunt was waiting for her in the parlor. There was nothing surprising in this, because she always did come to see her every three months; but she was astonished at the animated face of Madame Lagrange, who ran to her with open arms.

"Dear aunt, you are very well, I see," said Sister Mary; "your face tells me that. How is dear uncle, and Clemence, and the children? How good it is of you to come and see me!"

* The obligations of vows differ in different orders. Where perpetual vows are taken it is the custom sometimes to let novices take vows for short periods at first, and afterwards for life. In orders where the vows are but annual, novices are not admitted to them except with the intention of remaining for life.

Madame Lagrange did not answer; but she looked at Camilla in a strange agitated way.

"Do you believe," said she at last, "in the power of God?"

"Certainly I believe in it."

"Well, then, adore and bless God. Albert lives; he is returned."

Camilla heard no more, and fainted away. When she recovered, she exclaimed, "Albert is come back to us!—is it possible? By what miracle?"

"He was only wounded; the Arabs bore him away, and he has been a prisoner for four years, poor fellow."

"He has come back,—he lives!" repeated Camilla, as if to assure herself of the truth.

"And is waiting for you," said her aunt. "You went into the convent because you thought him dead, poor child. Now you will come back to us; you will be his happy wife; you will never leave us again."

Camilla's pale cheeks had become crimson.

"O aunt," said she, "that is not possible; how can I"—

"Why not, my child? Albert wanted to come here with me; but I would not let him, for it would not look nice. If you could only have seen his disappointment at not finding you at home, and how pleased he was at hearing of this proof of your fidelity to him! But he will tell you all that himself soon."

Camilla looked as if she were dreaming. She smiled and wept together, and kept kissing her crucifix.

"Dear child," said her aunt, "I am going to the superior to tell her all this. I hope she will let you go away with me this evening. And to-morrow your uncle will go to the Bishop to ask for a dispensation from your vows."

These words woke up Camilla. "No, aunt," she said eagerly; "I am only bound for two months; let me pass them here in this holy house, where I have been treated with so much goodness. I will prepare myself here for another destiny, if God permit—if He wills it."

Gentle Madame Lagrange grew very angry, and tried first by scolding, then by entreaties, to break Camilla's resolution; but in vain.

"God knows that I love you," she said, "and that I should be happy to be with Albert again; but I feel I owe this much of gratitude to God, and that I shall not draw down His blessings on me if I act otherwise."

"O child," said her aunt, as she left her, after another hour's discussion, "will you ever be mine? and what will Albert say when he does not see you with me?"

Camilla, filled with inexpressible joy, ran to the chapel, and falling prostrate on the marble floor in adoration before God, who had given Albert back again, ardent prayers and warm thanksgivings poured forth from her lips. Already she saw a prospect of future happiness; she fancied herself far beyond the walls within which she had mourned and wept so bitterly; but faithful to the sense of duty and the obligation of her vows, she offered the next two months which must pass before she was free, to God, as a sort of ransom for so much happiness.

Full of these new ideas, she went to Sister St. Michael and told her what had happened.

"You will leave us then?" said the sister sorrowfully. "You will leave God for a creature? You will endanger your salvation?"

These words cast a new light into Camilla's mind. She had made the sacrifice of immediate happiness generously; but then it had appeared to her that this act of abnegation once accomplished, a blissful future was before her; and now the voice of her dearest friend —the voice that had so often con-

soled her—made her doubt whether she was right. That doubt pursued her to the altar; it followed her everywhere night and day, and a battle had begun in her soul. Natural feelings drew her towards that pure and ardent affection for the companion of her childhood, and who had once made the happiness of her life. She saw the forms that she had so fondly loved holding out their hands and crying, "Come to us! We can give happiness, and innocent happiness."

On the other hand, all that she had read and learnt of the value of religious life came before her mind. She thought of the engagement she had made at the foot of the altar with the faithful Spouse of souls; she thought of the happiness she had found in religion and in penance; of the merit of a life consecrated to good works; of the splendor of the virginal crown; of the brevity of human joy and felicity. Then the thought of Albert returned. Did he not count on her after his long sufferings? Could she disappoint his expectation? And Jesus said to her from the tabernacle, "What have I done that you should leave Me? Cast your cares into My heart; I will be Myself thy peace, and the happiness of those thou lovest."

Her struggling soul could find no rest; and the advice she received, whatever it was, only distressed and perplexed her. Six weeks of this struggle passed by. A fortnight only remained before the renovation of vows, and she was still undecided; still her soul fluctuated from one side to the other, neither able to embrace happiness or heroism, to make a choice between earth and heaven.

She still faithfully followed the rule, and one day was called with the rest to hear a conference from Mother St. Flavian. After giving the sisters a short instruction on charity, the superioress said, "Dear sisters, a violent and infectious fever has broken out among the galley-slaves at Rochefort. Our hospital sisters there need help; which among you will go to their assistance?"

A great number of sisters arose, and the most prompt of all was Camilla. She was accepted. The love of sacrifice seized on her heart, and decided her choice, and it was by the offering of her own life that she sealed another contract with Jesus Christ.

## VI.

THE fever was terrible, and the fatigue great; but the strongest sisters, and those most accustomed to similar scenes envied the courage and strength of Mary of the Cross. A superhuman strength seemed to be hers; and she labored night and day in this terrible place, where the clank of the irons mingled with the groans of agony. She cared for the body, and often saved life; but above all she saved souls, for the most rebellious hearts, which crime had driven into despair or doubt, could not resist her voice and her charity. The young, sorrowful, and timid girl became an apostle; and when she brought the priest to the bedside of the dying, these ruffians as they had been, listened humbly, confessed, and were absolved.

In a few days the harvest was great; but she lay down among the sheaves she had reaped, and did not rise again. She caught the fever, and from the beginning knew she would die. Then her sisters remarked the celestial joy which lit up her face, and seemed to fill her soul. She was like a person relieved of a heavy burden, and who was going on gaily to a happy resting-place.

The reception of the Sacraments increased her joy; and before receiving the Viaticum she raised her voice, and renewed her vows, ac-

cording to her confessor's permission.

"I am safe now," she said in a low voice. "O my God, take me, call me! Come, divine Jesus, come!"

She died the same night; and in her prayer-book was found a letter for her aunt, written immediately after her arrival at Rochefort:

"Pardon me, you who have loved me so much, and whom I have so loved also. I have given away a life on which you set much store; but a reason greater than any on earth draws me to do it. I could not resist it; a celestial voice calls me, and I cannot disobey. Something tells me I shall shall die loving you al I am in heaven, O, how for you! And time, wl quickly, will bring you we shall never more Adieu, my father! mother! Adieu, my bert! Be not sad be be not angry with me. calls a soul, she can n Him than the little l eagle swooping from t had given my will to ( disposed of it. Abov mourn, dear ones; w again. Let us love ( love God!"

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## PIUS IX, AS MAN, PONTIFF, AND KIN

AN ORATION DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF LA SALLI AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JUNE 19TH, 1873.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My theme is not a new one. By able and judicious judges and critics has its subject been reviewed. If then I must apologize for assuming to speak of the noble Pontiff-king, whose anniversary the Catholic world now proclaims, let my apology be that I wish to join my feeble effort to that of the thousands who announce to-night the universal benediction in which the memory of the just shall be held.

Who is a true man? What are the attributes constituting this third person in the trinity of spirits? Ladies and gentlemen, were we to look the world over, consult the private as well as the public record of all the marked individuals of the age, we should find in none more of those traits which go to make up the cha true man, as the Ch understands him, tha descendant of the Fe whose name is the s praises to-night.

The true man must heart formed to appr is true, beautiful, an mind must have been the school of experien tions directed to the most worthy object taught to open to reli to look upon the di neighbor; the true principles fixed on th while his conduct m its actions the practi his convictions. Un pects, Mastai was a fulness of the term.

training received from his mother, he learned that God alone is truth and every man a liar. To him, one of the most beautiful sights upon which angels or men could gaze was that of the Church battling against the strong arm of usurpation; and with this continued observation of the struggles of the Church grew within him this determination of character, teaching him that a true man, pontiff or king, must learn this golden rule,—first to God what belongs to God, and then to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar.

His heart yearned to see good everywhere predominant; his soul loved justice, detested iniquity. Even in his early years he had prayed that the faith of the pontiff might fail not, while in his deep studies and prolonged vigils he was unconsciously paving his own way to the triple crown which now decorates his brow.

His affections directed themselves towards the pursuit of what was most noble in the various careers offered him by his talents and his influence. Neither the din of revolution nor the false cry of impiety could prevent his embracing the life to which he felt himself called. Nor did he, once he had embraced the ecclesiastical state, ever think of retracing his steps; the terrors of an incurable malady were not sufficient to deter him; everything disappeared before that will which had even in this early stage learned to say, when looking back after having put the hand to the plough—*non possumus.*

And when once the goal of the priesthood had been reached, did our young athlete rest on his arms? was he satisfied that his name had been honorably inscribed on the roll of his Alma Mater? did he for a moment think that his days of study were at an end? Far from this; he felt that his days of labor had only begun. The hours which did not find him engaged in study in the offices attached to his state, were spent in the haunts of misery, the homes of distress. To him were confided the parting messages of the dying in the public hospitals; into his ear was poured the cry of repentance of returning Magdalens; all who were in distress knew him to be their father; sinners who desired to return consulted him as their guide; and the seal of public confidence was placed upon his brow, when his energy, already known in the Old World, was tested in the wilds of the New.

Such were the qualifications of head and heart which prepared the Abbé Mastai for the responsibilities of the mitre. A lover of study himself, one of his first cares was to nurture the love of study among his clergy. A lover of the poor, asylums sprung up in all portions of his diocese. A lover of peace and a forgiver of injuries, he interceded for those who had sought refuge, the arms still in their hands, at the foot of his episcopal throne.

The father of his people, these loved him with the affection of children. Nothing could have induced the Bishop of Imola to leave his children, were it not that in the voice of the Cardinals in the Conclave of June, 1846, he recognized that of God calling him to be, instead of the pastor of one city or one people, the father of the Christian world—the heir of Peter—the representative of Him who spent himself for His people.

Could the Roman College have made a better choice? Let the verdict of history decide; let the actions of Pius IX say whether the electors were deceived in the estimate they had placed upon the character of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti.

If our enthusiasm is enkindled while considering him as man, what shall be said of him as the

glorious pontiff, known the world over as Pius IX? By what standard shall we compare him to his predecessors? In the reign of what other pontiff did such great occurrences find their completion? Under whose guardianship has the Church achieved more triumphs, greater victories? To enter into the shortest possible investigation of the merits of Pius IX as a pontiff would carry us far beyond prescribed limits, and still, can we pass over in silence, can we refuse to look for a moment across the threshold of that pontificate filled with historic recollections, grand in themselves, great in their consequences, glorious to the memory of the pontiff under whose reign they have happened? As a pontiff Pius IX has given the greatest proofs of nobility of soul; he found the Church as a divine institution threatened on all sides by the spread of infidelity; he found so-called philosophers disposed to deny the agency of a Redeemer; and how did he counteract so vile an influence? Did he call upon his theologians, the learned in the Church, to defend the flock against the invader? No; his tactics were of a higher order. He chose for his defender and the shield of the Church, Mary, the Mother of God. Neither did he wait till prosperity had dawned upon him to declare Mary immaculate; from his retreat where perfidious Italians had forced him to seek shelter, he called upon the Christian world to say that Mary was and had always been immaculate. Forgetting his personal sorrows, he thought of those of the Church. In placing Mary, as it were, under obligations to the Church for this new honor, His Holiness felt that she could not fail to look with renewed earnestness on the wants of the united Catholic world, which with one voice declared their belief in the divinity of Christ by acknowledging the prerogatives found in her who was chosen to be His mother.

The world which unwittingly taunts the Church with loving ignorance can scarcely be acquainted with the history of Pius IX. Among his first cares was his solicitude that study, deep and prolonged, should be a favorite occupation of the religious orders. His circular letters to this effect speak in no uncertain tones his conviction that knowledge is power. If the Church be opposed to learning, why has the Holy Father constantly surrounded himself with learned men from all countries? How happens it that discoveries are being constantly made, not by the proclaimers of liberty, equality, and fraternity, but by men who, at this hour, thanks to these apostles of "new liberty," scarce dare venture to appear in the seat of Christendom as professing Christians. What a proof that the Church fears knowledge when cardinals elect as Pope one who is the declared friend of science!

It is, perhaps, a source of regret that the Pope should be forced to live on the voluntary donations of his children throughout the world, but what could be a grander proof of his universal popularity than the numbers, the nature, and the value of the amounts offered him. America, busy as she is with her railroads and telegraphs, has time to think of the prisoner in the Vatican; France, with one of the greatest burdens ever placed on the shoulders of any country, still finds funds for her best friend; Spain, in the midst of a dreadful revolution, sends her greetings and her assistance to the defender of the right; Ireland and Poland, forgetting their own wrongs, present from their scanty means relief to the common father of Christians; while the children of the Celestial Empire send from the land of Confucius their mite to enable the

Sovereign Pontiff to dispense with Italian money. All these pale before the generosity of his own people; notwithstanding the dangers to which they thus expose themselves, in spite of the grinding exactions of which they are the victims from the usurpers, these faithful children of the Church proclaim by their words and their gifts the joy they will feel when they will once more be allowed to visit their churches unmolested, instruct their children in the tenets of Christianity without exposing their little ones to public insult, when the grand chorus of outpouring joy will be heard in response to the blessing Pius IX will yet give to his children after the intruder of Savoy shall have fled in despair.

As a pontiff, Pius IX has already done more than would be sufficient to place him with the greatest of his predecessors, while the glorious future which looms up before him will probably place him in advance of the greater number of them.

To him it has been given to pronounce upon a greater number of doctrinal points, to issue a greater number of official documents bearing on the most vital questions to society. And to send forth some of these Encyclicals, what moral courage has the Pontiff not required? To face the opposition of a city or even a district is often more than statesmen venture, while Pius IX, time and again, has manfully proclaimed the cause of justice in the very teeth of howling opponents.

Above all, has he never ceased to proclaim that the Church, being responsible to God for the salvation of her children, is entitled, is bound, to instruct her youth in the science of faith. Unceasingly does he proclaim that the Church, and not the State, is the mistress of education. He does not claim the exclusive right to teach her sons and daughters temporal science, but he does insist that whatever the world may teach, the science of religion must not only be untouched in its dogmas, but insists that it shall be taught her children. No question of greater moment occupies the attention of the Pontiff, and we venture to assert that no victory is so dear to his heart as that which Pius IX seeks to obtain for the Church in the domain of education. Could he do otherwise and fulfil the command, Go *teach* all nations? Go not only to preach to all nations, but *teach* them, and teach them what? All things whatsoever I have commanded. It takes a long time for states and countries to learn wisdom; but if the lessons of history were heeded by the Italians of the day, they would learn that no wiser guide could be taken, even in the sphere of pure politics, than the helmsman in the bark of Peter. While Pius IX has done so much for doctrine in the Church, he has likewise added to her lists of saints some of the brightest names which adorn her annals. Time and again has Rome blazoned with the pageant of canonization of saints, and he is not yet satisfied. As a student of La Salle College, I here give expression to the fond hope that soon the voice of Peter's successor will proclaim the Abbé de La Salle worthy the veneration of the faithful as he is already the recipient of the honor of the entire world. We hope the dawn is approaching of that day in which the true friend of faith may be placed upon our altars, to proclaim anew the interest Pius IX feels in the cause of Christian education.

In every part of the Church has progress been the order of the day. Religious orders in great numbers have been added to the workers in the Church, and the Pope has constantly cherished these additions to his faithful assistants. He not only encourages the new, but endeavors to preserve the older organizations.

Witness his repeated marks of approbation bestowed upon those faithful sons of the Church, the members of the Society of Jesus.

No sooner is an order of men or any individual the object of persecution than Pius IX declares himself their defender. Examples too numerous to mention must recur to your own memories.

What shall we say of the last grand act of the sovereign pontiff, the assembling of the Council of the Vatican? Would it not seem that he had foreseen the terrible struggles which the Church was about to enter in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere? What rare prescience thus to show the combined and united strength of the Church to the world, at a moment when hell was to let loose its legions against her. We are not speaking for those outside the Church, and we must not be expected for the present to take cognizance of their objections. Let us look at the single question of infallibility. By a strange reversion of feeling all the mentors of the press throughout the world took to advising the Holy Father. They were so interested in the welfare of the Church, to desire that none of its modern movements should be in opposition to the march of progress. It was more amusing than astonishing to see the followers of Luther, the disciples of Calvin, the admirers of Tom Paine, and the Prophet of Plymouth, all united in one voice, protesting that they hoped Pius IX would not destroy the prospects of the Church by so suicidal an act as that of allowing his infallibility to be declared an article of faith. What greater evidence of the propriety of such a judgment than the feigned advice of these agents of the prince of darkness. Have not the events of the past year justified the wisdom of the minds which presided at the sessions of the Council of the Vatican? What is the great evil of the day in religious societies? Is it not the tendency to reject all authority because they may not agree with the pet notions of theorists? What better balm for this wound of self-conceit than the grand dogma which proclaims the successor of him "whom faith failed not and who confirmed his brethren," when speaking as pontiff, infallible, in matters of faith? The philosophers of the day tell us that such a doctrine is declared by all the world-wise absurd. We accept their verdict, but rest at ease under the conviction that "the wisdom of the world is folly with God." While adverting to the press, it would be unjust to refuse a certain meed of praise to the managers of the Associated Press despatches. They seem determined to give us a funeral. We are astonished that the New York *Herald*, which seems gifted with a sort of omnipresence through its agents, who make their way into the harem, the camp, and the cabinet, does not send some one who will save us the trouble of reading in one line that the Pope is reported dangerously ill, and in the next that he had in the same day received a large delegation of pilgrims. Having found means to tell us the condition of the African explorer, they can scarcely be unable to tell us something correct about the prisoner in the Vatican. There must be some secret anxiety in the world which thus follows every phase of the pontiff's real or supposed illness. It is a feeling of anxiety lest the grand old warrior should live to see his enemies put to flight. It is well known that Catholics believe with a firmness they cannot even explain to themselves, that the present gloriously reigning pontiff will outlive all the machinations of his enemies, and it is this feeling, this conviction which the newsvenders seek to disturb. We linger with love on the charac-

teristics of Pius IX as pontiff, and still the time I have already occupied, and the portion of my effort yet untouched, warn me that we must leave the pontiff to consider the king. This last portion, though abounding in questions of the deepest interest, I must pass over in a very cursory manner.

The object of government should be for the benefit of the governed. This benefit must receive its inspiration from the idea of justice. And is not this sense of justice diametrically opposed to the wire-pulling and trickery which have in our day drawn disgrace on the term politics? Justice being a part of religion, must be one with it. The Pope, even our enemies admit, represents that form of doctrine which best protects the ends of justice. He is the head of that church which established the general principles of law and equity which guide even our modern courts, and which during the past seven centuries have proved the wisdom of the framers. Is the Pope not then to be heard in the political world, where justice impartial must be the pivot upon which the happiness of mankind will turn? And were it not well to perpetuate the Papacy, even as a human institution? When the voice of adulation takes the place of the thunders of execration, how well to have one Prince-Pontiff who fears not to say in the midst of the crowned wolves he keeps at bay, *Non possumus* — We cannot, we should not, we will not. My triple crown, the figure of the triple sense of justice, prudence, and fortitude, which direct my decisions, must not, cannot, and will not be raised to do homage to the whims of the prince or the ukase of the monarch. How often has not the Pontiff-King saved Europe from the barbarian's grasp! Should not gratitude require from the successors of the rescued a return, in the preservation of the preserver? Let it be borne in mind that while the Pope dies, the popedom never ceases to exist. What the world owed to Leo, it owes to Pius IX. What it owed to Pius V, it owes to his successors. What reason have we to complain if the French undertake to protect them? Is it not rather the duty of the entire world to send its arms and its means to support an institution which has been instrumental in preserving civilization?

If from the discussion of principle we descend to the investigation of results, we shall find that under no princes has Rome made more progress, or as much, as under the Popes. Even five years ago, highwaymen, about whom our correspondent gave such dreadful accounts, hid themselves in the recesses of the mountain districts. To-day they have been dislodged. True, but they have taken up more comfortable quarters. They are now lodged in the Eternal City and there engaged in the work appointed them by the intruders. We have ceased to hear reports of robberies, murders, &c., in the rural districts. These are now accomplished under the eye and probably with the sanction of the men of blood who rule the hour. Pius IX, a king, may not have housed his horses as well as Victor Emmanuel, but he was more careful of the poor. He had not perhaps such fine entertainments for his court, but he had fewer hungry and thirsty in his dominions. In one word, where the prince was to be benefited, there will the change be found under the new order of things; while in every respect the poor, the needy are more destitute. Will any one think of comparing the encouragement given to every species of literary and artistic enterprise with the vandalism displayed by the new rulers, whose hatred of everything ancient and

venerable is on a par with their ignorance of all that is Christian? Do we ever hear of any rare book brought out under the auspices of the liberators? Any curious piece of ancient relics brought to light? No, ladies and gentlemen, the "new lights" have been too busily engaged examining the coffers of the monks and priests—they have been too anxiously occupied taking inventories of the hidden treasures of convents, to think of less practical work.

This is an age of progress—the Italian leaders believe firmly in Cæsar having what belongs to Cæsar.

What liberty do we prize more than that of the press? Precisely is this the privilege stoutly denied any save the revolutionary party in Italy. Under Pius IX as king, only immoral publications were forbidden all appearance in the Eternal City. Now anything and everything which may lower morality or nourish hatred to religion is received with open approbation by the rulers of the hour. Can we possibly wish to see perpetuated a form of government which openly encourages spoliation of personal property, neglects morality, and denies legal freedom to the press? Yet such is the nature of the present government in Rome.

How different from this the conduct of Pius IX! Take the leading events of his life as king, and we will find them a direct contradiction of the irresponsible actions of the new king. On entering upon his duties as prince, he releases those who had been found with arms in hand under his predecessor; while the first act of the new government was to imprison or banish those who even dared to speak against them.

He is driven from his throne, and forced to seek refuge away from his rightful domain, and only returns when constrained by the united voice of a liberated people; and scarcely had he re-established his authority, when active agencies are brought to work to dethrone him anew. They enter Rome, but to do so are forced to batter down the walls defended by men who we are asked to believe looked forward to the invaders as to redeemers. Since the advent of the usurpers, they have heaped every sort of insult on the Holy Father. If you will, they sought to bribe him by the offer of an endowment. Could we expect any honorable father, while detained in close quarters, to accept a proffered indemnity, the greater part of which he was aware had been stolen from his own children? The religious of all orders are the children of the Holy Father. From these have the Italian government stolen the money which they desired the Pope to accept for his subsistence.

There can be no truce between right and wrong. Till these opposing elements can be made agree, no compromise can be made between the Pope and his persecutors.

To conclude, let Catholics trust to the experience taught by history.

For our part, we are persuaded that no monarch whose claims are of mushroom growth shall ever hold permanent sway of the City of the Cæsars. If history be true, the day cannot be far distant which will hear Pius IX proclaimed not only as the man who deserves to rule, the pontiff who loves his people, but likewise the king who governs them.

O Pontiff great! O Pius good!
Majestic now in solitude,
Like some huge tower thou hast stood
Unmoved 'mid storms that rolled!
Whilst weaker structures, formed of clay,
Fell earthward from the truth away—
Thy faith in persecution's day
Looms up like burnished gold.

## MY LANDLADY'S PORTRAIT.

"THEY are a great deal cheaper than the others, my dear, and ten times more comfortable. I told you I should know how to manage," said my wife, speaking in a tone of triumph, while a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I started at the voice, for at that moment I had entirely forgotten the fact that I had left my wife looking at lodgings by herself; and, as I sat on the beach, with the setting sun full in my eyes, was wondering by what possible combination of scarlets and yellows, Turner could have managed to represent the peculiar gleam of light which for a moment crowned the top of each wave successively just before it reached the broad pathway of gold thrown by the sun across the water. I had been looking at the scene before me just long enough to feel inclined to be enthusiastic about its beauty; and I therefore called my wife's attention to it with some energy.

"Beautiful!" she replied, letting her eyes wander absently from the gently-moving waters of the bay, to the slowly-floating clouds overhead. "There are such pretty curtains and carpets in them, Frank! and O, such a dear little coal-scuttle!"

At any other time Bessie's admiration of the sunset would have been quite equal to my own, but now it was clear that her soul was bent on more important matters. Enthusiasm for the little coal-scuttle, however, lighted up her face, quite as becomingly as any amount of admiration for the beauty of the sea could have done; and as I was getting rather cold, I found my interest in the merits of that article, as well as in those of the rooms my wife had taken, increasing from moment to moment. So taking her arm in mine, I turned my back on the beach, and we began to climb the somewhat steep ascent that lay before us; Bessie detailing to me as we went along her experiences, since, at her own request, I had left her to settle the important question of our future quarters by herself.

"Women can always manage these things so much better than men," she said at the conclusion of her story with a modest air of capability and *savoir-faire* which might have provoked a smile from an older housekeeper who had chanced to be aware of the fact that Bessie was barely seventeen, and that her married life had been but of three weeks' duration, but which filled me, who was only four years her senior, with a feeling of unbounded respect for his business talents and powers of management. The lodgings, it cannot be denied, were very nice lodgings, "replete" (as the landlady remarked) "with every accommodation."

There was a chiffonier, the sight of which gave us quite a home-like feeling immediately, when we observed that by a curious coincidence it was of exactly the same size and pattern as the one that we had left at our last lodgings, and, stranger still, when we opened it to examine with interest the one shelf it contained, we were greeted with the same odor of mingled tea, coffee, sherry, seed-cake, and brown sugar which the experiences of the last three weeks had made so familiar to our noses.

The upper part of this chiffonier consisted of a mirror, the first glance into which put an end to the self-complacency which Bessie and I had been used to feel upon looking into the glass; for we were rather

mortified to perceive that our left eyes had increased to nearly three times the size of our right, and that our other features shared this alarming irregularity. Time, however, will reconcile one to most things, and after a day or two we got used to these little deformities. The mirror was surmounted by a ledge about two inches wide, and on this ledge stood three ornamental flower-vases (*vorses* I think our landlady called them), one big one and two little ones, on which were depicted wreaths of blue roses and crimson violets on a bluish-white ground. I think those vases must have had a presentiment of the fate which ultimately befell two of them, for they trembled on their narrow perch whenever we crossed the room.

There was also a table with a red and black cloth, and an inkstand in the middle with no ink in it; and a little round table in the window, which seemed incapable of serving any other purpose than that of supporting the weight of a huge fluffy mat, with which it was adorned.

Besides this there was an easy chair with a crochet coverlet which I was in the habit of unconsciously wearing attached to a button of my coat; and a small green sofa which looked comfortable and inviting in the extreme, but which after one or two experiments we both abjured, Bessie pronouncing that it would "do very well for callers."

Such was the dining-room, drawing-room, store-room, cellar, studio, and boudoir that we occupied at Mrs. Pink's. Surely with Bessie for my companion, and dwelling thus amidst "every accommodation," I ought to have been the happiest of men; and so I was in every respect but one. They say that even the happiest of men has always some crook in his lot, some skeleton in his cupboard. Mine was my *my landlady's portrait.* But that is scarcely the right term to use. My landlady's portrait was, I regret to say, *not* in the cupboard, but over the chimney-piece, nor can it exactly be described as the portrait of a skeleton. I think I shall speak more correctly if I say that my "rock ahead in life" was my landlady's portrait.

Under the influence of Bessie's taste and simple contrivances, or even, as it sometimes seemed to me, merely from her own presence in it, the room gradually lost its air of comfortless arrangement and general stiffness of aspect. I could sit at my painting in the window, without feeling, every time I raised my eyes from my work and glanced across the room, as if every bit of color in it was ill-assorted and out of place; as if all my visions of harmonious composition and pure coloring were put to flight the moment I lifted my head.

I could contemplate from my corner a small triangular bit of blue sea, to be seen between two tall houses on the opposite side of the way; and when I was tired of this, I could watch the sun bringing out golden lights on Bessie's hair, as she sat opposite me in the window, with much inward satisfaction and contentment. But if I invadertently raised my eyes for a moment from these objects, they were instantly caught and fixed by the round blue ones of my landlady's portrait, gazing straight into my face, with an air of innocent astonishment which was to my mind offensive and disagreeable to the last degree.

"I can't stand that picture any longer, Bessie!" cried I, shaking my fist impotently at Mrs. Pink's blandly-smiling visage. "Can't you find some means of getting rid of it, as you have managed to do with various other abominations?"

Bessie shook her head doubtfully.

"Really, Frank, I don't know how she would take it. I had trouble enough to get rid of that blue and green concoction in the fireplace;

she admired it so much. I was obliged to say that you were so absent, that I was afraid some day when you felt cold, you would tear it up to light the fire, and use what remained as a kettleholder."

"I give you free leave to make whatever explanation you like of my eccentricities, Bessie, in the present instance. Couldn't you say that it reminds me so touchingly of a deceased great-aunt, that it quite overcomes me whenever I look at it?"

"I am afraid that would hardly be flattering enough to soften her, Frank. You have no idea in what admiration she holds it. She told me the other day—don't be angry, Frank—that you were such a nice *industrious* young gentleman, that she shouldn't wonder, provided you went on working hard and taking pains, if you some day painted a picture as good as that one."

The *industrious* young gentleman showed his appreciation of this encomium by throwing his paint-brush with a most just aim, exactly at the middle of the picture in question, where it alighted full on the point of the fair Mrs. Pink's aquiline nose, leaving thereon, as it fell, a long streak of vivid cobalt, which materially added to her charms.

Poor Bessie! How round with horror grew her eyes when our landlady's tap was heard at the door, just as I had mounted on a chair in order to repair the mischief with a sponge; and what a reproachful glance she shot at me as she ran away to hold the unconscious Mrs. Pink in parley on the stairs till the danger was over.

But let it not be supposed that our landlady's portrait alone adorned our walls. No, indeed; our little sitting-room was a second Louvre on a small scale, for Mrs. Pink was a lover of art. "Pictures," she said, made a room look "busy." There were feeble engravings, mostly of Charles I in various situations more or less tragic. Now, that hapless monarch might be seen with very long hair, and very big boots of course, standing with an expression of bland and vapid indifference before a large concourse of people, all equally bland and vapid, in the midst of whom, on a raised platform, was a gentleman, also in very big boots but with short hair, who seemed to bear a strong family likeness to every one else in the picture. Now, the august captive (still devoid of emotion of any kind) offered his head listlessly to the axe of an executioner apparently twin-brother to his victim.

There were colored prints, too, of little girls, with heads inclined to the right, embracing affected looking lambs; and little boys with heads to the left, clasping to their hearts Newfoundland dogs, with coats as regularly marked with black and white as the squares of a chess-board. All these would in any other circumstances sorely have afflicted my fastidious eye; but the relief they afforded me in those days, the respect with which I came at last to regard even Charles I's execution, nobody can conceive who has not seen my landlady's portrait.

I was engaged at that time in making studies of the heads of Minna and Brenda, for a grand picture that I contemplated, the subject of which was to be a scene from *The Pirate*. With Brenda I succeeded satisfactorily enough—Bessie was my model; but for Minna I trusted entirely to my imagination. And many a time as the form of that stately, pensive maiden began to appear more and more distinctly before my mind's eye, my bodily eye would rest suddenly upon the countenance of my landlady, radiant beneath her little black curls and green cap-ribbons; the fringe and gilt buttons of her magenta gown, as well as the many-colored stones in her brooch and

rings, being painted with most pre-Raphaelite minuteness.

On these occasions nothing but a long stroll with Bessie on the seashore would suffice to calm the exasperation of my temper. At meals, by the advice of Bessie, who observed with anxiety that my appetite was daily diminishing, I tried sitting with my back to the obnoxious object; but in vain: there was my landlady's portrait in the glass of the chiffonier, opposite, beaming upon me as benignantly as ever. Human nature at length could endure this no longer. I leaped upon a chair, and in a luckless moment was discovered by Mrs. Pink herself in the act of veiling her pictured features with my constant adherent, the crochet antimacassar! At this appalling sight it is not surprising that my landlady's face should have become almost the color of the magenta gown, while Bessie, turning rather white, retreated behind the easy-chair. I, however, with courage rising to the emergency, stepped lightly to the ground, and with a most deferential bow to Mrs. Pink, explained that beautiful as was the picture in itself, and talented as must be the painter that produced it, yet it came so far short of the original that it quite distressed me to look at it, and that I therefore felt constrained to veil it from my sight. This compliment gained me my landlady's heart, and cost me—but I anticipate.

One afternoon Bessie and I, returning from a stroll on the sands, were met on the staircase by Mrs. Pink, with a card in her hand and triumph in her eyes.

"There's a gentleman been here. 'Tis a pity you should have missed him; but I've done the best as ever I could for you," and Mrs. Pink nodded patronizingly, first at Bessie and then at me.

I glanced at the card and recognized *the* name as that of a gentleman with whom I had a very slight personal acquaintance, but who was known to me by reputation as a very rich man, with a passion for art, and especially that particular branch of art to which I was myself devoted.

Here was an opportunity! Of course he would buy my picture of Minna and Brenda directly it was finished, and perhaps he would take a fancy to my little study of Bessie sitting spinning at her door in the character of Enoch Arden's faithless Annie; or how probable that he would fall in love with the water-color drawing of the same young lady walking barefoot into England as Jeannie Deans. My castles in the air had reached a tremendous height before I heard my landlady repeating with a still more complacent face and manner—"I've done my best, sir."

"I am sure you have, Mrs. Pink," said Bessie, kindly, "but how?"

"Why, you see," said Mrs. Pink, "I showed the gentleman into your room, where he said he would wait for you, and I seed him a-looking about at your drawing things, and more pertikler at my likeness."

"'All these by my friend, are they?' says he.

"'Ah, yes, sir,' says I, 'everything you see is his.'

"'Not this portrait?' says he, stopping before my pictur'. (Here my castle shook on its foundations fearfully.)

"'Ah, sir,' says I, 'I don't wonder you're surprised, he being so young, and that being such a fine work; but he's the most cleverest young gentleman, and the best lodger I ever had.'"

My castle fell to the ground with a crash, and buried me, metaphorically speaking, under its ruins.

"Almost directly after that," concluded Mrs. Pink, "he said he

had an engagement, and could not stay to see you."

"But he left his address?" I asked, trying with a trembling hand to construct another castle out of the ruins of the former one.

"No," said Mrs. Pink, shaking her head, "but he said he would call again."

Need I say that he never did call again? Need I say that when I discovered his address, and returned his call with a view of explaining matters, I found that he had left the place, leaving no clue to his whereabous, having evidently fled the neighborhood of the painter of my landlady's portrait.

Soon after this, Bessie and I bade good-by to Mrs. Pink, who seemed scarcely satisfied with the many plausible reasons that we gave for the sad necessity of immediate departure, and took leave of us with tears in her eyes.

* * * * *

As I was scribbling the last words of the above lines, I was interrupted by a tap at the door of my studio, and the servant entered the room with a letter directed to me in a strange handwriting. This I opened with some curiosity, which was changed to a feeling of mingled astonishment and dismay, when I read a notice of the death of Mrs. Pink, of 40 C—— Road, B——; and an announcement that bequeathed to me in her last will and testament was a certain oil painting, which should be forwarded to me immediately.

"There is a big parcel in the hall, sir, just come by rail," said the man, as I laid down the letter with a foreboding shiver.

"We will go down and unpack it, John," said I, resolutely, and strode down into the hall, where Bessie and the children were crowded round a huge packing-case, which they were examining with great excitement.

John undid the strings, unbound one by one the numerous wrappings in which it was swathed, and —exposed to view, brilliant and blooming as ever, the never-to-be-forgotten features of My Landlady's Portrait!

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## A BACHELOR'S VIEW OF CHEERFULNESS.

I DON'T like cheerful people. Now, don't misunderstand me, respectable reader; I don't mean for a moment to insinuate that I'm right: on the contrary, I think it very possible, nay, probable, that I'm wrong. It is not my desire to convert you to my way of estimating worthy persons; I only feel called upon to make a confession. The doctor says it's my liver. I dare say it is. I've had a liver, I regret to state, for a great many years, and it has accounted for a great many peculiarities; among which not the least is an unconquerable aversion for cheerful people. They would be very good for me, I dare say, but I don't like the look of them. I feel towards them as I do towards parsnips. Parsnips, I've been told, are very wholesome food, and I ought to eat them whenever I have an opportunity, but I can't: they have to me the appearance of carrots in a bad state of health. If I am to eat carrots, let them be of a healthy red, I say; but don't set before me carrots of a pallid hue, and bid me devour them under the name of parsnips. And then there are oysters: I will

not go so far out of the track of truth as to say that I never eat oysters: I have eaten them in all shapes; but I declare I never liked them, and I don't like them now, and I don't think I ever shall like them. I never eat them without shutting my eyes, for indeed I cannot bear the look of them. So it is with cheerful people. I take them in the way of business, or of sociality, but there is to me something inexpressibly repulsive in their appearance. It may be they can't help it, but it is my private opinion that they can. *I* never look cheerful; why should my fellow-creatures? They have as many crosses to bear as I have, perhaps more (I hope so); and yet they will persist in looking cheerful. It's downright hypocrisy, I say. I can understand a man's being merry, and I can comprehend his being sorrowful; but cheerfulness is more than I can realize.

Perhaps I have a bad disposition: it is not at all improbable; and if I have, I can't help it, any more than Lupkins can help having a bad hat. Not so much; for my disposition is natural, and Lupkin's hat is artificial; and he might have a new hat by paying for it, and he might pay for it if he had any money, and he might have money if he'd work for it, or if some relation or friend, or even enemy (which would be an agreeable surprise), would leave him any, and he might have work if he only knew where to go for it, and at any rate he might know better than to look shabby, and be a reproach to his friends and connections, who have got on very well without him, and so why shouldn't he get on very well without them? But, as I was saying, perhaps I have a bad disposition. And, talking of dispositions, it strikes me that what is called a naturally good disposition is rated a vast deal too highly: it covers a multitude of sins; all kinds of wickedness are forgiven for the sake of the naturally good disposition. If your heart is in the right place, as the phrase goes, you may put everything else in the wrong place, if not with impunity, with a tolerable chance of being extricated and set right again; but if you have a naturally bad disposition, woe betide you. And yet I can't see how a man with a naturally good disposition is entitled to more consideration than a man with a naturally bad one; on the contrary, it seems to me that the latter has more claim to indulgence and sympathy. The former begins his game of life with—to use a phrase not unknown to billiard players—a considerable number of points in his favor; whilst the latter may be said—to borrow an expression from the interesting game of pyramids—to commence by owing two or three. There are, depend upon it, many men who struggle frightfully against a naturally bad disposition, some of whom overcome it, and deserve immortal glory, and some of whom succumb to it, and earn eternal shame; but these last merit pity and sympathy, as well as contempt.

So I say, if I have a bad disposition, I'm very sorry for it, but it is no more my fault than it is your merit, sir, that you have a fine head of hair, or an aquiline nose, or regular teeth, or a villainous trick of the eye. Besides, I'll back my disposition against yours; and yet you say you like cheerful people. Very well; then I dare say you like parsnips, and oysters, and caviare, and all sorts of things that raise my gorge to look at. You're very welcome to do so; but pray, don't expect me to do the same. Of course, I am talking only of the cheerful people that *I* have met; there may be some very agreeable persons of that persuasion amongst *your* acquaintance, honored sir, or fair madam, or supercilious miss, so recollect I am not alluding to

them. The people I mean appear to me to have made up their minds to put on a cheerful countenance always, just as you lay it down as a rule to put on gloves always: they are never more or less than cheerful: they are cheerful at weddings, and at funerals they are only just cheerful. I was once present at one of the latter (to most people) gloomy entertainments in company with one of the cheerful sect. His cheerfulness never deserted him for a second. He talked cheerfully about the weather (which, by the way, was excessively cold), and about the distress amongst the coal-whippers very cheerfully; he recounted cheerfully the number of deaths there had been from starvation, and he dilated cheerfully (nothing beyond) upon the buoyancy of the money-market; he cheerfully reminded us that "in the midst of life we are in death;" he cheerfully ate a biscuit, and cheerfully offered me one, which I declined by no means cheerfully; he drank a glass of wine and a glass of brandy very cheerfully, recommending me cheerfully to do the same (for which I could cheerfully have insulted him); and at last, when it was found that there would be some crowding in the mourning coaches, he offered, with the most touching cheerfulness and moving incongruity, to "go outside, if it would be any convenience to anybody." If it had been that man I was following to the tomb, I really believe *I* should have looked cheerful.

Then there is a man, whose name I don't know, but whom I meet in the public ways nearly every day of my life. I've never seen him laughing; I've never seen him with his teeth set, as though he had something he was determined to go through with; I've never seen him melancholy; I've never seen him gay; but he is always cheerful. Confound him, I say; why does he always look cheerful? He wears spectacles, too, to which I strongly object, for he by means of them evidently espies me at a considerable distance, and immediately surveys me cheerfully from head to foot, as though he were making a mental calculation as to how much my outfit might be worth altogether. The man has just the sort of grin I have observed on an entomologist's face when he is engaged in scrutinizing some wonderful but very insignificant-looking insect. I wish he'd take it into his head to travel. However, if he has any bowels of compassion, I hereby inform him that my doctor says he interferes with the healthy action of my liver.

Then there's Hickup: his cheerfulness must be affectation. Why, he has no digestion, no more than a wooden doll; and if it is defensible for a man with no digestion to look cheerful, then I renounce all distinctions between right and wrong. It is true he is getting on very well at the bar; but he has nothing else to make him cheerful. He's as cadaverous-looking a man as you'd see in a large hospital: he has lost nearly all his hair (from constantly wearing a wig, I suppose), and what he has is not at all of a creditable description, either in point of texture or color. He's pimply, too; and *I* should say his eyes were decidedly asquint. But just as he is, he'll sit opposite you at dinner, with his shirt-collars running into the corners of his eyes (for he eschews fashion), eating a steak, and looking cheerful. The idea of a man with no digestion eating a steak and looking cheerful! I've spoken to the proprietor of the dining-establishment upon the subject, and told him how exceedingly annoyed I am; but he only told me to mind my own business, and if I objected to gen'l'men looking cheerful over their victuals (particularly such victuals as he provided at a moderate charge), advised me to

dine elsewhere. Hickup is evidently one of those persons who think it a duty to put a cheerful face upon everything. I say it is downright acting, and not dealing honestly with your fellow-creatures. If you've good reason for being merry, be merry; if you've good reason for being miserable, be miserable. I say, if a man is miserable, he is bound, in common candor, to look so; and if he ought to feel miserable, and doesn't, but puts on a wilful expression of cheerfulness, he ought to be ashamed of himself for being so callous and indifferent to his lot, and for his contumacious resistance to the efforts which are made to render him a sadder, perhaps, but a wiser man. When a boy at school takes a caning cheerfully, doesn't the schoolmaster (and I hope you'll not gainsay the authority of a schoolmaster) immediately tax him with obstinacy and impudence, give him a double allowance, and consider that he has not done his duty until he has removed from that schoolboy's features every trace of cheerfulness? And should a man who has gone through this preliminary discipline not know better than to bear the chastisements which are inflicted upon him cheerfully? Resignedly is a very different thing. I've no particular objection to a man's looking resigned (from an artistic point of view), but I beg he'll not look cheerful. I'm told that general cheerfulness is assumed on Christian principles; if it be so, I have nothing further to say. Let me remark, however, that I have looked for the word "Cheerful" and its derivatives, but have found no passage which bears out this assertion. A "cheerful giver" is certainly commended; but the people I mean never give anything (that is, of value to themselves, and what other kind of gift is commendable?) except advice, which I must do them the justice to say they dispense with most excessive cheerfulness.

Another unchangeably cheerful person is my friend the Rev. Mr. Lewyer. I went with him upon one occasion, when he wished to purchase some branch-candlesticks, to a well-known lampseller's. The lampseller thought he had exactly the article wanted, and he proceeded to describe minutely a pair of candlesticks which he was sure Mr. Lewyer would like. Mr. Lewyer listened to the description with the most cheerful smile imaginable, interposed a few questions, made several suggestions, prolonged the conversation for about half an hour, and then serenely informed the lampseller that the article in question was "precisely what he didn't want." The lampseller, I regret to state, swore in an undertone; but Mr. Lewyer left the shop as cheerful as he had entered it, whilst I was afraid that the lampseller, seeing I had no cloth to protect me, would visit upon me the indignation with which he was red in the face. And yet I sympathized heartily with him; for nothing provokes me so much as cheerful patience.

But did you ever "spend a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends?" I did, and I spent the most wretched time that ever I did in this life. Poor Grollip was alternately the merriest and most melancholy dog you ever saw in your life, when he had the misfortune to marry (for his sins, I suppose) what they call a "cheerful little woman:" so I called upon him to condole with him, but, to my horror and astonishment, I found him beginning to look cheerful. I remonstrated with him, but without effect; and not many days afterwards, received the following note:

"Dear Sir: We are going to have a few cheerful friends to spend a quiet evening with us next Friday, and Tom desired me to write and ask you to give us the pleasure of

your society. We take tea about seven o'clock; and if you will come to us about that time, I hope I need not say how very glad we shall be to see you. Tom told me to say that he thought a little cheerful company would do you good; and I think we can promise you that. Yours very truly, FANNY GROLLIP."

It quite upset me: the number of years I had known Grollip, and that he should think cheerful company would do me good! I didn't believe it. "Mrs. Grollip," said I to myself, "you don't speak the truth, ma'am. I know what it is. You saw that I was low-spirited the other day, and you talked to Tom about it, and arranged to try whether you couldn't reduce another fellow-creature to the same state of happiness that I observed in him. But you'll not succeed with me. I'm not going to be cheerful, if I know it. Show me something ludicrous, and I'll laugh as heartily as anybody; but defend me from an equable condition of cheerfulness. I'll drink your tea, though you dispense it at the hour at which I usually dine; but if you see me cheerful, I give you leave to tell me of it." On Friday, therefore, I made for Grollip's, after much communing with myself as to the proper costume for a "quiet evening with a few cheerful friends." One of my chief objections to cheerful people is, that they don't give entertainments like other folks. When you get a note formally requesting the pleasure of your company at ten o'clock, with the word "Dancing" in the left-hand corner of the first page at the bottom, you know what to do. You clothe yourself appropriately in mourning garments, thrust your feet into uncomfortable patent-leather boots, make yourself as much like a waiter about the throat as you can, buy the cheapest possible pair of white kid gloves, and make up your mind to stand on the staircase for an hour or two, lamenting that you should ever have been born. But cheerful people write you a friendly letter, babble of green tea, and lead you to believe that you may drop in in walking-dress. It's a mercy I didn't go to Grollip's in a pair of yellow cord trowsers and a lounging coat; and I thought there was great excuse for a fellow-sufferer I observed there in a coat which was black certainly, but cut as for shooting. He was the only person besides myself who didn't look cheerful; and he soon pleaded toothache and retired. As for the other people, they stared at each other in a cheerful manner, and occasionally interchanged a cheerful remark; they drank tea and coffee cheerfully, played whist (which I hate) cheerfully, and some cheerful young ladies played and sang cheerfully. This is all certainly very cheerful, thought I; but I don't think it will do me much good. I don't know anybody here, except Mr. and Mrs. Grollip, who are engaged with their guests. I can't drink any more tea and coffee—I've had too much already. I feel very uncomfortable. I know I'm very red in the face, and I should like to slip out without attracting attention, but I can't; for though all the people are in full evening-dress, this is evidently not what is usually termed an evening-party; and if I vanish without giving notice, I shall be thought rude; and if I do give notice, Mrs. Grollip will think I don't like my entertainment, which is quite true, but not to be acknowledged. So I fell to examining the prints as carefully as though I were a line-engraver (and I'm sure I wish I was; it is profitable, I'm told); then I scrutinized my boots, congratulating myself that I had not come in my lace-up ones, with iron tips; after that I scrutinized the other men's boots, and wished I hadn't such large feet; and then I scrutinized the ladies, and wondered why

they were in ball-dresses, when they were only spending a cheerful evening. Presently our cheerful hostess proposed a quadrille. This was walked through in a cheerful manner, and so was a second, and so was a third. After this, we had some negus (which I abhor), for all cheerful people drink negus; and then I managed—by telling, I am sorry to say, something very like an untruth—to get away, and wandered homewards with my spirits at zero. My road lay over the river, and as I walked across the bridge, my despondency was such that I believe I should have thrown myself in, only I could see no one at hand to pull me out again if I did. But my motions had been watched; and just as I gained the opposite shore, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and the rough voice of a policeman said: "You've thought better of it, young man, have you? If you'd throwed yourself in, I should a took you into custody; but aperiently you ain't got the pluck to do it." "You're quite right," said I; "I haven't, so you needn't trouble yourself on my account." But I declare if anything would inspire me with courage for the deed, it is "a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends."

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## THE LEGEND OF SAINT FRANCES.

Santa Francesca, prest by many a care,
Her refuge sought in solitude and prayer:

In which blest state, old legends say that she
Enjoyed the presence of the angels' company.

Howe'er it be, certes, as she one day
Unto her oratory had retired to pray,

And soothe her soul with meditation's balms,
Drawn from prayer's purest founts, the holy Psalms,

Three several times by duty's summons prest,
Cheerfully she rose and answered its behest,

And thrice returning at the self-same verse
Essayed, in vain, its sweet words to rehearse.

The last time searching down the page, behold!
The oft-neglected verse rewrit in text of gold

By angel hands, this lesson teaching all:
He serves God best who answers duty's call,

And sweetly making work a prayer untold,
Gilds labor's dross with merit's purest gold.

# THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

THE year 1780 may be regarded as the period of the greatest depression of the Catholic religion in England. The Papists, as they were contemptuously styled, were few in numbers, labored under political and social disabilities of the most formidable kind, and were regarded only with a sneering pity. The English gentry and the intelligent classes had long made up their minds that "Popery" had been effectually demolished by Barrow and Chillingworth, and that if a few respectable families still had mass celebrated in their country houses, and a few flocks in Yorkshire and Lancashire were still ministered to by priests, both priest and mass being illegal as well as superstitious, that it was only a matter of family pride which prevented their speedy extinction, and the total disappearance from England of the famous religion that had ruled that country for nine hundred years of scarcely disputed sway.

The population of England and Wales in the year 1780 was 7,000,000; the Catholics numbered only 70,000, or 1 in 100. But if the Catholics were few, that was the least of their disadvantages. To form some idea of the condition they were in, we can state that when Bishop Challoner, who was then the Vicar Apostolic of the London District, held meetings of his clergy (numbering a dozen or so), they met in an obscure public house, where each man had his pipe and mug of beer before him so as to disguise his real character!

A great preacher, Dr. Archer, delivered his discourses in a club-room; and the sacred vestments were so few that they were lent round from one priest to another.

Catholics had no writers that were read by Protestants, and Catholicity was regarded as a most degrading superstition, a system which had caused nothing but evil, and which could only deceive fools or form a convenient engine in the hands of knaves.

Need we describe the present position of Catholics in England? It is the reverse of all that it then was. The Church may be hated by many, but at least it is not despised. Led by a Manning, a Newman, and a Vaughan, drawing to its ranks every day crowds of converts from all ranks, but particularly from the most intelligent, possessing a large body of devoted and learned clergy, who minister in churches in some degree worthy of religion, rejoicing in a splendid literature, and watched and studied by all classes with the deepest interest, the Church in England has a great future.

To what is the change to be attributed? Under God, to three names and three events. The names are Challoner, Milner, and Wiseman; the events are the French Revolution, the Oxford movement, and the Irish emigration.

We will endeavor to show what share these men and these events have had in the revival of Catholicity in England.

Bishop Challoner was born in 1691, died in 1781. His life of Apostolic virtue covers the darkest period of English Catholicity. His piety was so unaffected and his writings were so simple and plain, that he had a great influence in retaining Catholics in their allegiance to the Church. His "Meditations," his "Lives of the Missionary Priests," his explanations

of Catholic worship and doctrine are even now and always will be esteemed. But he was of a retiring disposition, and he made no impression on the outside world. Yet there is little doubt but that his gentle influence had much to do with that relaxation of the Penal Laws which so enraged the London mob and caused them to burst forth in the Gordon riots.

Bishop Milner, born in 1752, and Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District from 1803 to 1826, was a renowned controversialist. He first obtained the ear of educated Englishmen, and induced them to think that at least something could be said for Catholicity. He was the author of "The End of Controversy," "The Letters to a Prebendary," and "The History of Winchester." He began to interest antiquarians in the numerous Catholic remains scattered through England, the cathedrals, the abbeys, the churches, and the hospitals. Bishop Milner was bold, active, always to the fore. He infused his own spirit into the timid Catholics of the day, and taught them that they would never obtain their rights until they boldly asserted them, and would never be respected until they showed that they were proud of the name of CATHOLIC, and not ashamed of their Faith.

He identified himself with the Irish agitation for Catholic emancipation, and took a leading part in all the political events that led to its final triumph in 1829, though he did not live to rejoice in it.

The French Revolutionary wars advanced Catholicity in England in two ways, first, they broke up the colleges on the continent where the priests for the English Missions had previously been educated, and therefore compelled seminaries to be established in England, and secondly, they caused England to espouse the cause of the Pope and of order in Europe, and th to regard her Catholic s with more favor. The *emigres* also were hospita ceived, and produced a go pression by their piety an plicity of manners.

Let us now give a glance "Oxford Movement." This ordinary phenomenon spru during the years 1834–4 in a very short space o passed through several Parliamentary reform and t cry against the abuses and dals that prevailed in the of England, alarmed a few more zealous members, w that its claims for reverenc rest on something more th mere fact that it was an " lished Church," or that it "Bible Truth," which latt claimed just as loudly by th tists or the Methodists. A ingly Drs. Pusey, Newma their colleagues, brought theory hitherto unheard of, s a few book-worms and con sialists, which was that the of England was essentially olic, that its apparent Prot ism was only the result of political quarrels between th and Henry VIII, and that sessed a priesthood and tar, rested its claims on the F and the Councils, and was adhered to *not* because it *Protestant* Church, but bec was a branch of the one C Church, of which the "I Obedience" and the Greek dox Church were also po Rome was no longer to be re as the Great Mother of (or as the centre of all e but as an "erring sister," a Pope was no usurper but P of the West! and to be res accordingly.

A number of young, e clergymen embraced this and began to preach it vigo

The astounded rustics and bewildered gentry of English country villages were assured that the "parson" was a "priest," that the bishops were the "successors of the apostles," and that the old familiar church with its whitewashed walls, its high pews, its lofty pulpit, its mustiness and dirt, was to be renovated and restored. For, coincident with the revival of "church principles," there was also a revival of Gothic architecture. Nor is this to be wondered at. England is covered with marvels of architecture, the immortal remains of the ages of faith.

Majestic cathedrals, ruined abbeys, and choice parish churches, dot the country everywhere. But for three centuries these gems had been despised and neglected, covered with whitewash, or left to crumble. At last the eyes of the nation were opened to their incomparable beauty. Pugin and Barry worked at the Gothic revival, and every parish soon began to feel an interest in its own mediæval remains. As Gothic architecture breathes the spirit of Catholicity, the High Church or Puseyite clergy took it into especial favor, and indeed have caused the expenditure of millions of pounds in its restoration.

The old pews in the churches were swept away, and benches substituted, the pulpit was overthrown and an altar erected, the windows were filled with stained glass, music was cultivated; the poor, neglected for centuries, were suddenly regarded with tenderness, the "old parson" had to dress himself in a surplice, preach about "the Church's authority in matters of faith," and perform divers extraordinary ceremonies.

These changes, of course, met with little favor from the more ultra-Protestants, and as might be expected, every parish was soon in an uproar. The Dissenters were delighted at this confusion in the camp of their old foes, and prosecutions and turmoil was the order of the day. At last, urged on by popular clamor, the Anglican Bishops denounced the "Oxford Tracts," in which High Churchism was laid down, and appeasing the mob, lost a Newman. Not only Newman, but Manning, and Faber, and Wilberforce, and Caswell, and some one hundred and twenty clergy, with a whole troop of country gentry, were driven out of the Church of England, and found that their theories were false, and that the Catholic Church was the only true one.

These converts carried over with them wealth and influence, and the great Irish emigration occurring at the same time, soon churches were everywhere built, and monasteries founded. The Holy See, in 1851, re-established the Hierarchy. Cardinal Wiseman was appointed its head; a great popular commotion ensued, but ended without any result, save a ridiculous act forbidding Bishops to use their rightful titles, an absurd piece of legislation which was never enforced.

The new converts brought also intellect with them. An English Catholic literature sprung up. Lingard had already done much to place English History in its true light; Caswell translated the Latin Hymns, and made them popular; Faber wrote spiritual works, and nearly all composed controversial ones.

Through the columns of the *Tablet*, the *Register*, the *Universe*, and other journals that sprung up and had new life infused into them during this exciting period, the recent converts reached the public ear, and induced thousands to join their ranks.

And thus was commenced that revolution of thought in England that ultimately opened the eyes of the honest Englishman to the

beauty, the wisdom, and the truth of the Catholic doctrine, and under the blessing of God gave renewed youth and vigor to our holy the Church, in the very lan bitterest foe.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, The Liberator, his Times, Political, Social, and Religious. By Sister M. F. Cusack. 1873. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

This much talked-of and long expected biography of the great Irish liberator, which has been issuing in serial form from the press of the Messrs. Sadlier, has just made its appearance in one quarto volume of 803 pages.

Among the host of celebrated men produced by Ireland, in many respects Daniel O'Connell was the greatest of them all. If men are to be judged by purity of motive, faithfulness, and energy of action and attainment of purpose, we know of no Irish statesman whose claims to the esteem and gratitude of the Irish people are stronger than those of him whose whole life, almost from the cradle to the grave, was devoted to the interest of his countrymen.

Born at a time when the first notes of discontent from the young American Colonies, borne across the Atlantic, were re-echoing among the hills of his native country, he early imbibed that love of liberty and justice which afterwards was the inspiration of all his actions. Brought up amidst influences that instilled into his youthful mind principles of virtue, piety, and reverence for that Faith which one of his biographers sneeringly says "was the only inheritance of his family," and an indignant witness of many of the bloody atrocities that characterized the French Revolution, it is no wonder that thus early in life, swayed by the gentle teachings of the Church and disgusted with the infamous crimes that were being perpetrated in the name of liberty, he announced his determination, as though anticipating the prominent *rôle* he was to play in the history of his country, "to accept no social amelioration at the cost of a single drop of blood," a "peace policy," his steadfast adherence to which, enabled him to accomplish those great reforms for which he afterwards fought. The wrongs and [illegible]*ecutions* heaped upon Ireland for centuries by her merciless oppr too well known to need recit O'Connell entered on the scene life at a time when the tyranni lation of England had so far Irishmen and Catholics of the pendence and manhood that were they debarred from any p tion in the legislation framed own government, and were com yield to the most humiliating é but the very names "Irish" and olic" had become synonyms of and disgrace in the English voc

The eloquent speech of O' when he first appeared before th at the great indignation meetin Dublin in 1800 to protest aga union of the two legislatures, cal such patriotic indignation from ple, so effectually commanded t tion and respect of all parties, a such a profound impression on lic mind, that he at once won t dence of his countrymen, and f time forward gained in promine Irish Catholic leader.

The originator of most, and identified with all, the reform mo of that day in Ireland, he gave s direction to that masterly agitati at length, after a tedious, unceas at times discouraging, battle, thr to him and to his Catholic cou the doors of the English Parliam culminated in the success of the ures of emancipation for which been fighting, and with which will ever be associated. The O'Connell played in keeping popular agitation that brough these results, and the unselfish a otic devotion by which he was are perhaps best described by hi

In his pamphlet, written in Lord Shrewsbury, who had taun for having received the "rents," were called, he says:

"For more than twenty yea emancipation the burden of t was thrown on me. I had to the meetings, to prepare the res to furnish replies to the corresp

to examine the case of each person complaining of particular grievance, to arouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to oppose at every peril the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause. At that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause, and that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration even for the personal expenditures incurred in the agitation of the cause itself."

In preparing her biography of O'Connell, Sister Mary Cusack seems to have abundantly availed herself of the material afforded by the events of that exciting period of Irish history. Many new facts are brought forward, and much additional light is thrown on events of which we had but a partial knowledge. Coming from an Irish Catholic and a religieuse we were led to expect, in the present biography, a certain amount of bias in favor of the hero who had labored so effectually for Ireland and the Catholic cause, but we were disappointed. While it is true that we find no colors wanting to correctly portray the virtues and merits of the subject, neither do we discover any false shades thrown to conceal his defects. The Life of Daniel O'Connell as presented to the public by the "Nun of Kenmare," is a complete and impartial history of the public and private life of a great political reformer, who was gifted with rare talents, was animated by the generous, religious, and patriotic impulses of his Irish nature, was active, energetic, self-willed, at times overzealous, and while possessing more than the average amount of good qualities as a man, was not altogether without faults. The work is written in a learned, graceful style, and is exceedingly interesting both as a biography of O'Connell and as a history of the times in which he lived.

"The History of Ireland," "Life of St. Patrick," "Hornehurst Rectory," "Daily Steps to Heaven," in fact everything that has so far emanated from the gifted pen of the celebrated "Nun of Kenmare," whether it be in the line of history, fiction, biography, or devotion, has been so carefully, so ably, and so satisfactorily written, that in glancing over the pages of her "Daniel O'Connell," we are constrained to consider the work no less a monument to the persevering industry and patient research of Sister Mary Cusack, than a tribute to the memory of the great man of whom it is a biography.

Surely the industry with which this accomplished lady continues in her self-imposed labor is worthy of and commands our highest admiration, and glad would we be if the success that has attended her efforts, would enkindle in the minds of our Catholic women of America an ambition to follow in her footsteps.

The elegant style in which the book is presented to the public reflects much credit on the publishers, and we hope their enterprise will be rewarded by a generous patronage.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY. Eighth series. Six volumes. Containing The Apprentice, and other sketches; Mary Benedicta, and other stories; Faith and Loyalty, and the Chip Gatherers; Agnes, and other sketches; Lame Millie; The Chapel of the Angels. The Catholic Publication Society. 1873. New York: Received from Cunningham.

Some time ago we took occasion to refer at length to the necessity of establishing a first-class literature for our Catholic young. All that we said at that time we can repeat now with double force, for every day that passes by only reveals more clearly the wants of our youth in this direction. Indeed we know of no more powerful agency that can be employed to counteract the evil tendencies of the times, than the generous diffusion of healthful reading matter among those whose youthful minds are as yet susceptible of good impressions. What our children need is books—books that will *interest* and *entertain* as well as instruct them.

It is a great mistake to suppose that children can understand or appreciate works whose subject and treatment are suited only to maturer minds. Place in their hands little story books, such as compose this excellent "Sunday-School Library," and our word for it more real good will be done in giving tone and direction to their thoughts and aspirations, than by dozens of such books as are often selected by parents for their children. The six volumes comprised in the eighth series of this little library are all very interesting, and in every way up to the standard of their predecessors. We strongly recommend them to our readers.

LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS. By D. P. Conyngham. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1873.

If an evidence of the truth of the saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," were required, we know of no country whose history could so amply afford it as Ireland. No people perhaps have ever been so unremittingly and mercilessly persecuted, in one way and another, for their Faith than the children of the "Isle of Saints;" and surely there is no country on the face of the earth to-day, where the Church is so deeply rooted, and numbers among her children so many devoted, sincere, and practical members.

The history of the Catholic Church in Ireland from the time of Henry the Eighth down almost to the present day, is but the record of a series of bloody and cruel persecutions, which while they had quenched many a bright light and sent many a brave soul to its eternal reward, has only strengthened the faith and increased the devotion of those that were left behind.

In the volume before us, prepared by the author of the "Lives of the Irish Saints," is given a faithful account of the condition of society in Ireland, from the time of the so-called "Reformation" down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, together with a painful narrative of the sufferings and martyrdom of the more conspicuous of those brave souls, among the clergy and laity, whose piety and fidelity to their Faith singled them out as the victims of the "Reformers," during this bloody and eventful period.

The Messrs. Sadlier have issued the book in attractive style, and we have no doubt but what it will meet the same success that attended the other works of the author.

THE DOCTRINE OF HELL. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham, Philadelphia.

A spicy controversy on the doctrine of hell, from the Catholic standpoint, as opposed to the infidel objections between Rev. C. A. Walworth, of Albany, N. Y., and William Henry Burr, Esq., of Boston, in which the argument seems to be all on one side.

The volume is very interesting, however, and only serves to show how little can be said against this "obnoxious" doctrine of the Church by those who find it convenient to disbelieve it, and how easily that little can be controverted intelligent man undertakes the

A WINGED WORD, and othe 1873. The Catholic Public ciety, New York. Received f Cunningham.

This is a collection of stori gifted author of "The House of reprinted from *The Catholic Wor* they from time to time origi peared.

They are all short, well told, equal in interest to any of th tional stories" of the non-cath are pervaded by a genuine Cath Indeed we hazard nothing, we saying that for grace of style of plot, and purity of moral, t of these stories is not surpass American Catholic writer of f

We hail the appearance of thi therefore, with sincere pleasure, that the Catholics of the cou encourage the Publication S their efforts to build up a lite this class.

PETER'S JOURNEY, and other T Lady Herbert. New York: olic Publication Society. 1 ceived through P. F. Cunnin

This is a volume of some very short stories and sketches, by L bert, which she acknowledg preface is the result of the fav ception of her "Marion Howar was published in this country and we believe met with quit sale, although not so large as t English editions.

There are five stories in th volume, viz.: Temptation, or chant's Ship; The Carpenter's Lost and Found, or Jeremy's Peter's Journey, what came o Wilfulness and its Consequence

The one from which the vol its name is a very touching drunkard, who by the praye wife and the effect produced on by a visit that he made throug land to the other world, was formed. The rest of the st equally interesting, and all serv a good moral.

IN our review of the "Am "The Fisherman's Daughter," drik Conscience, in our last erroneously credited their publ Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co. lishers are Messrs. John Murp Baltimore, Md.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. V, No. 28.—AUGUST, 1873.

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE GUARDIAN OF SOCIETY, AND THE TRUE UPHOLDER OF LAW, ORDER, AND LIBERTY.

THAT there exists, among a large portion of our people, a deep-rooted antipathy to the Church no careful observer of events can deny. This antipathy is not confined to the uneducated and unlettered, it is observable amongst all ranks of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, not excluding those who make the loudest professions of tolerance, and lay claim to the highest intelligence. It is true that this sentiment is not as widespread as it was in the past, but that it is even yet unaccountably rancorous is patent to all of us who are thrown into contact with non-Catholics, and who are familiar with the contents of sectarian publications. The diffusion of intelligence and the more general intercourse of Catholics with their sectarian fellow-citizens have done much towards the eradication of the false impressions which were entertained regarding our doctrines and practices, but, unfortunately, the literature from which the latter derive their mental pabulum is, as a rule, unfriendly to us, while our refutations rarely reach those whose minds have been poisoned by the noxious calumnies which issue from the pulpit, the rostrum, and the sanctum.

It may not be agreeable to our national pride to admit that, while we are the most ravenous readers in the world, we are prone to swallow our literary food in an imperfectly masticated condition, and as such a violation of the laws of health in the physical order will assuredly result in the derangement of the digestive organs, so literary matter unmellowed by the saliva of thought and analysis will infallibly produce mental dyspepsia. We are great readers, but we do not take time to investigate. The contents of our morning paper are devoured before we have finished our first cup of coffee; the evening news has been read in the cars before we reach our homes in the

evening; the periodical is glanced over as we prepare to take our post prandium siesta; the Sunday sermon is disposed of during the walk from the church to our homes, and if, unluckily, any, or all of these, contain aspersions upon the Church, such aspersions are received, as a rule, as gospel truth, no trouble being taken to inquire whether they may not possibly be unmerited. The average non-Catholic mind, predisposed as it is from early education, to look with suspicion upon everything Catholic, is easily impressed with any slander that may be circulated against the Church, and, hence it is, that many really well-disposed, fair-minded people become imbued with notions regarding us which, by their very absurdity, excite our wonder and provoke our laughter.

Do we exaggerate or draw on our imagination for these assertions? Are not the proceedings of every sectarian convention enlivened by flings at Romanism, and its alleged demoralizing tendencies; is not one of the most influential and widely-circulated pictorials in the United States avowedly and malignantly hostile to us, do not publicists, men, too, of enlarged views and solid attainments, unblushingly, perhaps unconsciously, enunciate calumnies against us to sympathizing auditors; and have we not here, in our own city, recently witnessed the revolting spectacle of ladies who stand high in the social scale, and whose intelligence is vouched for by the diplomas of fashionable academies, flocking in crowds to listen to the foul calumnies against the Church and her anointed, which issued from the mouth of a brazen, perjured creature, whose misdeeds drove her from the sanctified shelter of the cloister.

Let us not deceive ourselves. The leaven of bigotry and ignorance may have decreased in volume, but enough of it remain the *malice* of the ill-di the unconscious injusti sands who believe the capable of wronging tl even in thought.

Glance over the colu the secular press and you can, your blood fr when you see there r glaring lie that your pr take not only to tell yo purgatory, but to pray it for a stipulated sum- significant one at tha influence of the Church liberty—that she enslav and dreads freedom ( and, if you be still i come with us and we w the publication office zine, recently ushered this city, for the avow of warning the Americ the dangers by which th are threatened by t Church.

It is not flattering to enlightenment of the century that there are midst those who hone that we owe temporal a the Pope of Rome, tha tion of our ballots is r the advice of the eccle thorities, and that the p a stipulated sum for th of our sins. Yet, that fact, the personal ex most of us enables us t

In treating our subj not invade the domain for it is not necessary f poses of our argument the question whether ou *morally* true or false.

The sects proclaim a mental doctrine of thei right of private jud right of every man to i Scriptures for himself not, therefore, without ency, maintain that the not a safe Church in wl

because, with all their effrontery, they dare not maintain that all their followers read the Bible *aright*, and that all Catholics *misinterpret* its meaning. Their boasted dogma inhibits them, in fact, from consistently objecting to *any man's* interpretation of it. Hence, it is that when confronted with this species of logic, they waive their spiritual objections to our tenets, and plant themselves on the proposition that *ours* is not the Church in which to *live*, because the tendencies of many of its doctrines are to fetter thought, to enslave the mind, to impoverish subjects, to foster tyranny; and because its genius and traditions are inimical to civil and religious liberty.

It is therefore to the influence of the Church on *material* things that our opponents must object, if they observe the mandates of consistency and logic, and from this standpoint we propose to examine into the bearings of those distinguishing tenets, which mark the line of demarcation between the Church and the sects, upon the welfare and happiness of states and peoples.

The family is the foundation of the state, and if the materials of which the foundation is composed be not sound and solidly laid, the superstructure which is built upon it must inevitably totter and crumble into ruins. The family is the fountain whence flows the life-current of the body politic, and if that current be impure at its source, it will, instead of bounding through the veins, imparting health and vigor in its course, move sluggishly onward, depositing, as it goes, the germs of disease, decay, and death.

Around the family the Church throws the panoply of her most jealous care. She elevates matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament, and discountenances the entrance into it of any whose soul is stained by mortal guilt. She visits with severest moral penalties every act that is inconsistent with the end which the Creator had in view when he instituted the rite, and promises peace and happiness here, and strong hopes of eternal felicity hereafter, as the reward of the faithful discharge of the obligations which it imposes. From the dawn of life until the grave opens to receive them, her children are the objects of her untiring care. She is present at the baptismal font to cleanse them from inherited guilt; through life she offers them the strengthening grace that will enable them, if they will it, to preserve their baptismal innocence, and at their death she is to be seen counselling, soothing, and preparing them for the perilous voyage to eternity.

She exacts from parents not only material sustenance for their children, but obliges them, under pain of sin, to train them, in virtue and morality. From children she demands love and obedience for parents, and from *all* a strict compliance with the duties which they owe to society and to each other. Who can estimate the amount of unhappiness that is avoided, and the number of bickerings and jars, of scandals and of heart-burnings that are prevented, by the Catholic doctrine of the indissolubility of the marriage tie?

How eminently conducive to the stability of the foundation on which the edifice of the state has been erected, and how preservative of the purity of the stream whence flows the current that vivifies and invigorates the nation, are the obligations which the Church imposes through the Sacrament of Matrimony?

Believing that the cultivation of the mind alone is insufficient to make a man either a good citizen or a good Christian, she insists upon the harmonious blending of secular and religious instruction, and holds parents to a strict accountability not only for the ma-

terial sustenance of their children, but also for their careful training in the paths of virtue and morality. From children she exacts love, reverence, and obedience for their parents, and thus impressively inculcates a compliance with those reciprocal duties of rulers and people—obedience and patriotism, in return for protection and salutary laws—upon the observance of which the very existence of civil liberty depends. It is by a series of compromises, by mutual concessions and sacrifices that men harmonize their jarring interests and conflicting opinions. What more effective mode for training man to the practice of these essentials to peace and good fellowship, and for withdrawing him from the selfish pursuit of his own happiness, regardless of the rights of others, could be devised than that involved in the Catholic dogma of the indissolubility of the marriage bond? The conviction that death *alone* can release them from the obligations which they contracted when they entered into the marriage state, cannot fail to impress the married pair with the conviction that, to live happily together, angry passions must be repressed, incompatibilities of temper must be reconciled, bickerings must be avoided, that kindness and the spirit of mutual forbearance must be cultivated, and that selfish considerations must not be permitted to interfere in the relationship which was intended to compass the happiness of all who embrace it. Let it be borne in mind that the Catholic *believes* that the injunctions referred to have been decreed by *infallible* authority, an authority that *cannot* err, and we will be enabled to form a juster estimate of the effect which they are calculated to have upon his conduct. We will be enabled to understand why it is that the most abject poverty, the most trying temptations, the most cruel treatment will not suffice to extinguish the lamp of fidelity and love which ever burns, with exceptional brightness, in the Catholic heart. This may account also for the fact that among the habitues of the divorce court *our* people are rarely found, that among Catholics the crime of infanticide is hardly known, that large and healthy families are almost exclusively confined to us, and that by none is female virtue held in such high esteem, and that nowhere is it more prevalent than among those who profess the Catholic faith. From what we have advanced we think we are justified in the conclusion that the Church has laid broad and deep the foundation of liberty, and if, as does not often happen, some of her children will blindly join the evil disposed in their attacks upon it, she is no more responsible for their violation of her solemn injunctions than is the Creator Himself for the sins of man. But auricular confession, say the alarmists, is necessarily subversive of liberty, because it reduces its votaries to the low level of slaves, and imparts to the crafty priesthood the secrets of kings, cabinets, and peoples.

Let us test the objection to this dogma by the rules of plain common sense. Is it not clear, as the sun at noonday, that the belief that a crime committed, whether against the laws, against an individual, or against one's self, must be confessed to a priest—a human being; perhaps an old schoolmate or a personal friend—before it can be forgiven, has a restraining influence over the would-be evil-doer? And is not the doctrine that the restitution of property unlawfully taken must be made before the guilt can be remitted, a powerful incentive to honesty, and a valuable safeguard to the property of the citizen? This doctrine protects, too, the reputation of the people, for should a Catholic, in violation

of the moral law, slander the good name of his neighbor, the Church commands that the slander shall be retracted, and the good name restored. Now what can be more in harmony with the wellbeing of society than the doctrine which restrains from evil, insists upon reparation to the character unjustly assailed, and enforces restitution of property unlawfully taken? If the requirements of the Sacrament of Penance were strictly adhered to, crime would be an impossibility. The constant harping of the sects on priestly hostility to liberty and science is so causeless that it is questionable whether we would do any violence to charity by doubting the sincerity of the accusers. Malice and ignorance have conspired to mislead the public judgment on this point, but the calumny is disproved by the records of authentic history, which bear eloquent testimony to the fact that, had it not been for the Catholic ecclesiastics, liberty and science would have been obliterated from Europe by barbarian vandalism and princely tyranny.

Alone and unsupported by any aid save the magic power of his mighty calling, has the Supreme Pontiff confronted imperial tyrants, and awed them to do justice to their subjects, under pain of being crushed beneath the terrible censures of the Church. For seven hundred years the priests of Ireland have battled incessantly for the rights of the people; and when the red hand of infernal bigotry was raised against the life of every priest who dared to tread the green sod of his native land, the Sacred Host was raised on the hillside, beneath the blue vault of heaven, while armed Gallowglasses stood ready to defend, with their lives, against the fury of the ruthless foe, him who had ever proved the most steadfast and uncompromising friend of their religion and of their country. It cannot be truthfully said that this patriotic conduct of the priesthood is ascribable solely to their desire to maintain Catholic supremacy, for during three hundred and fifty years of the period mentioned the faith of the *invaded* was also the faith of the *invader*. It was *Catholic* England, against whose injustice and cruelty an O'Toole and his brethren in the sanctuary declaimed and protested with all the sincerity and all the eloquence with which a Burke and a Moriarty now denounce the tyranny of England *apostate*. At this very hour, the most intrepid champions of the people's rights, and the stoutest opponents of Bismarck's oppression, are the Catholic Bishops of Germany, who, to their everlasting honor be it recorded, in letters of living light, have preferred the dungeon's cell, and sail from home and fatherland, to the abandonment of one tittle of their civil and religious rights. The rapid lapse of time warns us that other tenets claim our attention, but we cannot leave the confessional until we have unburdened ourselves of the fact that the secrets of penitents are safe in the keeping of confessors. From the hour at which Ananias and Zaphira fell dead at Peter's feet, until this very moment, no priest, no matter to what degradation he may have fallen, no matter to what depths he may have descended, no matter what crimes he may have committed, no matter how maliciously he may have assailed the Church in his apostasy, not a Hyacinthe, a Hogan, nor even a Luther in all the raving delirium of his perjured soul, has ever disclosed an individual sin. We would not impiously arrogate prophetic powers, but to the unbiassed judgment of our readers we submit the question, "Does not the miraculous silence of more than eighteen hundred years warrant the belief

that the Great God would paralyze the sacerdotal tongue ere it could utter the sin of a penitent?"

Having examined the influence of Confession on the foundation of the state, and having, as we modestly claim, found that it cements and imparts consistency to it, we will pass to the consideration of our dogma of good works, another of the distinguishing tenets of the Church, and one, too, which we hope to be able to prove is well calculated to promote obedience to law and attachment to virtue.

Every action of man's life is, consciously or unconsciously, prompted by *some* motive. He does not work merely through pure love of labor, nor does he fast and mortify the flesh through pure love of such austerities. He works for the reward, pecuniary or otherwise, which he hopes will repay his labor, and he mortifies himself because he believes that such actions are pleasing to God. He avoids evil, not at the suggestion of nature, but because he fears punishment. Hope of reward and fear of punishment are then the impulses which, in the natural order, prompt men to do good and avoid evil. Now, the performance of good works is a duty which the Church imposes on her children as *essential to salvation*, and as the doing of good is incompatible with disobedience to law and the legally constituted authorities, it follows, as a logical sequence, that this tenet of the Church is eminently conducive to the stability of government and the good of society. It is the reward which the Church promises as the wages of good works that prompts the priest to inhale the poisoned atmosphere of the fever-shed, and to risk his life amidst the noxious vapors of the pest-house. It is this hope of reward, added to the soft whisperings of humanity, that sends gentle woman to bind the gaping wound amidst the loathsome surroundings of hospitals and plague-spots. It is in obedience to this tenet that the Sister of Charity devotes her life to the orphan and the outcast. It inspires the Sisters of the "Sacred Heart," of "Mercy" and "St. Joseph" with courage to leave father and mother and all the endearments of home to minister to the education of youth, and, at its bidding, those refined and accomplished ladies, the "Little Sisters of the Poor," hesitate not to don the garb of abject humility and beg, as did Lazarus of old, for the crumbs that fall from the tables of competency, to feed the infirm and decrepit of God's creatures, to whose service they have consecrated their earthly existence.

The more extended our examination, the stronger and more compact becomes the foundation of the social edifice. Let us see whether that obnoxious dogma, the Infallibility of the Church, exhales sufficient poison to corrupt the fountains of justice and liberty.

The Church has spoken definitely and irrevocably on only two points, religion and morals. On all other subjects she accords the widest liberty which the most visionary theorist could desire; but on *these* she requires the strictest conformity. She has never undertaken to decide what *form* of government is best for man, because, being Catholic, with a mission to teach truth to all nations, she must accommodate herself to that form which is best adapted to the genius and traditions of the people of each. But on the *principles* of government, on the duties of rulers and subjects, she has spoken with no uncertain voice, because *they* belong to the domain of religion and morals. Organize, if you will, a monarchial, an aristocratical or a republican *form* of government, but administer it you must in ac-

cordance with those salutary principles which religion prescribes, or the censures of the Church will fall upon you. *What* has the Church said definitely, authoritatively, and irrevocably on the reciprocal duties of governors and governed?

She commands the ruler to administer the laws justly and mercifully, and to extend protection to the life, property, and rights of the subject. From the subject she exacts obedience to the laws and the legally constituted authorities, and in her desire to preserve order, and to prevent fruitless bloodshed, she forbids subjects to offer forcible opposition even to the grossest tyranny until, after having exhausted all peaceful means in their efforts to obtain a redress of grievances, they have reasonable grounds for believing that success will attend their resort to revolutionary remedies. These commands and prohibitions, be it remembered, are proclaimed by the Church which all Catholics implicitly believe to be infallible—incapable of teaching error and bound, by her very claim to infallibility, to consistently adhere, under all circumstances, to her dogmatic decisions. Now, bearing this fact in mind, can we not justly claim that Catholics must necessarily be good citizens whilst they observe the injunctions of the Church; and if the influence of the dogma of infallibility be to make the believers in it good citizens, may we not logically conclude that the doctrine itself is pre-eminently favorable to civil liberty and to the wellbeing of society? It will be no answer to our argument to tell us that peoples who professed the Catholic faith have, without justification, dethroned kings and led monarchs to the block, for we can retort that rebellion to Divine authority itself was organized in Heaven, where virtue and vice fought for the mastery, under the leadership of angels. But a triumphant refutation of our argument, says the uncandid and misinformed sectarian, is found on the historic page which relates that our Infallible Church has deposed kings, interfered in the temporal affairs of nations, absolved subjects from their allegiance, persecuted the Albigenses, condemned Huss to the stake, and instigated the massacre of St. Bartholomew. We answer that, when all Europe was Catholic, the Pope was regarded by sovereigns and subjects, princes and people, as the beneficent father of all Christendom; the judge from whose unbiassed verdict even the most unjust and tyrannical rulers hesitated to appeal. To him, as *such*, was frequently committed the adjustment of disputes that occurred between various nations, and it was in his capacity as arbitrator, and not in that of the Infallible Pontiff deciding *ex cathedra*, that he performed those civil functions upon which our enemies have so severely animadverted, but which even candid antagonists admit almost invariably compassed the ends of justice and humanity. The world has recently witnessed the submission, to the tribunal of Geneva, of the points in dispute between the United States and England, and no sane man would dare to assert that the rights or liberties of either nation were invaded or jeopardized by the decision of that court. The assertion that the Church ever *persecuted* any man is unqualifiedly false, and we challenge the production of any authentic records to the contrary. She never did more than define the offence which the accused may have committed against religion and morals, and if that offence subjected him to punishment under the civil law, the Church, assuredly, cannot be held responsible. It would not be equitable to hold the jury that finds a man guilty of murder, or the judge that imposes

sentence upon him, accountable for the *law* which punishes that crime with death. "Legitimate authority," says an eminent writer, "may punish, but it cannot persecute. The Church only inflicts ecclesiastical punishments, and she has never authorized, or even tacitly approved, any civil punishment of heretics, when the heretic did not add to the sin of heresy, the further sin of offences against the state, or of attacks on the very foundations of moral and social order, as in the case of the Albigenses, Wickliffites, Hussites, &c., &c." The Church here, as well as elsewhere, is impervious to the shafts of her enemies.

Our theme is so prolific that want of time and space compels us to pass over, without hardly an allusion, tenets which furnish eloquent arguments in support of our thesis.

The Invocation of Saints, for instance, implies some acquaintance with the lives and conduct of those whom we venerate, and as those lives are replete with examples of the most exalted and heroic virtues, the contemplation of them cannot fail to inspire us with lofty and ennobling emotions.

The doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope has been stigmatized as tending to divide the allegiance which the American citizen owes entirely to his country and its laws; but every Catholic *knows*, and intelligent men of every creed *ought* to know, that the allegiance which we owe to the head of the Church is of a purely *spiritual character*. The illustrious and venerable pontiff, who now fills the See once graced by an apostle, is as dear to every Catholic heart, stripped as he has been by the ruthless hands of the sacrilegious robber of all his earthly possessions, as he was when the dual crown of spiritual pontiff and temporal prince encircled his majestic brow. Yes, we owe him allegiance—the allegiance which the disciples and early Christians paid to Peter—an allegiance which, in every age and every clime, has been paid to his successors; and with it go the tributes of more than two hundred million hearts that vibrate in unison with that of the grand old man who, with the keys for a compass, and truth for a chart, guides safely through the storms of malignity, irreligion, and infidelity, by which she is encompassed, the stanch old ship which Peter launched on the waters of the Tiberian lake nearly two thousand years ago.

Our dogma of the "Immaculate Conception" of the Blessed Virgin Mary, like our belief that when we worthily receive the blessed Eucharist, the God of heaven dwells in our souls, is well calculated to impress us with an adequate idea of the dignity to which human nature has been elevated, and to inspire a holier regard for woman, upon whose precepts and example mainly depends the character of those to whose keeping the destinies of nations are committed.

The contemplation of the dignity to which Mary was raised cannot fail to create in the heart of the Christian woman the liveliest desire to imitate her virtues, and to instil into her an ardent love for that exalted virtue and purity which find in Mary their brightest exemplar. If, then, the effect of this doctrine be to elevate the standard of female morality, how salutary must be its influence also on the conduct of man, whose character in childhood is moulded by the teachings and example of woman. On the women of a nation depends, to a greater extent than is generally appreciated, the conduct of its citizens; and to the infectious example, the gentle remonstrance, the mild reproof, the patient endurance, the trusting prayer of a virtuous mother, sister,

or wife, many a man whose name is emblazoned on the escutcheon of honorable fame, and whose voice, perhaps, is potent in the councils of his country, owes his rescue from the lowest depths of degradation and infamy.

The deep and lasting impress which the contemplation of the "Immaculate Mary's" spotless life stamps on the heart of woman is manifest in that modest demeanor, that trusting love, that purity of conduct, which mark the character of the daughters of the Church in every nation and in every clime.

From the Catholic fold occasionally stray some unfortunate victims to the tempter's wiles; but out of it go not those shameless creatures who foster polygamy in the seraglios of Utah; out of it go not those unsexed women who are endeavoring to poison the very fountains of morality by their public advocacy of "free love" and of the doctrine of "affinities;" out of it go not those females of advanced views and uncertain age, who, despising that refinement and delicacy, that retirement and modesty which give to woman her loveliest charms, forsake the hallowed precincts of home and its endearing duties, to contend with man for masculine privileges amidst the scenes of noise and tumult, trickery and corruption, which surround the hustings. But *in* it remain those angels of mercy, the sisters of the various religious communities, whose veiled faces shrink from the public gaze, and whose lives are models which saints might follow; in it are also found those *true* women who, content with the position which heaven has assigned them, faithfully minister at the family altar, and who, leaving to man, into whose breasts they have endeavored to infuse the principles of rectitude and justice, the performance of the sterner duties of life, consecrate their existence to the salvation of their souls and the care of their families.

With feeble hands but earnest heart we have endeavored to portray the salutary influences of the distinguishing tenets of the Church on the welfare of man and the destinies of nations, and to the readers of the RECORD belongs the right of passing judgment on our effort. We have not undertaken to prove that every Catholic is stainless, or that every professor of the faith is guiltless of conduct inconsistent with good citizenship. The thesis that we have labored to establish is, that the tendencies of the dogmas of the Church are favorable to liberty and happiness, and that a strict compliance with their injunctions must inevitably secure both of these blessings to mankind. If we have succeeded in establishing this, our aim has been accomplished; if we have proved this, we have a right to demand of the sects a recantation of their slanders against the Church, and we can triumphantly maintain that the Church is *here*, not by the tolerance of any party, not even by virtue of a constitutional compact only, but by virtue of the prescriptive right of discovery and settlement, which she has never forfeited. For we can show that the first standard that ever left its impress on the virgin soil of America was the Catholic Cross; that the first act of solemn sacrifice ever offered to the true God, beneath this Western sky, was the Catholic Mass; and that the first words of solemn praise that ever echoed through the Western wilds were "Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiæ; vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve;" which, taken up by the vesper breeze, as they at eventide fell from the lips of the hardy sailors of the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria, were by it wafted toward the setting sun, over the blue waters of the Atlantic. At

the Catholic font were regenerated the man whose genius conceived the existence of this continent, the woman who aided him to prove the truth of his conception, and the monk who prevailed upon the woman to extend that aid. "Gentleness, Faith, and Courage" —three characteristics of the Church—gentleness personified by the woman, faith by the monk, courage by the sailor—lifted the veil of ocean that hid America from the eyes of Europe. Santa Maria—Holy Mary—was the ship which bore Columbus hither; and, appropriately too, the first land touched was named San Salvador in honor of the Virgin's Son. Before Luther had raised the red hand of rebellion against the Church her anointed sons were traversing tangled forests and pathless wilds to impart the truths of religion and civilization to the untutored barbarian; and, while gratitude has an abiding-place in the hearts of men, the names of those devoted Jesuits, Marquette, Joliet, Brebœuf, Rasles, Marest, and Lallemand, whose brethren are now the victims of such cruel persecution in the land of Luther, will ever be revered by the American people.

From the initial struggle at Lexington, until the surrender at Yorktown eventuated in the achievement of American independence, Catholic blood—the blood of glorious old Catholic France, and of glorious old Catholic Ireland, mingled in the stream that fructified the seeds of American liberty. The records of the war of 1812 bear honorable testimony to the patriotism of our people; and there are yet living those who remember, with honest pride, the not generally known fact that the Rev. Dr. Carr, founder and first pastor of St. Augustine's Church, in this city, aided in the *erection* of breastworks for the American army. A Barry and an O'Brien on the quarter-deck; a Sullivan on Bunker's Hill; a Shields at Chapultepec, Churubusco, and Shenandoah; a Gilmore at Charleston; a Mulligan at Lexington; a Corcoran at Williamsburg; a Rosecrans at Chickamauga, and a Meagher at Fair Oaks, with the brigade of Catholic Irishmen that saved the fortunes of the day, speak with more than Roman or Athenian eloquence of Catholic devotion to American liberty. From that bright October day, 381 years ago, when the fervent southern sun of San Salvador first shone upon the brilliant sheen of the holy cross, until this very hour, the Church has been true to the government and laws; and her children *alone* were they who, having had no part in precipitating the late civil war, could cross the "bloody chasm" which it created with the certainty of meeting on either side warm hearts and willing hands to greet them.

With such a Church, and such a record, we cannot fail to make our influence paramount here, if we are only willing to elevate our *conduct* to the high standard of our *principles*. While willing to concede equal rights to others, we must teach them to respect ours, and in no way can this be done so effectually as by *acting* the fact that we are the peers of any in the land.

Our progress has been rapid in view of the difficulties which beset our paths; but had we not lost many of, at least, the second generation of emigrants, our numbers would be now double what they actually are. Against such losses in the future the multiplication of Catholic schools provides a powerful remedy; and, if the present "temperance" movement, which spreads its ramifications as if by spontaneous impulse, throughout every section of the country, su

ceeds, we will be able to present a solid phalanx, and bid defiance to the assaults of the foe.

The spectacle presented on last St. Patrick's Day, when the Catholic standard was, for the first time within the present generation, borne in public procession through the streets of Philadelphia by men whose appearance and deportment elicited the deserved encomiums of friends and strangers, demonstrated what our people *can* do when their intellects are unclouded and their native dignity asserts itself. The mercurial temperament of the race from which sprang the greater portion of American Catholics is peculiarly sensitive to the injurious influences of alcoholic stimulants, and to indulgence in them is traceable immediately, or mediately, almost every sin which the Catholic Celt commits.

Snatch from the lips of the Catholic Celt the intoxicating draught, confine him within the bounds of his natural enthusiasm, induce him to act upon the uninfluenced promptings of his generous heart and upon the suggestions of his unclouded mind, and there will stand before us, in all his majesty, the grandest achievement of creative power—man! Snatch from his lips the poisoned cup, subject him to the influences of Catholic truth, and we will show him who will, without any extraneous aid but by the force of the faculties with which God hath endowed him, prove himself the peer of the greatest, whether on the rostrum or at the forum, in the senate chamber or on the battle-field.

Temperance, to the Catholic, means happy homes and smiling firesides, where now reign sorrow, penury, and woe. Temperance means happy, loving wives, and joyous, virtuous, well-clad children; and oh! men of character and intelligence, we cannot but believe that if, without infringing any vested or acquired rights, you appeal, with the magic eloquence which the sight of desolate homes, heart-broken wives, and ragged starving children inspire, to the generous impulses of the noble Celtic heart, you will succeed in eradicating the only blemish which defaces the Celtic character.

Accomplish this, and in the not distant future the cross, with its arms outstretched to welcome to their embrace the wearied and belated wanderer, and its index pointing to the home where refreshment and unfading joy await him, will gleam in the sunlight in every valley and on every hillside of this free and glorious land.

## OUR LADY OF THE ISLE.

### NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

The beautiful brown stone Gothic church of Our Lady of the Isle, the church of Rhode Island, has for many years been an object of admiration to v at Newport, the theme of many a pen, and a pride to every Catholic, as a worthy of our holy religion, in a city which possesses so many attractions, r and artificial, and which is the resort of visitors from all parts of the world edifice stands back a short distance from the harbor, being one of the first that greets the eye on landing. It is surmounted by a life-size statue of the l Virgin, carved in stone, exactly as described in the second stanza of the fol poem.

FLOW on to the sea, Narragansett!
Flow onward, thou beautiful bay;
Yet stop, at this insular transept,
Thy billowy tribute to lay,
At the feet of the beautous Madonna,
Enshrined on yon fair seaport steeps;
Thence guarding, with tutelar honor,
Thy clustering islands and deeps.

Unloosed to the breeze hang her tresses,
Her soft eyes she lovingly bends;
O'er her bosom her pure hands she presses,
While her foot the proud serpent's neck rends.
In the midst of this gay scene of fashion,
In the midst of this populous mart,
She standeth, to cheer with compassion,
To win to her love every heart.

Will not the gay searcher for pleasure,
Seeing her in the midst of his mirth,
Be moved to exchange for the treasure
Of Heaven, the follies of earth?
Will not the gray seamen returning
From afar o'er the billowy foam,
Be filled with a tenderer yearning,
When he thinks of "Our Lady at home?"

Here, in days of blest Eric of Garda,
By his Norsemen missioners bold,
Were thy praises, O! fair Virgin Warder,
In our continent's aisles first told;
And though into silence primeval,
For ages, the hymn died away,
It wakes, like a pæan mediæval,
In power redoubled to-day.

In vain would the Puritan scorner
Banish thee and thy love from the land,
Where, a time, thou wast held in dishonor,
Now triumphant, as queen, thou dost stand;

With thy bright lunar circlet around him,
Proud Satan lies crushed at thy feet;
So hath love's golden influence bound them,
Friend and foe, to the stool of thy seat.

I proudly salute thee, Rhode Island,
For thy sons' manly honor and truth,
For their victory o'er bigotry's guile and
Thy forefathers' patience and ruth;
But I hold thee more dear for this reason,
All States of our Union above,
That thou for thy princess hast chosen
This Mother of beautiful love.

Then flow to the sea, Narragansett!
Flow onward, thou beautiful bay;
Yet stop, ere thou endest thy transit,
Thy billowy homage to pay
Unto the Maid-Mother immortal,
That from Newport her fair vigil keeps,
Like a star o'er the rock-girded portal,
That leads through thine islands and deeps.

NARRAGANSETT BAY, Vigil of the Assumption.

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## A SISTER'S SACRIFICE.

My tale opens in a picturesque village situated on the banks of one of our most wild and romantic rivers. Though many years have passed since the time I am about mentioning, and my once black hair is sprinkled with silver, yet still can I see that sweet village, with its low white cottages half buried in flowering vines and rose-trees; I can even now picture its wild hills and pretty, winding stream, rippling on as it did in the days of old, and the boats with their merry, light-hearted crew sailing along. I had a friend—a sweet, gentle creature, whom every one loved. I used to wonder what pleasure she found in visiting yonder low-roofed cottage, the inhabitant of which I had never seen. That it was an old lady I had often heard; but no one that I met with had ever made her acquaintance. One day I made up my mind to ask my dear Julia who the lady was, and why she lived so retired a life. An opportunity soon arrived; Julia and I were sitting on our favorite little garden-seat, I amusing myself in binding flowers in her lovely golden hair. There was a shade of sadness over her face which was not at all usual. I asked her what it meant, and she told me in a few words that her friend in yonder cottage was ill, perhaps dying. The tears trickled down her face as she said:

"Dear Amy, you must have often wondered why I spent so much of my time at the cottage; I will tell you, and, if you like, give you a short sketch of the life of its occupant."

"Do, Julia dear," I replied, "if it is not too painful for you."

"Annie Stanley," commenced

Julia, "was a sparkling brunette, whose black hair would curl however much she tried to smooth it, and would rise in glossy waves from her finely-shaped head. She was, in fact, a great beauty. Her father was a merchant in affluent circumstances. Her mother had died in giving her birth, and long and bitterly Mr. Stanley had deplored her loss; yet Annie was scarcely eleven when her father married again, this time uniting himself to a beautiful widow, the mother of one child, who was quite the opposite in appearance to Annie, and six years her junior.

"The new Mrs. Stanley was a delicate creature, her beauty of that frail kind that you fear will vanish into air as you gaze upon it. Her long golden tresses hung round her head in lovely ringlets, waving to and fro in the breeze; her eyes were celestial blue, and her complexion of the purest white, with just a rose-tint upon her cheek; her figure was slight, but extremely graceful. She would, in fact, have passed for a lovely girl of sixteen, rather than a widow of four-and-twenty.

"Lucy, her daughter, was the miniature image of her mother, a sweet, sensible little creature, scarcely ever joining in the games of those of her own tender age. She would prefer to sit with her doll at her mother's knee, or pet the tiny kitten, who, more joyous than herself, would frisk about, and try to bite its little mistress's frock into holes.

"Mrs. Stanley was constitutionally a helpless, spiritless, and inactive being—one you would scarcely think the choice of a person of Mr. Stanley's character, he being a man of strong mind, ripe education, and exalted principles. He had met the charming widow while visiting a friend; he loved, he proposed, and was accepted; they were married as soon as possible, and the mourning widower returned to his home a happy bridegroom. But it was often suspected he wearied of the fair flower he had so hastily gathered, though never by look or word did he let it be known.

"Annie loved her new mother and sister dearly, and soon took quite a maternal interest in Lucy, who certainly did not receive a mother's care from Mrs. Stanley, who was of too indolent a character to care for so much trouble. Annie would go into the nursery, and after assisting the nurse in the bathing of her little charge, would instruct her as far as she was able.

"A year wore away, and Annie was sent to school. A bitter parting it was; she had so endeared herself to all the family. Lucy clung to her skirts, declaring in her childish way that no one should take her dear sister away; the father stood, scarcely able to repress a tear, with a blessing on his lips for his beloved child. He fancied more than ever he could see the likeness to that one to whom he had given his first affections, and who was now laid in the cold, cold grave. Even Mrs. Stanley, who seldom exhibited any emotion, wept as she pressed the sweet girl to her heart, and kissed her again and again.

"Truly did the Stanleys miss Annie. Mr. Stanley was no more greeted with the usual merry laugh as he entered after his day's business was over. Lucy presented herself in soiled pinafores, her lovely hair dishevelled, and her face and hands dirty. Tea was always late, and when it came lacked the usual comfort; and poor systematic Mr. Stanley was often seen with a frown upon his countenance, and would partake of his repast in silence. Mrs. Stanley was to be pitied. She was one of those characters who are never in a hurry themselves, and consequently cannot under—

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silent for some time.
Again she spoke, though this time so faintly it was difficult to catch her words. 'Anuie, dear Annie, you have always acted the part of mother to my Lucy—let me beg as a last request you will continue to do so; she is such a poor weak child, she cannot stand alone.'

"Yes, mamma, dear mamma! I will do all this," sobbed Annie.

"One faint kiss, a smile lingered for a moment around her lips, her eyes remained fixed on Annie, but the light of her soul had fled.

"Faithfully did Annie perform her promise. Lucy was a pleasant little creature. Her sister's wish was law to her, though poor Annie often felt sorely tried through the child's incapacity and helplessness.

"Lucy was about eighteen, and at school, when a young and talented stranger visited the village, and became a constant visitor of the Stanleys. Annie was much thrown in his way, and unfortunately fell deeply in love with him. I remember well, some years after, her giving me the following account, and even then with tears. She said that until she saw Edwin Tresham she had loved no one but her father; her whole life had been devoted to him. But she saw in Edwin the ideal that she had worshipped in dreams. Waking and sleeping she loved him most devotedly, though he never spoke of love to her; but still she fancied as she wished, and thought she could read in his eyes that he loved her. For weeks he lingered beside her. Her days passed in a wild, blissful dream of delight, O, too brief! and yet with all her after-sufferings, she told me she would give the world to live those days over again.

"Lucy returned from school, and Annie noticed with pleasure that Edwin loved her 'little sister.' Poor girl! out of love for Lucy she tried to conceal all her defects, and place her in as favorable a light as

she could in Edwin's eyes. He praised Lucy's beauty, and presented her with bouquets; but all his conversation was addressed still to Annie, and not the slightest pang of jealousy entered her heart; it only seemed that he viewed Lucy in the light of a child, a pet. But the veil was soon rudely torn from poor Annie's eyes.

"One evening Annie was sitting at her embroidery-frame, and Edwin had gone for a stroll in the garden with Lucy. He did not return, but sent a good-night. Annie was surprised and astonished, but the next few moments were moments of extreme misery to her. Lucy, seating herself by her sister's side, said with more animation than she had ever been known to possess,

"'Annie, guess what I am going to tell you—such fun!'

"'I don't know, I am sure,' replied Annie, carelessly.

"'It's the drollest thing,' said Lucy, laughing. 'Do you give it up, sister?'

"Annie replied that she must be under the awful necessity of doing so.

"'Well,' said Lucy, 'since you won't guess, I suppose I must tell you. Mr. Tresham has asked me to marry him—is it not fun? I always thought he would marry you; but I said yes, of course, for I saw you liked him. Don't you, dear?'

"Annie says she knew not what she replied; she seemed stunned with the blow; and as soon as she could get away, throwing herself on her bed, she wept and prayed for strength to endure. So at last she grew calm and strengthened.

"When Edwin visited them the next day, Annie received him with every appearance of cordiality, and welcomed him as a brother. She had resolved that neither he nor Lucy should guess her secret, and *well she* kept her resolve. For two weeks they kept their secret; then Edwin saw Mr. Stanley on the subject, who very much opposed the match, said that Lucy was too young, and so on; but, on the intercession of Annie, consented. Poor Annie! I never saw her look more beautiful than on her sister's wedding-day, as she acted the part of bridesmaid. There was a spirituality in her face that contrasted greatly with the childish happiness displayed in that of Lucy. Annie was the star of the evening, and, as usual, saw to the wants of all the company. Lucy, even on that evening, had little animation; as a child, so she was as a woman; and I, though several years her junior, felt obliged to treat her as my inferior in knowledge and aptitude. It seemed strange to me that the tall, dark, handsome man beside her could be her husband. He was much older than Lucy, being in his twenty-eighth year. He appeared to be a cold, haughty sort of character; and they did not seem at all a well-matched couple.

"Lucy had scarcely returned from her bridal tour when Mr. Stanley was thrown from his horse, and his skull fractured. No hope of life was left. Annie and Edwin watched through one long, painful night, Lucy having retired. As daylight was breaking, the soul of Mr. Stanley took its flight to a better world.

"Annie gave one bitter moan, like the last wail of a broken heart, and fell senseless beside the corpse of the only one she had left her to love. All was confusion. Even the cold, stately Mr. Tresham unmasked, in the grief of the moment, what those who had long noticed him closely had divined as being the real state of his feelings—a regret, namely, that, lured by Lucy's beauty of person, he had overlooked, till it was too late, those sterling qualities in her elder sister that would have made the happiness of his married life, where now, in

his revulsion of feeling, there was growing coldness and disregard.

"Life being found to be not extinct, as was at first supposed, poor Annie was put in bed and carefully attended. For many weary months she hovered between life and death, Edwin Tresham constantly and silently watching beside her. Her sister was gloomy and sorrowful. She, like her mother, was incapable of powerful exertion either of body or mind. How often did the poor thing pray that if Annie, her more than mother, died, she might be taken with her! She could not fail to see the growing coldness of her husband, and yet, poor weak creature, could not conceive how it came, or how to alter it.

"At last Annie made her appearance again; but oh, how altered! She looked the shadow of her former self, so thin and pale. She never laughed as she used to do; yet there remained a sweet angelic smile for all, and her life became one of charity to others. Edwin lingered on a few miserable months in the village after her recovery, and then, just before the birth of a son, went away to travel, leaving his child-wife to the care of her sister. He regularly sent remittances for the support of his wife and child, but returned home only at very distant intervals. His boy was named after him, and I need scarcely say was adored by his aunt. I left my home to visit a friend, and judge my surprise one morning, on taking up a paper, to see among the advertisements the following:

"'On the 4th inst., at C——, after a short illness, Mrs. Tresham, wife of Edwin Tresham, Esq.'

"Strongly-conflicting emotions arose in my mind. I cannot say grief predominated. I thought I should see my dear friend happy at last with the man she so loved. I was mistaken. Time rolled on, and Edwin proposed for the hand of Annie, but he was refused; the sacrifice to her sister was to be a complete one.

"He lived on a few years, a misery to himself, and spreading gloom on all around him. Even the children when they met him in the streets would creep tremblingly past; not that he ever spoke harshly to them, but his silent presence inspired them with awe. He died, and was buried in yonder churchyard; and not long after, his boy, the idol of his aunt, followed his parents, and was laid in the silent tomb beside them.

"My story, dear Amy, is concluded. You cannot wonder, after all I have told you, why Annie Stanley keeps so retired from the world. Her course is well-nigh run; her life has been sacrificed for the love of others, and I feel sure she will receive her reward in that better and happier world she will so soon be taken to."

## FESTIVAL OF ST. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP, CONFESSOR, AND DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH.

TAGASTE, formerly an obscure town on the northern shore of Africa, has become illustrious as the birthplace of Augustine, the most celebrated conquest of God's grace; by it made a Confessor, Saint, and Doctor of the Church, out of sin and heresy. He was peculiarly fated by having a pagan for his father and a saint for his mother. The greatest of earthly blessings of his childhood was a pious mother, whose dearest wish was to see the son of her affections safely folded in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Her very life was breathed in prayers for this end; and the strongest human influence Augustine experienced was the prayers of Monica. Far different was the character of the father. His sole desire and design was to have his son a fondling of the world,—wealthy and honored, receiving and bestowing homage among men, quietly oblivious of eternity, untrammelled by any allegiance to God.

Readily and quickly Augustine coincided with those paternal yearnings. He had all the qualities to insure success for his father's purpose. In his earliest school days his proficiency was marvellous. Devoting himself with all the ardor which a passionate thirst for knowledge could inspire in his ambitious nature to various branches of letters and science, he soon became renowned as a prodigy of learning. At that early period of life he plunged into the vortex of pleasure, and allowed many a billow of passion to immerge his soul. Alas! at that time vicious indulgence had no other restraint than such as an intellectual life may afford. Of faults so sincerely acknowledged and so gloriously repaired by his services to religion, nothing is to be remembered but the penitence of the saint and the mercy of God, who has forgiven them.

One quality, namely, ambition, distinguished Augustine the man, in a remarkable degree. The same ardor which inspired the literary labors of his youth, afterwards, when sanctified by grace, vivified the pure and nobler Christian aspirations of his maturer years. Alongside this quality there was early developed a principle of life by which it was refined and consecrated to the highest objects. That principle was a vague desire of the love of God, the dawn of that future intense longing after which breathes from every page of his writings, and after his conversion expressed itself in the whole tenor of his life. Never did the hart pant more intensely for the water of the fountain than did the soul of Augustine for the love of God. Throughout all the aberrations of his youth, the idea of God was familiar to his thoughts, and the want of God was the secret trouble of his heart. If, in the foaming eddies of sinning, unregenerate nature, the proper motto for his condition was, "My heart is uneasy until it rest in thee, O Lord," after his conversion, the flaming heart pierced with an arrow became the proper emblem for his great soul, which, being once penetrated by divine grace, ever after burned with the love of God.

It was not enough that this great Father of the Church, the author of a thousand works, the triumphant controversialist, the especial champion of grace, should have

been once a poor slave of the flesh, but he was the victim of a perverted intellect also. He, who of all others was to extol the grace of God, was left more than others to experience the helplessness of nature. Not being in earnest about his soul, not asking himself the question how was sin to be washed away, but rather being desirous, while youth and strength lasted, to enjoy the flesh and the world, ambitious and sensual, he judged of truth and falsehood by his private judgment and private fancy; despised the Catholic Church because it spoke so much of faith and subjection, thought to make his own reason the measure of all things, and accordingly joined a far-spread sect which affected to be philosophical and enlightened, to take large views of things, and to correct the vulgar—that is, the Catholic—notions of God and Christ, of sin and of the way to heaven. In this sect he remained for some years; yet what he was taught there did not satisfy him. It pleased him for a time, and then he found he had been eating for food what did not nourish; he became hungry and thirsty after something more substantial; he despised himself for being a slave to the flesh; he found his religion did not help him to overcome it, and he cried out, "Oh, who will tell me where to seek the truth? who will bring me to it?" The pious grief of Monica became excessive when she found her noble son enchained by the double bondage of libertinism and heresy. A bishop whom she consulted reassured her; he bade her take heart, and employ no means but prayer for his conversion. "*It was impossible that the son of so many tears should be eternally lost.*"

Having completed his academic course, he embraced the profession of "RHETOR," or public speaker and teacher of the arts of speech. The choice was characteristic. It was that profession of all others which yielded the readiest rewards to ambition. As Rhetor he established himself in his native city of Tagaste, occupying with great success that honored position. Then being in his twenty-second year, young, lively, enthusiastic, at once a glowing idealist, a dreamer of romantic visions, and a gay, gallant, and polished man of the world, he was just the person to be attractive and prosperous. The school flourished, the Rhetor prospered; but a great affliction now befell him, and embittered his brief success. A beloved friend, a companion of his boyhood, bound to him by affinity of tastes and pursuits, by early association, and all that nourishes youthful friendship, was struck down by death. The soul of Augustine was dissolved in boundless sorrow. "*My heart*," he says, "*was utterly darkened, and whatever I beheld was death. My birthplace was a torment to me, and my father's house a strange unhappiness.*" The city was a desert in which this void had opened and where this shadow lay. He removed to Carthage, where a wider and richer field was open to his ambition. He had already attained to public honors, had contended for literary prizes, and received "agonistic garlands" from proconsular hands.

Meanwhile his own predicaments, what with the ill manners of Carthaginian youths and the unquenchable fire of his bosom, were getting daily more intolerable, and finally drove him from his native land across the sea to the fore-appointed goal of his spiritual quest. There was one name which outweighed the world, comprising more and greater memories than any secular name that was named by men. Whoever uttered Rome, enunciated in one word one thousand years of power and glory. Augus-

tine was not insensible to these attractions. The world's metropolis drew him to new and nobler triumphs.

His stay at Rome was brief, and embittered by sickness of body as well as the old disquiet. His professional success was marred by the graceless habit which the Roman students had of quitting the classes before the end of the course, leaving the tuition fees unpaid. When, therefore, the prefect of the city was applied to by the authorities of Milan to send them a rhetorician at the public cost, Augustine gladly accepted the appointment obtained by his great literary renown.

To Milan he went, unconscious of the good which awaited him there, in that city of his new birth, where, out of the body of death, the soul was to lift itself into newness of life. The see of Milan was at this time occupied by a man whose praise was in all the churches of the West—a man who combined in beautiful harmony the spiritual potentate with the tender shepherd; the practical counsellor, worldly wise, with the holy man of God; the liturgical artist with the faithful preacher,—a man who could rebuke emperors and comfort poor widows as well, the perfect type of the true ecclesiastic. What August-dried fields are to September showers, the soul of Augustine was to the preaching of Ambrose, whose very name seemed a happy presage of immortal food. The first effect of this prelate's discourses was to open to him the Scriptures.

He now began the study of St. Paul's Epistles, which filled his whole soul, displacing the vague theories of philosophic sages, and setting his mind in the direction of the Catholic Church. His moral sense became roused, his conscience convicted of sin; his heart *desired* the needed change; he longed to be delivered from the bondage of corruption. Then great conflict began within him—the conflict of nature with grace of nature and her children, the flesh and false reason, against conscience and pleadings of the Divine Spirit, leading him to better things. Though he was in mortal sin and a state of perdition, yet God was visiting him and giving him the first fruits of those influences which were in the event to bring him to the glorious liberty of the children of God. He found himself often in church listening to the holy preacher, and he asked his advice how to find what he was seeking.

And now a final conflict came on with the flesh: it was hard, very hard to part with the indulgences of years; it was hard to part and never to meet again.

The impulse to determine his will came as it often does in the occurrence of a trifling occasion. He was sitting in deep dejection with his friend Alypius, whose interior state resembled his own. A mutual friend visited them, and in the course of a religious conversation he told of Anthony, the Eremite, who had literally followed the command of Christ to the rich young man, to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and then follow Him: also of two friends, on the eve of marriage, who, reading of that sacrifice, had renounced all and given themselves to God. Augustine received the narrative as an admonition to himself, and when their friend was departed he exclaimed to Alypius, "*What suffer we? The unlearned arise and take the kingdom of heaven by force, and we with our heartless learning, behold, we wallow in corruption. Are we ashamed to follow because they preceded, and not ashamed not to follow?*" He seized the volume of St. Paul's Epistles and rushed into the garden adjoin-

ing the house. There a terrible struggle ensued between vice and virtue. To use his own terse expression, "*He hesitated to die unto death and to live unto life.*" So raged the conflict in Augustine's breast. At one time his pleasant passions plucked him by his fleshy garment, and asked him if he meant to abandon them forever; then again the chaste dignity of virtue beckoned and showed him multitudes of every age and sex who had lived a pure and holy life. Still he hesitated. He turned his eye inwards, and shuddered as he looked through the rifts of passions, down into the unsunned depths of his breast, into the hideous gulfs of bottomless guile, and saw hells opened in his darkened selfish heart. Then by contrast came glimpses of the Christian's heaven: he saw in the jewelled splendor of its mystic foundations the golden city, and the nations of them that are saved walking in its light; and the river of life ever welling. And when he found himself incapable of the effort, of the will to obey the call, to come and take up his everlasting rest, a tempest of despair broke loose in his soul, and gushed in fierce torrents from his eyes. It was the death agony of the carnal will dying to self and sin. He lay as one dead; his only last thought, "*Wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?*" "TOLLE LEGE! TOLLE LEGE!" "*Take and read!*" sang the voice of a child. He obeyed this miraculous call from heaven; he opened the Epistles of St. Paul, and resolved that the words on which his eye first lighted should decide his purpose. They were these, "*Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh in your desires.*" He found the passage providentially adapted to his condition. With awe he perceived that God had spoken to his soul; and he that was in the grave heard his voice, and came forth unto the resurrection of life. The old man had dropped from him like grave-clothes; corruptible put on incorruption. He stood there a new creation; his will subdued by victorious grace; and now itself through grace victorious. He renounced all mere worldly purposes, and withdrew from public life, intending to devote himself to the service of Christian truth. He was now thirty-two years of age. Seldom has a man at that period of life had such a future unrolled before him, and never did man more nobly redeem the promise of his future with his life and works. At the Easter celebration in 387 he received from St. Ambrose the waters of baptism. On his immediate return to his native Africa he sold the property inherited from his father and gave the proceeds to the poor, reserving only so much as might suffice for the bare necessities of life. All that we could glean from a laborious analysis of his character, or from a delineation of his renown, still so fresh, unto the present day, is clearly manifested, though briefly expressed, in the promptitude and determination with which he complied with the call of heaven. God sends into the world men to illustrate, now in one age, in one nation, now in another, according to His eternal counsels, his power, and his wisdom; for his divine attributes do not discover themselves more clearly in the heavens which his omnipotence has formed than in the rare talents which he has distributed to extraordinary saintly men. What star shines more brilliantly in the firmament than Augustine does in the Church? In all the incidents of his most remarkable life, which his biographers have recorded, we find a purity and dignity of soul, a refinement of heart, an absorption

l in the spiritual being, folding of faculties, so nifold, and so adequate igency, that men looked with reverential love, as had descended from the of a higher world to win s presence to sanctity and His resplendent genius d everything, ancient as modern: history, philosheology, arts, and sciences. essel of election was so ed by the unerring pressure od's grace into a condition arpassing beauty, that the e moral being of Augustine up into the stature of a hty saint, so that ere it ordily could have been hoped that water of baptism had produced ringtime of virtue, the choicest ishment of heaven had ripened soul into the richness of sum- , and hoary saints and pro- d scholars reaped spiritual ests from a soil in which the d could never imagine that the seeds had been sown. lst his tears were still flowing he failings of his early life he promoted to the priesthood. er has there been any one since days of the apostles more disuished in that ministry so ully defined in holy writ as g "*a preaching of the word of , and a dispensation of the eries of the kingdom of God.*" so truly was this the case he was soon by acclamation lergy and people raised to the copal chair of Hippo. Thence- ard his life proceeded in a er most saintly and useful, like e rivers which deepen and ex- l the further they extend from r source, and which carry th and prosperity to all the ons through which they flow. n that time he lived only for glory of God and the welfare he Christian Church. Having *dignity* and power of a sovereign, he lived the life almost of a pauper, so simple his habits, so abstemious in his frugal fare. His mind and heart fully displayed their noble energies. His counsels were regulated by justice; he solaced the widow, cherished the orphan, and all the distressed approached him with confidence. He had for his friends all who by virtue and sanctity were illustrious in the church; he had for his enemies all who by immorality and heresy tried to destroy the kingdom of Christ. His activity was directed in part to the inner organic polity and wellbeing of the Church, and partly to literary labors, but most of all to the refutation of heretics, who threatened the integrity of the Christian fold.

What the genius and piety of St. Augustine effected in scientific disquisition, in pastoral instruction, in support of virtue, in correction of vice, we know by the vital energy which he has transmitted through the life of the Church, and which has in unimpaired vigor survived the demise of so many generations. The substance of his sermons is now preached in the languages of every Christian people; the canonical regulations of the Church are still framed according to his wise provisions for ecclesiastical polity. The daring speculations of infidelity are daily overawed by the prowess of truth, with which he prostrated Manicheans, Pelagians, Donatists, and other numerous hosts of unbelievers. For every convicted penitent the bitterness of remorse is assuaged in the sweetness of holy contrition, by his Confessions; whilst those who are privileged to seek union with God, and the rich entertainment of heavenly prospects, his Meditations open out vistas through which are seen the orb of celestial light, and transfuse an unction through all the sensibilities of the soul. How

delightfully do we trace the effects of grace on the pages which record the effusions of his mind. His words flowed from a heaven-born principle, apprehending truths above the ordinary ken of the human intellect, and catching glories that defy the power of imagination. The most fertile in genius, the most toilsome in learned labor, have been astonished at the sight of the numerous and ponderous folios into which the pen of Augustine crowded disquisitions in every department of science and literature. We can look nowhere throughout the Church without perceiving vestiges of his apostolic zeal. He has inscribed his fame in the numerous charitable and religious foundations which owe their existence to his model for the regular observance of Christian life: innumerable are the churches, schools, &c., which come into being under the augury of Augustine's name, and are to this day, in every circle of civilization, monuments of his energetic benevolence.

In 430, Hippo was besieged by Genseric, the Vandal king, but before it fell the fleshy citadel of its bishop was stormed and carried by the arch invader, Death, who spares neither civilized nor barbarian, nor saint nor sinner. After ten days' illness, spent in prayer and penance, with the penitential psalms affixed for convenience to the wall by his bedside, on the 28th of August he laid down the burden of his seventy-five years, and passed victorious on from life to life. His vacant bishopric had no successor. Africa fell into the hands of Genseric. That cherished jewel of the Roman empire sparkled awhile in the diadem of the Vandal. The Greek supplanted the Vandal, the Saracen supplanted the Greek. Africa was blotted out from the map of Christendom, but Christian Africa had produced one plant whose fragrance escaped the desolations of the sword, and whose seed has survived the dissolutions of time. In Bona, to this day, the memory of Augustine endures as that of the Gheber Saint who taught the religion of the Son of Mary before the birth of Mohammed. Most precious to us that great memory. We admire the mighty energy which bore the earthly accidents and name of Augustine; we honor the laborious and unwearied devotion to Christ and the Church, which knew no pause and asked no reward but the rest that remaineth for the people of God; we revere the steadfast virtue which, by grace abounding, could trample at once on lusts long indulged, and walk unswerving in the teeth of such passions the elected path of ascetic abnegation. To all Christendom for evermore the name of Augustine stands for a spiritual fact of holiest import. A conversion more satisfactory and complete, with such antecedents, on such a level of intellectual life, the annals of religion do not record. Here is a man who was dead and lived again; who, past the bloom of life, turned right about in the path he was treading, and ever after, with his back to the world and his face toward God, for forty long years, made every day of his life the round of a ladder by which he climbed into glory.

## OUR COLLEGES AND THEIR CATALOGUES.

We have before us a pile of college catalogues and school circulars; a huge pile made up of contributions from the four quarters of the great republic; pamphlets, speaking of the labors of the sons of Loyola, the disciples of Augustine, and the followers of La Salle. In all may be found proofs of the zeal which inspires those willing laborers in the most trying portion of Christ's vineyard. In some there is doubtless greater evidence of system, the fruit of experience, but in all it is apparent that if good be not accomplished, the upright intentions of presiding rectors or directors, call them as you will, is in no way to be questioned. In many of these catalogues we notice that the nursery of learning is placed by the side of the church, carrying out the practice of the Middle Ages, in which the monks held their duty only half accomplished when they had erected a temple to the Creator, and only resting when to this they had added the seminary, whence were to proceed the future monks and laymen whose knowledge and virtue were to be the chief supports of the Church. While we find so much in these catalogues to recommend their compilers to the confidence of the public, it would be wrong to say that many of them do not offer a wide margin for criticism. As it would be unfair to look upon the bright side alone, we may devote some attention to what one may judge open to review in these pamphlets, reserving a sufficient portion of our article for reference to the many agreeable facts and statements they contain.

At first sight we are struck by the comparatively small number of students attending the older institutions. How to explain it we know not. Is it that the professors have become careless, and rely too much on the prestige of the name won years and years ago? or is it that the younger institutions, full of the vigor of youth, and feeling the necessity of greater exertion, surpass in industry their older competitors? We leave these questions to be answered by those more intimately acquainted with the particulars of the case. There may be some explanation of this state of the question, however, in the fact that the old institutions are no longer centrally situated, or that the late war, having broken the tide of prosperity, this has since flown into other channels; and yet we may be able to give a partial explanation for this anomalous condition of things by another statement. In olden times, many of these institutions employed a considerable number of ecclesiastical students in the intermediate classes, young men who obtained their own education by devoting a certain portion of their time to teaching in the primary departments. But these men were distinguished alike for their strength of character and brightness of intellect. Look back to the days when Hughes and such were teachers, and shall we wonder that they made a name for the institutions to which they were attached? The same practice still holds in these institutions, but we doubt if the same standard is required either in the assistant teachers or his pupils. But this will not explain why all the older institutions are falling off in numbers. It certainly will not remove the astonishment we experience in seeing in the Georgetown College Report for 1872–73 that this institution, renowned throughout the

entire land, and deservedly so, can only present a roll of one hundred and eighty-seven students. No one has even whispered reproach against this venerable nursery of learning, and we must anew express our surprise at the smallness of its numbers, for it must not be forgotten that fully ten per cent. must be allowed off all college rolls for scholars who have only spent a portion of the year in the institute, leaving in the case of Georgetown say an average attendance of one hundred and seventy scholars, many of these (forty?) day-scholars, we believe, from Washington or Georgetown, exclusive of the law and medical departments, which do not strictly belong to the college. Of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, the same must be said. Its numbers are very small, and the home which once harbored and now prides itself on such students as Hughes and Purcell, no longer counts as many students as colleges whose years can be numbered in less than two decades. It is not pretended by any one that this venerable cradle of the Catholic Church in America is not deserving of the greatest patronage. Never did president deserve greater praise, or bring more wisdom to his position, than Dr. McCaffrey, who, during so many years, guided its destinies. Nor can it be said that it is no longer esteemed by the highest functionaries of the Church. To none do more of the first dignitaries of the Church attend, than at the closing exercises of classic Mt. St. Mary's. Proceeding east, and examining the catalogues of the old institutions, affords no relief to the aspect. Here we will find one, directed by as learned a body as can be shown in any institution, counting only some ninety students, this number including the ecclesiastics studying in the novitiate attached to the college, and yet it has one of the most beautiful sites, and is situated in as healthy a locality as can be found, notwithstanding which its numbers are still on the decrease. This state of affairs presents itself between the old and the new institutions, even where both are directed by members of the same order. Thus in Chicago, St. Ignatius College, of quite recent origin, shows a most healthy condition of progress, while the institute bearing the same name in Baltimore, is evidently not meeting the same measure of success, if we compare this year's catalogue with former ones. The Christian Brothers' College in St. Louis also shows smaller numbers, due in part, no doubt, to the opening of two select schools by the Brothers in other parts of the city, though this is not sufficient reason; while Manhattan College, New York, and Rock Hill College near Baltimore, show higher figures than in any previous year. The same is true of Notre Dame University, Indiana. Here also we may mention a remarkable phase in the question of numbers. The graduates from these various establishments seem to be in an inverse ratio to the numbers attending. Thus in those having but small proportional attendance, the graduates are "turned out" by the dozen, while those having largest numbers appear most sparing of their honors. With all due respect to the managers of these various institutions, we suggest that by requiring harder work and being more positive in their refusal of collegiate honors to all but really deserving students, the first step toward an improvement of patronage will have been effected.

In many of these catalogues we look in vain for information which will give a correct idea of how the institutions are directed, or the particular features distinguishing one from the others. This is to be regretted, for education is a ques-

tion of so much importance that each individual has a claim on the experience and information of others engaged in a like occupation. The true educator desires not only his own personal success, but the general good of the cause of education. Hence, when any particular plan has been pursued in the study of a specialty, the same proving successful, we hold it an understood duty between Catholic teachers, that such plan and its method of adaptation should be made public property. This would do more toward improving colleges than any number of conventions at which but few persons can attend. Were such a plan adopted, some catalogues would be more than a mere pamphlet containing a synopsis of the course of studies and a list of students. To intelligent teachers and parents it is a matter of the greatest indifference whether John Smith lives in Brooklyn or St. Louis, but it is of the greatest interest for both to know what method is pursued in teaching John Smith history, grammar, or natural philosophy. It will, doubtless, require a great amount of labor to prepare a catalogue containing even a short sketch descriptive of the methods pursued in each branch, but this difficulty might be overcome by dividing the labor, or by presenting only a part of the system each year.

Thus we would desire nothing more than professional friends' views as to the best method of teaching history: whether it should be as a memory lesson or studied in connection with reading; if it should be combined with geography, or made a part of the English literature course. In like manner could the subject of geometry be taken up and discussed. Should this branch be taught theoretically, as in Loomis and Robinson, or should each problem or **each book** be followed by practical applications, as in Broc work. Here are but tw and yet what a field for i of ideas and results? be the first to act on t tion? Some of our friends have already c this plan, but it yet re tially undeveloped.

It may be replied ths interchange of ideas co carried out through som journal. This is pa and yet we are not ce our professors would such a method of comn When such information a catalogue, the credi direct, and the *bona fid* of the suggestions far g any that might be through the press. Suc change of sentiment v tend to harmonize th character of the teach our Catholic colleges, thus prepare students meet afterwards in fri test in the various which are becoming throughout the country the question of a Catho sity should ever take shape, then students co various colleges would prepared to enter a com without the many dis which now arise from farious systems and tex use.

This will demand, concession from all part one is worthy the v teacher who is not dispos from any one who has i to impart. The road up science is tortuous, a should be so foolhardy a finding a path for him than follow a guide, hc inviting his appearanc counsels of many ther wisdom, and in scientil erary teaching, as in

who is his own sole guide "has a fool for his master." We notice with gratification a move towards this interchange of experience which we advocate. In former years it was quite unusual for the presidents of colleges to assist at commencements of what were termed "rival" institutions. Happily this is passing away. It is now no uncommon occurrence for the principals of institutions, rivals if you will, to meet at commencement exercises. Gradually ground is thus broken, and the time approaching when all will meet on the platform of mutual esteem to consider the vital questions relating to the best interests of education.

If the cause of education be that which we advocate, private interest must give way, else we are hirelings, pretending to love education, and still clinging to the pet views which the experience of our neighbors and friends in the same field may have long since exploded. A Catholic teacher's views should be broad, and still dependent. There is room for everybody; the work is too vast for all the laborers in the vineyard; why let jealousy prevent a common cause from begetting a common interest through mutual concession? If our neighbors have anything to teach us, why, by all means, let us not refuse to learn; and, if we are unwilling to do this, then, in the name of the work we would dishonor, let us, to use an Americanism, "clear the track," and not impede by our inactivity the car of progress, which cannot be stopped, though, while our remains are being removed, it may be delayed.

Within three or four years a very pleasing feature has been introduced into many catalogues. We mean the publishing of the names of those generous friends of education who present medals, scholarships, or other equally acceptable offerings. The number of Catholic gentlemen so distinguishing themselves is yet small, but example is the most potent agent in such cases. We do not think it at all improper that wealthy Catholics should be called upon and impressed with the necessity of encouraging Catholic institutions. It is too common an idea to imagine one's duty fulfilled when a thousand or so have been given to the parish church. Nothing could be more false. While we write, the *Freeman's Journal* is placed before us, and so much to the point is the only editorial in this issue that we republish it in part here.

. . . "One of these days the providential immigration of Catholics, that has marked the last quarter of a century, will be, if not discontinued, at least very greatly diminished. When this happens, the Church in the United States will be left to its own resources. It will not be the influx of vast numbers of immigrants, with strong arms and fervent faith, building churches for others, as well as for themselves. The Catholics of the United States will then have to build their own churches—or, at least, to keep the roofs on the churches already built for them. This latter, we may be sure, will be all they will be able or disposed to do, except they wake up, at once, to the imperative duty imposed on them of withdrawing the Catholic children from schools hostile to their religion. This is the first and most urgent of their duties. Our churches are none too fine, and there are not half enough of them, especially in the great cities of the Atlantic coast. But more important than churches—more important, especially, than *fine* churches—is the saving of the children of Catholics from irreligion. This can be done only by withdrawing them from all schools over which the

Catholic Church, by its clergy, has not supervision and control.

"The word that was sounded twenty years ago, 'The schoolhouse *first*, and then the Church,' is more than ever necessary to be repeated now."

As though the Catholic mind had been awakened on all sides at the same moment, we find allusions to this subject in the *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, even more explicit. The article is too good for us to mutilate, hence we give it entire:

"The Church in this country is supported mainly by foreign Catholics. The Irish and German people do their part nobly. It behooves American-born Catholics to be up and doing, or the great interests we all have at stake, so far as those interests can be affected by our efforts or shortcomings, will be materially obstructed. If a collection is to be taken up, a charity to be promoted, a church to be built, ask our priests to whom they look for the main donations. They will tell you that it is to the dust-covered hands of our laboring classes, and to the offerings of servant girls, and other workers in the humbler walks, that the chief revenues of the Church are looked for as their main reliance. Perhaps it is one of the legitimate consequences of the precept of the Gospel, which tells us Christ loves the poor, that renders this exemplification of the large-hearted charity of that class so notably conspicuous, in contrast with the halting and well-calculated charity of the rich. But the history of Christianity is not without signal illustrations of the princely generosity and heroic charity of the more favored classes of society. Great kings and gentle queens, puissant lords and mighty gentlemen, have frequently vied with each other in the walks of benevolence and good deeds. Many a royal jewel has been sold to help *the* Church; many a great merchant and many a famed millionai turned their precious argo grandest ventures into hol ings at the shrine of the C and lifted the venerated cs Christianity, so far as mate can do it, above the necess want, and the restricted mea individual efforts and trifli rations.

"We look to our rich An Catholics for the performs much more than has yet bee Why is it that the noble a nificent charities of this single and far-separated C are so widely known and sc applauded? It is true the is merited. But the main of the widespread reputati generosity which your lil minded Christian enjoys is t ity of the species. He is s of Christian charity. His are so seldom performed, hi panions are so few, his s zeal for the glory of God is s shared in by his fellows, t necessarily clap our hands joice whenever he appear scene with which we are u nately so unfamiliar. Is the to thrive by the efforts of tl alone? We cannot take i count the isolated instar wealthy contributors to tl enues of Catholic charity ducing conclusions from a and common state of Ameri ciety. We must give to tl the credit of what has bee for the Church, and the in glory for their magnificent a ments. But we are not hope, that as God has many American Catholics abundance of this world's and as His Church sorely the services of every one that the great and the power hereafter clasp hands wi lowly and the poor in lift the hands of our eccles leaders, and swelling the re

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able to induce those who have the means to manifest their good-will. The want of harmony among Catholic teachers of various institutions has done more to retard progress than all the abuse and vituperation of the enemies of Catholic higher education.

Throwing out these suggestions for what they may be worth, we have yet one remark to make, a most important one in connection with the subject under discussion. Catholic gentlemen who have become wealthy, if they are anything, are practical. All that savors of bombast is sure to incur their displeasure, and to beget distrust. Hence it may be well to call the attention of our friends to a most humiliating, but most amusing phase of our educational institutions; we mean the annual puffs furnished schools, from the primary to the university, by our good-natured Catholic press. It is safe to say there is not one exception in the whole range of Catholic periodicals. One and all deal in the most hyperbolical language when describing the wonderful character of the "late exercises." No discrimination is made between the little urchin who rattles off "The boy stood on the burning deck," and the graduate who, by hard labor and months of study, has prepared his valedictory or his prize essay. All were "excellent;" in fact, leaving out names and dates, stereotype plates of these annual notices might be obtained, and a mere insertion of those portions omitted would make the article complete. It is a sign of weakness of character for editors to write such notices (if they are not furnished by the teachers themselves), while it is equally a mark of puerility of mind that teachers should accept such meaningless vaporisms as praise.

An item of much significance in

all the catalogues is the assurance that select libraries are gradually being founded. Little value need be placed on mere numbers. When presidents of colleges desire to impress thinking men with the value of libraries, something about the matter rather than the quantity or number will be to the point. In the Georgetown College catalogue we find some information of the class solicited, when it states that, among the thirty thousand volumes in the library, "there are many rare and curious works. There are one hundred volumes printed between the years 1460 and 1520, three manuscripts anterior to the year 1400, and others of later dates." How agreeable it would be to know the titles of these rare volumes! Might not such a list be given at once? Would it not probably tell many a diligent student where he might find information he has sought in vain elsewhere?

A proper direction of the literary tastes of students cannot be better effected than by a strict compliance with the spirit of the paragraph which we here republish, and which may be found under different forms in several of the catalogues.

"Our own language receives special attention. The daily exercises of the students in grammar, composition, and rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class-room. The English classics are read with all the attention bestowed on a Latin or Greek author, and words, idioms, striking expressions, and historical allusions, are dwelt upon in the spirit of sound criticism and philology. It is a method productive of the happiest results. It imparts the right use of words, develops a style in strict accordance with the genius of the vernacular, and cultivates for the more solid works in our literature a taste which is

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teachers in baseball tha

so much better than where a music teacher has control of the other department? or are baseball and boat-racing more refining in their influence than Melpomene?

We look in vain also for any information about the subjects discussed by the literary societies. Nothing is easier than to elect a president, secretary, treasurer, &c.; but when so much space is taken up in publishing names, why not leave the domain of figures just for a moment to enter the realm of fact. A catalogue should be a mirror, and not a blind; in many instances the nature of the latter is more apparent than the former, at least in portions of these pamphlets. In boarding-schools these associations are to be recommended, but in day-colleges it would seem better to allow young gentlemen to join one of the principal Catholic literary societies to be already found in every city. The aim of Catholics should be union of action, and not division of sentiment. Two poor societies will not have any effect, while one good one will produce fair results. Clubs are of a different character; there must be as many as there are distinct localities in the city; but in literary societies the object should be consolidation of numbers and concentration of talent.

The same privilege might be granted college literary societies that is given the baseball clubs. Now and then a friendly debate might take place between different schools, provided college presidents will only become more considerate, and allow their students to judge their work by comparison. There is no better means of creating and preserving a spirit of mutual interest than these societies and sodalities; at the same time it is a matter of great satisfaction that there is not even the least sign that any such societies as are called "secret" have existence in our colleges. Yet such prominence have these attained in Protestant colleges that they are now being made the subject of investigation, with what result yet remains to be seen. During the past year the greater number of colleges received a circular from a Western publisher asking for a list and particulars of all the secret societies existing in universities and colleges. Catholic parents should take a lesson from this last fact, and beware of the danger incurred by placing their sons in Protestant colleges, however good, where they may become attached to societies which will place them under the displeasure of the professors while preparing them to afterwards join *orders*, a connection with which will place them under the censure of the Church.

Should these remarks be productive of any good in eliciting more care in the future catalogues of our colleges, while at the same time calling the attention of Catholic parents generally to the great advantages so clearly indicated by these catalogues, imperfect as they are, the object for which the present task was undertaken will be fully attained.

## THE DEAR CHILDREN.

THE children come,
They come with souls just stamped by God's dread touch
So white, so wondrous, earth stands awed by such,
Though the fair souls are dumb!

The children stay,
And that dread impress speaks with echoes loud
In all their simple ways, so we, the proud,
Before them tribute lay.

The children wait,
They wait for us that impress to keep fair,
To guard its miracle so sweet and rare
From blot of our sad state.

The children gaze,
They gaze, in wonder, at our care and strife;
They play, and smile at what *they* find in life,
Owning God's tender ways.

The children pray,
They say "Our Father," and the name is all,
Hope, love, protection! In its holy thrall
Their stainless souls they lay.

The children teach,
They win, they cast a spell our hearts around,
They bring to us a joy in nought else found,
And lo! God's word they preach!

The children say,
"Oh! leave the world, and live in our sweet faith;
God reigns, and through us, to your souls He saith,
I am the one true way!"

The children say,
"Be with us, for 'of such' is Heaven made,
So little, and so needing, Father—aid,
We'll lead you to the Day!"

The children live,
They chain us, they entrance us, ah! of God,
Their spell of witchery; no hidden rod
To us their fair lives give.

Alas! alas!
*The children die.* God and His angels smile,
And hope lies buried in our hearts the while
To His true care they pass!

The children lie
In tear-environed graves, where angels keep
Sweet watch for those who, stricken, come to weep,
Ah! God Himself is nigh.

The children sleep,
But we, awake, come, all our needs to lay
Where wait God's angels round the holy clay;
'Tis at His feet we weep!

*Yes; He is there!*
If all the world fail His deep love to show,
That sod, where His dear "little one" sleeps low,
Will answer speak to prayer!

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## HONESTA'S SORROW.

### Chapter I.

From one of the best known squares in Hamburg a long narrow street, with dilapidated houses and shops on each side, leads to the now forsaken Temple of the Muses. Leaving this to the left, the small houses continue for a space, and you then come to a high paling, whose green moss-covered planks clearly show that neither the painter's brush nor the tar-link has touched it for many years. Here and there a piece of some plank has been eaten away by time, and there are occasional gaps through which the curious may get a peep at the garden which they surround; for only a few privileged people can enter within the inclosure. The most beautiful shrubs, plants, and flowers were blooming amongst the commonest weeds; the paths were covered with long grass, the flower-beds no longer bore their original shape. A profusion of plants blossomed and withered all the year round, without any one rejoicing in their beauty; fruit trees, whose branches were thickly clothed with moss, bore fruit which no one gathered, and which, like the flowers in the wilderness, in vain unfolded the splendor of their blossoms, in vain invited to the enjoyment of their fruits. The hedge of gooseberry-bushes, untouched by the pruning-knife, threw up its tall green shoots; the vine, which had formerly been carefully trained, crept on the ground among weeds and grass; and in one corner was a bower so completely overgrown that you could enter it only by forcing an entrance.

At the further end of this silent desolate garden was an old building in perfect keeping with its desolate appearance. It was gray and weather-beaten, and a number of broken windows showed too plainly that it was equally neglected with the garden. Those of the lower range were secured with shutters, in which the skill of the carpenter had cut a heart-shaped aperture, which admitted a few rays of light into the apartments.

Looked at from a distance the house must have been considered uninhabited, for no living soul ever appeared at the uncurtained windows; but on a nearer approach, the loud barking of the dogs proved

the contrary to any one who had courage to raise the knocker undeterred by fear of the enraged animals.

After a time of patient waiting, the heavy iron bolts were withdrawn, and the door was opened by a little but very old servant. The appearance of this person was not attractive, for not only was her form misshapen, but her face was scarred by small-pox; her eyes, in consequence of this disease, were dim and inflamed, and her look was squinting and uncertain.

"What do you want?" was always the demand of this witch-like portress, as soon as she had opened the door, for the defect in her vision prevented her from recognizing the countenances even of those she had seen before.

The name being given, the portress, after quieting the dogs, admitted the visitor, and, having again bolted the house-door, she unlocked a reception-room, begged you to enter, and went to announce the visitor to her mistress.

You had now time to look around at the splendid apartment of one of the richest women in Hamburg. It was, indeed, a beautiful room, and the furniture was costly; but there was the same desolate look about it as was borne by everything which belonged to this singular place. The apartment, lighted only by the light which entered through the heart-shaped apertures in the window-shutters, was hung with tapestry, upon which there remained here and there traces of golden flowers and foliage, although damp and time had destroyed the greater part of it. Here and there a nail or a part of the wall had given way, and at those places the tapestry hung down and was moved by the air which entered through the broken windows, like weather-beaten flags; and the stiff masses grating against the wall had a singular and unpleasing sound. The high-backed chairs were c with faded crimson velvet, was also falling into decay. the high and very broad glasses, the frames of whic been richly gilt, were small tables, whose carved woo proved their great age. sketches of extraordinary hung on the walls, showi great proficiency of the arti was, without exception, the excellent, unfortunate, and r able person whom I have m in the course of my life.

After a short time the opened, and the companion mistress of the house, a poli pleasing person, appeared. lady I was conducted to a r the next floor, where I was r by a tall, pale lady, dressed in white muslin, who met m graceful cordiality, and who versation and the attentio paid me gave me great gratifi

Honesta—this was the name—soon turned the co tion to literature and art, an on these subjects in a w showed that her acquaintan them was not merely sup The interest she appeared t in these questions was the surprising, as she had for time entirely secluded herse the world, and lived only past. Her conversation ha culiar charm. Not only h devoted a good deal of her t general literature, to scienc to art, but she had deeply s the character of man. She appreciate the various con of human life, could unde the movements of the hea honor the great and beautif ings with which she so full pathized. In her company y free from restraint; she inst and elevated you, while at th time she made you feel th were appreciated and unde It was not equally easy to

friendly terms with her tribe of ugly, intrusive dogs, though even the annoyance they caused bore a modified aspect when it was known that it was rather the kindness of Honesta's heart than any affection for these animals that led her to allow them so much license. It was well known in the neighborhood that, in observance of the biblical precept, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," all creatures of this kind who owned no master were sure to find shelter with her; and so it often happened that the man who wished to get rid of his dog, and did not like to kill it, tied it to the stem of one of the moss-covered trees of the garden, where it was sure to attract the attention of the mistress of the place by its cries and howls, and would secure her care and protection.

After an absence of four years I returned to Hamburg, and my first thought was to go to Honesta, who had always taken a kind interest in me and my affairs, and inform her of my return, with the hope of renewing the intercourse with her that had been such a source of pleasure to me before my departure.

The wild garden was in much the same state as formerly, only the weeds had, upon the whole, gained ground, and almost completely choked up the flowering plants.

It was late in the autumn; an icy rain fell from the gray evening sky, and a quantity of fruit which had fallen from the trees and bushes lay as formerly on the ground. But in the house things seemed to have altered greatly, for the door was not bolted, and I entered without difficulty. The old servant came with a light in her hand to meet me, and I saw that her eyes were sadder and redder than usual from tears which she had been shedding. She did not remember me till I had mentioned my name, and then she again burst into tears, and said with sobs, "You will never see my dear mistress again, she is dying."

The words and the deep sorrow of the good old woman made me shudder, and I could not restrain my tears. This at once won the heart of the faithful creature.

"Yes, you may well weep for her," said she, after she had sat down by me, which she had never done before; "she was very fond of you, and spoke a great deal of you, more than perhaps you might think. Ah! there will be many tears shed for her, for she was an angel of goodness, and none ever went from her door without relief."

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of a bell; she begged me to remain, and she would tell her mistress that I was there, as it might give her pleasure to see me once more before her end.

I waited for my summons with deep emotion, seated upon one of the old red-covered chairs. At last the old servant returned, and said with a broken voice that her mistress was pleased to hear of my return, and wished to see me.

"Does she know that she is dying?" I asked.

"Oh! from the beginning of her illness," answered the old woman, "she has said that she should never rise from her bed."

"And how does she bear this conviction?"

"As she has borne all the events of her life, with quiet and content," said the woman; "and now she has received the last Sacraments, and is prepared for death whenever it may come. Oh! she was gentle as an angel, and so good."

Sorrow overpowered the faithful old creature; she led me to the stairs, and went before me with the light; she then opened the door very quietly, and I entered the well-known room. It was still as death; a light burned on the table, and the door of the sleeping room stood

open. I stepped into it, and gazed on the bed on which lay Honesta, with her face pale, but little altered, turned towards me.

Her eyes, always beautiful, were now particularly bright, as if shining with the light of eternity; she recognized me at once.

"It is a happiness that you are come to take leave of your old friend," she said in the gentle voice which had so often made its way to my heart, at the same time giving me her hand, which I took and pressed to my heart. "But," she continued, "have you strength to see any one die? Will it not be too great a trial for you?"

"You will not die yet, dear, much-loved friend," I cried, "you will live to be happy yourself and to make others so."

"No. my child, I shall die in a few hours; and oh! what a happiness, that death will come on this day," she said in a joyful voice.

"Is it not true, Sophy," turning to the companion of so many years, who, lost in sorrow, was sitting at the foot of the bed, "is it not true that death will give me the happiness of dying on this day, this 18th November?"

She was silent, and sank into thought, then she continued:

"Life may be a burden to many, but to me it was especially so, because I was too proud to complain of sorrows which I had created for myself. Here, here," she pointed to her heart, "here I have kept it locked up for fifty long years, and have smiled with my lips while the most cruel pain was wearing me. I would not be pitied; this was my nature; I did not believe that it would alleviate my sufferings, certainly not so effectually as the consolation I derive from the fountain of religion. Mourn not therefore for my death; for fifty years of suffering is a long time, fifty years! O my God."

She was silent; then she again took my hand, and asked trembling voice:

"Have you ever loved, n or do you now love?"

"I have become a ha and mother since we last answered with emotion.

"What happiness! m who has already blessed crease the blessing a t fold," she exclaimed in a jo firm voice. "But no thoughts must occupy m yet it is a comfort to me that I shall die in the a happy and loving wife; promise this?"

"Yes, I will," I cried knelt on her bed and wo arms around her: "God me strength not to dist peaceful death of the dea blest of beings by any u weakness."

"Very right, my child," plied, visibly affected. not death only a mere be Is not the setting sun e rising one? The day of here has been a sad and a d why should I regret tha come to an end? You sh my history, my child; it instructive to many, and reason I have written i Will you receive it as a le

I could not answer; I o my head, upon which sh to her companion and be to bring her a black eb which was in her desk. out a packet and handed it

"Take it," she said in which had now become fe remains with you to make you please of these pape which have fallen the bitt of one who has confided her inmost feelings."

She leaned back on he her countenance became m and peaceful, she folded h as if in prayer, and her lip gently, though we heard n

A deep silence prevailed, broken only by the ticking of the clock, and an occasional sob from Sophy, who, old and weak, had lost all control over her feelings; the breathing of our dear dying one became deeper and heavier, a slight movement passed now and then over her face; then a look of heavenly sweetness, an indescribable smile played round her half-open lips, a deep sigh, a shudder which shook her stiffening limbs—and Honesta was no more. The sun of her life had gone down to arise elsewhere.

## Chapter II.

The manuscript committed to my care was as follows: "I never knew my mother, for she lost her life in the very hour in which I first saw the light. My poor mother looked on her child, smiled, sighed, and died. But I had still a father, and when I speak of him as one of the most distinguished men of his time, as both noble and talented, I only do him justice. Yet he had his imperfections; he hated and despised mankind to such a degree that he was blind to the perfections of others, and his unconquerable habit of distrust often rendered him unjust. His lot had certainly been singular; the friend of his soul proved a traitor to him; the prince he had faithfully served banished him, and he was deceived in the woman in whose affection he hoped to find compensation for all that he had lost; yet this gave him no reason to hate and despise the whole human race, as he did.

"He never mentioned my mother's name; I never saw a picture of her, nor a scrap of her writing; it was as if she had never existed, for she left no trace behind. If, as my ideas unfolded, I questioned my father about her, his fine countenance darkened, a sigh escaped him, and his answer was 'Do not ask about her, my child; your questions pain me.'

"I learned afterwards, about the time of my father's death, that he had given his hand to my mother, who was a poor fatherless but most lovely girl, with the purest and truest affection, and had believed himself certain of her love in return; but after her early death, he made the discovery that another had possessed her heart at the time that she swore eternal love and truth to him before the altar of God. My father's rival was a poor young man whose future prospects were so uncertain that my mother's relations used all their endeavors to persuade her to forsake her early love, and to give her hand to my father, a man of wealth and consideration.

"The marriage remained for a long time childless, and this was the only drawback to my father's happiness; but at last it was completed by the birth of a little girl. His joy knew no bounds when he took me in his arms. But too soon was it troubled; an unexpected change took place in my mother, and a few hours after my birth, she expired. My father was stunned, and this misfortune, the greatest he had experienced in his changeful life, threatened to disturb his reason. In vain did his friends offer him the consolations of religion; his sorrow amounted to despair, when one day in turning over a desk of my mother's, he found a packet of letters carefully tied up. He unfastened the band and read, he then joined his hands and broke out into a fit of laughter which caused every one who heard it to tremble, for they believed it to be an outbreak of the madness they had so long apprehended.

"But these letters were in fact his cure. They were the letters written to my mother till the time of her marriage by her early lover! they contained the history of her

heart, and added to the rest, her keeping them proved that while bestowing upon her all his affection, he had never possessed hers at all.

"He now became more calm, he burned all these letters, and all the other papers belonging to my mother; her picture which had hitherto hung at the head of his bed was taken down, and likewise given to the flames; in short every trace of the existence of the being, who had been so dearly loved, was destroyed with so much care that not the slightest evidence was left remaining of it. They could not succeed in persuading him to wear mourning, and in order to escape being worried about matters of this kind, he dismissed his servants, sold his estate on the Rhine, and went to Hamburg, where he had formerly lived, accompanied only by me and my nurse.

"As he was still a wealthy man, he purchased an estate and built for his residence the house in which he died, and in which I also hope to pass away.

"I do not know whether during my early childhood, my father exhibited towards me the tenderness usual with parents, but as I grew up, I missed very painfully the outward demonstration of it. It is true, he was never rough or unkind to me; he never denied me the gratification of any innocent, childish wish, but I never heard a loving word from his lips, never received the caresses which are lavished upon the children of happier parents.

"My father had so completely separated himself from the rest of mankind that, with the exception of an old servant, who also played the part of gardener, and a maid who took care of the house, no stranger ever approached us. The garden gate was always locked, and a high paling completely surrounded it, so that it was impossible to get access to us. The necessary purchases were made by the housekeeper, and the looked after by the gar was faithful and intell greatly attached to me.

"Thus I knew nothi great populous town in of which I was living, our own house and gard no other pleasure than th ing, and in its season, th by the garden. It was beautiful place, for my f large sums upon its imp and Nicholas, that was t our servant, was always c when he ornamented it new flowering shrubs, fo often paid a high price.

"I cannot describe th which filled my young he return of spring, when melted away, and here a flower burst forth from t when I saw the active, i Nicholas busied with s rake in putting the bed and pruning and trainin and when at last the h dren of spring, the pai the powdered auricula, hyacinth, and the gay folded their brilliant bloss a crowd of little birds t the budding fruit trees what happiness was my l and how did my soul del fulness of this enjoyment mornings I did not rem bed, but long before the Anna came to awake and I had made my way int den, where I saluted the and listened with deli song of the birds, till r voice recalled me to the the studies, which nothi ness was allowed to inte

"In truth, I learned ve ly, and in the winter, bo drawing, and writing n compensation for the l summer pleasures. enough my father neve of having me instruct

feminine and household duties. These were undertaken by the housekeeper. and so it came to pass that though I have learned and understand a good many things, I have been unable in later years to acquire a taste for a woman's legitimate occupations, although I feel very deeply how unfeminine it is to be ignorant on these subjects.

"In consequence of my good abilities, my father was able to impart a great deal of knowledge, and among other things the dead languages were not forgotten, upon which, as my father wished it, I bestowed a considerable amount of labor. In my twelfth year I read Homer in the original, and could understand Xenophon's 'Retreat,' whilst I read with delight the works of Corneille, Racine, and Shakspeare over and over again, even out of my hours of study. Then my father was a good artist, and he instructed me in the delightful art of drawing, so that I soon acquired great love for it, and it was the means of rendering many a dull winter's hour cheerful and enjoyable. But of the magic charm of music till my tenth year I had never had an idea, for my father was not musical, and not even a street band ever found its way into the distant corner in which our house was situated; yet I well remember that the beautiful sound of the chimes from St. Peter's tower, which from time to time floated over us, filled my childish heart with quiet transport, and that I left everything to listen to the sounds which had so magical an effect upon my young fancy, the greater because they came down to me through the air from above; and I could not get any idea of how they originated, for what Nicholas told me of these wonderful sounds threw little light upon the subject.

"I had passed about ten years of my life in this narrow circle of happiness and joy, when my ears suddenly caught the sound of even more beautiful tones than those from St. Peter's tower, which reached me quite unexpectedly from a garden which was next to our own. I was busily engaged in tying up some flowers in a bed which my father had given me for my own, when I heard those heavenly sounds. I rose from the ground, on which I had been kneeling by the bed, and let the green flower stem fall from my hand as I listened.

"'Is not that lovely?' asked Nicholas, who was at work in the garden, and had remarked my joyful surprise.

"'Oh, how beautiful it sounds!' I replied. 'And does that, too, come from the tower, Nicholas?'

"'No, Miss Honesta,' answered the good old man; 'that music proceeds from the musical family who have just taken the tumble-down house close by. The father plays every evening at the theatre, and must be a very clever man; but they are sadly poor, I am told.'

"'Then my father must give them some money,' I replied.

"'It is a question whether they would take it,' whispered Nicholas, who had come nearer to me. 'These people were formerly rich,' he continued. 'The father was a merchant, and came to ruin, because he thought more about music than his business; and now he earns a poor subsistence for his family by playing the violin at the theatre. And yet he is as proud as formerly, when he was rich and of consequence—at least so I am told, but I do not know whether it is true.'

"The music began again, and gave me a delight I had never before experienced. I was silent; but when a pause ensued, I entreated Nicholas to procure me a sight of the player, and he good-naturedly placed a ladder against a pear tree which was near the paling and helped me to climb it.

"From this high position I could look down into the neighboring garden, and saw an elderly man with a violin in his hand, seated near a table, which was placed under a laburnum tree, and at which a handsome boy about twelve years old was writing very diligently.

"I had never seen a child of my own age, nor indeed any human beings but my father, Nicholas, and Anna, and was quite as much surprised at the sight of the boy as I had been enchanted by the sound of the music.

"'You ought to leave off, Anselm,' said the violin-player to the industrious boy, 'you injure your health by such incessant writing and study. There, take the violin and play some lively air; that will be much better.'

"'I must finish this first, father,' answered the boy quietly; 'we shall be examined to-morrow, and whoever brings the best Latin essay will be *Primus*.'

"'Oh! I care little for your being *Primus*, Anselm,' said his father sadly, 'if you injure your health by so much study; but you are so aspiring, you always wish to be the first. I know how it is.'

"The boy was silent; he reddened a little, and continued his work; his father looked uneasy and presently went into the house.

"I remember the feeling of pleasure with which I observed that boy, for I had been accustomed only to the sight of grown-up people. After a while, having finished his work, he looked up with evident pleasure, and when at the same moment he caught sight of me, and said smiling, 'Take care, you will fall,' I could not refrain from entering into conversation with him; and so I asked him whether he could play as beautifully as his father.

"'No, indeed,' he answered, 'I can only play a little, but I much prefer to read and write; I will never be a musician like my father; I will be a scholar.'

"'Will you have the kindness to play something,' I continued, 'I never in my life heard anything so beautiful as your father's playing.'

"'I shall be very glad to give you pleasure,' he replied smiling, 'but tell me what your name is, that I may be able to call you by it.'

"'My name is Honesta.'

"'That is a pretty name, and translated it means honorable.'

"'I know that; I too understand Latin.'

"'Perhaps you understand Greek too?'

"'Yes, my father teaches me Greek.'

"'I wish we could take our lessons together; I have no sister.'

"'Nor I. How charming it would be if you were my brother! But now I want you to play.'

"Anselm took up the violin which his father had left upon the table, and played a pretty little air with great taste, and this contributed to enhance the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"The voice of my father calling me to my lessons, obliged me to bid adieu to my new friend; I descended the ladder and went into the house, where my father was impatiently awaiting me, for he was extremely punctual in everything, and especially requested that the instruction he gave me should always commence to the moment.

"I do not know how it happened that I said nothing to him of the interesting acquaintance I had made; perhaps it was from a secret fear that it would displease him, but yet I was so distrait during the lesson, so often gave wrong answers, that he more than once shook his head and gave me a gentle reproof; he was never severe with me, and I never remember to have heard him utter a harsh word even when I deserved it. He had so estranged himself from mankind

that he did not think it worth while to be angry about anything, and so he only showed his displeasure by a gloomy and sometimes contemptuous silence, which was much more difficult to bear than a severe reproof would have been.

"'You cannot be well, Honesta,' he said at last, after I had tried his patience to the utmost by my confused answers. 'Go into the garden and amuse yourself, my dear child; we will have no more study to-day.'

"Who so happy as I! I kissed my father's hand with delight and ran down into the garden, while he placed himself at his writing-table to work. The ladder was yet standing against the great pear tree. I climbed up and looked into the next garden; but it was quite empty, though from the open window of the cottage I heard the sounds of the violin I so much delighted in, yet I could not but feel that it did not give me quite so much pleasure as when I saw that pleasing boy sitting at the table.

"Nicholas, who was always working busily in the garden, saw all that took place and must have heard my conversation with Anselm, but he made no remark. The good old man, who was much attached to me and who had long felt for my solitary position, deprived as it was of all the usual enjoyments of childhood, probably rejoiced in secret at what had happened, and which seemed likely to promise me an innocent enjoyment.

"While I was still sitting in the tree listening entranced to the music, perhaps also unconsciously to myself, hoping that Anselm might return, my father entered the garden, and was not a little surprised to see me at my high post of observation.

"'What are you doing there, Honesta?' he asked with surprise.

"'Oh, father, I am listening to the violin,' I answered, not without some confusion, as I came down the ladder. 'How beautiful it is!' I continued. 'May I not learn to play the violin?'

"'Not the violin, my dear child,' he answered, 'it is not an instrument for women; the harp or the piano, perhaps.'

"'Then let me learn to play on the harp, or the pianoforte, father,' I said.

"'I will think about it,' was his reply.

"I now thought and dreamed of nothing but music, and by my reiterated entreaties at last prevailed so far with my father, that he gave Nicholas a commission to inquire for a harp for me and also for a teacher. The sly old man smiled when in my presence he received these orders, and in the course of a few days he introduced a music master, who was no other than our neighbor.

"The lessons began, and I soon made such progress, that I not only earned the praise of the master, who was so devoted to his art, but the approbation of my father, who was evidently gratified by my talent.

"As my father never troubled himself about the way in which I employed my time of recreation, and much of this was passed in the garden, it did not occur to me to tell him of the pleasant acquaintance I had made there; and as Anselm had now planted a ladder against one of the trees in his own garden, we carried on our conversations whilst I remained seated on a bank in my own, almost every day.

"It happened one day that whilst standing at the window my father overheard our voices, and at once calling me into the house, inquired with whom I was talking. I had a kind of guilty feeling, as if I had been doing wrong, and when I told him he seemed displeased, but he said nothing, and did not forbid my intercourse with my young

neighbor. So we continued our pleasant chats till winter put an end to our intercourse.

"But this intercourse, without my suspecting it, had become the first delight of my heart. I seldom or never went into the garden, and only now and then saw Anselm from my window; he always looked up to me and saluted me in a friendly manner. With the return of spring a new and happier life began, and I could see and speak to Anselm without disturbance, for an obstinate fever, which in those days they understood less how to deal with than at present, kept my father a prisoner to his room. We chatted with each other for hours together, told what we had done and learned during the winter, and openly lamented that we were not able to play and wander about with each other in the garden. Anselm also told me that his father, who thought of nothing but music, still wished to make him a musician, but that he was determined to become a learned man, a physician, who would be a blessing to mankind, and that his good mother upheld him in this resolution. He spoke with great warmth and affection of his mother, whom I had sometimes seen in the garden and at the windows, and who had indeed a most charming countenance. Then he asked after mine, and I told him I had none, whilst for the first time in my life I felt with pain the want of her care and love.

## Chapter III.

"So remained matters with Anselm and me till I had attained my sixteenth, he his eighteenth year, when he one morning told me that he must go away on the following day to enter a university, the money which would be required for his expenses having been sent him by a generous friend, a distant relation of his mother.

"This unexpected news—for any thought of the possi separation had never inexperienced heart—si shocked me to such a I was unable to utter a and was obliged to le tree to keep myself fro the ground. Anselm s and the state of my feel induced him for the firs me that he loved me, though in entering the he appeared to have summit of his wishes, hi from me was equally mine from him. My h violently that I could port myself. I was ab when Anselm, forgetti priety, leaped the paili to a neighboring wel water. At that momer appeared. For the fi showed his displeasure course with Anselm quivocal manner, and to leave the garden, time leading me into He neither spoke to proached me;—indeed right—but I could rea without this.

"Nicholas, who had hearts, and, as I have a great deal of affection always pitied my positi in private often repres father the sad way i suffered me to pass my lot, as it seemed to th could be worse than from all the sports sui age, deprived of the usually bestowed by their children, and li midst of a large town been cast on a desert i satisfaction was therefo when chance gave me in Anselm, and he loo as an interposition of to compensate me for privations. He did n the probability that A

might in the end be unable to live without each other. He drew a happy picture of our future life. He had inquired a great deal about Anselm's family, and heard only what was honorable to them; for, though Mr. Scheffer—this was the name of Anselm's father—had lost the whole of his fortune in trade, he retained the reputation of being an upright and honest man, and was looked upon with the greater consideration that he now supported his family by his talent and untiring industry. As to Anselm, he had the character of being a distinguished and hopeful young man. There was nothing with which to reproach him except, perhaps, too great thirst for honor, for he studied and learned day and night in order to be the first in the high class in which he was placed in his school. Nicholas thought with great delight of the time when Anselm and I should be one, and so secretly encouraged our inclination for each other; and he did this the more readily because he knew my father well enough to feel sure, that in the choice of a husband for his daughter, riches would be of no account if he could secure for her the qualities of mind and heart.

"The announcement which I received from his own lips of my approaching separation from Anselm, to whom, without my knowing it, my whole heart had been given, had such an effect upon my health that I was laid upon a sick-bed, and my life was in the greatest danger from a nervous fever. My father never moved from my side, and now for the first time I apprehended how entirely his soul hung upon me, and how necessary I was to his existence, for he had always hitherto carefully concealed the depth of his love for me.

"In my delirious ravings I must have betrayed my secret; but he made no allusion to it afterwards; he only watched me more carefully than before, and in his conversation expressed more strongly the hatred he entertained for mankind. He seemed as if he were endeavoring to instil into my young mind the same contempt for human nature which, to his torment, had so long held possession of his own. The object of the stories which he told me was simply to represent all his fellow-creatures as depraved and corrupt, and to make me believe that every high and noble aspiration was stifled by envy, hatred, falsehood, and avarice, and that the only means to secure yourself from sorrow, pain, persecution, and disappointment was thoroughly to despise the whole human race and carefully to avoid intercourse with it.

"These conversations with my father filled me with sadness. I knew not wherefore, but my mind assumed more and more the coloring my father desired, and the deep solitude, the complete separation from others in which we lived, began to please me—at least it was less painful than before. It is true that I always felt a longing desire to trust in Anselm, and hoped to find him better, nobler, more magnanimous than the rest of the world. But he was far away; I might never see him again; so I was well content to live without other companionship, and had no desire for it.

"So after my recovery from my severe illness I returned to my studies with renewed zeal, and it seemed as if my father's desire that I should find compensation in my unusual acquirements for the loss of my former happiness were about to be satisfied. I applied myself to study with ever increasing pleasure.

"But my peace was troubled by Mr. Scheffer one day giving me a message from his son. I colored, and had so little self-control that I played several false notes. He told

me also of the progress which by his industry and talent he was making at the university. At first I listened to this with pleasure, but soon suspicions arose in my heart. Was not Mr. Scheffer actuated by a secret wish to keep up the communication between me, the rich heiress, and his son, who had nothing? My father's stories seemed to render this very probable, so I received the next message in cold silence, and he brought no more.

"My father was also anxiously desirous to impress on my mind that I was deficient in personal attractions. He used to bring me pictures of the most lovely women, and, comparing myself with them, I could not but have a very poor opinion of my own charms, while the examples of manly beauty which I saw had by no means the same effect upon my remembrance of Anselm.

"A year had passed since Anselm left his parents' house, and six months since I had received any message from him, through his father, when one day, quite unexpectedly, I saw him from my window, in the little garden below. The sight filled me with such emotion that my pulse seemed to stop, and I felt myself grow red and pale alternately. He saw me too, and a glow passed over his face. He seemed as if he were about to stretch out his arms to me, but suddenly he hastened into the house, quickly returned with his violin in his hand, and played upon it the same melody which at our first meeting he had played at my request.

"The effect of these sounds was magical, and at once recalled the whole past to my memory. Tears rose to my eyes, my heart beat violently, I felt both pain and unspeakable delight. I should have run down into the garden had not the remembrance of my father prevented me; but I remained at the window, and could not forbear from exchanging a few words with him. These words my father overheard, and called me into his study for a lesson in Greek. I made many mistakes, and when the lesson was over, 'Honesta,' said my father, 'at your age I think it very unbecoming for you to be conversing with a young man, as I found you before the lesson. I hope you feel this yourself, and will give me no further cause to doubt your sense of propriety.'

"He quitted the room, leaving me in a state of confusion and embarrassment impossible to describe. The most powerful feelings distressed me. Had I indeed only the choice between being disobedient for the first time to a father who had always been so good to me, and speaking no more to Anselm, who was so dear to me, seeing him no more, and this after so long a separation? Both appeared equally difficult; each impossible.

"I did not go into the garden all day,—I did not even go to the window,—that I might not put myself in the way of a temptation to disobey my father; then, after a long and painful struggle with myself, duty at last gained the victory, and I determined to obey my father, cost what it might.

"This determination held good till the evening, but as the sounds of Anselm's violin came wafted to me through the twilight, my eyes filled with tears, and I wept long and sorrowfully, though I could hardly say wherefore.

"The following day passed in a similar manner. I did not go into the garden, but I saw Anselm from the window. Then he ceased to appear, and the sound of the well-known mournful melody was no longer heard from his violin.

"So I ventured again into the garden, and went to Nicholas, who was busy preparing the beds, and did

not see me till I was close to him.

"'Here is the dear young lady,' said the good old man. 'How long it is since you were here! If I am not mistaken, I am not the only person who has regretted your absence. The poor young gentleman was so sad yesterday! And when I went near the paling he asked me, in a troubled voice, "Is your young lady ill?" And when I answered that I did not know, he sighed, and begged me to tell you that he was obliged to go away, and to make his adieu to you. So I have done this, dear lady; but, if I were in your place, I could not have allowed the poor young man to go out into the world without taking leave of him.'

"'Ah, good Nicholas,' I said, coloring, and with a broken voice, 'you do not know that my father has forbidden me to speak to Anselm.'

"'That, indeed, alters the case; but the good master——' He stopped, and left his speech unfinished, in order to show me some hyacinths which were peeping up from the ground and doing honor to his gardening.

"Anselm was now far away, and I felt quite solitary. For three years I heard no tidings of him, for my father had given me another harpmaster, under the pretext that he understood the instrument better than Mr. Scheffer, and that I should therefore make more progress under him.

"A deep sadness, for which I could hardly account, now took such possession of me, that even my accustomed pursuits became odious to me. I could sit for hours in my room weeping, and yet, without clearly knowing what caused my tears, till by chance a romance fell into my hands. My careful father had forgotten to remove it, and it was the first I ever read.

"I cannot describe the impression made on me by this book. It represented in glowing colors the unfortunate affection of a noble and charming pair; and what could be more natural than that my excited fancy should clothe the hero of the romance in Anselm's form, the heroine in my own, whilst my active imagination made me place myself in the different positions described by the poet? What I felt and the cause of my sorrow now appeared clear. I, too, loved, and with an unhappy love, for not only was my father opposed to my inclinations, —for of this I could no longer doubt,—but also deficient in personal charms, as I believed myself to be, I could not believe myself worthy of the love of so handsome a person as Anselm undoubtedly was. The miserable conviction took possession of me that, if Anselm had shown any feeling for me, it was only the consequence of his pity for my solitary position and friendless childhood; for I could not believe that he could love a person devoid of personal charms, for in the romance it was only the beautiful who loved each other.

"I took possession of the book, and read it so often that at last I almost knew it by heart; and, oh! how many tears dropped from my eyes onto its pages. How did I rejoice, how did I grieve with the heroine of the story!

"My father observed the change which had lately come over me with disgust and surprise, but he sought in vain to discover its cause.

"I now began to pay great attention to my dress; I carefully arranged the beautiful and abundant hair, which nature had given me, before my mirror, and as I had no other model for my imitation, I chose for this purpose a picture of a very beautiful woman, and after some trials succeeded in arranging my head-dress like hers. Then, in my romance, I had read about ribbons and scarfs with which heroines

were adorned, and so Anna was commissioned to get me ribbons and scarfs, with which I ornamented myself, probably after rather a fantastic manner, for this good creature, who saw rather more of other people than I did, very often found fault, and assured me that no other lady dressed as I did.

"My father let all this go on; he seemed indeed to be pleased that these trifles should give me some distraction from the melancholy into which I had fallen; and my mirror, which I more frequently consulted than before, clearly told me that my appearance had greatly improved under the greater care I bestowed on it.

"I felt a secret pleasure in becoming more and more like the heroine of my romance, and thus rendering myself worthy of Anselm's love.

"According to my present notions, beauty was essential to being loved, and especially by such a young man as Anselm.

"During the night following the day on which I had completed my twentieth year, my father suddenly became so ill that he awakened the house by the sound of his bell.

"We hastened to him in alarm, and found him speechless; he had been struck by palsy.

"Nicholas, who had more presence of mind than the rest, hastened from the house to bring a doctor; and how can I describe my surprise when he returned to the sick-room accompanied by Anselm, who only a few days before, unknown to me, had returned from the university?

"Had I not been so entirely occupied with my father, this occurrence would have produced more emotion, but I only saw that the life of my father was in danger, and had no thought for anything else.

"After a hasty salutation, Anselm proceeded to attend to the patient; he bled him, and ordered some medicines from the apothecary, which Nicholas went for, and at the expiration of a few hours the threatened storm seemed to be passing away, for the patient had sunk into a gentle sleep and had evidently returned to consciousness.

"I sat in the ante-room, with my head on my hand, and my heart filled with painful feelings, when Anselm came softly to me, and in his accustomed gentle voice, said:

"'Do not be alarmed, lady; I hope there will be no return of the attack, and that all will go well.'

"I could not reply—grief choked my voice—but I involuntarily gave him my hand, which he pressed in a reverent manner to his lips; then he returned as gently as possible to the sick man, and remained for a long time by the bedside watching his slumber.

"After a time I followed him, and we both sat in silence by my father's couch for more than an hour.

"At last he awoke from his slumber; he first looked at me with an expression of tender compassion on his face; then at Anselm with surprise; he would have spoken, but was too weak to do so.

"Anselm now took leave, after having ordered some further medicine, which appeared to benefit the patient, for he soon after fell asleep; while I sat near his bed, a prey to the bitterest feelings."

(To be continued.)

## CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

THE Genesis informs us that the life of man which was very long before the flood, was afterwards shortened and reduced to a very limited extent. Every one knows that ordinary and constant effects are produced by ordinary and constant causes. Accordingly there has been an alteration in the order of nature, and the aspect of the sun, the spring of our life, is no longer the same in regard to man. Moses mentions the alternations of seasons and the variations of sunshine only in consequence of the deluge. In all this the sacred historian sustains his veracity and credit in the uniform exhibition of monumental testimonies, and by the statement of notorious and undeniable facts. He perfectly agrees with profane antiquity, which speaks of the long life of the first inhabitants of the earth, and of its being reduced to a short duration after the deluge by the introduction of meteors, and the difference of seasons. When the ancients speak of the flood, they never fail to show us in their fables a bark serving as a refuge to man and woman, who re-people the world. The name given to the man is very remarkable; he is called Deucalion, a word which, being expressive of the cause of human weakening, is an unmistakable authentic monument of that fatality. In the Eastern language, "*deucalion*" means "weakening of the sun;" now the sun, always unchanged in itself, is weakened in our regard, by the difference of its aspects towards the earth, which no longer presents from day to day the same points of its surface to the luminous rays.

The efficient causes of the deluge, according to the expression of Moses, were the breaking of the dykes of the great abyss, and the opening of the cataracts of the heavens. The pouring down of a water that was invisible before and buoyed up or attenuated in the atmosphere, is an experimental phenomenon, the measure and quantity of which is proportioned to the violence of the wind that moves it. On the other hand the universal breaking up of the barriers which first restrained the ocean, is a universal effect, the vestiges of which are extant before our eyes. Modern observations more and more notice the enlargement of the atmosphere. Some naturalists have made a peculiar study of that spindle of luminous matter which has been discovered round the sun, the extremity of which, meeting our atmosphere, and sinking into it, may by such an immersion become the cause of that illumination which about the beginning of the night appears towards the north. A distance is supposed of three hundred leagues from the earth to the upper strata of the atmosphere. Some naturalists confound it with the great cover of liquid matter of which the earth fills the centre, and which is more or less pressed or even obliged to recede under pressure of similar covers wherein the moon and other planets are suspended. The ebbing and flowing of the sea may be attributed to these unequal pressures and recoils, the water of the globe continuing to move one way, whilst the mass of the earth begins to change its place in another way; just as the water that follows the motion of a bowl carried by the stream from one place to another, goes on its way, and runs over the bowl as

soon as this goes back or swerves from its first direction. The azure we see in the immense extent of the heavens, is, like any other color, nothing more than a reflected light, which betrays there the presence of a fluid transparent enough to admit the light that comes from the sun, and substantial enough to reverberate that which is beaten back from the surface of the earth. These are facts that leave no room to doubt of the immense quantity of the waters which extend to the upper strata of this vast machine, and condense into rain in proportion to the shock it receives. An etesian or annual wind blowing five or six weeks together from north to south upon Africa is sufficient to condense the lower strata of the atmosphere so as to cover with mists and then flood with rain all Abyssinia and Nigritia; and then we behold the overflowings of the Nile and the Niger. The sources of these rivers are anxiously looked for, and very clever men for ages have been surprised that they cannot find them. If explorers go up higher towards the countries where the rivers begin to run, they see both in winter and spring only a few small streams of water, and some lakes or ponds out of which they come, but which often remain dry, and thus cause the current which they should supply to disappear. The true sources of these two rivers are in the heavens, as is the case with all the other currents of water. It is the rain that begins them; it is the same rain, placed in reservoirs underground or in lakes, that supplies them; and it is the wind that brings more or less rain along with it by the concussion of the atmosphere, as well as by the duration of its direction.

Personal experience supplied us with information on this subject, during our residence in India, when our opportunities for observation occurred from the Coromandel to the Malabar coast. N have been occasionally when trying to guess the the rains (monsoons) th the western coast of the of India, whilst the east adjoining the other at C orin enjoys a most perfec of air, or suffers the mos heat. Their amazement when they saw the rain the Coromandel coast, reaching the western sl little distant. The whol on the direction of the the resistance it meets. is resisted by the Ghauts, a ridge of mountains, a the Alleghanies, that sep western part of India cal bar from the eastern cal mandel, inclining a little western than the eastern reaching ten, fifteen, an leagues inland. From t of May to October, a sout wind blows upon India, t against the lower porti atmosphere towards the where the strata of air a and consequently c Hence the abundant ra Malabar coast, whilst all i on that of Coromandel. 15th of October the wind blows northeast, and beat the mountains that con air, so that throughout and December Coromand flowed, whilst the coast o enjoys the most serene In Madras, judged to be t place on the earth, we ha tion of the four seasons climates, we spoke on monsoon and land wi sponding with winter an of other regions. The in greater abundance on bar than on the Coroma because the direction of west is more constant, and passing over a great s along a great deal of vapo

the northeast wind passing over Tartary, China, Thibet, and the Mogul Empire, finds a lesser quantity of mist, and becomes rainy, only through the condensation of the air driven in one and the same line and always massed against the Ghauts.

We present these few instances in connection with the monumental value of the Mosaic history, because they sufficiently show what the mere concussion of the atmosphere may produce. Nothing so dry as the east and north winds; yet by the simple duration of their drift barred by an obstacle they will overflow the Coromandel coast, and the centre of Africa. They find water in the purest air, and the superior vapors that were invisible, are changed into torrents of rain, according to the force of the current which accumulates there. What may happen, if a violent shock should drive in the same direction all the waters that are attenuated in the spacious sphere whereof the earth is the centre? There would be no need of creating new waters to drown the little globe suspended within it; the impulsion of God's hand suffices to make the instruments it finds in nature serve His purposes.

The same jolt that condensed and sent down the waters from above caused a general tumbling of the earth that must have changed its exterior. The Scripture says: "*The reservoir of the great abyss was broken*," so this barrier being removed, the ocean flowed out of its bed. Since that time it was fixed in a hollow where it is seen at present, whilst the ancient bed is turned into the grounds we now inhabit. The marine substances which are so generally found in the recesses, and sometimes at the top of hills, have not been carried thither by the deluge, nor *accidentally dropped by pilgrims*, as Voltaire in his stupid jesting remarked, but they remained fixed in their original situation, because those high grounds which we now call mountains, were at that time only the unevenesses of the primitive hollow of the sea, and are now simply the remains of the grounds that have been sunk by the universal convulsion. The marine bodies that are found mixed with petrified matter and such like, have, like metals and all fossils, been more or less dispersed in the chinks of the several strata of earth which we find sometimes parallel to the horizon, sometimes inclined, most commonly dislocated and overturned. The whole face of nature then tallies with the narrative of Moses, as we find both in the superior waters which he alone durst indicate, and in the vestiges of the old ocean, which he says, went out of its first abode by the dislocation of its barriers.

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# MISS PRESTON'S VENTURE

CLAVERTON was not a marrying place; that was very certain. Admitting a decided preponderance of ladies in that part, it was hard to find a reason why the very few young men there resident should invariably go elsewhere for a wife rather than choose from the large assortment available at their very doors. But the fact was indisputable.

Not only were there a score or two of marriageable girls, a large number springing up ready to take their places, to say nothing of a formidable background of female babies —there were also many spinsters of forty years and upwards, who, remembering that while life lasts there is hope, were not wholly in despair.

So there was some point in that spiteful riddle asked by Frank Fairfax at a small party where he was the principal attraction—that riddle which compared Claverton to heaven, on account of their being "neither marrying nor giving in marriage" in either place.

It was very shameful of him, though, when so many bright eyes glanced smilingly at him. Amy Weston felt deeply hurt; for Frank's politeness to herself was beginning to be the subject of remark; and it was supposed that for once, perhaps, there might be an exception to the rule, and two young people in Claverton be mated.

Three days after that party it was generally known that Frank Fairfax was just engaged to a certain young lady, and the marriage would take place very soon.

Thus it always happened; and the Claverton girls could only try and be resigned to their fate with the best grace possible.

Many of the best families went away from the neighborhood on this account, though grieved at the deficiency of the masculine element, and still more hurt by the want of proper feeling in the few sons which Providence had assigned to Claverton people.

Mrs. McGeorge, a widow with five grown-up daughters, tried to live there, but gave up in despair, at the end of twelve months, removing to a more lively place "for the sake of the dear girls;" and the Suttons, and Besleys, and Parkers —all having girls—had departed without assigning any positive reason for so doing.

"Yes; Claverton was a pretty place—healthy, too, and quiet—almost *too* quiet."

So Mrs. Besley had said when questioned on the subject. She had no special dislike to the place, but it had its drawbacks, she added with a sigh and an anxious glance towards her two very pretty daughters.

New families came, of course, but either were childless or soulless. I positively became serious, and, a far as matrimony was concerned the well-known warning, "*Lascia agni speranza, voi ch' entrate*, might have been affixed to a sig post at the entrance of the villag

Our little sketch has not, ho ever, to do with any of these f disappointed maidens, but wi one of the spinsters before allud to, Miss Penelope Preston by na By her own admission she w forty-two; by the testimony of i timate friends, she had been th

same age for the eight years of her residence in Claverton, thus proving herself an exception to the general rule, that Time stands still with none of us.

In person, Miss Preston was tall and angular; but a close observer might detect the remains of what had once been beauty in her well-cut features and still brilliant eyes. Poor Penelope! She never wearied of telling anecdotes of her young days, when, according to her account, lovers had been plentiful as dandelions, when offers had poured in on her in rapid succession; only by ill chance, as it happened, she had given her love to Pierce Everard, and he seemed wholly indifferent to it. But as years rolled on, and Penelope passed from a girl into a woman and still remained single, Pierce began to find out her attractions; and at length, when she was eight-and-twenty years of age, he learned to love her as much as she could have desired.

For three brief months Penelope was in an ecstasy of happiness. "It was too bright to last." So she thought sometimes, her very joy making her tremble. The cloud came from a quarter where she least expected it, as it always does. Her strong handsome Pierce was struck down by sudden illness—a mere cold turning to fever—and in one week he was dead.

Penelope was summoned to his side by his mother and sisters. After a month's stay with them, she returned home dressed in deepest mourning, fit type of her inward desolation.

This was the tale she told to her most intimate friends, and it made them very lenient in judging of her oddities and peculiarities. Those who only knew her by sight would have found it hard to connect so romantic a tale with the very practical, blunt-speaking, old-maidish Miss Preston.

She had a small independency, which enabled her to live in tolerable comfort. She and an elderly servant, who had been in the family for years, and in whose eyes "Miss Penelope" was still a young and handsome girl, resided in a neat little house on Claverton Green, where one would have supposed she could have settled down contented with her state and condition. Truth compels me to say that it was not so.

Some of the girls who knew Miss Preston's history looked at it in its most sentimental light. According to the theory of modern novels, the very least she could have done after her lover's death was to go into rapid decline, and be laid in her grave within a twelvemonth; failing in this duty, she should have lapsed into an interesting state of melancholy, going through life as if all its interests were over for her, and her heart buried with the departed Pierce.

Strange to say, Miss Preston was one of the most fidgety restless old maids that ever trod this earth. She had not a spark of romance left in her—time had rubbed it out, I suppose. She spoke of Pierce sometimes, as I have said, to old friends, who would occasionally detect a slight tremble in her voice or moisture in her eye. Next minute she would talk of her early choice as a mistake, and lament the many "good chances" she had lost in girlhood.

Miss Preston made no secret of her opinion, that one must either be married or be no one. She inculcated this false principle in the minds of all young people with whom she came in contact, advising them to be warned by her own sad experience, and to take the first available chance of matrimony, provided always it would secure a suitable position in life. As for love Miss Preston had outlived any strong belief in it. She was of

opinion that, in so far as it was absolutely indispensable, a certain quantity could always be found to meet the demand. Anything more than this was rather a weight and drawback to its possessor.

Fortunately, there were those amongst the young ladies who visited Miss Preston whose taste revolted from this debasing view of a state which is ordained holy by God and His Church. Many more, though, poured into her ear all their hopes and fears matrimonial, and were incited by her to an anxiety and effort to secure husbands which most probably was the very cause of continuous failure.

This was the state of things in Claverton when Mr. Elmslie came to live there—at the large house on the green, where the avenue of horse-chestnut trees was so fine as to give the place its title. He was a widower, with a son and daughter grown up—a most valuable acquisition to Claverton. Here was a fine-looking wealthy man of sixty years for one of the elder ladies, and young Guy Elmslie as a target for the colony of expectant girls. No wonder that the inmates of Avenue House were first inundated with cards and callers, next by invitations to dinner-parties and evening-parties.

The daughter, Fanny Elmslie, was a pretty quiet girl, who seemed wholly indifferent to Claverton civilities. Her own marriage was to take place very speedily with a gentleman old enough to be her father, and all her time and thoughts were given to the selection of a very elaborate *trousseau*. This of itself made Miss Elmslie a very interesting subject to Claverton. Then, too, through her all intimacy with father and brother must first be obtained. Time was short, too; for it was March when they came to Avenue House, and in June Fanny was to be married. So old maids *and young*, considerate mammas and eager daughters, vied in attentions to the young lady, which grew warmer, probably, by reason of the entire indifference with which they were received.

Mr. Elmslie was cordial enough, and accepted invitations from all quarters. He seemed a pleasant sociable man, and it was decided that, after his daughter's departure, he would certainly take unto himself a wife. He could not live in that great place alone; and of course Guy would be making a home for himself soon, like all well-disposed well-provided-for young men of seven-and-twenty ought to do.

Miss Preston was decidedly attracted by Mr. Elmslie. She confided to her dear friend Miss Roberts that there was something in his appearance that reminded her of her departed lover; and she even hinted, in a delicate manner, her intention of accepting him, should he propose.

Miss Preston had a young relative visiting her just then, Carrie Marshall by name, a lively girl of eighteen; and as Mr. Elmslie began to make frequent calls at the little house on the green, and to be very attentive to its mistress, it was perhaps better, so Penelope reflected, to get Carrie's leave of absence from home extended, so as to cast a shade of propriety on the affair, and relieve any embarrassment she might have felt in entertaining her visitor alone.

The Claverton people began to grow quite envious of Miss Preston, especially when Fanny Elmslie, by her father's desire, threw off a little of her reserve, and made a companion of Carrie. Indeed, it was soon known that she was elected to the post of chief bridesmaid upon the occasion of Miss Elmslie's approaching marriage. As for Miss Preston, she gained in dignity each day. Of course Mr. Elmslie's intentions were clear enough—feel-

ing he would soon be left alone, he, poor man, was anxious to select a companion to cheer the remaining years of his life. A sensible person like him would naturally choose some mature lady as the partner of his home. *He* was not one of those foolish men, who, forgetting their years, marry a young and giddy girl.

Miss Preston's *gaucherie* gave place to an ease of deportment almost arriving at elegance in contemplation of herself as the future lady of Avenue House.

Spring slipped into summer, and when roses were budding and blooming, Fanny Elmslie stood before the altar of the parish church, and vowed to "love, honor, and obey" Mr. Keith, whose silvery hair and aged appearance would not have appeared likely to attract the heart of a girl not three-and-twenty. However, it was an "excellent match." So said the matrons of Claverton, who agreed that Fanny Elmslie had chosen like a sensible girl, who was worthy from henceforth to be held up as a model to their own daughters.

Carrie Marshall was charming in her bridesmaid's dress of white and green; and Mr. Elmslie looked at her with so kindly a glance, that all beholders decided he would like her for his son's wife.

"No doubt he would marry the aunt, and Guy the niece. Miss Preston had played her cards cleverly, very cleverly indeed!" And the ladies smiled sarcastically at each other.

Poor Miss Preston! Her best friends began to look coldly on her. The girls who once had flocked to her house, and "dropped in" to tea and muffins in her little parlor, never went near her now. Even her great crony Julia Roberts, who was too old and ugly to be a rival, spoke coldly and disapprovingly, often uttering little spiteful remarks, that would have wounded her friend sorely, had she not been too self-elated to heed anything that was said or done.

Mr. Elmslie's visits became still more frequent at the little house after his daughter's marriage. He missed her terribly, he said: "a house was miserable without the presence of a mistress." Whereupon Miss Preston would blush and simper in a style that had been deemed irresistible thirty years before. Guy Elmslie often accompanied his father, often came by himself. He was very fond of Miss Preston, so he avowed laughingly, and would declare himself ready "to cut out the governor." This was at Claverton parties, where the young ladies would rally him upon his intimacy with "that old maid."

Thus things went on during the summer, and still Carrie Marshall's visit was prolonged. They wanted her sadly at her home, but Miss Preston pleaded her solitude as an excuse; and so an extension of leave had been granted from time to time. But Carrie was not quite what she had been; a trifle less blooming, far less merry, disposed to stay quietly upstairs by herself; and once her aunt had discovered her in tears, for which she could give no reason but a "headache." Poor Carrie's headaches grew very frequent at this time, and Miss Preston was puzzled. Of course the dear child was in love with Guy; and he, thoughtless fellow, was too happy in the enjoyment of her society to think of the effect this silence as to his future hopes must have upon her. He must be made to "declare his intentions" in some way—*that* Miss Preston felt confident of. Young men were always shy when it came to the decisive point. It was proper and natural that, impressed with their own unworthiness, they should have a horror of refusal. He must have a little gentle assistance—

that was certain; but the precise means and methods to employ was more difficult of decision.

At last Miss Preston conceived a plan. She would make a bold venture, speak to Mr. Elmslie, senior, about the young people, and her desire to see so desirable a union brought about. It was a delicate matter certainly; fond as Mr. Elmslie was of Carrie, she was a girl of no fortune and no particular family, and sometimes rich fathers had high views for only sons. Still Miss Preston's duty was plain, and she was not the woman to shrink from duty. So she told herself as she stood before her glass arranging her best cap, preparatory to going down to see Mr. Elmslie on the occasion of his next visit.

She felt a little nervous and fluttered, as she stood for a moment in the hall before entering the tiny drawing-room where her visitor awaited her; it was rather a bold venture of hers, for talking of love was dangerous work. What more natural than that, speaking of the son's affections, should draw from the father a statement of his own?

Ah, a good deal might occur in the next hour, was Miss Preston's silent reflection during that momentary pause—events that might tincture her whole future. Then, strong in the confidence of her good intentions, and the irreproachable bloom of her lilac cap-ribbons, she walked in to see Mr. Elmslie, who greeted her with his wonted cordiality.

After the customary chat about the weather, the chances of the harvest, &c., &c., Mr. Elmslie inquired for Carrie, and certainly was unfeignedly distressed when Miss Preston stated her anxieties on the score of her niece's health; indeed, he seemed so unwilling to leave the subject, that she found *her task far easier* than she had supposed, and in a few moments she had fully disclosed her suspicions as to the state of Carrie's affections. Warming with her subject, she did not at first observe Mr. Elmslie's discomfiture, but went on talking—had even lapsed into sentimental reference to her own early life before she discovered this peculiarity of manner in her visitor.

The confusion was all on his part instead of Miss Preston's; he stammered and colored, began and paused again, before he finally nerved himself to speak of his desire to make a second trial of married life. In a few well-chosen words he spoke of his first wife, of his long years alone, of his now desolate home, and his need of some one to cheer his life. Guy, too, would be marrying, he said, and then he should be desolate indeed.

Miss Preston sat blushing most becomingly; more than once she had been ready to exclaim, "Say no more; I will be yours!" But fortunately she was preserved from the indiscretion for lack of a suitable moment at which to check his speech, which was becoming more rapid and fervent now the first difficulty was over-got. Judge of her horror when the climax was reached, and Mr. Elmslie, in words of unmistakable clearness, made a formal declaration of his love—love of *Carrie Marshall!* But for Miss Preston's practical turn of mind, she must certainly have fainted; as it was, her thoughts were too full of thankfulness for having been preserved from offering herself before she was asked, to dwell very much upon her disappointed hopes; *that* was to come after, when, in bitterness of spirit and in solitude, she groaned over the baseness of mankind.

Fearful as was the shock, she managed to get herself out of the room on the plea of fetching Carrie; and then, finding that young lady

in tears, which changed to smiles and blushes when she heard who was below and what his mission was, Miss Preston saw that she had been all in the dark, and her boasted experience in such matters had failed her for once.

She was a worthy old soul, though; for, when the first vexed surprise was over, when she heard that Guy had long been engaged and had never had a thought of Carrie, she tried to be magnanimous, and rejoice that her niece should have found so good a settlement in life. As for Mr. Elmslie, she "had given him credit for more sense; he, a man near sixty, to fall in love with a girl of eighteen!" But that was the worst thing she said of him.

It was somewhat hard to bear the smiling sarcasm of Claverton folks when they congratulated her on the approaching marriage. However, there was a bright side even to this; for her old popularity began to return so soon as it was known her niece and not herself was Mr. Elmslie's choice. As for Carrie, "poor foolish girl, they pitied her. What would not people do for money nowadays?" Yet Carrie, strange as it may seem, appeared brilliantly happy, and deeply in love with her elderly husband-elect.

Very soon there was a grand wedding; and Mr. and Mrs. Keith were there, and a host of great people; Guy, too, with his pretty cousin; he, as full of his jokes as ever, declaring he was almost inclined to break off with Eva and strike up to Miss Preston.

And she *did* look wonderfully well too, although her regret at losing Carrie, and natural agitation resulting from all the circumstances of the affair, made her a little peculiar and nervous. Those near her declared that she had her prayer-book open at the order for burial, and read occasional responses from that office owing to her preoccupied state of mind; but this is probably a slander. After that day Miss Preston forever relinquished all matrimonial projects for herself or for others, and settled down peacefully in her little home, which was often enlivened by the visits of Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie.

They would have had her live at Avenue House entirely; but she likes her own little nest, and enjoys her sociable tea-parties, at which sometimes she will relate her early romance, and hint in vague terms at more recent affairs of the heart; but to no one but her friend Julia Roberts did she ever relate in detail the circumstances here narrated of her venture and subsequent disappointment.

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PRESENT example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repelled.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man! A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart
Of envy, rancor, or impure desire.

## VESPER HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF SAINT AUGUSTI
AUGUST 28TH, 1873.

(Original Translation from the Augustinian Office.)

*Magne Pater Augustine.*

GREAT Augustine, mighty Father,
Hear the prayers we raise to thee,
Us unto our Lord Creator
Linking by their unity;
Ruling too thy flock among,
Pride of all the mitred throng.

Thou of poverty the lover,
All the poor thy praise proclaim;
Thou of truth the bold asserter,
All who know it love thy name;
Since its sweetness dost dispense
From the Scriptures excellence.

All the lessons therein hidden
By thy eloquence made plain;
Breaking the rich bread of doctrine
Which the Saviour's words contain;
Proffering life's heavenly balms
From the nectar of the psalms.

For the blessed life monastic
Thou didst write the sacred rule,
Whereby all its fond disciples
Here their souls for heaven school;
And following where thou hast led,
Their royal pathway homeward tread.

To the King of kings salvation,
Life and glorious power be;
Sempiternal praise and honor
To the endless Trinity,
Who makes our names to shine enrolled
Among the saints in glory scrolled.

## WOMEN AND THEIR DRESS

Some very motherly people have photographs taken of their children year by year, that they may have memorials of the various changes which annually take place. It would not be amiss if, by some similar means, the changes of fashion could be perpetuated.

A volume has lately come into our hands, in which the fashions of ladies' dresses some fifty years ago and more are depicted. It is quite amusing to see them. To our eyes they have rather a grotesque appearance; but not so grotesque as they would have seemed two or three years ago.

We can imagine it to be a very perplexing thing to know how to keep pace with the changes which each year, and, we might almost say, every season of the year bring in. At one time the dresses are as full as they are scanty at another. The changes are propitious to dressmakers and milliners, but not to any one else, excepting so far as one fashion happens to be more becoming than another.

It is asserted that as everything, even modesty itself, is to be sacrificed to dress, and that as the sole object in life is the set and fashion of a gown, art has other inventions to supply other defects. It seems incredible; but we again repeat that there is no humiliation to which some people will not submit that they may be of that exclusive number who call themselves the "fashionable world."

Not long since it was the fashion to dye the hair red and gold, and make the skin white with paint, the cheeks pink with rouge, and the eyelids stained; but now this capricious goddess, whom fine ladies worship with such devotion, prefers dark hair and olive complexions, and the rage is now for brown washes as it used to be for white. The blue-black hair and dark skin of the gypsy are the envy of ladies of fashion, and they hope, by means of washes and dyes, to make themselves "beautiful forever."

These freaks of fancy make us burn with shame for our countrywomen. They are suggestive of all that is coarse and sensual, and of those enticements and tricks which ought to be unknown amongst ladies. A predilection for these false lights on the part of ladies of fashion, and their submissive subservience to their dressmakers, has introduced a habit of low dressing which ought to be protested against by all who have wives and children.

Modesty is the greatest ornament a woman can have, and the demoralizing effect of the present style of dress is that it destroys that modesty. We have heard it said by some women, in excuse for themselves, that they dress in this objectionable manner in order to please their husbands. It sounds incredible; and if it be so, we can only say that husbands richly deserve whatever retribution may be in store for them if they are so ready to expose the persons of their wives to the public gaze.

If we were called upon to say what is the distinctive characteristic of the age in which we live, we should be inclined to designate it as an age of shams. Unreality creeps into everything.

The consequence is that woman has become an imposture and men have learned to fear that what they most admire may be but a successful art. Old women have long since done all in their power to repair the

ravages of time. Wigs and fronts, teeth, paint and rouge, have always been made use of by those who know not how to grow old. But they have not been able to deceive the world, which takes them at their real value, and can see behind the screen of unrealities to which they have fled for refuge from the print of years. We cannot resist quoting a passage from a well known writer on this subject, in which she has described the appearance of an old woman who is not ashamed of, and has no wish to hide her age. "See the plaited border, or the full ruche of the cap, white as snow, circling close round the face, as if jealous to preserve the oval that age has lost; the hair peeping from beneath, finer and more silken than ever, but white as that border, or gray as the shadow thrown by it; the complexion withered and faded, yet, being relieved, as nature has appointed it to be, by the still more faded tints of the hair, in a certain degree delicate and fresh; the eyes with most of their former fire extinguished, still surrounded only with the chastened hues of age, brighter than anything else in the face; the face itself, lined with deep wrinkles, but not one that the painter would spare: the full handkerchief, or rich bustling laces scrupulously covering neck and throat, reminding us that the modesty of her youth has survived, though not its charms; some deep sober shawl or scarf, which the French rightly call *le drapeau de vieille femme*, carefully concealing the outline of the figure, though not its general feminine proportions,—all brilliant contrasts, as all violent passions, banished fron the picture, and replaced by a harmony which is worth them all."

The same writer, who has so admirably depicted an old woman whom every one must venerate and love, goes on to speak of the moral *influence* that such a one must have over the society in which she lives. Having gone through all the "progressive periods of life," having passed through its sunshine and its shade, she "now casts them all aside," and asserts her claim to our respect in the simple fact of her age. She knows that "to all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, her silver locks are more precious than the most golden tresses money could purchase,—her pale cheek more interesting than the finest bloom art could simulate,—her modest coverings more attractive than the most wonderfully preserved remains of beauty she could exhibit,—her whole venerable aspect of age more lovely than the very best imitation of youth she could possibly get up; who not only makes old age respectable and honorable, but even enviable, in the eyes of those who are still toiling in the heat and burden of the day." In quoting this passage, almost at length, we render, *en passant*, the best tribute we could pay to the right feeling and eloquent description of one who has written so truthfully and well on the art of dress. We wish, with all our hearts, that her words would sink deep into the minds of the young and old of our time. The old would teach a lesson to the young which they have great need to learn, and the young would know that the unspeakable charm of the picture which has been so admirably drawn lies in the fact that not even in the palmiest days of her youth and admiration did this old lady ever lay aside or even lightly tamper with that modesty and refinement which are in every sense the crowning graces of womanhood.

How different must be the influence of that meretricious style of dress of which the distinctive feature is unreality and imposture, and its chief merit successful simulation! How truly it is said that it has a demoralizing effect! How

can it be otherwise when women consent to indignities and to a system of imposture that they may, as they are assured and hope will be the case, make themselves more captivating? No one disfigures herself for the purpose of disfiguration. No one adopts a costume because it is ugly and may take away from her charms. However unbecoming a fashion may be, it is adopted not with any idea that it is so, but under the impression that it is quite the reverse. Dyes and cosmetics are used to heighten beauty or to conceal defects; and for the same purpose these novel contrivances have been brought into fashion.

It is intelligible that elderly women, who are conscious of the ravages of time, who know that they are no longer young, and that the bloom of youth has left their cheeks, upon which the lapse of years has stamped its indelible traces, should do all in their power to simulate that which they have outlived, especially when they consider what are called "the claims of society" to be of paramount importance, and care only for the world and its charms, and live only for society. But it is incredible that the young, who have sustained no loss, who have no ground of complaint against the cruel iron grasp of time, should have recourse to expedients which are utterly inconsistent with their early years. The roundness of form, the graceful curves, the soft tints which belong to youth are theirs in all their fulness. They have no need to use false lights, because they have no defects to conceal. Why, then, should they adopt a fashion which, however much it may assist their elders, cannot be of any service to them?

We remember an instance of a young lady of considerable personal attractions, whose only fault had been a certain pallor, which, after all, though peculiar, was not actually unbecoming, but which had recently disappeared. She asked a friend upon whom she was calling to lend her a veil, which, when she returned it, was all covered with rouge and paint. It had been noticed that she had of late a beautiful bloom upon her cheeks, which had taken the place of her former pallor, and it was hoped by those who were kindly disposed towards her, that the change was owing to renovated health rather than to art; but it turned out she was a mass of paint and rouge. Eyebrows and eyelids were darkened; paint and rouge were liberally used; and she had become nothing better than a painted doll. Her skin and complexion soon resented this treatment, and became so injured by the constant use of cosmetics, that it was no longer a matter of option, but became a necessity to her to use fictitious and meretricious arts. Her fixed brilliant coloring, dark eyebrows, and glittering eyes became actually repulsive.

When a young girl "comes out" into society, the utmost care and consideration are paid to her appearance, avowedly for a particular object—that she may attract young men.

In order to accomplish this,—to insure admiration, which the chaperons designate "her success,"—no tricks are considered to be out of place.

In short, the one idea is to make the most of a young girl's "points," and to hide her defects. She is introduced into society very much as horses are taken to fairs for sale. Her "points," her "paces," are carefully studied beforehand, and the chaperon takes the place and performs the part of the salesman. Her daughter's establishment in the world is the one all-absorbing idea, and men are valued according to their rent-roll. As dress is the

means by which favorable impressions are first made, it plays a very prominent part in the game, and all the tricks and enticements of which dress is capable are adopted without any hesitation. We do not, of course, refer to those perfectly innocent embellishments which relate to the preference of one dress for another, or for one style for another. These are most legitimate and innocent. We refer to those impostures in dress by which things seem to be which are not, and the adoption of which is in itself a great indignity to the whole race of womankind. No one is bound to dress herself unbecomingly; but, on the contrary, is more than justified in making the best use of nature's gifts. Our protest is against the introduction of novelties by which women are taught to impose upon the world, which cannot fail to have a demoralizing influence over them, and which desecrate that modesty which is the best jewel a woman can wear.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

Long, patiently, and hopefully have we waited for old St. Joseph's gifted daughter, Philadelphia's—shall we not say America's?—fair Laureata to come forth from her sweet solitude and gladden us, not with her sweet stray notes, but with the full gush of her glorious song. Why fear "the iron verdict of the world" that has hitherto greeted her wandering cadences with only its most encouraging smiles? In her charming preface, itself a prose-poem almost as fine as anything in her book, she seems to intimate the fear that the volume will not meet with pecuniary success; no mean consideration when we reflect on the expense attending the publication of any book, much less so rich a one as this; nevertheless we cannot help thinking the insinuation ungenerous, doubly so, when it is carried to the length of supposing that if even people do buy, they will afterwards cast aside the casket of literary gems, leaving it in elegant neglect, to receive as its only tribute the library dust, with which each succeeding year will seek to sacrifice it upon the shrine of oblivion. True it is that there has existed a prejudice against female poets, with one or two illustrious exceptions, their names being inseparably connected in the public mind with stiff-starched ruffs, corkscrew ringlets, and snappish poodle-dogs, whose senseless barkings were constantly commingled with as senseless strains from their mistresses. But the days for all such trash have gone by. The taste and judgment of the public are in the main correct, and even the female mind, cultivated by sound instructions and the practiced reading of standard authors, has learned to justly despise the simperings of select academies for young misses, in which "French is exclusively the language of the house" Hence when a true artist like Miss Donnelly comes before the public, she should present herself with the dignified fearlessness, that *mens conscia recti* of an honest worth, which will in the end inevitably achieve success.

The publication under notice consists of three parts; the first is a selection of sacred legends, the second of war poems, the third is made up of miscellaneous pieces.

It is in the first of these that Miss Donnelly is most at home; it is here that she is pre-eminently the artist. All the poems in this section are masterpieces. They are eight in number. The first is the well-known *Vision of the Monk Gabriel*, in which Miss Donnelly has had to contend with Mr. Longfellow for the

palm, and certainly won it at least *ex æquo*. We will quote but one passage.

"A bearded man, with grave but gentle look,
*His silence sweet with sounds*
With which the simple-hearted spring abounds:
Lowing of cattle from the Abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect and the building rook
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took.
Deep in his cell
Sat the monk Gabriel."

If there be anything superior to this in any of the writings of the so-called *poets of nature*, we should be heartily glad to see it

*The Legend of the Robes* is but one more sweet story of that prolific subject of legendary song, St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The personal description here is so beautiful that we almost see Thuringia's fair duchess sitting in her celestial beauty before us, flushed with the expectant joy of her husband's coming as

"A step pulsed through the hall, a manly step,
And in the doorway framed (a picture fair),
Duke Louis stood."

Or as

"Circled with veiled maidens, down she went,
*Transfigured with the passion of her prayer,*
Her soft slow step is herald to her coming,
And silence chains the lords who grace the feast."

This is the only poem of the volume in which the authoress displays her power as a writer of blank verse.

How charming, in *The Bronze Berenice*, is the passage wherein the supposed traveller asks why the longest flowers that grow around the statue are always pulled, since they are not the most beautiful, and on repeating the question, to the first unsatisfactory answer, is told,

"Because, Because" (and like to birds
Whose aimless speech hath but one groove of words),
"*Because they touch her garment's holy hem.*"

This passage is perfectly exquisite in the portrayal of the childlike simplicity with which the continued virtue of the great miracle of Berenice's cure is unconsciously told.

*The Borgia's Vow* is a splendid pageant-like poem, rolling along, replete with the solemn majesty of the mournful procession it so graphically describes; and horrible in its terribly realistic description of the dead queen, in admirable contrast with the more pleasing portions of this historical song picture.

*The Golden Psalm* is a version of a religious theme which has proved quite a favorite with the poets. THE CATHOLIC RECORD for July contained one of these by Mr. Esling and the same month's number of *Lippincott*, another by a Protestant writer, Miss Preston. Of these Miss Donnelly's is the most poetical in its diction, but the conciseness of thought has been sacrificed to brilliancy of expression, and the authoress fails to keep the main idea of the legend prominently before the reader. Were it not for this latter deficiency we would consider this as the finest poem in the volume. And here we must beg leave to check for a moment the current of our commendation, with an objection to Miss Donnelly's occasional misuse of foreign words. They are always as a general rule used in violation of literary purity, particularly when adopted from a modern tongue. In some cases, however, they are in excellent keeping, and Miss Donnelly introduces them with the happiest effect in her poem, *The Poet's Little Rival*, but we must object to St. Frances using a *prie Dieu* in the fourteenth or fifteenth century (we say nothing of her reading her *vespers* out of a *missal*), but the eternal fitness of things is sadly disturbed when the antique symmetry and classical beauty of a poem like *The Two Quests of the Abbot Paphnicius* is broken upon by an ancient Greek courtesan singing a modern Italian *brindisi*. The temptation to use the word we have no doubt was strong, the idea is so exactly conveyed therein, but in this instance the excuse hardly suffices for the fault.

Of the war poems, the only one deserving special notice here is the first, that exquisite piece of rhymed word-painting, *Missing*. We read it on its first appearance in the papers some years ago, and have treasured it in our scrap-book and our memory ever since. It is simply a reproduction in verse of a painting on canvas, which adorned some of our store-windows during the war, and in our opinion is altogether the most perfect of its authoress's productions. There is one passage to which we would draw the writer's attention. If we remember rightly, the last stanza from the fifth to the eighth verses originally read,

God strengthen her heart as the days go on,
And the long drear nights of her vigil follow.
*Nor wind nor bird nor suffering moan*
May *whisper* the tale of the hollow,

which we deem far preferable to the version given in the book.

The miscellaneous poems vary in merit, yet the poorest of them never descend to mediocrity. We have only

space to quote some of the best by name: *The Sleeper's Sail, Unseen yet Seen, The Skeleton at the Feast, Mother's Corner, Called and Chosen, Misunderstandings, Fiat Voluntas Dei, Saint Martin's Summer, The Fate of the Fairy Swan*, and, last but not least, in the hearts of many readers, *In Memoriam, Rev. Felix Joseph Barbelin.* Of these, *Unseen yet Seen, Misunderstandings*, and *Saint Martin's Summer*, are of superlative merit. The last if shown to us with the authorship unknown we should unhesitatingly credit to Mr. Longfellow's pen. Indeed, the similarity of style between America's Laureate and Miss Donnelly is strongly marked through all her book, yet in a way that fully proves the latter's originality. The tribute to the venerable and beloved pastor of St. Joseph's, Father Barbelin, is soul-touching in its appropriateness to the subject, but is slightly impaired by what might be casually considered as a broken metaphor in the opening stanza.

We beg leave also to draw the attention of the authoress to several instances of bad rhyme by the use of plural nouns with the verb agreeing, when the singular number would have served as well and avoided the difficulty.

In freely noticing the few trifling defects as well as the overshadowing merits of Miss Donnelly's beautiful volume, we have no intention of being either disparaging, discourteous, or hypercritical, but rather of doing our part as critics towards removing any, even the slightest blemishes from a work which is so near perfection, that we see no reason why in future editions it should not become completely so. As we regretfully miss from this collection many familiar pieces which have delighted us from time to time, in the secular and religious journals, we sincerely hope that the success of the present volume will be so great as to cause the authoress to speedily follow it with a second one, giving us *all* that has come from her attractive pen. Miss Donnelly, we may say, for the benefit of those who are not intimately acquainted with her, is a talented member of a talented Philadelphia family, and a sister of the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota. To Philadelphians she has long been endeared by her rich poetic gifts, and though her reputation may have been slow in extending to other portions of the country, it is not so much from any lack of power or brilliancy, but rather from the modesty which, ever accompanying true merit, scorns to resort to those tricks for gaining popularity which less worthy but more pretentious artists unhesitatingly adopt. Miss Donnelly is a devout Catholic, and while much of the superior excellence of her poems is attributable to the heaven-born inspiration acquired from her faith, yet there is nothing in her writings to render them distasteful to those who are separated from the mother and mistress of all true art, the Church of God. These beauteous "songs and visionary things" will rather serve to impress the world at large with the superior excellence of Catholicity, and as such we hope and believe that—

> "Not in vain each tender strain
> About the common air shall blow."

We cannot better close this extended notice than by briefly saying that the publishers have done their part towards the success of this book in every way worthy of its contents.

THE IRISH RACE IN THE PAST AND PRESENT. By the Rev. Augustine J. Thébaud, S. J.: New York. D. Appleton & Co., 549 & 551 Broadway. 1873.

This is one of the finest historical works that it has ever been our pleasure and good fortune to read, certainly the most able work on Irish topics which ever issued from the American press, and we seriously doubt if it has often been excelled by the productions of any European writers, even a native Irish penman, for it is a singular fact that its author is a Frenchman, and he has treated what might naturally be considered a worn-out theme with a freshness, a vigor, an originality, and a profundity and spread of thought, which makes of his subject the most readable of books. It is not properly speaking a history, but rather a collection of historic considerations upon a theme which has busied the brains of some of the wor[l]d brightest intellects, namely, the [m]arvellous characteristics which make the Irish a comparatively isolated people solitary in their glory, in their endurance in their intrepidity, in their learning, in their imperishability, in their faith, in their unstained national honor. In a word, he shows that this nation, despised by the mass of continental Europe, always has been, is now, and ever will be what her most ardent admirers and most enthusiastic sons have ever claimed her to be, the greatest nation of Europe, and, by her growing influence in American affairs, the conqueror queen of both hemispheres. He does not do this with the

senseless and extravagant rhodomontade, which by being too often adopted as the main element of Irish laudation, has like "vaulting ambition overleapt itself," and made a glorious theme disgusting to well-balanced minds. His arguments are so new and profound, and delivered so pointedly, yet so chastely and dispassionately, as to carry conviction in the historical truths he inculcates home to the most prejudiced minds, while those who have hitherto felt no interest pro or con in the matter, can hardly fail to have a substantial enthusiasm awakened in their minds for this fairest daughter of Europe, this brightest gem of the sea. The great secret of Fr. Thébeaud's success in thus convincing his readers, is that he does not content himself with broad declarations and baseless statements, but by a generous and copious use of the why and wherefore of his reasonings, proves that history is indeed "philosophy teaching by example." The keynote of his work is the sentence of Count Joseph De Maistre: "*All nations manifest a particular and distinctive character, which deserves to be attentively considered;*" and regarding Ireland as the best exemplification of this truth, whether viewed by herself or in her relations with other nations, he proceeds to the historical analysis of her characteristics.

To this literary banquet we invite not only all true friends of Ireland, but also all who make the destiny of the human race, as exemplified in the story of the nations, their study.

A Grammar of the Latin Language. By G. K. Bartholomew, M.A. Wilson, Hinkle & Co., 137 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, and 28 Bond Street, New York. 276 pages, half roan, 12mo.

There is, fortunately or unfortunately, as the reader may please to determine, no dearth of Latin grammars. What need then for a new one? is naturally the question; to which we answer, that while there may be no positive necessity for any addition to the present stock, the advent of this one is highly desirable, inasmuch as it is highly advantageous, because it initiates a new era for a large number of classical students, by introducing a new and improved method of teaching the royal language of ancient Rome. It is well known that there has long existed a wide diversity in the opinion of professors as to what really is the correct pronunciation of Latin. Before the days of the so-called Reformation, when the Church was the universal teacher of secular as well as Divine learning, there was but one system of pronunciation, that which we now call the Continental system, modified perhaps by some local peculiarities of speech, but when the insane desire for a spurious reform bewitched the minds of men, then again was repeated in a certain sense the sad miracle of Babel. The pronunciation of Latin became anglicized in the great universities of England, and has in this form ever since been adopted in all Protestant schools. Thoughtful men have however seen the wisdom of returning to the old and beautiful method of the Catholic schools, and the agitation of the question has been sufficiently strong to justify the publication of a book, in which the pure Roman pronunciation, as far as we can now judge of its purity, is distinctly inculcated.

The second recommendation to which this book can justly lay claim is that the verb, being the base of the sentence, is logically treated first, an advantage which we would advise all future grammarians of any language to carefully regard.

The conjugations, declensions, syntax, and prosody are each treated of with many improvements, tending to facilitate their study. The syntax is especially remarkable for its minuteness and copiousness of detailed explanation, which renders the work invaluable as a book of reference, or a class-book for advanced students.

Meditations on the Most Blessed Virgin. By Most Hon. Brother Philippe, Superior-General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Translated from the French. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet.

We notice with undisguised pleasure, as a most promising omen for the new incumbent of the metropolitan see, that one of his first approbations should be affixed to a work on the Most Blessed Virgin, issued in his own Archdiocese, whose crest bears the fitting inscription, "Auspice Maria." The approbation is happy in more than one aspect. At or about the time of this approbation, the Christian Brothers, assembled in chapter in their Mother House at Paris, refused unanimously to accept the resignation of the author of these *Meditations*, Brother Philippe, an old man, weighed down by the responsibilities of thirty-six years as Superior-General, but the vigor of whose intellect is best indicated by the fact of his having within the last ten years written "Meditations on Our Last End,"

"St. Joseph," "The Eucharist," "Subjects of Particular Examination," "The Religious Life," "Motives of Encouragement," besides a very large number of circular letters addressed to the members of his world-renowned order.

The work under notice is the last in order, and has just been issued in its English dress from the press of Kelly & Piet, of Baltimore.

It is divided according to the festivals of the year; also according to the subjects embraced, from "Mary Predestined to be the Mother of God" to "The Assumption of Mary." Next come Meditations on "Her Virtues," followed by others on "Her Greatness and Patronage," concluding with fifteen Meditations on "Devotion to Mary."

The field covered, it will be seen, is a wide one; original in division and treatment, and differing materially from any other work on the subject.

There is an almost entire absence of any allusion to the much-used field of the miraculous, the author preferring, it would seem, to found his reasoning on certain accepted and dogmatic principles, building on these principles a beautiful superstructure of devotional reasoning, still devoid, as we remark, of anything purely assumed. To pastors whose month of May exercises call for instruction for their flocks, we know not any work more to be commended. The treatment of the subjects will be found in keeping with the middle and higher class of intelligence, while it will not fail to greatly edify even the most illiterate.

Every lover of Mary, and none who are not her lovers can claim partnership with her Son, will hail this new work. Its preface is among the most beautifully worded we have ever noticed, and will amply repay for the space taken up in a partial insertion of its contents.

"The faithful children of the Church, throughout the Catholic world, as well as every true religious, cherish the devotion to the Most Holy Virgin, strive to obtain its true spirit, and observe all the practices it enjoins, because they feel that this devotion satisfies the innermost wants of the soul, opens up an unfailing fountain of divine grace, and procures for us the purest, the most inexpressible joys."

Each meditation is followed by an *Application* of the subject, and a *Prayer*. As a specimen of the devotional character of the latter, we here furnish the dedicatory aspirations of the author:

"And now, O Blessed Mother, prostrate at thy sacred feet, with the most fervent desire and the fullest confidence that thou wilt hear my supplication, I beseech thee, Most Holy Virgin, to accept this work, which has been undertaken solely for the glory of God, thy honor, and the salvation of souls, and grant that its objects may be fully attained. Bless thy poor servant who, alas! has but this humble offering to present to thee, and who is but too sensible of the feebleness of his powers in the presence of so grand a theme. Bless each one of his brethren, whose sanctification he so ardently desires, as well as all who may make use of this book. Oh! sweet and loving Mother, obtain for us all the grace whereby we may prove ourselves thy worthy children, and merit thy powerful protection through life, and especially at the hour of our death.

"B. PHILIPPE."

The work is for sale by all our Catholic publishers.

THE LIMERICK VETERAN, OR THE FOSTER SISTERS. By Agnes M. Stewart, authoress of Florence O'Neill. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 West Baltimore Street. 1873.

This is a sequel, and in all respects, literary and typographical, a companion work to *Florence O'Neil*, *The Rose of St. Germains*. Miss Stewart sketches in this volume, with her usual graceful style, the fortunes of that lovely lady and her gallant husband after their happy union. Another interesting character of the former work, Grace Wilmot, appears again in the present tale, the scene of which is naturally carried over into the reigns succeeding William and Mary, and its plot is developed amid the stirring scenes in which were cast the fates and fortunes of the Jacobites under the standard of the Pretender.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. V, No. 29.—SEPTEMBER, 1873.

## A QUESTION OF GUMPTION.

WE remember it distinctly, very distinctly, in fact we have never forgotten how, when we were about half through our collegiate curriculum, it was our fortune, good or bad, as the case may be, to be placed under the tuition of a certain respected professor, with whom we didn't get along very well; in fact, we do not think any of his pupils ever did. Socially he was all right, amiable, intellectual, painstaking; oh, yes! painstaking enough, nobody could gainsay that—at least he intended to be so; but the trouble was that he didn't take pains in the right direction. The boys, too, were quick, bright, and docile, and would have been studious had their ambition been properly aroused; but the best boys in the world will not apply themselves assiduously, unless their preceptor possesses the ingenuity, or tact, or *savoir faire*, as the French so aptly style what in vulgar English we commonly designate *the art of how to do it.* The good man, whose memory we revere, did not possess this happy faculty. Like so many others who, while endowed with the highest talents for acquiring knowledge, are totally incapable of imparting it to others, he could not throw himself into the spirit of his duties. To have taught small children would have been for him a physical impossibility, hence he was usually called upon to preside over more advanced students, but woe to those students if they had not learned much before coming under his tuition; they would, indeed, have so many pages of study appointed them, and when the hour of recitation came would receive a not impatient hearing, but there was no explanation, no effort to make their studies enticing. What intellectual ground they went over in his class-room, had been practically trodden before, and when they left him for a higher class, it was simply because promotion was in the natural course of college life. Hadn't the pupils gone through all the books? They knew what those books had been able to convey to

them, but they knew it parrot-like, by rote, if at all; but for the majority of them, the harvest of knowledge for that year had been plentiful in quantity, but insipid, tasteless, and generally poor in quality. Some few, indeed, of the pupils of lofty aspirations had taken matters into their own hands, and burnt not the midnight lamp in vain. The professor declared they were splendid fellows, hugged them to his bosom, and took the credit of their personal labors as his own. But alas for the intellectual hobbledehoys, who comprised the vast majority of his pupils, and who studied in the *otium cum dignitate* style of an ordinary graduating class; alas! we say for them, when they had stumbled over recitation after recitation of dry lessons, what did he do to them? Well, sometimes he fired up with anger, raised superciliously his aristocratic eyebrows, which said as plainly as words, "Woe is me that a man of my calibre should be condemned to this humdrum business of teaching you blockheads; now you shall suffer for your laziness!" and then some punishment would be inflicted, which would satisfy in the conferring his passing anger, but which, when that anger had died away, he was too comatose, not to use a harsher expression, too comatose a character to seriously enforce. Of course, the gentlemanly victims were not such blockheads as not to see their teacher's weakness, and avail themselves of it, and so both trotted through the rounds on the *gee-up* principle, like donkey, like man. We have said that this was what he sometimes did, but such an effort was too excessive to be often repeated, so he generally contented himself, when vexed with the blunderings of some pupil who did not wish to usurp his teacher's prerogative, he generally contented himself, did this frightfully placid man, by throwing his arm up in the air, like Mary Anne, in Dickens's "Mutual Friend," clenching his fist, and flinging it around in that elevated position, at the same time that he gave a peculiar stoop of the shoulders and forward rock to his body, and not forgetting the aforementioned twist of the eyebrows, would bring his clenched hand down again with a whack upon his knee, exclaiming, with a peculiar roll of the voice as he did so, "*Ooh for a leetle* GUMPTION!" to which some at least of the boys mentally responded, "Amen, for yourself as well as for us;" and then after this supreme effort of activity he would relapse into his native humor.

How often in later years has that sentence rung through our memory, as we viewed the things of life in their false position of lifeless things! Oh! for a little gumption to revive their flickering spirit. A noble soul is wasting or misspending its energy, a noble deed remains unwrought, mighty things lie unaccomplished, for the want of a master spirit to bring them to the light of perfection. The huge block of marble remains a misshapen mass, because there is no artistic hand to deftly carve therefrom the delicately chiselled statue. The canvas is there, the palette, the colors, some daubster tries his hand upon them with the impudent self-assurance that he is a painter; needless to say, his achievement is a brilliant failure; no fault of the materials, they were the best of their kind. Yonder ragged little fellow watches the would-be master. In his absence, like Murillo's mulatto, Sebastian Gomez, he seizes the self-same brush and colors, and with a few strokes, not so much of his pencil as of his genius which guided it, has wrought a masterpiece of painting, or mayhap, like a Watteau, or a Giotto, with a piece of charcoal and the surface of a stone as his only utensils.

Yonder stripling, confined by

some mischance to a room of sickness, in a home of poverty, watches the boiling of a tea-kettle. Perhaps his genius seizes therefrom the mighty secret of the power of steam; in a few moments of childish reflection he has acquired a wisdom that the proudest sons of science have for years sought in vain. But let us not be misunderstood; genius and gumption are not convertible terms. We are not asking now for genius, that rare gift of heaven; we seek only for that which a bounteous Creator has given to all men, if they will but use it, *a little gumption*. But let us first properly define the word. Gumption is derived from the Northern dialects, and our two great modern lexicographers define it to signify, first, understanding, skill, shrewdness, cleverness, sagacity, capacity, and address, and Worcester aptly adds that colloquially it is used for common sense.

It is likewise applied by painters to the art of mixing colors, or properly blending them, and the name was professionally given by some to a nostrum, much in request by artists in search of *megilph*, the lost medium of the old masters, to which we presume their modern but inferior brethren of the brush superstitiously attributed the wonderful success of the ancient painters, rather than give the credit to their inspired genius. In its popular acceptation, it is usually understood to stand for all the above-mentioned qualities, combined with energy and promptitude in executing what the natural or acquired tact of the individual urges him to perform. It is, notwithstanding its respectable pedigree, neither an elegant word, nor yet a decided vulgarism, but rather one of the dubious aristocrats of the language, which having succeeded in pushing itself into the most select dictionary circles, is likely to retain its share of importance and position. Would that its influence were not only that of an apt word, but of an apt virtue as well! Not that it is a rare virtue in this busy America, or this bustling nineteenth century; to the contrary, we know of no period of the world's history when gumption held such unlimited sway, when it so completely possessed the minds of all, even of inferior intellects, who by its glazed lustre light themselves through the darkened and secret places of the palaces of Genius, and who, by donning its tinselled panoply, make themselves shine, side by side, with men of talent, as though they were the peers of the peerless. Much of the boasted refinement and brilliant materialism of the times is the fruit not of real brain-power, but of trained and cultivated cunning, hence, when we come to analyze the intellectuality of those who pass for our elegant literati, or our gifted scientists, we find that it will not bear the strong test of a contact with true merit and genuine power, any more than a wooden barricade, however strong it outwardly appear, will resist the force of a heavy cannon-ball. Why then invoke the shabby Spirit of Gumption, since its inspiration is so flimsy, its spirit so weak? Because it is a valuable friend in its true position, namely, as an auxiliary agent; it is only when it usurps the throne of genius, and makes itself, or is made by the ignorant babble of the *vox populi*, the prime mover and vital principle of all achievements, material or spiritual, that we declare ruthless war against it.

Gumption, then, is one of the needs of the day. For whom? For the class of readers whom we are addressing, the last by whom it should be invoked, save in the direst necessity, the Roman Catholics of the United States, who in respect to the assertion of their rights and the assumption of their true position, socially and civilly, are the tamest portion of the American community. No piece of iron

drawn red-hot from the blazing furnaces of a rolling-mill, dragged over the brick floors, and then pounded flat as a wafer by the tremendous strokes of some stalwart devotee of *physical gumption*, can serve as a figure for the supineness, the flatulency, the inaninity of those who are forever prattling about the discovery of America by Catholic Spaniards, its civilization by Catholic French, its colonization and the introduction therein of freedom by Catholic Irish. Of what avail is the religious and political freedom, given by a Baltimore, and confirmed by the aid of Catholic France, perpetuated by the valor of Irish Catholic arms, if the descendants, by their lethargy of soul, are unworthy to share in the glory of the sires, or to enjoy the freedom inherited from them?

The Catholics of America can now be numbered by millions. They are not behind their Protestant fellow-citizens in intellect; for Catholic schools, colleges, and seminaries for both sexes, for youths of every grade of society, and of every age, from the juvenile in his primaries to the young man in his humanities and the graduate in his metaphysics, flourish all over the land. Neither do the children of the church fall below their neighbors in the enjoyment of this world's goods. They stand on equal footing in the profits of the professional arena; they share an equal chance, and use it too, in the marts of trade and commerce. Their houses are as handsome, their equipages as fine, their costumes as proper, as many of their neighbors; their wives and daughters wear as many shawls of fabrics woven from the backs of supposititive camels on India's coral strand, as many silks spun from worms that crawl on Persia's fabled shore, as many loves of bonnets from the Paris gaudy *boutiques*, and are blazoned with as many diamonds from Golconda's mines or Cape May beach (we are not sufficient judge of the article to tell at a glance from which), as any female McFlimsey in the land.

The piety, too, of *some* of these fine ladies is, notwithstanding their worldly exterior, of a very energetic order, but it is of that kind which expends itself in vigorous efforts on "fairs," "select sodalities," fashionable retreats at popular convents, and bibs for Chinese babies. Happily for their soul's *temporal* comfort they are in profound ignorance of the rough-spoken enunciation of a certain old-time saint, who for his cultivated breeding and supposed gentlemanly qualities, is a great favorite with their "High Church" sisters, one, however, who said of himself, "By the *grace of God* I am what I am," and whose sentiments run somewhat in this wise: "The woman that hath not a care of her own household is worse than a heathen and hath lost the faith."

The husbands and fathers of these fine ladies give splendid balls and handsome banquets, they put down their names opposite handsome sums in all sorts of subscription-books (it would affect their social standing or their business influence if they did not); they take their families to all the theatres, balls, and operas they may attend, and, shame of shames! to a good many, such as the *Aimeé bouffe* and Black Crook shows, where they ought not to see or be seen of others. They patronize the watering-places, and do not disregard the High Mass on a Sunday, especially if there is going to be an orchestral performance of a "glorious" Mass by a renowned composer, or if some distinguished pulpit orator is going to preach. Besides this they "do" Europe, and the stores of knowledge which they acquire from those paid secret emissaries of the foreign infidel governments, who, in the guise of couriers, guides,

and cicerones, cram their visitors' untutored brains with scandalous lies about the Church and her ministers, is so great, that these travellers' "liberal" minds will hardly permit them afterwards to remain in communion with her, save by a sort of silent compliment. In a word, like a certain gentleman of old, they are clothed in purple and fine linen, and have a good time generally every day; but here the parallel must end for the present, for they do not quite forget the Lazarus at their gates, not through charity but mere human benevolence, and for what is going to occur to them in another world, we do not intend to make this article responsible. Sometimes some scion of one of these noble Catholic houses (or even of one of the lower ranks, because, between ourselves, dear reader, there is such a thing as class and circle, and F. F.'s, and *parvenus*, even in Catholic society), sometimes, we repeat, some representative of nominal Catholicity gets into Congress or the Legislature, and his official record of public service bears at the close of his term, as his solitary act of statesmanship, that he has, at the instigation of certain parties in interest, put his name among the ayes on an appropriation bill for a Catholic charity, said bill being finally lost.

Well, then, Sir Grumbler, what is the matter? since, by your own admission, your fellow-churchmen rank quite as well as the best of their neighbors. Quite true! quite true *in a worldly sense*, but the trouble is that they ought to be a good deal better, head and shoulders, if we must say so, above the rest of the world. The spirit of their religion is that gift of faith, *which overcometh the world.* Alas! how little of its vitality is displayed in their lives; how little knowledge, consequently how little love of their religion, nay, in too many cases, how much positive shame to own allegiance to its glorious rule.

Before whom? The brainless representatives of a *blasé* society, who crouch and tremble before the scholarly dignity of one who has the politeness not to intrude his religious views on an unseemly occasion, but who does possess the fearlessness to maintain them with courteous defence when wantonly attacked or truthfully sought for.

The mighty conqueror of Greek and Roman civilization, the potential refiner of northern barbarism, the miraculous civilizer of the nomadic races, the mother of a Jerome, a Gregory, an Augustine, a Bernard, a Thomas Aquinas, is not sufficient for them. The blood of the martyrs is not "blue" enough for their veins. The fostering patron of a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Dante, a Mozart, or a Haydn, may only occasionally receive a condescending smile from these patrons of an Offenbach, a Swinburne, or a Rosa Bonheur. The glorious ceremonial, the rich liturgy of the church falls dead and cold upon those whose senses are blinded by the tinsel of the mimic stage, or the false lustre of the sunshine of that worldliness in which they temporarily flourish, and whose strong glare on such marshy soil naturally produces a fungous undergrowth of "mixed marriages," and perversions from the church, and then, like a brood of annoying little insects, rise upon and buzz about the heads of faithful devotees, the importunities of their weak-minded but conscience-stricken brethren, for "novenas for my dear husband's conversion," or "little prayers that my son may go to his duties." Oh! how these worldly Catholics are put to shame by such men and women as that noble army of English converts, who, breaking through all worldly considerations, have trodden rough-shod over the ruins of human re-

spect, to find in the bosom of the one true Church all that earth can give, or in heaven may be hoped for. Yet not the least of their trials in coming may have been that they received no hand of friendship, no sign of welcome save the sign of contradiction, from those whose arms should have been wide extended to receive them, whose lives should have been as so many Epiphany stars to light them to the feet of their Lord, but like the magi of old, whose glorious example these converts have emulated, they found on their arrival at the Holy City that "Herod was troubled," that worldliness had intruded into the sacred household, and that the light of faith was dimmed therein.

This is but a poorly-drawn picture of what not many, thank God, yet, alas, too many modern Catholics are socially and intellectually.

Let us for a moment regard them politically and civilly.

Politically speaking, what sort of a front do Catholics present? A very weak one. Did the young scion to whom we have already referred announce, during the term of official incumbency, any profound views of sound statesmanship, affecting Catholic rights? Did he startle his legislative brethren, or make the senatorial halls re-echo with soul-stirring doctrines from the saintly jurists of bygone ages, whose teachings have been approved by pontiffs and councils? Did he, using the advantages of his elevated position, "so let his light shine before men" that they too glorified our common Father in heaven? Oh, no! falling back on the old apologetic lie, behind which so many Catholics take refuge, that this is a Protestant country, that they cannot do here, with the freedom of speech and action, what might be quite in place in a foreign land, he wrapped himself in his toga of supineness, and

"Laid down to pleasant dreams."

What have done or what intend to do those numerous so-called "organizations," literary, social, and otherwise, which have now become a swarming but divided host all over the land? whose members meet together at certain stated periods, listen to some mediocre recitations, declamations, and debates on abstract questions, give a dinner on some national holiday, and then after a few months' sickly existence dissolve *sine die*, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The nucleus of an organization being formed, why are not the young men who compose it up and doing something beyond the contracted sphere of individual benefit (?)—the common effort for their country's and their church's good would redound quite as much to the benefit of the members individually, as the picnics, concerts, excursions, and literary entertainments (!) in which they so freely if not unprofitably indulge. Let us take a supposable case. The fall election is approaching. Parties in a certain legislative district are rather evenly divided; the Catholic vote either way will weigh down the balance. The candidate of one party is the Hon. Obadiah Slobberem—a weighty man is the Hon. Obadiah. He began life as a journeyman shoemaker, and having served an apprenticeship, in a double sense, to *waxed ends* and *half soles*, "swung round the circle" of political patronage, first deserting his bench for the honor of wearing the officer's gray and silver star of the police force, then was elevated to the aldermanic dignity, and so on till he now stands before the people known as "a self-made man," "the workingman's friend," and by various similar and cheap popular titles.

He belongs to various "lodges" with all the letters of the alphabet after their names, and, of course, regards the Pope and his adherents

—well, he tolerates the existence of such men as Romanists in a free country. Facts are stubborn things to get over, and the existence of a large body of Catholic voters in his district is—a fact. Moreover, honest Obadiah is a politician, and politicians are—well, we won't say what, but this much we will say, that some people who argue on theories of procreation, generation, involution, and evolution, similar to Mr. Darwin's, gently hint that Obadiah is lineally descended in a twisted line from that historical animal, to whom it was once said, "*Thou shalt crawl on thy belly.*" The other candidate is Captain Dick Dashaway. Captain Dick doesn't boast of anything in particular, except that he is a graduate of the High School, that his ancestry always voted the straight-out Democratic ticket, right or wrong, and that he himself is one of the "rising young men of the day," having at the early age of twenty-two served as clerk to the Sheriff, doorkeeper to the Constitutional Convention, and now likely to become one of the lawmakers of the great State of Pennsylvania. He was a war Democrat, and served at the interesting age of sixteen as drummer-boy under Geo. B. McClellan, and had the little finger of his left hand shot off at Antietam, on which account he was immediately breveted to a captaincy in a shortly after disbanded volunteer company (fortunate volunteer company!). He takes care to let the public know all this.

Now these are the two high priests of the temple political in the 111th district. The victims are the large body of Catholics in the district, who are taxed to support *State schools* to which they cannot conscientiously send their children, who are taxed every few Sundays at church to support *parish schools*, and who are taxed quarterly by appeals to their charity for the erection of a splendid Catholic college in their vicinity, which will be ready for the reception of their children—in their second childhood. What is to be done? Where are those rising champions of American Catholicity who compose that literary association? They have gone in a body to the Hon. Obadiah, and told him that they mean business on this public school question; that while neither candidate is exactly to their liking, they will support the one who supports them, or run one of their own; that they will organize the Catholic voters of the district; that they will agitate; that they will never relax an effort till their end is gained. They have plainly told him all this and he has replied—well, our readers can imagine what such a man would reply, notwithstanding his anti-popish tendencies. The man who, notwithstanding he originally hated the negro, was nevertheless willing to receive him not only as "a man and a brother," but as "a hail-fellow well met," when he came with a ballot in his hand, could he do less for a Roman Catholic under similar circumstances?

Thence they marched in a body to call on gallant Captain Dick. They have told him of the favorable reception which "Old Obadiah" has given them, of the "pledges" he has laid down, and now they would like to know what he is "going to do about it," and the young sharper, who really cares about as much for Catholics and their interests, as for the dirt under his feet, has exclaimed in good High School English, "God bless you, gentlemen! Yes, I'll see you through. I'll send Slobberem and his piecrust promises sky high, the old fox! I know him; a very fine man in his way, but—er—er—Gentlemen, I always did love and respect the Catholic Church. Why, bless your hearts, I believe I'm one of you myself. I've heard my old

grandmother say that I was baptized in St. Patrick's Church. I never was good enough to live up to it; but I mean to die one yet."

Hold! not so fast, imaginative reader. No such scenes have taken place. The Hon. Obadiah has not quaked nor wriggled in his "self-made" boots, the political shoe has not pinched, nor has dashing Captain Dick been out of pocket for "drinks for all hands around," and why? Because our literary association is too busy getting ready for a debate to come off at its hall, the night after the election, on the question: "*Whether Adolph Thiers or Marshal McMahon is the best ruler for France.*"

Kind reader, thus hastily, crudely, yet we fear not too extravagantly, have we endeavored to draw a pen-and-ink picture of each rank and estate of Catholic society. Our strictures apply not, we repeat, to all, but they do apply, alas, to too large a portion of our community, and all for a want *of a little gumption.*

Catholic churches rear their spires, glistening with the cruciform emblem of salvation, all over this pleasant land. Who built them? A few zealous and devoted priests, worn down with the burden of their missions, collected the money from the laboring classes, and a *few* devoted wealthy sons of the Church. Catholic pulpits resound daily and weekly with the doctrines of the Church as to faith and morals; the seed falls on hearts choked up with the thorns of the world. There is a vesper instruction at St. ——'s Church. The father of the family is at the head of his pew to hear it; he is rearing a family and needs all the instruction the Church can give, that he in turn may impart it to his children, and so he has come to church. *He has done no such thing.* He is up in his library smoking, evaporating thus the cares of the past week. Oh, but then he has sent the children! *He has done no such thing.* Jack, the eldest, a fine fellow in every social respect—at least, so his father says, and his boon companions and chums say amen—is out for a drive; the younger boys go to Sunday-school, and the girls learn all things human and divine from those "dear sweet sisters at the convent." But ma has gone in pa's place. Indeed, she hasn't; she was up late at the ball last night, and so is taking her usual Sunday afternoon's nap. Foolish parents, do you expect our colleges and schools to do for hire what God required *solely of you* through natural affection? Your sons, indeed, have received at college all that a college was bound to give them—a Christian education. Not until heaven has deprived them of their natural protectors and trainers, will he confer upon any "professor," however devoted, the faculty of imparting to the youthful mind what parental example and influence must alone effect. Do you not know that God in his inscrutable wisdom has divinely ordained that the parents should be the prime moulders of the child's mind? That the Christian household is the first temple where the young heart is raised aloft? Do you not know that Jesus himself has set the seal of his choicest approbation on the influence of home training, by preparing for his great earthly mission in submitting for thirty years his divine wisdom to the guidance of no other schooling, and as if to confirm the prestige of its worth, would be known during his public career by no other name than *Jesus of Nazareth?* Do you not know that without this subtle and heaven-ordained element, all the teaching of priest and "sisters," colleges and convents, is but dubious and unsafe? Are you doing your duty in this regard? Let your conscience answer, if the world has left

you any. Let it tell you that the little harvest from so much seed, such good soil, and careful secondary cultivation, is because *you* have not first prepared the ground. In a word, you know your duty, you have the means, but worldliness has deprived you of the *gumption* to perform it. May we dare to tell you, Catholic ladies of this class, that not of such mothers as you was it said in the early ages of the Church, "What wonderful women have the Christians!" Not even in *pagan* Rome would the heathen mother of the Gracchi, or a Cecilia Metella, salute you as sister! Nor yet in modern times, and our own favored country, could you claim relationship with such a woman as Mary, the mother of Washington. Oh, no! America has been blest even in her Protestant matrons, be it said to your shame; for

"The mothers of our forest land,
Stouthearted dames were they."

Oh! Catholic women of America, you who are the levers by which the social fabric is raised, by the sacred name of Mother, by the heavenly example and the heavenly aid of her who is peculiarly *your* model and pre-eminently your helper, when her aid is earnestly invoked, MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS, do for your Church, your country, and your family, a mother's, a wife's, and a sister's part in very deed.

Gentlemen of our nameless literary association and social club, for mutual improvement in arts, sciences, politics, and *et ceteras*, shall we refer you to the example of societies which serve as your models throughout Europe? Shall we refer you to the example in our own country of what one man can do towards the mental improvement of his fellow-men? Why then look with pride upon the form of Benjamin Franklin, as he stands erect over the doors of the great library he founded, and which has been so aptly styled the parent of nearly all similar institutions in North America. Look at our academies of Fine Arts, of Natural Sciences, and our Franklin Institute, in which Philadelphia has outstripped nearly all her sister cities, and remember that to him above all others she owes them all. Should you seek for a just and honorable political influence, we refer you to that glorious man, Daniel O'Connell, who by the strength of his single will, and the energy of his devout aspirations, organized in the face of stupendous difficulties that great work of Ireland's Emancipation, and won for himself for all time the proud and to him peculiar title THE LIBERATOR. Oh! hearken to the oft-repeated words of benediction from our glorious Father, Pius IX, and have a care that you deserve them. Emblazon particularly on your society walls his remarkable utterance lately made to the young men of Italy who came in a large delegation to visit him.

"A certain young man presented himself to our Divine Master. He was desirous to save his soul and to obtain eternal life. 'What shall I do,' he said, 'to obtain eternal life?' A most excellent demand, one that all ought to make to God in the secret of their hearts, and with their voices to the ministers of God. I see you around me, my beloved sons, and you are at this moment my joy and my crown. You are further advanced than the young man of the Gospel. You do not come to ask what you ought to do to obtain eternal life, but to give account of what you have done to deserve it, and what you propose to do not only for your own salvation, but to promote that of others. The greater the incentives to evil, the more grave and numerous the scandals; the greater the efforts and audacity of hell to lead into sin, all the more praiseworthy your cour-

age, and I pray God to give you necessary strength.

"Let this always be engraven on your hearts, that all those who despise holy things, all those who make the Church the object of their attack, and talk, as if they were masters in Israel, about the abuses which, according to them, have crept into the Church, and wish you to partake their sentiment, their principles, and pretended reforms, say boldly, that all who talk thus are of this world, and the world cannot be with us. For whether these men speak from conviction, from malice, or to seek a worthless popularity, it is equally true that they represent the world, and St. Leo the Great would repeat to them his words: *Pacem enim cum hoc mundo, nisi amatores mundi habere non possunt; et nulla unquam iniquitati cum æquitate communio, nulla mendacio cum veritate concordia, nullus est tenebris cum luce consensus.*"

To our editors, publicists, and rising political representatives, we commend the energetic workings of a Louis Veuillot, a Montalembert, an Isaac Hecker.

To our young Catholic artists and authors we would ask, what is to prevent you, inspired as you are by the genius of your faith, the mother and mistress of all art, encouraged by the noblest models of artistic excellence, in music, painting, poetry, and sculpture, models which she alone can give you, what is to prevent you from creating a Catholic American school of art, which shall equal, if not outstrip any of the old world? There is nothing an American wills. to do which he cannot do. Our material superiority is the proof of this. Cannot our artistic excellence be equally great?

Far be it from any one to suppose that we have been railing at abuses in the Church. No, that is not our province; there are no abuses inside the Church. We have been picturing, and, perhaps, lecturing those worldly and unworthy Catholics, who cling like barnacles to the Church's bark, and who are generally scraped off into the muddy waters of perversion by the sharp scraper of persecution. We have been endeavoring to arouse a little generous enthusiasm among all classes, in the things of the Church, not because the Church stands in need of the efforts of any of her children, but because they all stand in need of her, and will be held accountable for the talents which the Church's lord and founder, their Creator and Redeemer, has conferred upon them for his church's and his own accidental glorification and their salvation.

We have but struck the key-note, undeftly and inartistically struck it; to other and more masterly hands we leave the composition of the grand triumphal march, in honor of Catholic American Gumption, but we hear in advance as of an undertone, a sweet sad voice sound vividly through the ages, "*Because ye were neither hot nor cold*," and then, like the ancient chorus of the prophets, breaks in the bold and fearful strains, "*Many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of promise, but the children of the promise shall be cast out.*"

## THE OUTCAST ONE.

MIRTH was in that distant city on a mellow summer even,
Sounds of laughter and of music float along the twilight air,
Down the brilliant moonlight streameth from the azure vault of heaven,
And the stars in stillness glitter with a light divinely fair.

Laughter on the crowded footway, where the slaves of fashion wander;
Laughter in the shaded gardens and the tall-browed palace hall;
Laughter—ha! what spectral figure crouches in the shadows yonder?
What's that object, fairest lady, leaning 'gainst thy trellised wall?

There's a cold sneer on her lip, and her jewelled brow is arching
With the scorn of a spirit that mocks at human woe,
And her eyes gaze on, unheeding, at the myriads thickly marching—
Aye, that wretched outcast beggar—what of her has she to know?

"She is flesh and blood: what say you? thou hast riches, rank and splendor;
Servants bowing to thy bidding; proud ones kneeling at thy feet;
Soft that mantle on thy shoulders, and thy cushioned seat is tender;
Then what care you for a *sister* lying starving in the street?"

TEN, ELEVEN—how the hours pass away, like flashes flying,
Where the devil holds the doorway, holds the password, and the key!
TEN, ELEVEN—ah, how slowly to that gentle maiden dying!
None to fling the dew of pity on her frenzied agony.

TWELVE—a tramp upon the side-path: "Off, away! no place for sleeping.
Off, away!" the watchman crieth in the calmness of the night;
And she totters slowly, weakly, with her eyelids scorched with weeping;
And a brow of whiter marble never faced the broad moonlight.

I have seen that brow of marble in a glow of health and beauty,
Where the Shannon ripples softly by the towers of Athlone,
Where the tall hills nurse the streamlets with a mother's love and duty,
As they wander, ever plashing, over beds of amber stone.

And those eyes, now red and burning, then were kindly, soft, and loving;
And those brown locks danced as freely as the breeze that shook them free;
And those feet tripped o'er the heather swiftly as the young hare roving;
And those pale lips were the reddest from that river to the sea.

But a cloud spread o'er the landscape; and a hearth in desolation
Echoed back the farewell parting of its last, last tenant gone:
She was parted from the lone graves of her kindred and her NATION,—
Like a waif she drifted onward in a stranger land alone.

* * * * * * * *

Tell no tales, O dismal river! do not whisper out *that* story:
Oh, *that* story—*that* dark story, hush it in thy deepest wave;
Or the mother that once nursed her, and the father old and hoary,
Would arise to curse thy waters from the low depths of the grave.

Still the palace-hall is laden with its freight of gold and pearl,
Still the jewelled lady gazeth with a haughty look of pride;
While the broken-hearted outcast, that weak starving Irish girl,
Floats away unto the ocean on the river's moonlit tide.

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## HONESTA'S SORROW.

### CHAPTER III (*Continued*).

THE morning had hardly broken when Nicholas gave me a note from Anselm (it was the first I had ever received), which he had given him over the paling; it ran as follows:

"DEAR LADY: Though both duty and conscience forbade my refusing your father the assistance which was required with immediate urgency, yet permit me to express my wish that his further treatment should be intrusted to a more experienced practitioner, and thus the disquiet both to yourself and him prevented which might arise from his case being intrusted to a young physician who has only quitted the University within a few days.

"As you are probably not acquainted with any physician, allow me to recommend Dr. B—, whose skill and experience are justly held in high esteem, for further attendance on your father.

"My warmest wishes unite with your own for the recovery of one who is the dearest to you on earth, &c., &c."

I received this letter as I watched by my father's bedside, and read it many times over. Anselm's feeling, his modesty, the noble pride which prevented his attending himself and which was expressed so plainly in these lines, pleased me, and entering into his idea I immediately sent Nicholas to the physician he had named.

Dr. B— came in the course of an hour, and entirely approved of the prescriptions and directions of his young colleague, of whom he spoke in high praise.

Anselm had acquired great reputation at the University by his industry, his talent, and his natural gifts, and those who had witnessed his academical career spoke so strongly in his praise, that high expectations were formed of his success when he should return to his native town.

All this Dr. B—, a talented and distinguished man, gave me to understand in the course of a short conversation, and he bade me in case of any relapse requiring immediate help, to send in full confidence to the young doctor who lived so near. He then took leave, after having tried to quiet my alarm at my father's condition.

In the course of the day my father was evidently better; he was perfectly sensible, and could talk with me a little.

His first question was whether he was deceived in imagining that he had seen the son of our neighbor as a physician by his bedside.

I answered, reddening, that it

was so, and then read Anselm's letter, that he might see that he had by no means obtruded himself on us.

He remained silent for a long time and appeared engaged in deep thought; then he held out his hand and said with some emotion:

"Honesta, I have perhaps hardly acted justly towards you in allowing you to grow up in this solitude, and without any experience of life; for what will become of you my poor child when I shall be no more? Perhaps your inexperienced heart will fall a prey to the first person who tries to obtain its affections, and who will by cunning and deceit endeavor to entice you to your destruction."

"Oh! father," I exclaimed, bursting into tears, and covering his hand with kisses, "you will live; you will not leave your Honesta alone in this wicked world, from which you have received such wounds that you have never recovered from the smart!"

"This is in the hands of Him who sent me these sorrows," answered he, casting his eyes towards heaven, "He who has willed that I should endure life for twenty years with a heart full of such hatred for mankind, such unbounded contempt for them. Believe me, my child, there is no suffering on earth equal to that which I have borne, while for twenty years I have sat at the table of life full of hatred of the burden, and have not dared to put an end to it, because in so doing I should have violated the most holy of duties; this is indeed the most fearful suffering that a man could be called on to endure."

At these words he sank into deep and gloomy thought, then he continued with much emotion:

"And now that the end of this inexpressible torture is come, now that death, the reconciler, so often invoked by me, at length appears, a new struggle has begun, the last, but the most terrible. I shall leave you, I must leave you in this hateful world! It will prey upon your warm, feeling heart, and will tear and crush it and give it all the pain to which mine has been a victim. You will meet with hatred in return for pure unselfish love, black ingratitude for kindness and generosity, and contempt, for warm, deep feeling. Cold, crafty selfishness, that poisonous vice, will approach you under the mask of disinterested virtue, and after having befooled you will retire with a laugh of scorn. Your wealth will tempt a miserable avarice to spread its nets for you; the hypocrites will feign to love you, and will gain your heart, and when the end is attained, you will be cast aside as the worthless casket from which the costly diamond has been stolen it inclosed. O God of heaven and earth! all this I foresee, and yet I shall die and leave the being I love in a world which I despise and abhor, because I have learned to know it, and to know what it offers us in return for our highest and holiest feelings."

He uttered these last words in so loud and powerful a voice that his mind again gave way, his face assumed a deadly paleness, his hands grasped the coverlet of the bed, his eyes assumed a strange expression, his breathing became deep and difficult, his death was plainly very near.

I called for help, and despatched Nicholas for Anselm, for I comprehended my father's danger, comprehended that all this was the forerunner of death, if not death itself. After a few minutes Anselm was standing by me, looking on my father with a face that presaged no good, whilst he carefully felt his pulse, and then his eyes, full of compassion, rested on me.

I was unable to utter a word, or single sound. My heart was so full of sorrow, that my breath almost

failed. Anselm, observing that I was very near fainting, took my hand, and said in a voice which trembled with emotion, "You should leave the room, Honesta."

I shook my head; a shower of tears, which gave me relief, fell from my eyes, I kneeled down by the bed of my dying father and pressed my lips to his hand, already cold. He no longer knew me; his lips, around which a singular kind of smile had hovered, moved softly, as if in speech, though no sound came forth. Then the muscles of his face contracted, the dying man sighed deeply, and the poor heart, which had loved so warmly, and had alas! so deeply hated, was stilled forever.

## Chapter IV.

I DID not immediately understand that my father was dead, for this was the first time that I had seen death, and oh! terrible it was —that of my father. A quick involuntary movement of Anselm's, a deep sigh which burst from him, and then the words which he whispered to me, in a tone which I can never forget, "Now, come away, Honesta," first told me that I had no longer a father, and overpowered by my feelings, I sank with a loud cry to the floor.

When I recovered from this fainting fit, I was lying on my bed, and near me sat Anselm's mother, with her dear, beautiful face, while he himself was at a table in the window writing a recipe for something he was ordering for me.

"How are you, poor child?" asked the mother, whose gentle voice I heard for the first time.

"Oh! is my father dead? Have I lost him forever?" cried I again, overpowered by my strong emotion.

"And you will kill yourself, Honesta, if you do not control your feelings," interposed Anselm, approaching me, and with the paper he had written in his hand. "Grudge him not the rest which, if I am not deceived, he so greatly longed after," he continued, much moved. "Assuredly, he was not happy whilst he dwelt upon this earth, and now its mould will rest lightly on his tired limbs."

These words, so true, softened the sharpness of my sorrow, and my tears flowed more gently.

"I have brought my mother to you, poor Honesta," said Anselm in a compassionate tone. "You are so lonely, so forsaken, and so much in need of care and attention."

"True, true! alone and forsaken; forsaken by all the world," I sobbed, hiding my tearful face in the pillow.

"We will remain with you, poor, dear child," said Anselm's mother, taking my hand in her own, "only we must be assured that our services and sympathy are not a trouble to you."

The pressure of my hand expressed my gratified feeling, and she did not leave me for the whole day.

Then, they buried him, and I was alone in the house of which he but a short time before had been the moving spring, and which seemed now like an open grave.

I passed the day of his funeral, the arrangement of which was undertaken by Anselm and his father, in their house, which I then entered for the first time.

With remarkable consideration Nicholas had removed some of the rails which separated our gardens, and I could thus enter Anselm's without going into the street. Anselm came early in the morning, and took me to his mother.

Though at that moment I was little observant of externals, yet the comfort visible in the house of my new friend and protector pleased me. What order, what cleanliness, what taste even in the smallest matters. Everything regulated by a sweet and feminine spirit, whose

care rendered all things beautiful and bright.

"Let us go into Anselm's room," said Madame Scheffer—"there we shall not be disturbed, and shall see nothing which may give you pain."

With these words she led me up the narrow staircase, opened the door of a room which though small was bright with the sun of the early spring morning, and bade me take a chair by the window.

"This is Anselm's favorite place," she said, "he has loved it from a child."

It seemed strange to me to be in this room, the only ornaments of which were some books and a violin. Here had he, who appeared now so considerate for my solitary life, passed his time alone; here he had thought, studied, and breathed.

"If you will permit me," began Madame Scheffer, "I will read to you for a short time;" and so saying she took up a book bound in black morocco, with gold clasps, which stood amongst others on Anselm's book-shelves.

It was, as its exterior denoted, a prayer-book. I had had no religious instruction from my father, and even when he allowed me to be prepared for Confirmation, his choice fell upon a teacher who acknowledged no particular form of religion, so that I knew nothing of the great consolations which religion affords to suffering humanity.

As my kind friend read to me at this solemn time, while the expression of her countenance, and still more the tone of her voice, proved that she could bear testimony to the truth of the words which she read, and that they gave her the greatest consolation and peace, a light seemed to come to my soul, my tears flowed more softly, and I could not refrain from throwing myself into the arms of my angel friend, and begging her to teach me the faith which brought such peace and joy to the heart, and of which hitherto I had known nothing. This she readily promised.

My days from this time forth were no longer solitary, but were passed chiefly with Anselm, and his parents, who led a happy and patriarchal life.

Not the slightest reproach of her husband, on account of the poverty they had endured, ever escaped the lips of Anselm's mother, although she had not only been in affluent circumstances, but had once been a wealthy heiress.

Their loss of fortune was chiefly owing to M. Scheffer having devoted himself to musical society to the neglect of his extensive mercantile affairs, so that at last their whole fortune was lost, and he was obliged to have recourse to his favorite pursuit in order to preserve his family from the pressure of want.

On the other hand it was not possible for a son to love his parents with greater tenderness, or to treat them with greater respect than Anselm did. His love for his mother, who was, indeed, singularly deserving of it, was almost adoration, and I often saw his expressive eyes fill with tears when he spoke to me of her virtues and forbearance, or described her tender love for himself.

The most beautiful flowers of the neighboring garden, which now had a door which opened into mine, were plucked for me, and Anselm again took up his violin, which had been so long laid aside, for he knew what pleasure it gave me to hear it, especially when he accompanied my harp. We often walked together in my garden, for which to Nicholas's great delight, Anselm brought the most beautiful shrubs. No weed dared to appear on the beautifully kept beds; the peach trees blossomed on the trellis, and the vine climbed gracefully upwards, and tulips, hyacinths, roses, and lilies, bloomed in emulation of each other's beauty.

An arbor, too, was made, and this soon became my favorite resort —here I could think of Anselm undisturbed and unobserved; here his image was always present, even when he was far away.

As I was sitting in my arbor one autumn day, I overheard a conversation between Anna and Nicholas, who, occupied in clearing away the falling leaves from the garden steps, did not observe that I was near. Ah! that conversation, carried on in such a thoughtless manner by these two good, but ignorant people, annihilated my earthly happiness, for it re-awakened in my soul the remains of the dark unworthy distrust of which my mistaken education had planted the ideas in my soul.

"I do not understand those young people," began Anna, leaning on her rake. "If they love each other so dearly, why do they not marry?"

"That is their affair," answered Nicholas, "but it puzzles me also. If I were in the young doctor's place, I would secure her before another came forward, for our worthy young mistress will have no lack of suitors."

"True, but what surprises me most is that his parents do not advise him to bring the matter to a conclusion."

"Who knows what they may do, Anna. Perhaps the young man cannot make up his mind to marry."

"He can never be so foolish."

"Perhaps he loves some one else, who is not so well off as our young lady, and is considering within himself to which he shall give the preference."

"That is true, Nicholas, and so clever and handsome as Mr. Anselm is, it is hardly possible that he should have had no love-affair while at the University. But for all that he would be acting like a fool if he did not get over that affair, and think only of our young lady. No one who sees them together can doubt that our young lady loves the young doctor very deeply. The delay in the business is entirely on his side."

"If he does not love her, but only desires to possess what she has, I wish with my whole soul that he may never get her," replied Nicholas, "for," continued the old man, who was greatly attached to me, "our young lady is so good and clever—and not at all ugly either—that she is quite worthy of a man who will take her for her own sake, and not on account of her dirty money. I own to you, Anna, that I have many a time shut my eyes when the poor young lady, who never saw a mortal but ourselves, happened to meet with Mr. Anselm, and I used to be happy in the thought that one day they would marry. But if I had thought that the young man was thinking only of her money, and that another person filled his heart, whilst he was seeking to gain hers by his flattery, I could strangle him with my own hand, and I believe that her father would rise from his grave and torment him with midnight apparitions."

I heard no more, but the poisoned shaft had struck my heart, and tears flowed down my cheeks. Anselm's behavior to me, which so plainly showed his inclination, became displeasing in the highest degree, for since there was nothing now to separate us, why—if he really loved me—had he not disclosed his affection during the year which had elapsed since my father's death?

Perhaps, indeed, he loved another, and it was only my riches which caused the balance to tremble between her and myself.

Horrible thought! a whole hell lay in it! In vain I endeavored to exculpate him. In vain I represented to myself Anselm's virtues, his love of truth, his guileless soul,

the pride, the noble pride of his character, which rendered him incapable of a mean action; in vain I recalled the countless instances of his tender and respectful affection for me—he had never spoken the words that he loved me, that he wished me to be his, and so everything seemed to remain uncertain and doubtful.

I was terrified when at this moment I saw Anselm enter the garden, and could perceive from the arbor that he was looking for me on all sides. Then I came out of the arbor and showed myself.

His face was unusually pale; his eyes, instead of their bright, joyful expression, looked sad, and he advanced towards me with unaccustomed haste.

"Only one word, Honesta," he said, with a trembling voice. "I will not detain you long."

He followed me into the house, and we entered the antechamber. When he had shut the door, he took both my hands in his, pressed them warmly, and said with unusual emotion:

"You are rich, Honesta. For the first time in my life I rejoice at this; will you help me? will you save a most unfortunate family from the brink of ruin?"

I was silent, and whilst the tears flowed down his cheeks, now pale, now red, he continued:

"I will tell you the story as shortly as I can. Early this morning I was called to a house not far from home, which is inhabited by a young couple, and the appearance of the servant-maid, who was sent for me, would have assured me that some accident had occurred, even if she had not requested me to come at once, and bring my surgical instruments with me. I immediately followed her, and found a young man lying on a couch, streaming with blood, and with his head much injured, whilst his wife, drowned in tears, and with looks of despair, was kneeling by him. The unfortunate young man had shot himself in the head with a pistol; he was yet living, and, after probing the wound, I had some hope that care and skill might perhaps succeed in preserving his life, if his own determination to die could be overcome. When my business was done, and I had directed the unfortunate wife how to act, came the explanation. The young man had been unfortunate in trade, and had, with foolish thoughtlessness, staked his capital intrusted to him by his best friend, and the interest of which was the support of his aged mother, on a new speculation, in which he hoped to regain the sum that he had just lost. He was unsuccessful, and was not only completely ruined, but felt with agony that he had justly forfeited the confidence and esteem of his best and most respected friend. He could not bear this; he seized a pistol, and though his attempt did not at once succeed, the agony of his mind is so great, that I have no hope of his cure, if he cannot feel that he will be able to return to his friend the capital intrusted to him; but the sum is considerable—ten thousand marks are required to save him. It is a large sum, more than probably I shall ever possess, but if I had the money, were it my all, I would give it to save the life of that man. What do you say, Honesta? Will you save this unfortunate? Will you be the consoling angel to these poor people? It is a loan, not a gift, that is required; the young man will work, and so shall I, in order to return you the whole sum. But it is wanted at once, I must be able to comfort the wounded man with the assurance that you will not fail him, otherwise I shall not be able to save him from despair."

A thought, the result of the distrust which had been awakened in my heart, passed through my mind during Anselm's relation, and alas!

I acted upon the evil suggestion. "Anselm," I said, after a few moments of consideration, "the unfortunate man in whom you take such a deep interest shall be saved. I possess this sum, and as I am of age, can make use of it. But do not deceive yourself as to my wealth. I do not possess more than twice as much as the sum you ask me for; and in future shall be forced to practice a strict economy in order to live. People believed my father to be rich, but he was not so. The poor people shall, however, have the relief they require; the money shall be in your hands in the course of a few days, and I willingly give it to so good a purpose. I am young, and if a strict economy does not make my income sufficient, I am able to work, and for such an end would willingly submit to any privations, more particularly as you feel such deep interest in the matter." I did not know what was passing in Anselm's mind as I said this, but he became still paler than before; tears flowed down his cheeks, and sinking on his knees before me, he exclaimed in a tone of transport:

"Honesta! most beloved, how happy I am that the time is come when I can take courage to tell you how I love you, how my whole life and being is wrapped in yours. You show yourself generous and noble as I hoped to find you. You are not rich, no richer than I am myself, for I have a profession and untiring industry to place in the balance against the income you possess. I shall be able to strive and labor for you, and I may venture to tell you how I love you, how without you there would be no happiness for me upon earth."

How can I describe my delight at that moment? how the happiness of my heart? how the pride I felt in the love of so noble a heart? Alas! this moment of enjoyment comprised almost the whole of the happiness I was fated to possess, for, from this time, tears and inexpressible sorrow have been my portion.

"I must hasten to my patient," said Anselm, tearing himself from me. "To be quite happy, I must tell him that he is saved. Then I will return to you, Honesta, for this whole day must be dedicated to happiness: to each other."

He hastened away; I looked after him as long as my eyes could see; then I sank on my knees, and offered to heaven a more fervent thanksgiving than often passes the lips of man. Yes, I was happy—supremely happy! I drank the foaming cup of bliss to the dregs. I knew then what happiness is.

## Chapter V.

Days whose quiet happiness needs no description, followed these hours. Anselm's love and devotion were such as man seldom offers to his beloved. Not only did he seem to live for me alone, and to submit all his wishes to mine, but in the hope of calling me his own he seemed to have attained their full gratification. He pursued his profession, often a fatiguing one, so necessary, as he believed, for our future support, and, in order that, as his wife, I should not miss any of the comforts and elegancies to which I had always been accustomed.

He soon attained a considerable reputation as a physician, but, above all, he was helped by the poorer classes, whose protecting angel he so often was. The unhappy man, too, who in his despair had been almost a self-murderer, was, through his care and skill, restored to life, and it was no wonder that he and his wife almost worshipped their preserver. Anselm could not deny himself the gratification of taking me to see them, since I also, through my supposed generosity, had had a share in the good deed.

The young wife of the man so

happily rescued was extremely beautiful; she possessed the most captivating kind of beauty, for to the most perfect features there was added in her sweet face an intellectual expression which increased its charm. At the sight of Clementina (that was her name), a slight feeling of jealousy of which I was at first hardly conscious arose in my heart, but it increased when I once happened to see her image reflected in the mirror by the side of my own. I was not really plain, and had at least the beauty of youth, but my charms all vanished when I compared my own person with the wonderful beauty which Clementina possessed.

The young woman was, as may be supposed, full of the grateful and affectionate attention to Anselm which the circumstances called for, and so was her husband; but, though I thought this natural enough on his part, it displeased me in Clementina, and became by degrees so unbearable that I was unable to maintain my usual pleasant manner towards her, and treated her with cold indifference.

Anselm, unsuspicious by nature, did not for a long time remark this, and gave himself up to the pleasure which this new acquaintance afforded him. His friends were cultivated people, the husband was a noble character, and had formed an enthusiastic friendship for Anselm, who returned the feeling, and was now completely happy in having gained not only a wife but a friend.

Meanwhile the evil seed sown by the education and teaching given me by my father, was germinating in my heart, and fresh distrust of Anselm, which with an almost mad jealousy, embittered the happiest days of my youthful love. What if Anselm had only appeared to give credit to my assertion that I was poor? What if in his heart he loved this beautiful creature? This, it is true, did not assume a clear and distinct form, but it hovered like a dark cloud about my distrustful soul, and my peace of mind was gone.

The day which was to unite us to each other forever—Anselm with filial affection had chosen his mother's birthday—at last drew near, and Anselm and I were making a list of the few friends whose presence we desired on the occasion. I had never seen him more happy, more affectionate than at that moment. He had naturally placed the name of his new friend and Clementina's at the head of the list, when taking the pencil from his hand I drew a line through them both. He looked up at me, for I was leaning over his shoulder, with an expression of the greatest surprise. I colored.

"You strike out their names, Honesta!" he said; and there was an expression of displeasure in his tone such as I never before heard.

I answered only with tears.

"Honesta," he said, and took both my hands, "Honesta, be true and tell me what this means."

I did not reply, but continued to weep without daring to raise my eyes to his.

"How can this acquaintance in any way be unpleasing to you?" he asked again; "have you anything to say against these people whom I so greatly love and esteem; speak, be candid, be quite true with me, dear Honesta, for I desire nothing but to know that you are happy, and I will gladly make any sacrifice which you can reasonably ask of me."

"Even that, Anselm," I answered, with streaming tears, "of never seeing that man and his wife again?"

"And wherefore should I never see them again?" he asked with amazement.

"Because it will make me unhappy, unspeakably unhappy, if you do."

He thought for a moment, then he pressed me to his heart and said, "But you are jealous, poor, dear Honesta?"

I was silent with shame, and he continued, "I thought you were more rational, my poor, dear child."

"Clementina is so lovely," I interrupted.

"In my eyes you are the most beautiful woman in the world," he replied quickly, "so leave these fancies, dear Honesta, and do honor to yourself and to me by the fullest confidence in the uprightness of my conduct, and the unchangeableness of my love. See," he continued, after a pause, "it makes me very happy at last to have found a friend such as my heart has always longed for. The bond which unites H— and me has in a short time become so firm, that it could not be broken without great pain to us both. I do not easily attach myself, and perhaps shall go through life without a friend if a fancy, a caprice, an entirely groundless suspicion on your part, should rid me of this one."

But his representations, his prayers moved me not; my heart was hardened against reason and justice, and the more pressing he was, the more I fancied myself right in my opposition, and at last the words escaped me,

"You must choose between these friends and myself, Anselm."

These words seemed to fall upon him like a thunderbolt from above; he became white as marble and was for some minutes composing himself, then he said in a tone which expressed how deeply his feelings were hurt:

"I make this sacrifice to you, Honesta, but never did man make a greater one to his beloved."

I now embraced him tenderly, and employed all my loving ways with him; I begged him to have pity on my unfortunate passion, the jealousy I had in vain tried to overcome; but he was evidently deeply grieved and troubled, returning my caresses but coldly; then, after a time passed in deep thought, he broke out with:

"And how can H—, a man of such honorable feelings, keep the money you have lent him after my having treated him in so unworthy a manner?"

"You must tell him the truth, Anselm, and send him a quittance from me against the debt; and believe me, the undisturbed possession of this money will soon console him for the loss of a friend who has been so lately acquired."

"Is such your opinion of mankind?" asked Anselm with a tone and look of displeasure. "So young as you are, Honesta, has distrust of manly honor and manly worth found a place in your soul? The gray-headed man who has been often deceived and is full of bitter experience, is excusable if he comes at last to doubt all mankind, but it grieves me to the heart to find that you are already possessed of such suspicions."

I was silent, for I felt acutely that he was right, and I wrong. He continued:

"H— will not accept your intended present. I know him well enough to be sure of this. He is far too noble to be able to take money from one who at the same time treats him with contempt."

"He will take it," I answered confidently.

His countenance grew yet more sad. My avowed distrust as to the intentions of his friend evidently wounded him deeply, but he said no more, and, after having bid me make out the list of guests myself, he took leave. I remained in a state of uneasiness difficult to describe, for I felt that the wound I had given would never heal.

The subject was not referred to again, and his manner showed but little alteration during the few brief

visits the preparation for our marriage permitted him to make. And I, so unconquerable was the feeling of aversion for his friends I had acquired, could not, in spite of every effort to reason with myself against it, find in my heart to withdraw the exaction I had imposed.

On the evening before our marriage, which in the present state of my feelings was to be celebrated very quietly, in the presence only of the necessary witnesses and Anselm's parents, Mr. G—, who had hitherto been my guardian, called upon Anselm, in order to give an account of his guardianship to my future husband, and to make over to him the papers which related to the management of my affairs. Anselm shut himself up with him in his room, and I know not wherefore, but I trembled, and was oppressed with indescribable anguish when I saw Anselm and Mr. G— ascend the stairs.

After the lapse of half an hour, which I passed in an agony of mind, Mr. G— was announced, for I had returned to my own house; and, on entering, he said:

"Madam, I have met with the most singular occurrence to-day that I have ever experienced, and I beg of you to throw what light you can upon what has just taken place between me and your affianced husband, for, instead of being pleased at obtaining a wealthy bride, he in the first instance showed the most extreme surprise at the statements which I laid before him, and then a sorrow which I cannot comprehend. Perhaps your bridegroom has an idiosyncrasy—I think it is called—an innate, morbid antipathy to money? I cannot understand what it all means, and I beg for instructions from you, for the Doctor has given me back all the papers, and has requested me to continue the guardianship, which, at furthest, can only be till to-morrow, for then, according to law, he will become your natural guardian, as well as your husband."

At these words of Mr. G— I well-nigh fainted. I comprehended the whole of my misfortune, comprehended that I had lost Anselm forever, for, after what had passed between us in regard to the H—'s, he could only look upon my deceit respecting my property as an evidence of distrust of his character and intentions, which I knew his pride could never pardon.

Mr. G— saw my distress, and withdrew with a look which plainly showed that he found he was no more able to obtain any sensible information from me than from Anselm.

I remained for an hour in a state truly pitiable; then appeared Anselm's mother, her eyes red with weeping. She embraced me with more than her usual warmth, gave me a letter from her son, and then retired. It may be imagined with what feelings I tore open Anselm's letter and read as follows:

"To Honesta.

"I am more tranquil. God has saved me from despair, and I can write to you, Honesta; can ask you why you acted thus towards me. Did the purest, holiest, and most heartfelt love deserve such a reward? No! I call the great God, the avenger of perjury, to witness that no man ever loved more tenderly than I loved you, nor with a love more unselfish, more entirely free from earthly passion. Even had you been plain in person, I should have loved you as I now do, when you are adorned with a thousand charms. You were the ideal of the boy, the youth, the man. I believed that in you I should possess the happiness of the whole world. And now?

"Let me say all, since it must be—must be so—since the cup of suffering must be drained to the dregs. I can never be your hus-

band. I could hope for no happiness in a union with one whose soul is the seat of deep contempt for mankind, of the most unconquerable distrust; with one who, knowing me from childhood, and, as I learned with transport from her own mouth, had even so long loved me, could be ever by my side, and yet cherish cruel distrust of me and my intentions in her heart; who, filled with this passion, could yet listen to my vows and receive my caresses without betraying herself by a word or a look.

"A feeling of honor, which was, perhaps, carried too far, and might easily be designated by the world as pride, forbade my wooing the rich heiress while I had nothing but my love to place in the scale against all her worldly goods. A just and manly pride and the unchangeable conviction that our marriage would be an unhappy and unworthy one, obliges me to renounce you forever; and I do so, though with a broken heart, yet with the full assurance that I am acting rightly and saving us both from unhappiness and humiliations to which I feel I am unequal.

"Farewell, Honesta! Farewell forever! May God have mercy on you, and drive from your heart the poisonous serpents—distrust and hatred of your kind, so that its high and nobler movements may have space to unfold in it."

I know not whether I read this letter to the end, for my senses failed me. I lay for a long time on the floor of my chamber, before I was found and carried to bed, when Anselm's mother and he himself were informed that I gave no signs of life. He did not come himself, but he sent the old physician who had been called during my father's last illness, and with whom he had since been on very friendly terms.

The care of my attendants at last awakened me to life, but only to fall into a yet more dangerous condition. I was seized with fever, which brought me to the brink of the grave, and, happily for me, rendered me for the time dead to the outer world. Anselm must have been by my bedside as well as the old physician during the days of my greatest danger, but I knew nothing of this, and saw him not, for he did not return after my mind was in a slight degree restored. His mother watched over me and my life like an angel. I should not have been saved without her. But can I thank her for this restoration?

For a long time I did not ask after Anselm, and he was not mentioned to me; but he was already far from Hamburg. A book of his, which received the highest approval, had gained him a great reputation, and he was invited to a professorship in one of the universities. He gladly closed with the proposal, for a continued residence in his native town became unbearable.

I was now again alone in the world, unfortunate and forsaken as before. My heart seemed dead and incapable of interest in anything. Yet sorrow like mine may be borne for years. I have proved this, for my affliction did not destroy my life.

My love of life was entirely extinguished since Anselm could not be mine, and no circumstances would ever restore him to me I knew to a certainty. I was well enough acquainted with his character for this.

At last, after some years, I began to read, to write, to draw—in fact, to exercise my mind; and this gave me some little alleviation. Anselm's parents remained true to me. His mother only left me when she quitted this world. She was generous enough to allow me to surround her with everything that could make her life comfortable. She felt that it would be a comfort

to me to be allowed to do this, and she would not deny it to me.

At last they both died, and the faithful Nicholas sank into the grave; but Anna made a good marriage, for which I endowed her well. I now sought for some other companions, and in a distant relation of Anselm's, who was in very poor circumstances, and, like myself, had passed through much suffering and sorrow, I found a faithful companion and friend; and in an unfortunate person whom nature had dealt hardly with, a servant who had been able and faithful.

The garden has been entirely neglected since the death of Nicholas. I have never entered it, for every plant and flower reminds me of Anselm and my irreparable loss. I wish to forget, but this is not possible.

In spite of what had occurred, and in spite of the reports of the singular manner in which I now lived, I was not wanting in suitors; but from the first I made it known that these proposals were odious to me, and that I had decided to continue the mode of life I had chosen.

So passed the years, forming a heavy chain. I no longer spoke of the past, I no longer complained, I did not even lament when I saw the announcement of Anselm's death in a newspaper. He died unmarried, with a reputation for vast learning, in a post of great importance, to which he had been called as a physician.

Thus were all who had been dear to me in this world dead: and I was myself like an inanimate body, for there was no hope, no fear, no longing which could warm my heart with a warmer pulsation. Time was full of events which came and passed away without making any impression upon me. I was sought out and visited by different men of distinction, for the report of what was called my singular kind of life obtained me some renown among my fellow-citizens, and though I became more and more accustomed to intercourse with mankind, I was always wanting in the warm interest about them to which habitual intercourse can alone give a charm; for interesting children only had I a real love, and I remarked they always were fond of me, and gladly remained with me.

About the time when my life assumed this aspect, I received a visit from a Catholic priest, of some celebrity. Our conversation turned on religion, and from him I received my first ideas as to the faith and practice of the Church. My judgment was ere long convinced of its truth, and my heart willingly followed. I was received into the Church by this holy man; his visits to me have been among my greatest consolations, and I have found a rest and a peace since that time which I did not suppose could ever have been given to my wretched soul.

My possessions, which no longer had any charm for me, belonged to those who knew how to make a better use of them than I did. This was less a consequence of any compassion or sympathy with the poor and unfortunate, than of my indifference to what I possessed, and I have therefore never been able to suffer praise for what are called my good deeds. I was actuated by the same feeling regarding the poor animals so often left in the garden by those who wanted to get rid of them; myself so unhappy, the sufferings of other creatures rendered me still more so. If I sought to relieve them it was simply because I wished to spare myself a painful feeling. A person situated as I am easily becomes selfish.

Such is my sad history. Seldom has a heart supported so heavy a burden without breaking. Happiness fled from me long since, but peace and calm have latterly been my lot.

## THE POETRY OF GEOLOGY.

AT first sight it might seem almost hopeless to look for anything of a poetical type in the stony science, dealing as it does with rocks and earth-beds, and going down as a great resurrectionist into nature's charnel-house, and dragging thence with pickaxe and hammer the long-buried remains of extinct generations. However, this rugged science is rich in poetic elements, and furnishes stores of the noblest food for the imagination. We all admit the sublimity and poetry of astronomy—the "star-eyed science"—that has thrown out its plumb line and sounded the mighty depths of space; that has tracked the comet in its fiery career, weighed the sun and planets, measured their distances, and extracted the secret of their movements, and even gauged those nebulous masses that hang as light clouds on the outskirts of our sidereal system. But not less sublime is geology in its aims and achievements. It has deciphered much of that wondrous world story—stranger far than all that fiction has invented—which is written by an Almighty hand in the solid rocks—"the manuscripts of God, inscribed on tables of stone." It has read off those mysterious hieroglyphics in which the history of our planet was written during the long ages that preceded man's entrance on the scene. It has recorded the convulsions and changes through which earth has passed, and told how its huge granite ribs were molten and cast in the primeval fires; how its rocky sides were formed, and then torn and hurled to the surface, amid convulsive throes; how its mountain chains were raised aloft, its sea-beds and river-courses scooped out, and its continents built up. From the primeval granite, hardening over the internal sea of fire, up to the deposition of the vegetable soil in which the modest shamrock takes root, through all the growth and decay of world after world, and the rise and fall of empires and dynasties on which no human eye ever gazed, tracing out their mighty ruins with the clear eye of reason, geology aims at nothing less than constructing a biography of our globe. Stranger still, the geologist can trace the march of life over this stage of being. He can tell of what wondrous races, long since passed away, it was the birthplace. He disinters their flint skeletons, and reconstructs their forms, and to the eye of fancy makes them live and breathe again. For myriads of years they had lain in their marble shrouds; under the waving of the geologist's wand, they visit once more "the glimpses of the moon," and we are lost in wonder at the uncouth gigantic forms that were once lords of creation. Is there no poetry in all this, nothing to stir the imagination? Is there no beauty in that mighty plan, "reaching from everlasting to everlasting," by which the great Architect has been working for countless ages to awaken our wonder and worship? Is there no melody to charm the ear of fancy in those marvellous "rhymes of the universe" written on pages of stone? Nay, I think there is the sublimest poetry—the poetry of truth, not of fiction. Let the geologist tell you the tale of some granite peak that lifts its "bald, awful head" amidst the clouds, how it sprang of old from the fiery gulf; how once the sea-weeds were wrapped around its shoulders, and the sea-shells decked its summits as the waves played

among its crests; how from the bottom of the sea slowly upheaved, through long ages, it rose to be a "heaven kissing" mountain; or let him sit down by some gray, moss-covered boulder or wave-worn pebble, and narrate through what strange wanderings and vicissitudes they have passed, and you will listen to a tale more fascinating than "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," more wonderful than all ever Homer's imagination bodied forth. In all things, poor or commonplace, there is poetry, if we have but the eyes to see it. Then what poetry lies embalmed in that gorgeous science that has the whole past eternity for its empire, that carries the imagination back into the abysses of time, and "the long-lost glories they cover," and restores the creations that bloomed and fell myriads of ages before man stepped on the scene! What are the ruins of Uxmal, Egypt, or Rome compared with the ruins of ancient worlds, and "the storied urns" of those mighty dynasties that preceded man on earth! If "the hoary round tower, the ivy-crowned arch of other days" command veneration in Erin, the land of song and the harp; if we tread reverently over the buried dust of generations only a few centuries old, shall we not feel our awe stirred as we gaze on relics whose date no human mind can fix, and compared with which the oldest transactions of human history are but as yesterday? And if we are lost in wonder over the excavated slabs that once lined the walls of Nineveh's proud palaces; if we pore over the hieroglyphics that tell the tale of Egypt's early history, should we not, with still deeper rapture, study the structure of our globe, with its inscribed characters, and learn through what revolutions it has reached its present condition?

One of the most startling disclosures of geology has reference to the original condition of our globe. We look abroad now over the surface of the earth and see mountain ranges, hills, and plains, rivers hurrying on towards the ocean, a bright green carpet covering the soil. The rain and snow descend; the seasons succeed one another with undeviating regularity; and we are apt to think that the order of nature has been the same from the beginning. The vulgar notion is that the earth sprang into existence six thousand years ago, complete from the Creator's hand; and man, as the lord of this world we suppose, then took his place at the head of the animated series. This is the short and easy method of creation precisely suited to the intelligence of those oddities whose religious knowledge is "the Bible, the whole Bible, and *nothing* but the Bible," but it is far from being the real one taught by those commissioned to teach *all* truth. Very different, indeed, is the tale which the Bible unfolds by the hands of Christianized geology. It demonstrates from an examination of the rocks that compose the crust of the earth that the globe has slowly and gradually reached its present condition; that the creative and formal processes we now see going on around us were in operation for myriads of ages before man's day on earth; that races of animals, totally different from those which now walk the surface of the planet, lived, died, and were wrapped in their stony winding-sheets, during periods of the past eternity so vast as to defy the powers of imagination, and in comparison with which six thousand years are as a drop taken from the mighty ocean. During these pre-adamite ages, whose long deep swells are marked on the shores of time by the wrecks they have cast up, the earth passed through vast changes; its rocks, thousands of feet in thickness, were gradually

accumulated, its strata slowly deposited, and its solid framework built up through myriads of ages, till it became fitted to be a dwelling-place for man. Truthful geology does not pretend to determine what was the original condition of that matter, "in the beginning created," out of which our globe was thus formed. Geology furnishes indisputable evidence that when chaos was passing into cosmos, when our world was leaving the rudimentary condition and taking definite shape, the materials composing its surface were at such a temperature as to be a molten mass, like glass in a furnace. So totally different was its condition at this period from that which it has now assumed, that it requires an effort to believe that the primeval globe and the present are the same.

To form some idea of its primeval state, we must conceive of the earth as one mass of boiling lava, the whole planet one vast volcano, hurling aloft molten torrents amid frightful thunder and terrific explosions. As yet the molten lava, surrounded by watery vapor, air, and carbonic acid gas, was the sole material existence. Out of these primitive elements our beautiful flower-clad world was at length to be evolved with all its living occupants. Gradually the lava cooled at the surface, and became solid rock. The grim reign of chaos may now be said to have ended—cosmos commenced—the almighty creative fiat had gone forth—the world began. The liquid lava hardened into granite, and formed the mighty ribs of the globe. The central fire, however, was not extinguished but shut in by the granite ribs, underneath which it continues to flame, finding vent now only through the volcanoes scattered over the globe. Thus on the surface of this earth-ball we are whirled through space, while underneath our feet at a distance only of a few miles, a raging furnace is flaming, heaving its waves of fire fiercely against its granite barriers, at times making the earth tremble with the earthquake's shock, and still flinging up its molten masses through the throat of the volcano. While the liquid granite was undergoing the cooling process, the expansive force of the internal heat acting from beneath threw it into a variety of shapes, so that it congealed in waves or jets, which now form many of our hills and mountains. Very wonderful it is to think that such vast chains of mountains as the Andes, the Alps, and the Alleghanies, are just solidified bubbles of the primitive granite, originally hurled up from the seething caldron, and congealed into their present form. It is owing to this that nearly all granite hills and mountains have peaked summits and steep sides.

Let us now suppose the granite foundations laid, and the earth so far cooled as to allow the molten surface to become solid; fancy what an extraordinary appearance our world must have presented! In all probability, the whole surface was covered with bold and rugged ranges of granite mountains with deep and fearful valleys intervening between them. Volcanoes were numerous and active, still throwing up the molten mass to be solidified on the surface. Though the fierce spirits were banished far down to the dark caverns of the globe to rage and roar in angry passion below, the earth was still in sore travail, her heaving bosom belching forth torrents of fire, a thousand volcanoes pouring out blazing streams of lava, amid a trembling and thundering that shook the firmament. Thus the solid land first rose out of the abyss to greet the light of divine power. Seas were formed in the valleys between the granite peaks; and as

the moisture of the atmosphere condensed, vast torrents rushed down the steep sides of the mountains, and during long ages, aided by the action of the atmosphere, washed down the hills to the seas, where their disintegrated particles were consolidated under vast pressure, and being crystallized by heat, formed the next series of rocks, called in geologic phrase, the gneiss formation or transition series. Thus the primitive granite mountains were slowly worn down by the same agencies that are still at work levelling the hills, and were deposited in the waters of the ocean. Down to the bottoms of seas the granite particles rolled, not by sudden convulsions but by gentle agencies. The water and the air drilled countless holes and channels through the vast body: the mild rain stole into every cleft and crevice, and oozed from vein to vein, filling the heart of the granite giant with delicate and wondrously ramified little canals. The cold of winter froze these secret ducts; the veins swelled, loosening the vast fragments with irresistible force, and shattering even the solid stone. Meantime the oxygen was gnawing at every corner and edge, grinding up the minute particles, and the thundering torrent at length comes and sweeps away in wild triumph the rifted fragment, or the glacier takes it up in its icy embrace, bears it down the sloping valley to the sea, and the iceberg floats it far away and drops it in the dark depths of the ocean. Thus in the wondrous circulation of matter, the granite mountain is spread over the floor of the ocean.

During many thousands of years, the ground-up granite was deposited in sedimentary strata by the waters of the ocean that held them in solution. Meantime the expansive force of the internal heat was slowly raising the bottoms of these seas until at length they became dry land, and constituted the great Silurian formation many thousand yards in thickness, and requiring enormous periods for their deposition. The rugged rocks that first rose above the surface of the waters were the foundations of the land. Against this breakwater the waves dashed, as for the first time they met with any resistance. In these hills the geologist reads off the annals of this early world, and pores over the mysteries of the primitive creations.

The granite world had departed, its successor, formed out of its ruins, was emerging from the depths of ocean. A new era dawned —that of the old red sandstone. This formation was built out of the crumbled débris of the Silurian world, deposited at the bottom of the ocean, and colored by an infusion of the oxide of iron. Gradually these beds rose from the depths, towered into mountain ranges, had their systems, continents, and vegetable and animal creations. The remains of the old red sandstone world still show themselves in several lofty mountains, forming a huge mantle that is wrapped around the shoulders of the gray giants of the granite age.

Ages rolled on, new revolutions occurred, all indicating progress, all marking steps in the divine plan. The carboniferous era with its enormous vegetation dawned: then gigantic ferns, palm, and coniferous trees grew and left their accumulated remains to form coal-beds as the fuel of the modern world. The dry land enlarged, islands were linked together, and formed continents; everywhere the terrestrial masses increased in bulk. Immense forests whose solitudes no mammiferous animal yet disturbed, flourished in the warm damp temperature. The rich coal-fields of Pennsylvania are the precious relics they have left. The tree fern and the great Sagillaria

were then the monarchs of the woods. The enormous duration of the carboniferous era may be judged of from the calculation that it would require one hundred and twenty-two thousand, four hundred years, merely to acquire sixty feet of coal. This order, however, at length closed, and the tertiary era dawned. The temperature of the earth though still high was approaching its present condition. Decaying vegetable and animal structures uniting with the crumbling rocks formed soil. The new red sandstone, the oolite, and the chalk succeeded each other. All things were tending towards one grand result. The granite, the Silurian, the old red sandstone, the carboniferous vegetation, were all means for the formation of that little dark-colored superficial layer we call the vegetable soil, and the object of this latest formation was that rational immortal man might occupy the scene. And now when the huge tertiary monsters at length slept their stony sleep, the earth was ready for its lord. Then man, the youngest and fairest of all created things, for whom all these vast preparations had been going on, for whose account a beneficent Creator had fitted up this gorgeous dwelling-place, and stored it so munificently—man, the paragon of animals, entered and took possession of his fair domains. For him, through countless ages, were these vast beds of crumbled rock and decayed animal and vegetable remains laid down; for his use these treasures underneath the surface of the earth had been accumulated, the coal, limestone, and mineral deposits; and now, as heir of all the ages, he enters on his inheritance.

Circumstances will not permit us to follow these topics farther. We must be satisfied merely to indicate a few of the aspects of geology, but enough to show that the seeing eye and the sympathetic heart will find poetry in every department of the stony sciences. Nature in all its departments speaks of beauty and divinity, and connects itself with the spiritual and the unseen, lifting the soul to the mighty beneficent parent of all. The poetry of geology points with reverential hand to Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" who has presided over the vast cycles of the past eternity, guiding their changes and convulsions, and working out that divine plan which we can but dimly perceive. Wonderful is that mighty web that has been weaving during the æons of the past, its threads of granite, its ornaments, the porphyry, the precious stones, the veins of gold and silver, the rocks of fairy form, twined and intertwined; tree, beast, bird, fish, insect, all filling in the woof, all weaving for the Lord of life the imperial robes that He wrapt around Him in His manifestations to His sacred likeness, but all telling us that He is in all, and yet above and apart from all, the creative spirit that moulds the earth and guides the spheres. Truly geology in its lofty song imparts the rich information how all things existed in the divine mind, because, as God made them out of nothing, so did He form them according to a model which existed in Himself from eternity. All things are in God, in the profound manner in which effects are in their causes, consequences in their principles, reflections in light, and forms in their eternal models. In Him are united the vastness of the sea, the glory of the fields, the harmony of the spheres, the grandeur of the universe, the splendor of the stars, and the magnificence of the heavens. All that lives, finds in Him the laws of life; all that vegetates, the laws of vegetation; all that moves, the laws of motion; all that

has feeling, the law of sensation; all that has understanding, the law of intelligence; and all that has liberty, the law of freedom. It may in this sense be affirmed, without falling into the stupidity of pantheism, that all things are in God, and God is in all things, or, as it is better expressed by the apostle, "in Him we live, move, and have our being."

If there is something solemn and saddening in the thought that the reign of death has been universal, that the earth on which we tread is but a huge cemetery, and that all the beauty and splendor of the former worlds lie interred beneath our feet; that man, too, equally with the weakest and strongest, must enter the still abodes, and all that is now so fair and bright, all that is tender in human affection and glorious in human thought, must sleep beside the mastodon and dinornus, yet the eye of science, enjoying the vision of faith, looks away from "the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds," to the brightest abodes of immortality, and the soul defies all the destructive agencies of earth to shake its trust in God. To the soul, death is life, immortal life, and the grave a gift of infinite goodness.

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## AN EXEMPLARY SCHOLAR.

### Frédéric Ozanam.

### I.

Nearly forty years ago, an association was set on foot at Paris, the chief object of which was to prove the power and beauty of Christianity, by its action and influence in works of charity. It was an alliance of Catholic youths, who resolved to make a stand, in the name of Christ and the Gospel, against rationalism and the other new systems which were undermining the old faith. This infant society was organized by eight young men, friends and fellow-students, who, with one exception, were under twenty years of age. They felt that there is a great power in association, for it is a power of love, and in the strength of union they resolved mutually to encourage and sustain each other, and to strive by prayer and the force of example, to revive the primitive spirit of Catholic faith and of charity, and to endeavor to win back souls to the belief and practice of religion.

The leader of this little band was Frédéric Ozanam, who thus first comes before us as the founder of that Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which now counts its members by thousands, and which has established its Conferences, not only all through France, but in England, over all Europe, and even in America.

Frédéric Ozanam was the son of Jean Antoine François Ozanam, who was born at Chalamont, in 1773, and was descended from an old family of Jewish origin, which had been converted by St. Didier in the year 600 of the Christian era. Jacques Ozanam, the celebrated mathematician of the seventeenth century, was his great uncle, and Jean himself received a very

good classical education at the College of the Oratorians at Lyons. Notwithstanding the many vicissitudes of his life, he always retained a great love of letters, and inspired his sons with the same literary tastes. At an early age he entered the army, and was distinguished, through all his military career, for rare courage and intrepid bravery. He was chosen as envoy to treat with General Suvarrow, from whom, it is said, he obtained all that he demanded, and he presented to Napoleon the standard of Brasinsky's Uhlans, which he had taken with his own hands. He married, in 1800, the daughter of a rich and honorable merchant of Lyons, quitted the service, and settled in Paris. But, ere long, he was obliged to leave his comfortable home and seek for himself a new profession, for, by an imprudent act of kindness in becoming surety for a relation, he lost his whole fortune.

His Christian faith, which was always strong and unwavering, supported him in this sad reverse, and with undaunted courage he started with his wife and young family for Milan, where he gave lessons to provide for their maintenance, while at the same time he pursued the study of medicine. He went on foot to Pavia to pass his examinations, and his labors were so successful that in two years he became a distinguished physician. In 1813, he received from the Emperor the decoration of the Iron Crown, for his great skill and devoted care of the sick at the Military Hospital, during a violent outbreak of typhus fever at Milan. It was on the 23d of April of that same year that his son Frédéric was born.

In 1816, Dr. Ozanam, neither desiring to live himself nor to bring up his sons under Austrian domination, resolved to leave the land of his voluntary exile and to return to Lyons, where his great reputation quickly followed him.

His extensive practice and constant studies never prevented his watching with active care over the education of his sons. He also devoted a fixed portion of his time to the service of the sick poor. He and his wife were in the habit of personally visiting the poor, and when both were getting advanced in years, they mutually forbade each other to mount higher than a fourth story. Charity, however, overcame this reciprocal prudence, and it sometimes happened that they met on the same landing, in the very act of violating this compact. It was in coming down stairs from a visit to one of his poor patients, that Dr. Ozanam had a fall which proved fatal to him a few hours after, in the year 1837.

Brought up in such a school, Frédéric Ozanam learned in his earliest years to be tender and sensitive to the ills of others. He was taught never to separate faith from works, and always to see Christ Himself in the person of the poor. Thus he was being prepared for that great work which God had destined for him, and which was to spread so promptly and so widely.

He was educated at Lyons, and seems always to have been a thoughtful, studious boy, who soon astonished his masters by his precocious talents and brilliant parts. While still at college, he began a poem in Latin verse on the Fall of Jerusalem, and consoled himself, in the prospect of the profession of a notary, to which his father destined him, and which was most distasteful to the young scholar, by thinking that during his leisure hours he could work at this grand poem. His skill in versification and taste for poetry were already so remarkable, that one of his masters carefully preserved his schoolboy effusions in Latin verse. He had the great advantage of studying under the Abbé Noirot,

who had a peculiar gift for the direction of youth, and for developing in each of his pupils his special vocation. This able professor soon saw that in Ozanam he had to deal with a nature of no common order, and he loved to have the lad as the companion of his rambles along the steep and solitary paths which are to be found on all sides in the neighborhood of Lyons, and which make that town so favorite a resort to men of meditative minds. In this familiar intercourse the learned master acquired a great influence over the youthful student, an influence which decided the bent and direction of his thoughts, and doubtless it was to the healthy and strengthening teaching of the Christian philosopher that Ozanam owed the firm, unvarying lucidity of faith, for which he was always so remarkable.

When he was hardly fifteen, Ozanam conceived the idea of a work which was to be called, *Démonstration de la vérité de la Réligion Catholique par l'antiquité des croyances historiques, réligieuses et morales.* This was, in fact, the work which occupied him until his last days, the commencement of those studies which, twenty years later, resulted in *l'Histoire de la Civilisation aux temps barbares.* He changed the form of his plan, but the plan itself remained always the same, and though he began with the hand of a novice, it was already a firm and resolute hand, and his earliest manuscripts, and the first pamphlets which he published, contain the germ of those qualities which were developed later in the accomplished and brilliant writer.

At the age of seventeen, Ozanam was deeply impressed with a conviction that there was a grave and very important mission to be carried on by young men in society. He rejoiced that he was born at a time when he might be useful in doing good, and the dream of his youth, and the object and aim of his studies, were to prove the beauty, excellence, and truth of Christianity, and to show how religion is glorified by history. The whole social system, which had been shattered by the great Revolution, was still in a state of chaos, and, like all thoughtful men of the time, Ozanam felt that the present needs of society required a new order of things, but what was to be its new basis was a problem yet unsolved. The following extracts from a letter, written to one of his late companions who had gone to Paris, describe his feelings on this subject:

"Like you, I feel that the past is giving way, that the foundations of the old edifice are tottering, and that a terrible shock has changed the face of the earth. But what will rise out of those ruins? Is society to remain buried under the crumbling remains of fallen thrones, or shall she reappear, more brilliant, younger, and more beautiful? Shall we see *novos cœlos et novam terram?* That is the great question. I, who believe in a Providence, and do not despair of my country like Charles Nodier, I look for a sort of palingenesis. But what will be the form, what will be the law of that new society? I do not undertake to decide this."

He then relates how deeply he had studied the history of all religious beliefs, how carefully he had examined the traditions of each country and people, their origin, their rise, &c., and he speaks of the joy and consolation which filled his soul, when, by the strength of his reason, he found that the primitive and only true religion was precisely that Catholicism which, as a child, he had learned from his mother's lips, and which had so often sustained him, both in heart and soul, by its beautiful recollections and its still more beautiful hopes—Catholicism in all its grandeur, and with all its delights. Then, with the ardent enthusiasm of youth, he goes on:

"I find it upheld by science, illuminated by rays of wisdom, glory, and

beauty. I embrace it with enthusiasm and love, I will ever remain faithful to it, and will stretch out my arm and point it out as a beacon of deliverance to those who are floating over the sea of life. How happy I shall be if a few friends will gather round me. Then we shall unite our efforts, we shall create a work together, others will join themselves to us, and, perhaps, some day all society will meet under this protecting shadow. Catholicism, full of youth and strength, will rise up and put itself at the head of the rising age, to lead it on to civilization and happiness. Oh, my friends, I feel quite overcome while thus writing to you, and full of intellectual pleasure, for the work is magnificent, and I am young and have a great deal of hope. I believe that the time will come when I shall have matured and strengthened my thought, and be able to express it more worthily."

Towards the autumn of 1831, Ozanam went to Paris to complete his studies for the bar, which he pursued with ability and perseverance, in docile compliance with the wishes of his parents, though poetry, history, literature, and philosophy were the studies to which his own inclinations would have drawn him. However, he still found some leisure time for his historical researches, and, as a sort of recreation, he employed himself in acquiring a knowledge of the English, Italian, Spanish, and German languages. "I am also working hard," he writes, "at Hebrew and Sanscrit; but pray, of what avail will it be to a client that his advocate should know Sanscrit and Hebrew? It would be better that he should grow mouldy over the code."

The pleasures and seductive charms of Paris seem to have had no attractions for him, and his first impressions of the gay city were those of sadness and discouragement. Fresh from the pure atmosphere of a Christian home, and the loving care of a mother to whom he was devotedly attached, separated for the first time from those he loved, he felt solitary and alone. He had arrived full of noble aspirations and courageous resolutions, but he found a world hostile to all his most cherished ideas and feelings. It seemed to him as if he were in the midst of a moral desert, and altogether lost in that vast "capital of egoism, that vortex of human passions and errors," as he describes it. "I dislike Paris," he says, "because there is no life in it, no faith, no love; it is like a huge corpse to which I am attached, while still young and full of life; its coldness freezes me, and its corruption is killing me." But this solitude did not last long, for a friend of his father's, M. Ampère —the patriarch of mathematicians, as Lacordaire calls him—offered him a room in his house, and received him as a son into his family. It was an immense advantage to Ozanam to have this great man for his patron, for not only did he find science, religion, and fame united under the roof of his venerable host, but he had the opportunity of meeting and becoming acquainted with many of the eminent men of the day.

M. Ampère soon felt both esteem and affection for his young guest; he often invited him into his study, conversing freely with him, and explaining to him many of his scientific discoveries. He even made him work under his own eye, and some pages have been preserved, written partly by one and partly by the other. Often during these conversations, when treating of the marvels of nature, the aged *savant* would break forth into rapturous exclamations of admiration for the Author of these wonders, and burying his head in his hands would cry out—"*Que Dieu est grand! Ozanam, que Dieu est grand!*"

Amongst the letters of introduction which Ozanam had brought from Lyons, was one to M. de Chateaubriand. He was of so retiring and timid a disposition that he kept it some months before he

could take courage to present it to the celebrated man. When at last he did so, he was received with such affability and kindness that he was soon quite at his ease. After questioning him with paternal interest on his projects, his tastes, his occupations, &c., M. de Chateaubriand, fixing his eyes attentively on him, asked him if he intended going to the theatre. Ozanam, taken by surprise, hesitated between the truth, which was a promise he had made to his mother never to enter a theatre, and the fear that he might appear childish to his noble interrogator. For a little time he was silent, while the struggle went on his mind. M. de Chateaubriand continued to look at him, as if he attached great importance to his answer. At last truth prevailed; and the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, leaning towards Ozanam, to embrace him, said affectionately—"I implore you to follow your mother's counsel; you would never gain anything at the theatre, and you might lose a great deal." Ozanam never forgot these words, and whenever any of his companions, less scrupulous than himself, invited him to accompany them to the play, he would answer—"M. de Chateaubriand told me it was better not to go there."

Ozanam soon found how carefully the precious gift of faith needed to be guarded in the midst of the war which political opposition was then waging in Paris against religion, in the name of liberty. The Chambers, the press, public instruction, poetry—all were turned into arms against Christianity. The nineteenth century wished to build up what the eighteenth had destroyed, but the new systems of philosophy and religion were based on reason, not on faith, and their highest aim was the amelioration of the human race, for time, not for eternity. When Ozanam heard the attacks on Christianity, and the extravagant propositions made by the rationalist professors of the Sorbonne—that ancient Sorbonne which Christianity had founded, and whose dome was still surmounted by the symbol of the Cross—he was more than ever convinced that a history of all religions was never more called for by the wants of society: to show the immortal alliance between faith and science, to prove that religious truth is the beginning and the end of philosophical truth, and to demonstrate all that Christianity has produced and preserved—the truths it has propagated, the sentiments it has inspired, the laws it has dictated, and the works of art and poetry of which it has been the source. And also he felt, more deeply than before, that it was the duty of the youth of that time to join together in preparing to do battle for the divine cause, by the practice of that Gospel they were called on to defend.

"The future is before us [he writes to one of his young friends], immense as the ocean. Like bold mariners let us embark in the same boat and row on together. Above us is religion, the bright star which we must follow; before us, the glorious track of the great men of our country and our doctrines; behind us our young brothers, our companions, who, more timid, are waiting for our example."

Again he writes—

"I have found here several young men, deep thinkers, and rich in generous sentiments, who are willing to consecrate their powers and their researches to this high mission, which is also ours. Every time that a rationalist professor raises his voice against revelation, Catholic voices are raised to answer him. Many of us have united together for this purpose. I have already taken my part twice in this noble work, by sending in written objections to these gentlemen. But we have been particularly successful at the *cours* of Monsieur X. Twice he has attacked the Church, the first time by treating the Papacy as a passing institution, which came into existence under Charlemagne, and is now dying out; the second by accusing the clergy of hav-

ing constantly favored despotism. Our answers, publicly read out, produced the best effect, both on the professor, who almost retracted what he had said, and on the audience, who applauded. The greatest use of this work is to show to young students that one can be a Catholic and have common sense, that one can *love religion and liberty;* in short, to draw them out of religious indifference, and to accustom them to grave and serious discussions."

Ozanam knew not then that he was the instrument God had chosen to uphold the cause of religion, and that his voice would one day be raised in valiant defence of the truth in those very places where now, to his deep grief, he heard it attacked with hostility or treated with indifference. But that time was not yet come, and meanwhile his great desire was to see some special religious instruction established, to initiate youth in the fundamental truths of Christianity, and to treat the leading questions of the day, showing the relations of society with religion, so as to counteract the bad effects of the lectures given by the rationalist professors. A petition for this object was drawn up by Ozanam, and, with the addition of two hundred signatures, was presented by him to the Archbishop of Paris. Thus he was not without influence in the foundation of the *Conférences* at Nôtre Dame, which were opened by the Archbishop himself in February, 1834. In the following Lent, the Abbé Lacordaire took possession of the pulpit of Nôtre Dame, and during many subsequent years the vast edifice was thronged by the multitudes who were attracted by the learning and piety of the eloquent Dominican.

It was not sufficient, however, that the manifestation of the religious belief of the lay Catholic youth should be confined within the domain of theories and philosophical and historical discussions. It was necessary for the great task which Ozanam had traced out, that their religious opinions should have a practical and positive value, and should stamp an impress on their whole lives. They were young, and they must not remain inactive; but before doing a public good they must try to do good to a few. Before attempting to regenerate France, they might at least relieve some of her poor.

"I wish, therefore [writes Ozanam], that all our young men should in heart and soul unite in some charitable association for the relief of the lower classes.

"The world has grown cold [he says in another letter]; it is for us Catholics to revive the vital heat which is so nearly extinct, it is for us to renew the era of martyrdom. For, to be a martyr is possible to all Christians; to be a martyr is to give our life for God and our neighbor, to give our life in sacrifice, whether the sacrifice be consumed all at once as a holocaust, or whether it be slowly accomplished, its smoke going up night and day like the perfumes on the altar; to be a martyr is to give back to God all we have received, our gold, our blood, even our whole being."

Again he writes—

"The question which divides the men of our day is no longer a political, but a social question; it is whether the spirit of egoism shall prevail, or the spirit of sacrifice; whether society shall be only a great *exploitation* to the profit of the strongest, or a consecration of *each* to the good of *all*, and, above all, for the protection of the weak. . . On one side there is the camp of the rich, on the other the camp of the poor; in the one there is the egoism which would keep all to itself, in the other the egoism that would possess itself of all; between the two there is an increasing hatred, and there are threatenings of an approaching war which will be a war of extermination. One only means of safety remains, that, in the name of charity, Christians should interpose between these two camps, and should go like benevolent messengers from one to the other, obtaining abundant alms from the rich, and patient submission from the poor; conveying gifts to the poor and words of gratitude to the rich, accustoming them to look on each other as brethren, communicating to them a little mutual charity, which charity, stifling and as it were paralyzing the egoism of both, and diminishing their antipathies day by day, the two camps shall rise up, destroy their ban-

ners of prejudice, throw down their arms of passion, and march to meet each other, not to fight, but to embrace, and to unite together in peace, making one fold under one shepherd—*unum ovile, unus pastor.*"

Inspired by these sentiments, and aided by a few chosen friends Ozanam commenced the formation of that association for the relief of the poor, of which we have already spoken. He placed it under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul, choosing that saint whose name is so dear to the Church and to the world, as its model on earth, and for its protector in heaven. Of course there were many obstacles to be surmounted, and difficulties to be overcome; the work was looked on with suspicion by some, with jealousy by others, but the blessing of God was upon it, and the little seed then sown was soon to grow up into a widespreading fruitful tree. It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed account of this admirable Society of St. Vincent de Paul; we will only add an extract from an eloquent discourse which Ozanam made twenty years later, at one of the Conferences at Florence, when he was relating to the young Tuscans the circumstances of its origin—words of sad interest, for they were the last which he ever pronounced in public.

"We were at that time invaded by a flood of philosophical and heterodox doctrines, which were being agitated on all sides, and we felt both the desire and the need to strengthen our faith in the midst of the attacks which were made against it by the different systems of false science. Some of our young fellow-students were materialists, some St. Simonians, others Fourierists, others again Deists. Whenever we Catholics tried to remind our erring brethren of the wonders of Christianity, they all said, 'You are right if you speak of the past; Christianity did wonders in former times, but now Christianity is dead. And, indeed, you who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? Where are the works which prove your faith, and which would make us admit it and respect it?' They were right—this reproach was too well deserved. It was then that we said to each other, 'Let us set to work, and let our actions be in harmony with our faith. But what is to be done? How can we better show that we are true Catholics than by doing what is most pleasing to God? Therefore let us succor our neighbor, as did Jesus Christ, and let us place our faith under the protection of charity.'

"In this thought we were all eight united, and at first, as if jealous of our treasure, we did not wish to admit others to our meetings. But God had decided otherwise. The association of a few intimate friends, which we had proposed to ourselves, became, in His designs, the nucleus of an immense family of brethren, which was to spread over a great part of Europe. You see that we cannot really give ourselves the title of founders; it was God Himself who willed it and who founded our society.

"I remember that in the beginning one of my good friends, who was for a time deceived by St. Simonian theories, said to me, in a tone of compassion, 'But what do you hope to do? You are eight young men without fortune, and you pretend to relieve the misery which abounds in a city like Paris! Even if there were many more of you, you could not do much. We, on the contrary, are working out a system and ideas which will reform the world, and do away with poverty forever! We shall do forthwith for the human race what you would never be able to accomplish during many ages.' You know, gentlemen, how those theories ended which were thus deluding my poor friend. And we who excited his pity, instead of eight, are now two thousand in Paris alone; and we visit five thousand families, that is to say, about twenty thousand individuals—about a quarter of the poor within the walls of that immense city. There are five hundred Conferences established in France, and we have them also in England, Spain, Belgium, America, and even in Jerusalem. It is thus that, by beginning humbly, one can arrive at doing great things, like Jesus Christ, who, from the lowliness of the manger, rose to the glory of Thabor. It is thus that God made our work His own, causing it to spread over the world, and showering down on it His abundant blessing."*

While Ozanam was thus actively employed, his literary studies were not laid aside; many new writings

* Œuvres Completes d'Ozanam, t. viii, p. 34.

came from his pen, some of which were the fruit of his travels during his vacations. He was an observant traveller, always making copious notes and laying in fresh stores of knowledge, and with his ardent and poetic imagination, he enjoyed with enthusiasm the beauties of nature and fine works of art. The following letter gives an account of one of his excursions.

"To strengthen myself against the contagion of example, and imbibe a greater love of solitude and liberty, I went with my brother on a pilgrimage to the Grande Chartreuse. I need not tell you that we went on foot, and that we did not die of sadness on the way. . . . I will not tell you what we saw, because you have already made the same pilgrimage. All that I can say is that I found there scenery which I have not the talent to describe, and men who I should never have the strength to imitate. However, the impression which this journey has made upon me is very different to all that I had previously imagined. I had heard only of sublime desolation, of torrents and precipices, of deserts and frightful austerities, and I saw only a delicious solitude, luxuriant vegetation, rich meadows, forests where the verdure of the beech mingled itself with the dark fir-tree, rocks overgrown with wild roses, rivers falling in beautiful cascades on beds of turf and moss; on all sides tufts of blue campanulas, tall and graceful ferns like dwarf palm trees, large flocks on the mountains, birds in the woods, and yonder, in the valley, the grand and majestic monastery, the monks in their ancient habit, every feature of their serene countenances expressing repose and happiness; their chants rising at all hours of the day in strength and harmony, and the midnight hymns going up to heaven at the hour when crimes are frequent and God's judgments are being prepared. Finally, the charming chapels of Nôtre Dame de Casaliban, and of St. Bruno, with their fountains and their souvenirs of seven hundred years. I do not know if the idea is a strange one, but the Chartreuse, thus placed in the hollow of the mountains, seemed to me like a solitary nest where holy souls, gathered under the maternal wings of religion, grow up peacefully till they one day take their flight to heaven.

"Religion, a mother full of con sion and goodness, has centred this sacred nest all the harmo nature and all the beauties of cr And it is remarkable that the anc and monks of all ages, while witl ing themselves from the artificial ments of society, exiling themselv the tumult and pleasures of tow rudely mortifying their bodies, sought out picturesque situatio views and beautiful landscapes, f places of solitude. This remark stantly verified in Italy, where summits of the mountains are c by monasteries. It was so also France. Wherever there was and precipitous mountain, a valley, or a shady forest, the tr was sure to see a belfry surmoun a cross, or to find on the pathw prints of the cenobite's sandals.

"Nature, in its simplicity, in its ity, is profoundly Christian; it is solemn sadness and ineffable cons it speaks but of death and resur of past falls and future glorifi Mountains, above all, say many to the soul, of which they are a figure; richness and sterility, im able heights and fathomless abys ried and numberless views, i disorder, traces of ancient uphe efforts to reach to heaven, alway tent, but ever renewed. Is not t figure of our poor existence? tains, in their variety, resemble nature, as the sea in its immen sembles the divine nature. Thus earth that we tread under our f written, in ineffaceable characte sons of a sublime philosophy, a philosophy is none other than tha is written in no less ineffaceable ters in the pages of the Gospel."

In 1836, Ozanam attaine degree of doctor of law, an already an aspirant to the honor in letters, which was a ed to him three years late Cousin, who was one of the on that occasion, after heari thesis, could not refrain fr claiming—"Ah, M. Ozana quence can go no farther!" testimony from so great a in oratory and compositio more valuable and flatterin all the applause of the publi

(Conclusion in our next.)

# SISTER MARY.

## A SKETCH.

THE post of this morning brought me a letter from the Superioress of the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, at N—, in the southwest of France. The letter was short, and ran thus:

"CONVENT OF ST. AGNES, N—, Jan., 18—.

"MY DEAR MADAM L—: I regret to announce to you the demise of Sister Mary, of the Sacred Heart, who died yesterday, of small-pox, caught whilst attending on the sick under her charge. Her last request was that you should be made acquainted with her decease. May she have rest eternal.

"Yours truly in Our Lord,
"MOTHER TERESA,
"Superioress."

And I am now going to tell you the sad story of Sister Mary.

Seven years and a half ago I was living at Tedale, a little village in one of the northern counties of England. I had accepted there the office of schoolmistress to the Catholic school, which had been founded through the liberality of a gentleman, who lived close at hand. I had never been in that part of the country before; my wanderings had been always confined, up to that time, to the district south of the Thames; and I was consequently a total stranger to every one. For the first two weeks of my residence at Tedale, I was as dull and lonely as I conceive it possible for any one to be. Then, little by little, I began to give the "good morning" to a few of those whom I met going to or returning from our grand Gothic church, to Mass or afternoon service, and so began, also, to feel less lonely. This was followed, after another short period, by scraps of conversation, and these finally ended in invitations for the evening, to the houses of two or three of the well-to-do farmers, of which the congregation was mainly composed. At one of these houses I soon became a frequent visitor, and there learnt much of the other members of the congregation, with whom I was not personally acquainted. Now, there had been one person in the church whom I had felt a strange attraction towards from the very first. She was always alone in her journeys to and from the church, and I never saw a frown on her plain face—for this, my heroine, was no beauty. She was somewhat undersized, with prominent cheekbones, a thin, gaunt face, and a harsh appearance in her mouth and eyes. Yet nothing can ever make me forget that radiant smile. It quite altered the usual appearance of her countenance, and made you almost love her. And this person, Edith Scorton, is the heroine of this sketch. I was anxious to make her acquaintance, and sought every opportunity for doing so. At last my wish was gratified. I met her, casually, at the house of one of my Tedale friends, and was there introduced to her. She seemed to take a fancy to me at once, and after remaining there some time in conversation with the person we were visiting, we set out on our way home together. She had to pass my little cottage on the way, and as we came before the door, I asked her to enter. She complied, and soon we were talking in my little parlor, as if we had known one another for years, instead of hours.

I soon learnt from her the sad story of her life, for it was a sad one, and she was not unwilling to confide it to me. In many respects it was similar to my own, and I dare say it was the knowledge of this fact that made us, as Edith finished her narration, throw ourselves into one another's arms and weep. Let me tell you, dear reader, this story of hers, as she told it to me.

Her mother died a year or so after Edith's birth, who was the only child. Two years after her mother's death, her father married again, a worldly and heartless Protestant, who did not attempt to conceal her dislike for the young girl. Edith had an uncle, the brother of her mother, who was the principal of a boarding-school, near Tedale. Mr. Dillon had a little feeling for the young niece, and took her home to live with him. He had been married a few years himself, at the time Edith took up her abode with him, and perhaps he foresaw, that in after years, she might be of advantage in educating his own children, and so, by the advice of a maiden sister who lived near him, he educated Edith well. But Mrs. Dillon never liked her. From the beginning, she was an object of aversion to that lady; and she used to say that Edith was of no use, and might be away in the world. The time came when she was forced to acknowledge, if only tacitly, that she could not get along without the despised niece. But to tell matters as they occurred. Time passed on, and little Dillons arrived rapidly, until there were seven of them to be attended to; and on Edith, the patient and uncomplaining, fell the task of educating them. Her maiden aunt, who was also no favorite of Mrs. Dillon, endeavored to instil an almost blind obedience into the mind of Edith, and she succeeded so well, that in spite of the many slights that were put upon her, not a word of reproach, of rebellious anger, was ever escape her lips. She bor a meekness and appare ference, that won for he depth of love which her sessed. She had borne mirable resignation her her great troubles, seeki always in the company of and in the sweet services ligion.

And so year after year away; until, at the tim made her acquaintance, s her twenty-first year. I two or three years her s in a very few days from when our acquaintance were fast friends. Poo how my heart felt for he my own troubles, and my not been scanty, I had al sessed friends who would consolation they could; poor girl, with the except aunt and one or two o friendless. As she he pressed it to me, "In t line, your case is differen up to the present, with t tion of aunty, I have be less. Aunty has been as was possible for any one my heart has often longe other, to share my little anxieties." And so it w soon loved one another so and so devotedly, that no void in my heart, which never, I fear, fill up. A scarcely passed away visit from Edith. It wa for her to come at times generally managed it, an very happy for some mon often fancied that there thing on Edith's mind was concealing from me, gan to fret myself abo last, she told me, very re however, what this was. begged her uncle to se France to a convent, as of drawing and music, in

was a proficient. She had heard of a very good chance, and had asked her uncle to write and ask about it. This he promised to do, and but that he was under the dominion of a will stronger than his own—that of his wife—he would have done so without delay. But Mrs. Dillon, who had long since discovered how useful Edith had become, as an instructress for her children, opposed with all her might and main the proposed scheme. Fortunately, Mr. Dillon had promised in spite of the awe he felt for his wife. When once he promised to do anything, he always kept his word, at any risk. So Edith felt certain that success would, in the end, crown her efforts. But the opposition Mrs. Dillon made to her going, was very great, and at last, finding that her opposition would eventually be overborne by her husband's unconquerable will, she took another course, and began, in every possible way, to worry her by petty annoyances. It was only to God that Edith laid bare her heart, and he alone knew what she had to suffer, during the last three months of her residence at Tedale.

And this trouble Edith told me one morning when she came to see me in my little cottage home. As I loved her so much, I could not but feel deeply with her in her trouble. Had I been in the least acquainted with her uncle, I should have gone to him without the least hesitation, and told him everything I felt about the—to say the least of it—ungrateful way in which he was repaying the services that the good Edith had been rendering him for so long a time. But I had never spoken a word to him, and thus I was constrained to see my dear friend suffer as she did, without having it in my power to help her. Meanwhile, unknown to his wife, Mr. Dillon had written to the Superieure of the French convent, at N—, and was awaiting a reply. He had stated frankly and truthfully Edith's many acquirements, and the experience she had already had in the management of children, and felt no doubt but that she would obtain the situation sought for, unless it should be already filled.

A month passed away, and no answer had come. Edith was becoming restless at the silence of the superior, and I began to perceive a change in her. She was paler now than had been her wont, and at times I could even discern a touch of irritation in her voice, when she conversed with me about the French scheme.

It was during this month of expectancy, too, that another incident occurred, too important to omit recording.

One night, on returning from a visit I had been paying to one of my few friends, I was surprised to see a light in the window of my little sitting-room.

With trembling steps and a beating heart I approached and opened the door, and judge of my astonishment when I heard sounds of violent sobbing issue from the little room.

Crouching before the fire, her frail form shaking from the violence of her emotion, was Edith. She turned as she heard me enter, and as she perceived who it was, she started from her recumbent position, and hurrying across the room, threw herself into my arms.

I was almost thunderstruck. I thought that nothing could have caused this outburst, except a negative reply from the convent.

But I said to her: "Edith, darling, this will never do; try and calm yourself, and tell me what it is all about?"

It was some time before the poor girl could do this, but at last she calmed herself sufficiently to tell me the reason for this, to me, extraordinary fit of crying.

It appeared that ever since she was a child of three or four years old, she had known a young man at Tedale, named Harry Dewsbury. They had been children together, and as they grew, the intercourse between them was as unrestrained as ever.

In Edith this had no other effect than to make her look upon Harry as a dear brother; but in him it changed into an affection of another kind. And on the morning of the day when the outburst took place, Harry, having accidentally met Edith, as she was out with her young charges, had, in a few words, told her how he loved her most tenderly, and wished to make her his wife.

"What could I say to him?" said Edith to me. "I had always been accustomed to think of him as a brother, and I knew I had a feeling of certainty in my heart, that it could never be otherwise. So what could I do but tell him as I did, that I always loved him as a brother, and should ever do so; but that to become his wife, I could give him no hope of! And when he heard me out, he seemed almost demented. Before I could move, he had taken me in his arms, pressed me to his heart, imprinted a brotherly kiss on my forehead, released me, and was gone. Three hours afterwards his mother came to me in tears, and told me that Harry had left his home, after avowing to her his intention to go to America and seek out an uncle of his, who had resided there for some years. And she upbraided me for being the cause of his going."

"And so this was why you were crying so bitterly, Edith?" I asked her as she finished.

"Yes, Adeline," was her reply. "I could not witness the mother's grief without weeping for the cause of it, and I came to you for comfort."

And I tried my best to comfort her, told her that though people might say she was hasty in her decision, yet that it would no doubt prove to have been a right one.

And from that night, Edith longed more and more for the time when she would be freed from the thraldom in which she lived. After the scene I have just recorded, another fortnight passed. Then came a letter to Mr. Dillon from Mother Teresa, and joy of joys, to Edith, but not to me—it was favorable, and Edith was to go to N— as soon as she could.

Edith brought me the letter to read. Yes, there it was in black and white: "I am sure that your niece cannot but prove fitted for the task, and we shall be pleased to see her without delay."

In a fortnight all was ready, and Edith started. It was a bright, clear morning; nature seemed to wish to show her pleasure at the joyous event. A week after I received a letter. Edith was so happy! The children had already learned to love her, and her success was assured. So far all was well. I answered almost directly, and for six months I received a letter every week.

Then Edith wrote: "I want to be a nun. God has, I think, given me a vocation to the life, and I can do nothing but obey." I had thought all along that this was to be the end of it all, and I could only write and congratulate her on her choice.

Three months passed, and Edith was a novice. A year passed, and she became a sister—Sister Marie. Of her conventual life I know but little, for, from the day when she began her life of self-abnegation, she never wrote to me. She thought it better not. She had written to me, and I could not—however much I wished—seek to turn her from her purpose.

So, a few years passed away, and

I heard nothing, until the other day I received the letter with which I opened this sketch. On receipt of the letter I made my way to N—, and heard what a good and pure life Sister Marie had led, for the few years God had seen fit to leave her on earth, after she had become one of His spouses. I saw her grave unadorned by any mark save the flowers set there by her poor friends, whom she had succored in their distress.

One of these flowers, a white rose-bud, I gathered, and it rests now faded and dry among my most precious relics.

I cannot lay down my pen without writing for poor Sister Marie that which Mother Teresa wrote in her letter to me, "May she have rest eternal!"

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## HOME EDUCATION.

### A WORD TO CATHOLIC PARENTS.

It has often been a question of surprise to more than one observer of the signs of the times, that while so many utilitarian objects are brought to our notice, so many topics brought under discussion, no one should have thus far thought of presenting us with a course of lectures to parents, on their duties as responsible agents to Him who has blessed them with children.

Parents are frequently reminded of their obligation to instruct their children, to place them in good schools, and to insist that they avoid improper companions. Too little attention, however, is paid to the details of carrying out these general instructions, and not often enough are we told *how to give* and *when to impart* home education.

It might be borne in mind that to many characters the method of persuasion consists, first, in an agreeable exterior, and afterwards by the manifestation of such interior characteristics as can alone secure lasting friendship and esteem. With such only those who have received home education will be powerful for good, while in every case, and, perhaps, more for the learned than the illiterate, will this education prove a key to the affections, the respect, and the appreciation of those whose good estimate we covet.

Home education, as we understand it, consists in the formation of the character as a mental capacity, and the body as a physical organization, to those general and special rules of good behavior, and mutual forbearance fitting us for the duties, responsibilities, and occurrences of any condition of life in which chance or opportunity may place us. It then embraces a wide range, and will need more examination, development, and study, than might at first be imagined. To pursue it fully presuppose in parents that they have undergone a similar training themselves; that no experimental attempts will be needed, but that the result of matured experience will be the favorite portion of their children. That this is not the case too many are aware, while it may be added, that did a large portion of those thus unqualified know how they might

attain even a theoretical knowledge of the nature and character of home education, they would willingly give it their serious consideration, and apply themselves with laudable zeal to the carrying out of its requirements.

The first elementary principle upon which we would insist is, that children learn more by the eye than by the ear. They may often forget what has merely been heard, while they rarely forget what they have seen. Let any one, as an experiment, listen to the conversation of children; in nine cases out of ten they will talk, not of what they have heard, but of what they have seen. Ask a child to tell you what a lecturer may have said, or a clergyman announced, you will frequently be minus an answer; but ask the same child about the appearance of the clergyman, his manner of action, his delivery, and at once it will be seen how much more busily engaged were the eyes than the ears. Moreover, in hearing, more stress or effort of the intelligence is required than in the reception of the same idea through the eye. Hence it is that, in the best systems of teaching, the object method so largely prevails. Show a child any rare animal, and then ask a description; you will receive it at once, while a mere word description would in many cases not enable the child to point out the same animal if seen a short time afterwards. These general remarks will probably form a fair introduction to what we believe should be the principal means employed in early home education.

Everything about the dwelling should be kept scrupulously neat and attractive. A dwelling where filth prevails will never be considered a home by an intelligent child. This home need not be rich nor gaudy. Providence has not so disposed in favor of the greater number of us, but while He has not favored us with wealth, He has not cursed us with filth. This will explain why so many young men leave the paternal roof at so early a date. In their schools, directed by men who understand character, and endeavor to gratify its laudable cravings, all is kept in a neat and agreeable condition. When the scholars have remained in such a room for several hours, agreeably entertained by the pleasing pictures and drawings which decorate its walls, or the neat furniture which he uses, is it astonishing that he should find repulsive his own dwelling, where he finds all so different? And yet is there any excuse for the difference in the condition of things. The dwelling may not be as fine as the school, but it can always be as neat and as attractive. Beautiful paintings, attractive illustrations, are so cheap now that no one can put in the plea of poverty as a barrier to his procuring them. A great mistake it is, under which parents labor, when they imagine that they can give to any teacher or servant the *home education* of their children. This must be done by parents; it is part of their duty, inseparable from their position in the economy of creation. Teachers may instruct and partially educate; servants may restrain and prevent evil, they may even instruct, but parents must take upon themselves the greater portion of the home education of their children. Under the false impression that the responsibility of the home training may be transferred to some one else, parents, belonging to what is commonly called the *bon ton*, frequently leave their children for year after year at boarding-schools, never allowing them home for more than a few days, perhaps not that length of time even, under the plea that business calls for all the time that can be spared, never thinking for a moment that wealth without the knowledge of the proper use of it will be

a curse rather than a blessing to their children.

A child who has been sent away from home at a very early age, who is kept away year after year, must necessarily become estranged. He or she looks upon parents as a sort of paying tellers, whose only business it is to make money and spend it for them. For this reason it is that some institutions refuse almost positively to retain students during vacation. They do this at a loss to themselves rather than encourage this growing desire among parents to escape the responsibilities of a portion of the home education of their children. Next to the education, which should be given through the eye, should be that of a selection of servants, whose morals and manners will be such as to favorably impress youth. As a rule, no servant should be taken into any family without first inquiring closely into their antecedents. The same holds true of professors of music, who are introduced particularly to the lady portion of the family. This may seem severe, but to those who have read St. Liguori on this very subject, it will be admitted that we have given the position its mildest expression. At the same time, and the remark is particularly forcible towards American families, children should be taught that servants have certain rights, which neither young lads nor fair damsels can controvert. One of the very best methods of teaching children the forbearance they will need in after-life may be inculcated by their requiring them to act or speak deferently to domestics. Villemain has said that "nothing so tries a man as freedom." The remark keeps its greatest force in connection with the point we are analyzing. Freedom is the characteristic of our country and day. Unfortunately among American children this freedom degenerates in many cases into impudence and intolerable overbearing. Towards none is this manifested oftener by young American boys and girls than to their servants.

Those who have travelled on the lakes, or on any of the fashionable routes, or who have spent a few weeks at the seashore, will not fail to have noticed this peculiarity in our boys and girls. While thus teaching them to respect those whom circumstances have placed beneath them in the social scale, children should likewise be taught to compassionate the sufferings of the poor, the aged, or the decrepit. Father Faber says somewhere that young persons are naturally cruel, that they take pleasure in inflicting pain. Taking the assertion qualifiedly, our own experience bears out the broad assertion of the saintly author of "All for Jesus." This disposition can be best eradicated by the frequent practice of the opposite. This division of our subject has more than once occupied others' attention, and we do not think that we can say anything more to the purpose than what we have read and culled from a contemporary, whose name is unknown to us, though his sentiments render him the friend of humanity in some of its most afflicting forms.

"A neat, useful, and necessary volume could be written with the appropriate title, 'Hints on the Education of a Christian Child.' Among the chapters which this book should contain would be one, 'Teach them Charity.' We are told that of all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the breathing of a loving heart. Eliminating from the thought the sentimentalism which it contains, let us make use of it as a foundation for the less beautifully expressed, but more practical assertion, that of all prayers to be heard, the surest is that of the worthy poor for the charitable child. Though many years have passed since we heard

the words, their music still lingers in our ears, and a thrill is not unfelt as we record the blessing asked for us by the poor mother who blessed us for the charity we were enabled to give her through the kindness of our parents. It needs no labored argument to prove that of all lessons charity to the poor should be one of the first taught a Christian child. If the mendicant appeals to your charity, let your child be the messenger to bring the words and the gifts of your generosity. Let your children look upon poverty; teach them to speak words of comfort, and to do acts of kindness to those who appeal for aid. Teach those whom God has given you that poverty is not a crime, and that the rich man of to-day may be the pauper of to-morrow. In the city which you inhabit, are there charitable institutions? If so, take your children to visit them, and after the visit ask your little ones what their impressions were, and if they would not like to do something to alleviate the misery they have witnessed. Parents too often imagine that when they have clad their children well, have sent them to a good Catholic school, that then their obligations are completely accomplished. Such is not the case; neither the teacher nor the clergyman can do more than tell children how to be charitable; on the parent depends the fulfilment of the principles, which in church or school can be merely inculcated. If we refer to the history of the Church, we will find a special blessing the portion of those saints who in youth were the protectors of the poor. May we not ask if the extraordinary sanctity of the Curé d'Ars was not in part due to the blessing which years previously had been given the Christian family of the Vianneys by the saintly Benedict Joseph Labré, who, as a poor beggar, had been harbored under their hospitable roof? And who has not read of the early charities of St. Borromeo, Louis of Gonza Francis de Sales? Let th of charity be one which fr stant repetition will become your children's nature. D you will procure for them t est portion of their inherita blessing of the poor."

Home education cann dently be given by with children from the parental goodly portion of the eveni only time in which pare children can generally meet what practice more comm that pursued by parents w their children off to play th may have a family chat with bors. It is doubtless wise allow even our own child much freedom with us. Thi degenerate into familiarit contempt would be the ne result; at the same time should spend a goodly por their time in the company children, studying their ch training them to a proper the daily occurrences of moving from them a fault or critical spirit, and insisti in all circumstances they s press themselves in a ch and Christian spirit of com or neighbors. When childr become old enough it is bac to allow them many servant claim to be democratic ir and practice. It is conti such a spirit that our bo girls should be waited upon pages. Let them learn a spirit of self-reliance. Ever have now and then to polis own shoes, dust their own death or incurable weakn not follow. A distinguished ecclesiastic, one of the mos lar preachers of the first half century, used to say that strong faith in the school v young man had occasion warm himself by placing hi

on top of the bedclothes. This was a strong figure of speech, which meant that the best preparation for after-life is a little hardship in youth. It was a saying of the late Secretary Seward that the worst legacy that could be left a young man was a large fortune he had not helped to earn; and we believe that he who wrote

"Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,"

gave advice which parents can husband to the advantage of the poor, whose prayers will better serve children than, perhaps, ill-gotten dollars.

That children may be able at an early age to accustom themselves to correct opinions of men and things, books suited to their age and capacity should be placed in their hands. These should be selected by the combined experience of the child's parents and teachers. The first book read has often been the ruin of young persons, particularly ladies. A book is a silent but potent agent for good or for evil. It is rarely a pastime only. In the latter case it usually gives rise to a craving for light and ephemeral works, which gradually deprive the mind of any serious bent it might originally have had, and prepares it to become like the field of the sluggard, covered with the thorns of incipient passions, and filled with the nettles of unsatisfied but perhaps not ungratified desires. The books need not be of a purely religious character, though they should be selected with special reference to the intellectual and religious inclination of the person in question. Where a boy or girl shows a speculative or inquisitive bent, and such are not few, the greatest care will be required in the direction of their early readings. Such should be forbidden the use of public libraries, and we are not sure that it would not be well to forbid our children, under existing circumstances, all access to those fruitful sources of immorality, where any and every work may be handled by the tenderest minds. Not only in the matter of reading should there be an understanding between the teachers and the parents of children. In many other circumstances this same *entente cordiale* will be of great importance. The teacher takes upon himself part of the parents' duties. His method of direction should be as nearly as possible similar to that of the father and mother. At the same time it is well to remark, that parents frequently do their children great injury by insisting that the teacher shall know all about the failings and mishaps of the young person previous to his or her reception into the school. More than once we have seen bright-faced, intelligent lads presenting themselves for reception. Before the parent had spoken, the youth held his head erect and seemed to say in his bearing, "I'm going to work hard." Scarcely had the parent been allowed to speak for a few moments when this was all changed. The parent had foolishly blackened his character, and from that moment the boy felt that confidence was lost in him. Neither should parents threaten children with the displeasure of the teacher. Indeed, experienced teachers will refuse to punish in school faults that have been committed at home. The school-room should be what its name imports, and not a court-house. On the other hand, if parents have any promise to make their children, let it be made when convenient, through the teacher. The latter needs all the help he can obtain to acquire the fullest confidence of his pupils. Where this has been procured half the work of instruction and education is accomplished.

It is not necessary to say that parents should take the greatest interest in the studies of their children; helping them, when able, in the various researches, and showing a lively desire for their progress. When possible, children should have a room for themselves, where they may study undisturbed.

A question of great moment for parents is the selection of proper companions for their children. Many are of the opinion that boys should be kept from the companionship of young girls. We cannot agree with this view, for we think that nothing has a more refining influence, and is more calculated to improve the manners and soften the character of young boys, than the association of virtuous females of the same age. The case, of course, requires much keener inspection where the ages advance, and in the latter case the privation of all female society would be infinitely to be preferred to the questionable companionship of even one of the opposite sex. Where parents' means will allow it, music should be introduced into the course which children pursue. Many hours otherwise hanging on our hands, may be most agreeably, and even intellectually spent, in the execution of vocal and instrumental selections. But here an experience of years has taught us that of all badly taught branches music takes the palm.

It has been our lot to travel by land and by water over the greater portion of this continent, to say nothing of other places, and if anything has ever tempted us to vote music a bore, it has been the abominable torturing of the piano by the various misses whose modesty allowed them to amuse (?) their neighbor travellers. "The Nun's Prayer" we have heard rendered in a variety of styles which would defy the executive powers of Liszt, the imitative talent of Rubinstein, or the elongated fingers of Wehli. Can parents not understand that this detestable practice should cease. If they know nothing about music, and are contented to listen hour after hour to the chaotic mass or volume of sounds which the unfortunate piano is made to give forth, it does not follow that the balance of the travellers on board are of the same mediocre musical calibre. A short while ago we had occasion to take a trip with a party of friends who thought "that a day taken from business would be a month added to life;" we selected a very fine steamer, and for the first hour were delighted with our excursion. Just then a group of young ladies moved towards the piano, and in less than half an hour, every one in our party having the least knowledge of music had to retire in disgust.

The Java March, Il Baccio Waltz, and a number of other time-worn pieces, were made to give up, we verily believe, the little remnant of resemblance they still bear in the juvenile musical circles to the musical compositions bearing their names. On the other hand, what real enjoyment is afforded by persons who have taken the trouble to master a certain portion of the technical difficulties of music before undertaking the performance of any selection in public! Many years ago we had occasion to travel on the St. Lawrence. For awhile dulness seemed the order of the day. It so happened, however, that we were introduced to a very modest young lady, who in our after-conversation gave evidence of much information in musical literature. Not doubting for a moment that so much research would be found combined with equal ability as a performer, we ventured to ask if she could play anything from memory. With the true instincts of a lady, she at first ventured to suggest

that she was averse to giving any manifestation of apparent assumption, and therefore declined qualifiedly. As she was no less conversant with the Greek and Latin classics, than with those of Terpsichore, we made bold to say that it was unbecoming in her to verify the saying of one of the ancients, who tells us that it is usual for musicians to put in the plea of a broken string or a hoarse voice. She responded first by a piquant reference to those lines in which Shakspeare tells us that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and then without further ado seated herself at the piano. As she was a native of Italy, she said that contrary to custom the last piece with others would be the first with her, and she gave us Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," in a style which so far as we were concerned made us think of the "dearest spot on earth," while we blessed the star under which we had been born that we had taken passage in the steamer in which our lady friend was found.

This will serve to illustrate what we wish to impress upon parents in regard to the musical education of their daughters.

There is no limit that can well be placed in so prolific a subject as "home education," and yet we find that already we have occupied more time and space with the portion included in this paper than we originally intended the whole subject should embrace. We have yet said nothing of the religious education to be given children. Perhaps this should have been first mentioned. Here would be the place to discuss the merits of the various systems adopted in schools, colleges, and churches; to unfold the sublime mysteries of religion; but we must refrain for the present. We believe the generality of parents endeavor to instruct their children; may we not ask some one else to help the RECORD and ourselves in the grand work of telling those who do not know fully how to give them the priceless treasure of home education? No work is more called for; none promises greater results; none will merit, for those who undertake it, greater reward. Let parents in this not forget the obligation under which they labor to encourage schools aiming to give a true education. Let them bear in mind the words of the Father of our Country: "Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it should be enlightened."

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A COMPETENCE is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or incumbered, is our happiness.
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be content where Heaven can give no more!
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers, and stings us with success.

## NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

THE celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was retained but a short time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story:

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, everything about him, even in the days of the Consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending Mass previous to the hour of audience was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearances at the chapel of Saint Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the Consular court to the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on Mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husb
much directed to a win
gallery, where there re
peared the form and face
girl of uncommon be
chestnut tresses, brillian
graceful figure of this
caused the more uneasi
Consul's wife, as the
glances were bent not
upon Bonaparte than his
her.

"Who is that young
Josephine one day at t
the service; "what can
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No one could tell Jos
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as this the Consul's wife
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After the audience of
day had passed, Bon
pressed a wish for a d
park, and accordingly
attended by his wife, l
Joseph, Duroc, Camba
Hortense Beauharnais, w
Bonaparte. The King
had just presented Nap
a superb set of horses, fo
ber, and these were ha
an open chariot for the
Consul took it into his he
in person, and mounte
coachman's place. The
off, but just as it was tu
the park, it went crash
stone at the gate, and
Consul was thrown to t
He attempted to rise, bu

prostrate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprang forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party speedily returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing he did was to put his hand into his pocket, and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words: "*Do not drive out in your carriage today.*"

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of coachman today, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon afterwards he returned very pale, and took the First Consul aside.

"Citizen-consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost."

"How so?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb, a real massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to it kindled. Things had been so arranged that, in a quarter of an hour, we should have been scattered among the trees of the park of Saint Cloud. There must be treachery close at hand. Fouché must be told of this. Dubois must be warned."

"Not a word to them," replied Bonaparte; "the knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambacères—tell none of them, and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time.

"Duroc," said he at length, "you will come to-morrow to Mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right; follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb and removed it?"

"I have, citizen-consul."

"Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte. The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow, the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confidant Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at Mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were spent at Malmaison, the winters at St. Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of the month which the republicans well called *Nivose;* and in the evening Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Lauriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the

middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying,

"Citizen-consul! citizen-consul! read—read!"

Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive.

"A petition, madam?" said he, inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it, and see justice done."

"Citizen-consul—" cried the woman, imploringly, joining her hands.

What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprang off with the speed of lightning. The First Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions,

"I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed rapidly along. It was just issuing from the street of St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows, and the cries of the injured passers-by. The infernal machine had exploded. Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted as usual the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupefied; Bonaparte only was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out, and read these lines:

"In the name of Heaven, citizen-consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street St. Nicholas."

The warning came in some respects too late.

On reading these words, the Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of Saint Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door.

"Go," said Bonaparte, quietly but quickly, to Lannes,—"go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries; I *must* see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus without raising his eyes, but to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upwards, "See there, look."

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone; no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouché and Dubois; but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the Consulate succeeded the Empire, and victory after victory marked the career

of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the Emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized earth. The Isle of Elba became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe; and finally the resuscitated Empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed the fallen chief to the very last, were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had lately given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At that instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, but young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would at all times have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest even to her appearance at that moment.

"Sire, sire," said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read, read."

The Emperor took the paper presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of Saint Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends came haply before him, and among them the face which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of brief duration. Napoleon shook his head, and held the paper up to his eye. After perusing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman; "follow the advice. Be warned; it is yet time."

"No," replied he; and taking from his finger a beautiful Oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it kneeling, and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterwards he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of *three warnings*, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred; and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon if once in the power of his adversaries—was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"O," replied Fouché, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the Street Saint Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hôtel-Dieu in 1837, and that around her neck was found, suspended by a silk ribbon, the exquisite Oriental ruby of Napoleon.

## CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

### VII.

WHATEVER unevenness the alteration made by the deluge may have produced upon the earth, in execution of the design of Providence to bind its inhabitants together, by a multiplication of all sorts of wants and by a communication of mutual supports, God has not seemed willing to destroy all the outside covering of this globe, or to hide completely under the sea whatever constituted the first habitation of mankind. Hence it has been his pleasure that there should remain one portion of the country of Eden, and that through the whole series of ages might be seen the vestiges of the habitation of our first parents. These have been exactly recorded by Moses and characterized by recognizable marks. The river Tigris and Euphrates, having two different sources, united in one single bed, and by dividing again form two others; one called Geon, ran through the country of Chus; the other, called Phison, traversed the country which, since the dispersion, was called Chavilath, where the finest gold and precious stones were found. The first two rivers are perfectly known, and a third is still known by the name given to the Chusistan into which it runs towards the Persian Gulf. The fourth is the arm that ran to the west on the same side of the Euphrates, and which is still seen in Arabia, in the province which Arian called Phasine. The precious stones and gold of Arabia were famous in former times. The fishing of pearls has never been interrupted on the western coast of the Persian Gulf, into which the Phison ran; if that name has been given to some other river, it is because other streams, that carried spangles of gold, ran into the Arabian Phison. Notwithstanding the numberless trenches which the ancient kings of Persia and the modern Arabians have made in the Euphrates to water their plains, the long ditch that was the bed of the river Phison is still recognized, and delineated with the utmost exactness by geographers and modern travellers. The concurrence of all these circumstances verify the account given by Moses regarding that district of country. Although the country where the Tigris and Euphrates ran together in one channel has been subject to a great many innovations, and has been often changed in appearance by the various courses given to these rivers, yet one perceives the excellence which caused the children of Noah to choose it for their habitation, and made several conquerors, from age to age, eager to gain its possession. Strabo and Pliny in their geographies, and historians and travellers, have generally extolled the extraordinary fertility of the region.

All those who have forged the origin of their own nation, or who have without discretion repeated the old stories they had heard from others, had the convenient shelter of an antiquity where the whole might be arranged at will without fearing the comparison of another history. When the Grecians caused men to spring out of the hollows of the oaks that covered the vale of Tempe, or hatched them like so many ants' nests under the plains of Arcadia; when the Chinese and Egyptian storytellers made gold and polished arts to come out of the hands of Foky and Herness, four thousand years before their

own time, they were not opposed by the historians of the neighboring nations nor any contradictory monuments. The reason of this silence is that the earth was not at that fabulous period created nor peopled. Moses, on the contrary, had everything against him; yet he is so sure of his monuments that he not only derives the origin of the human race from Adam alone, but he also states that all the inhabitants of the earth in his own lifetime were the progeny of a single man, Noah, who lived eight or nine centuries before him. He is not afraid of the objection, that some nations had a white complexion, that some were olive-colored, some red, some swarthy, and some absolutely black, so as to make it doubtful whether they had a common origin. He is very certain that these different skins supposed no difference of origin, but only different climates, or a temperature and food capable, by their diversity of principles, to vary the constitution of and complexion of men. He did not apprehend that one should show him cyclops with only a single eye in the middle of the forehead, or deformities with two eyes on their breast, or men who from generation had but four of our senses, or a sixth one. Such tales either were not then contrived or made no impression on Moses. The task of the historian was still more perplexing by the necessity that occurred of showing the whole of mankind gathered on the Euphrates in the city of Babel, and speaking one and the same language, about eight hundred years before his own time. Two inscriptions of an older date, and two different languages, would make his whole book fall to the ground. A man speaking with such confidence necessarily found the proof, not the refutation of his dates, in the Egyptian monuments. In fact the exactness of his narrative refuted, by way of anticipation, the fables afterwards introduced in the Egyptian annals.

This point in history is of the utmost importance, when it is examined thoroughly, and it is inquired whether nature and society supply vestiges and proofs of what Moses advances.

The children of Noah being multiplied, and living very uncomfortably in the rocks where the ark was stranded, passed the Tigris, and chose the fruitful plains of Sanaar, in the lower Mesopotamia, for their settlement. The necessary provision for the wants of a multitude of inhabitants and flocks obliged them at last to extend their territory. As there was not in that immense plain any eminent object that could be perceived from a distance, they said: Let us build a town and a tower that may reach up to the heavens; let us make to ourselves a recognizable mark, that we may not be disunited when we disperse here and there. As they had not stone, they baked bricks, and the asphaltus or bitumen, which the country afforded in plenty, served them for mortar. The Lord determined to stop this undertaking by diversifying their language. This introduced confusion, whence the place was called Babel, which signifies confusion. We may ask, has there been a town known by the name of Babel, a well-known tower near to it; a plain of Sinhaar in Mesopotamia; a river Euphrates; plains so level as might render the precaution of building a tower intelligible and rational; in fine, is asphaltus a natural production of that country? From the earliest times when men began to write, all profane antiquity has been acquainted with the Euphrates and the smoothness of the plain. Ptolemy, in his maps of Asia, terminates the plain of Mesopotamia at the Mount Sinhaar on the side of the Tigris. All historians men-

tion that all the lands contiguous to Babylon were so level that the gardens were raised on massive brick buildings, that they might be distinguished from the level plain, and vary the prospects. Ammianus Marcellinus, who followed the apostate emperor Julian into the country, Pliny, and all geographers, both ancient and modern, testify the extent and evenness of those plains, where sight is exhausted without being able to fix upon a single object. The abundance of bitumen flowing naturally, and the extraordinary fertility of ancient Babylon, have been duly noticed. All these combine to make us acquainted with the remains of the country of Eden, and to verify the particulars stated by Moses. Also profane literature, without exception, pays homage to the Scripture, whilst all other histories are as unsatisfactory as though they fell from the moon.

The fault Moses charges upon the children of Noah was not as the Septuagint translation says, *that of pretending to get a name before the dispersion*, but it was, according to the literal meaning of the original text, that of building an habitation that might contain a numerous nation, and of joining to it a tower, which, seen at a great distance, might become a rallying sign, to prevent wandering and separation. The inconvenience they desired to avoid, was the very thing God intended and required of them. They knew very well that the Lord had for above a century invited them to disperse and distribute themselves in colonies from one region to another, and they were actually taking measures to frustrate or prevent for a long while the execution of His design. Owing to the confusion of languages, the various countries were gradually peopled, by fixing therein the inhabitants whom the use of one and the same language had reunited, and who had been compelled to go and live distant from the other families whom they could not understand any longer.

The actual state of the earth, and all the known histories, testify the intention that has very early after the flood divided the languages. It was worthy of the Divine wisdom to employ for the early and speedy peopling of different countries, the very same means which still fix their inhabitants, and prevent dispersion. There are countries so very good, and others so unfavorable, that men would roam from one to the other, if the use of the same language were not a bond strong enough to keep the inhabitants of unpleasant climates attached to their own country. The miracle mentioned by Moses even at this day peoples every part of the earth as effectually as it did in the time of the dispersion of the children of Noah, and throughout all the ages of the world.

Another characteristic of the exact truth of this narrative is, that the diversity of languages agrees with the dates assigned by Moses. It is prior to all known history. The Egyptian pyramids, "the Arundel marbles," engraved with Grecian history, three hundred years before Christ, and other monuments of a truthful character, do not go back to a more remote antiquity. Moreover, the reunion of mankind in Chaldea before the dispersion, is a fact altogether conformable to the respective migrations of the first colonies. They all set out from the east, both men and arts, and gradually advanced towards the west, the south, and the north. History shows us kings and imposing establishments in the centre and on the coasts of Asia, at a time when nothing had been heard of any other colonies. If the Chinese and Egyptians have had at an early period greater re-

semblance than others with the ancient inhabitants of Chaldea, by their sedentary disposition, their symbolical figures, their astronomical knowledge, and by the practice of a few refined arts, it is because they immediately settled in favorable lands, where, not being thwarted by the woods that covered all other regions, nor by the wild beasts that disturbed other settlements, they multiplied very quickly, and retained the use of the first inventions. The very remote antiquity of these three nations, and their resemblance in so many points, notwithstanding the vast distances that separate them, evidences the unity of their origin, and singular exactness of sacred history. The state of the other colonies. was very different from those who settled early in the rich plains of the Euphrates, the Kiau, and the Nile. Let us imagine in other countries vagrant families that have not landmarks or roads, and enter adventurously a wild region where everything is wanting; no instruments to practice the knowledge they might have retained; no rest to allow them to perfect what actual necessity might cause them to invent. The want of sufficient means of subsistence often set them quarrelling; jealousy caused mutual destruction; one small company putting to flight another handful of men. This wandering and unstable way of living made them forget everything, and reduced them to the poorest methods of industry and dwelling, such as *flint hatchets*, *lacustrine cottages*, &c., which our modern foolosophers pretend to be evidences of an order of things contradictory to holy writ. Nothing but a renewal of correspondence with the East caused an alteration and improvement. The Goths and all the people of the North ceased to be barbarous only by settling in Gaul and Italy. The Franks and Gauls owe their refinement to the Romans, and to the Irish, who, through Milesius, had transported primeval civilization to the far western isle. Greece remained rough, till the arrival of Cadmus, who carried thither the Phœnician letters. The Greeks being charmed with this help, addicted themselves to the cultivation of their language, to poetry, and singing. They were not much inclined to the cultivation of politics, architecture, navigation, astronomy, and painting, till they travelled to Memphis, Tyre, and to the court of Persia. They improved everything, but did not invent. It is then no less evident from profane history than from the Scripture narrative, that the East has been the common source of nations, and of the liberal arts and sciences. It is remarkable that there never has been any progress, except in after times, when the frenzy of conquests reconducted the armies of the West into Asia.

The agreement between the narratives of the Bible and the contemporary state of society, cannot fail to fix the attention of intelligent men, and to puzzle those unfortunate errorists who are so eager to substantiate untruth. Skeptics are uneasy and wavering, in proportion as they are erudite, and possessed of integrity and sound reason. They know that the beauty of style which captivates us in favor of Roman and Athenian writers is not a legitimate cause for despising Moses, or those who, after him, contributed several books of the Jews and early Christians. These are not elaborate histories, but contemporary memoirs of the events they relate. We are not warranted to reject any recitals, except so far as we can discover imposture or ignorance in the narration. We cannot accuse Moses, nor any subsequent writer of the same order, of any fault in this

respect. They relate what they saw, or what they had learned from their fathers, and according to memoirs handed down to them. The facts are supported by the concurrence of certain particulars; they are certified by the testimony of monuments actually extant; and by an order of local positions that suppose that the narrator had correct sight and information.

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## STABAT MATER.

Stood the Mother tearful, anguished,
'Neath the cross, while Jesus languished
Thereon, through his agony.

Through her soul, with sorrow groaning,
All his bitter pains bemoaning,
Passed the sword of prophecy.

O! how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother, ever blessed,
Of the sole begotten One.

Grief her every sense imbuing,
As she, shuddering, stood viewing
The throes of her glorious Son.

Who no tearful founts unsealing,
Still could bear in dread revealing
Christ's dear Mother's woe untold.

Who could sorrow's sway controlling,
That fond Mother's dread condoling
With her Son, unmoved behold.

For his own race unrelenting,
Saw she Him bear their tormenting,
All his frame with scourges rent.

Saw that Child, her delectation,
Dying, hang mid desolation,
While his Spirit forth he sent.

Then, O Mother, fount of loving,
Thy grief's force my spirit moving,
Grant that I may with thee weep.

Love's bright flame my heart dilating,
Christ, my Lord, conciliating,
Ever in my bosom keep.

Holy Mother, grant this blessing,
On my heart the wounds impressing,
Of Him who was crucified.

Thy Son's pangs with me dividing,
Who those wounds and tortures biding
For me worthily hath died.

Flow my tears, with thine e'er blending,
Thy Son's woe my spirit rending,
Until death shall be at hand.

Near the cross my vigil keeping,
In thy grief my spirit steeping,
With thee may I constant stand.

Virgin, than all virgins fairer,
Be to me a gracious hearer,
Let my tears with thine e'er fall.

Let me, Christ's death in me bearing,
In his sacred passion sharing,
Fondly his blest wounds recall.

With those wounds me penetrating,
Me his cross inebriating,
Thy Son's love let mine repay.

Lest in quenchless flames I perish,
Virgin, with thy succor, cherish
Me upon the judgment-day.

May I, on the cross relying,
Christ's death my soul fortifying,
In the strength of grace e'er rise.

Let me, Lord, when life is ending,
Thy sweet Mother me befriending,
Gain at length the victor's prize.

When with death my frame is riven,
Be a life of glory given
To my soul, in Paradise.

## GERTRUDE LEIGH.

In one of the most sequestered glens in the heart of Mid-Lothian, stood a quaint old house, that had the appearance of having been at one time of great importance. A massive outer wall, inclosing a paved courtyard, a dilapidated flight of stone steps, leading to a spacious entrance hall, seemed to indicate days of wealth and grandeur. But those days had passed away, and the very walls were silent monitors of the vanity of earthly pomp. Many changes had that old house seen, ere it came to the possession of its present occupier, Owen Leigh, the youngest son of an old Scotch family.

In a room that was now used as parlor and nursery, sat a young mother, gazing sadly and earnestly into the blue eyes of the infant that she held in her arms, as though anxious to read the affections of her darling through those loopholes of the soul, when suddenly she started, pressed it close to her beating heart; for, with quick maternal instinct, she had seen a strange unearthly look on the face of her little one.

An attendant was immediately despatched to the nearest town, to summon one whose skill for poor suffering babyhood was well known.

But death tarries not; and, though the frightened messenger hastened with all possible speed, the snow, which lay thick and deep on the ground, impeded his progress, and, long before help came, the little one had breathed out its life on the lap of its distracted mother.

Then there was the quiet tread, and the subdued voices, which spoke of death; and the bereaved mother sat mute, her heart a blank, in silent, hopeless sorrow; she mourned, and, like Rachel, would not be comforted. Her husband, by his presence and kind attention, added to her grief; his sunken cheek, with that fatal hectic flush, showed but too plainly that consumption had claimed him as its victim; and, ever and anon, as his deep hollow cough fell upon her ear, she shuddered, and knew that ere long he, too, would be taken from her. In those moments of intense agony, this terrible crushing and destroying of the earthly idols she so fondly clung to, her stricken soul cried:

"Why is it? O! my God, what have I done that Thou shouldst thus crush me in Thy might?"

The day came, when all that remained of what they had so much loved should be taken from their sight. It was Christmas time when the angels took that little one to join their bright company in Paradise, to celebrate with them the anniversary of that joyous festival, when the sweet Babe of Bethlehem appeared in His rude cot of nature's framing.

Ah! could that poor mother have looked with the eye of faith on the bliss of Heaven, and remembered that the way there is strewn with crosses, and that God, who is Love, does all things for love; promptly would she, like Abraham, have offered her firstborn, and, in holy submission, have acknowledged that "He who spared not His own Son" was all wise, and knew what was best for His creatures.

The minister of the kirk they attended was one of the old Puritan school. He visited the mourners, and, in that cold, formal, solemn manner, so characteristic of Puri-

tanism, read to them a few carefully selected passages from the Sacred Scriptures.

Then they took the little one, and laid her in her last resting-place. No prayers were said by that open grave; no loving hands sprinkled it with holy water, that last parting tribute of pious affection; gloomily, sadly, and silently they lowered that little coffin to the earth, and returned to their homes.

But the bereaved mother, though oppressed with grief at the death of her child, seemed much more distressed—after the last sad rites were over, she was uneasy, anxious, troubled—that the body of her lost darling had been placed in the earth just as she, in the days of her girlhood, had buried a pet canary.

"Can this be a Christian burial?" she asked herself; and, for the first time, began to doubt the practice and teaching of what she had hitherto thought to be right. Like Mary, "she kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

Day by day she watched with tender solicitude the wasting strength of her husband; and, when the warm sun came again to gladden the earth with its brightness, they would often visit that little grave in the quiet secluded kirkyard, and with chastened spirits speak of that mysterious thing called death, and of the hope of a reunion in Heaven; but there was a vague, undefined, speculative uncertainty, an absence of that firm belief which, like an anchor, supports the soul of a true Catholic, under the severest trials.

Days and weeks and months passed. The wasted form was still more wasted; the sunken cheeks grew still more sunken; that deep, unceasing cough still continued to rob the poor sufferer of the repose he so much craved, until at last the once strong man yielded to death. Quietly and wearily he fell asleep; that sleep from which there is no awakening till the last great day, when the greedy graves will have to yield up their prey.

Again there was the hush of death in that old house. The same quiet whisperings, the same suggestive silence; only that the silence now seemed more still and unendurable, and that desolate widowed heart gave many an agonizing cry to One who, from that great white throne above, ever listens to the cry of His children's sorrow.

There are griefs so great and sacred that all human aid and consolation is unavailing. Such was now the grief of that childless widow, Gertrude Leigh. She missed the gentle pressure of that thin, wasted hand, and realized the indescribable loneliness of early widowhood.

Outwardly, things went on much in the same old way. Nature was in her brightest mood. Birds sang joyously; the little brook sparkled and murmured, as it ran on its course; flowers bloomed, and gaily flung out their perfumes; the blue sky above, with its pure, fleecy clouds, sailing majestically along in their quiet grandeur; the green sod beneath, bright and varied, with its wild gems of buttercups and daisies, spoke of a good, loving, and bountiful Creator.

But in one sad heart all was gloom; it was the dreary winter of a soul in desolation. Then came that deep yearning of the soul in its helplessness, that upward turning and silent pleading for strength and for help.

Ah! when, like Mary, we take our stand at the foot of the Cross, and gaze on the Crucified One, and in emptiness of soul look to Him, then it is that hope dawns, and we realize how God has loved us; and we pray to Him more earnestly, more hopefully, for light, for love, and for guidance.

The time soon came when Gertrude Leigh had to leave that home which, only two short years ago,

she had entered as a bride—a bright, happy, trusting bride—and now, how changed! She bid farewell to scenes that had grown very dear to her, and soon found herself being rapidly hurried away, far away, past quiet glens and busy towns; but her thoughts wandered painfully back to those two newly-made graves in that quiet kirkyard, and her pent-up sorrow found relief in one agonizing burst of tears.

And that long weary journey! Would it never end? It ended at last; and she saw old faces waiting to welcome her back to the home of her childhood; and time, that great healer of grief, softened the poignancy of her sorrow. But those doubts, those misgivings, would not leave her. There was that deep unrest of the soul, that desire for truth; for something more real, more certain than the vague shadowy sentiment that had hitherto guided her; and so, step by step, did our Lord lead this soul to Himself, just as a tender, earthly father guides the tottering steps of his child in its first efforts to walk.

Listlessly and languidly glancing over the leaves of a periodical, Gertrude's attention was attracted by the account of one who had recently left the uncertain, ever varying teaching of Protestantism, and found a home and resting place for his soul in that grand old school of the Saints, the one true Catholic Apostolic Church.

Gertrude's heart beat fast and quick with an unusual emotion. She, too, would investigate; she, too, would beg for grace, to be guided into the way of truth. There was much to be done; but light came at last, and with the light hope and love. She was convinced that in the Catholic Church alone was to be found that certainty, that unity, that sanctity for which the soul craved; but there were many difficulties. Old prejudices, old habits, old friends, seemed to rise up like an army, in opposition to the light that had just dawned on her soul.

Should she surrender? She could not tell. God and truth were the two watchwords, with which she girded herself for the coming struggle. She obtained an interview with a Catholic clergyman, then very soon her soul was at rest; and with joy she acknowledged herself a Catholic, and felt a strength she had hitherto been a stranger to, for she knew her faith was grounded on a rock, which would never fail her.

Many hidden trials awaited her. There were many estrangements more cruel than death; but her heart was at peace now, and in the midst of earthly sorrows she could look forward calmly and hopefully to the end, gratefully acknowledging that she was now in the "narrow way," which would lead her straight through all the tribulations of this world's weary wilderness and, with St. Bernard, she knew that, "if the labor terrifies, the reward invites."

Gertrude Leigh was only one of the thousands who, wearied with the contradictions of Protestant sects, are gradually led to the conviction that, since truth is one and unchangeable, and the Christian Revelation is the unveiling of truth to man, that Revelation cannot issue in contradictory Churches, that there can be but one true Church, and that must be the Church of the Old Religion, one and indivisible, Catholic and Roman.

## A VISIT TO THE SHRINE OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

SALERNO! lovely spot—fit resting-place for the Evangelist St. Matthew, who lies buried in the marble vaults of the old Cathedral. How beautiful it looked on that midsummer Sunday, as it lay beneath the Italian sun, contrasting the dazzling whiteness of its houses with the soft blue of the Mediterranean. But we were to start for the Shrine of St. Alphonsus, to leave the sea behind us for a while, and to exchange the pleasures of scenery, for the more devotional joys of a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Holy Doctor. The pilgrimage would have been by rail (unromantic thought), but as ill luck, or rather good luck, would have it, we arrived too late at the station, in spite of all the energetic driving of our Jehu-like coachman. "How far is Pagani by road?" was the only question which suggested itself. "Nine miles," was the reply.

"How much do you want?" we said.

"Thirteen francs," said our driver, delighted at the prospect of a bargain.

Well, anything was better than putting off our expedition, and unloading once more at the hotel, so the bargain was struck, and in a few moments we were on the dusty road that leads inland from Salerno.

The only object of interest during our drive (excepting, of course, the distant view of Vesuvius), was the monastery of La Cava. Perched on the summit of an inaccessible-looking hill, the old building seemed well suited for those who once sought solitude and contemplation within its walls. Italian monasteries, however, are a melancholy sight; their inhabitants are scattered and their choirs dissolved. As a general rule, a few religious are allowed to remain, just to "keep up" the church; but in one case, at least, the house has been completely deserted, viz., the Camaldolese convent near Lorets.

Having passed through Nocera, we reached our destination at Pagani. Here we were beset by beggars of all sorts, who, for imaginary services, demanded the meed of ten soldi or more. The only thing was to beat a precipitate retreat into the convent; but no! one of our tormentors, bolder than the rest, followed us all about the passages, stood when we stood, knelt when we knelt, walked when we walked; in short, left us no peace.

Certainly, the only way to see Italy comfortably is to travel armed with a profusion of half-francs; beggars, unless bought off, will follow you to the railway station or hotel, and prove very disagreeable customers.

The monastery at Pagani was one of the houses founded by St. Liguori himself, and thither he retired to die after resigning his laborious bishopric. It is a large, solidly built house, with long corridors and deserted cells. Deserted! yes—for out of fifty or sixty *Liguorini* (*i. e.*, Redemptorists) only six have been allowed by the Government to remain. The Superior, to whom we were introduced, told us that the majority of the exiled religious had returned to their homes, to "hope for better times." The old priest was most affable to his English visitors, gave us relics of his great Patron, and had us conducted to the little apartment where St. Alphonsus breathed his last. What a small, silent room it was; poor, scantily furnished and

insignificant; left just as it appeared on that first of August, 1787, when it witnessed the death of one of the greatest propagators of Christianity whom the world has seen since the days of St. Paul. The bed was in the corner, the mattress upon it, and at the foot the linen carefully folded and tied with ribbon. It reminded one of the Sepulchre in which the linen was folded but the Body was gone; and so from this bed of suffering the good servant had gone to his reward, leaving, nevertheless, innumerable souls to deplore his loss.

There still hangs the little picture of the Madonna and Child on which the saint fixed his dying eyes, and close to it, the candle which he held at death. We took a small portion of the wax; a precious relic of one who has taught so many thousands how to die. It is interesting to recall the words with which St. Liguori has apostrophized the death-candle. In his sermon for the fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, he says: "O Candle, O Candle, enlighten us while we are still in life; at our last hour thy light shall serve us no more, save only to terrify and alarm us." What awe we felt in that chamber of death! It seemed as if the spirit of God's loving servant still haunted the spot. Near us, in the anteroom, stood the altar at which he had so often said Mass. From the window one saw the orange groves upon which, doubtless, he had so often gazed when composing those spiritual treatises which have proved the salvation of countless souls. It was with regret that we left so sacred a spot. We were next shown the church. Under a side altar lie the bones of Our Saint, dressed in full pontificals, and the head is uncased in a plaster effigy. The effect is not so pleasing as at the tomb of St. Charles at Milan, or St. Zeno at Verona, where the faces are exposed to view; the actual face of St. Alphonsus is not to be seen. Leaving the altar we entered the sacristy; here we were shown the cassock, collar, breviary, &c., just as the Holy Doctor left them at death. There is nothing very noticeable in the central aisle of the church, except, perhaps, the vast inscription over the High Altar "QUIS UT DEUS" ("Who like God"), a salutary lesson to any Protestant ready to exclaim against Mariolatry and image-worship, or tempted to believe that Catholics put Mary in the place of her Creator.

The afternoon congregation had now assembled, and the Superior was preaching a sermon quite in the style of his great predecessor; but we were obliged to leave, and had no time to thank him for the cordial welcome he had given us. In another moment we were hurrying to the station, *en route* for Naples. The beggars resumed their pursuit—and it was not till the train was fairly off that one had time to admire the greatness of a man who abandoned the honors and comforts of metropolitan life to spend his talents in teaching these poor creatures the way to truth, and in proclaiming to the world the infinite love of its Redeemer.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. A Course of Plain Instructions for those entering her Communion. By Rev. John B. Bagshawe, Missionary Rector of St. Elizabeth's, Richmond. With a preface by the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 S. Third Street.

The title of this book is in a certain sense a misnomer, for while at first glance it would lead us to believe that the work is specially intended for the benefit of those who are at furthest only at the portals of the Church, we, on fuller inspection, find that it is equally serviceable for a large class of Catholics whom we regret to have to classify as little better than *strangers within her gates.*

Father Bagshawe very aptly remarks (pp. 7 and 8): "A man who has got his mind very full of the notion of God sees his own littleness in comparison with God's greatness, feels his own ignorance in comparison with God's infinite wisdom, thinks of God's presence everywhere, consequently has a great reverence for Him and all things belonging to Him, and feels a deep responsibility to Him for all his actions. *Such a man as this finds no difficulty in religion.* The mysteries of his faith seem quite reasonable and natural to him; they are consistent with the idea of God, which is familiar to him. The things required of him in the service of God are just what he is prepared to give. If he is not a Catholic, should the Catholic religion ever be put in his way so as to give him a chance of knowing it, he will be in a good disposition to embrace it.

"On the other hand, if a man has not in his heart much real thought of God or reverence for Him, you may be sure that his religion rests on a very slight foundation. It is like the house built on the sand; *whatever external* appearance it may have, it is in danger of falling in the first trial—'and the rains fell and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell' (St. Matthew, 7 : 27)."

Here we have minutely described the characters of the two classes of persons for whom this book is intended. They can, however, be ranged under one head, namely, those needing instruction in the Catholic religion, whether as outsiders seeking it, or baptized children of the faith failing to know and appreciate the gift of God. The former, coming to the fountain of living waters, as they generally do come, with a perfect heart, need only instruction for the head; the latter, personified by the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, must be trained through the heart and by the instrumentality of a winsome love. Both must be made to *know* the gift of God before they can fully appreciate it, receiving first the word with joy ere they bring forth fruit in season. How is this to be done? *They must read.* Whatever profession of life we adopt we must prepare for it by arduous study; no duty of the world, however trifling, can be fulfilled without some preparation, nor *perfectly* performed without long practice. Shall the science of salvation, in comparison with which all secular learning and profit are nothing, shall it alone be neglected? Learned intuitively it may be, by a special grace, a grace, however, not wasted upon those whom God has blessed with the talents and means to acquire it in the natural way, but to the main question we answer promptly, No. The duty of studying the Christian religion being self-apparent, we have only to add that we know of no work better suited for the purpose, no book better adapted to educate both the head and heart, none more thorough, treating alike of dogma, doctrine, discipline, and ritual, yet none at the same time more briefly comprehensive than Father Bagshawe's welcome work. Himself one of those English converts than whom none know better the trials of a mind seeking the light of faith, the completeness with which he has provided so excellent a means for so perfect an end is proven by the warm reception his book has already received.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS in the years 1860–69. By Edward Whymper; with over 100 illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1873.

We can suggest nothing more seasonable as a subject for summer reading than the pages of this charming volume, redolent with the spray of Alpine avalanches and delicious with the crisp breathings of those snow-clad peaks and cool retreats mid the recesses of the mountain boulders. Who has not heard of the Alps, their magnificent scenery, and the exciting adventures of tourists who cross their famous passes from France to Italy?

The romantic hospitality of Mount Saint Bernard, or the more material pleasure of a ride over the Fell railway, or through the Mount Cenis Tunnel, are familiar themes to all; but who has known of this marvellous range of mountains as Mr. Whymper so graphically describes them? Seldom if ever have the ice-bound secrets of their byways, the hidden places of their rocks, their highest summits and deepest valleys, their Fauna and Flora, the character of their inhabitants, their manner of life, even their peculiar diseases, cretinism and the goitre; in a word, everything in the natural order, as well as the mechanical wonders by which the skill of man has superadded to the marvels of this region and facilitated travel therein, are all discussed in a style full of the deep research and romantic dash of one thoroughly conversant with the subject. He has literally scrambled all through this *terra incognita*, and disclosed its wonders, to the pleasure and profit of the reader, in a series of papers recently published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, of which this book is a compilation in the form of an octavo volume, beautifully printed on rich tinted paper, handsomely bound, and its literary value doubly enhanced by the profusion of illustrations on wood, which have merited unqualified praise from hosts of *connoisseurs* as being almost unequalled of their kind in the engraver's art. These are from designs and photographs by a number of distinguished artists, and executed under the personal supervision of Messrs. T. W. and Edward Whymper.

A COURSE OF PHILOSOPHY, embracing Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics, designed as a text-book for the use of schools. By Rev. A. Louage, C.S.C., professor in the University at Notre Dame. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1873.

In the June (1873) number of the RECORD, while reviewing a work on philosophy somewhat similar to the one before us, we took occasion to express our gratification at the publication of a Catholic philosophical text-book, and at the same time gave utterance to the wish that it would be followed speedily by other kindred works. We little anticipated then that our desire would be so soon gratified. Fr. Louage's work is far more elementary, more condensed and simpler in its diction than the pioneer volume of Fr. Hill. We particularly advise the reader to peruse the preface to the present volume, as it is valuable for the suggestions it gives with regard to the importance of studying philosophy. We have not found anything in the body of the work contrary to sound doctrine or even of unsafe tendency, but we would, as a general rule warn authors of such treatises, now that they are beginning to take a place among our school-books, against too great condensation, lest they become dangerously inexplicit or be chargeable with a brevity equivalent to absurdity.

POINTS OF HISTORY. Boston: Patrick Donahue, 1873.

We are heartily delighted at the issue of a new edition of this old and invaluable little work, coming as it does at a time when the argumentative contest over the historical questions of which it treats is being reopened with renewed bitterness. Protestantism, the offspring of the "father of lies," lives, thrives, and fattens on the food of mendacity, served up by its own writers. Catholic authors, however, have been on the alert. The late and doubly lamented Col. James F. Meline—peace to his ashes!—by his "Mary, Queen of Scots," his recompilation of Hüber's "Xystus V," and, if we mistake not the penman, by several articles in the *Catholic World*, on such subjects as "Pope Joan" and similar mendacious trash, has dealt most vigorous blows upon the backs of some of the "new school historians" and the old "reformed" ones too. The little book we are reviewing appeared, however, long before Col. Meline entered the lists, and ably refutes the calumnies against the Church, or explains the doubtful points in such subjects as *The Inquisition*, *The Albigenses and the Waldenses*, *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, *The Gunpowder Plot*, *Galileo*, and *Religious Toleration a Question of First Principles*. The only fault we have heard insinuated against the book is the absence of notes of reference or an index of authorities. But then the present edition comes to us more substantially clad than its predecessors, and the new dress is so pleasing that we will let it cover those little sins of omission, while we take the book like an old friend upon its yet never-failing word.

SUMMER EXCURSIONIST, 1873.

We have received from D. M. Boyd, Jr., Esq., a copy of "The Summer Excursionist," a neat little pamphlet issued by the enterprising managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, containing a descriptive list of several hundred favorite excursions. This little volume contains much valuable information to the travelling public, and will be found particularly useful to all who may be contemplating a trip at the present time, the most delightful season of the year for travelling.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. V, No. 30.—OCTOBER, 1873.

## IS THE PRESS SECULAR OR PROTESTANT?

WE find ourselves in a particularly happy and intellectual state of mind this bright September morning. Our happiness we must set down to the exhilarating state of the weather, for the fact is undeniable that we are and have been for a long time a victim to that foul fiend dyspepsia. The phase of our intellectuality is such that we have no right to attribute any relief, physical or mental, to that score, for if our mental digestion indicates anything it proves this fact, that we have been doing a deal of heavy reading of late. We have been poring over page after page of those lightsome tomes which a renowned *litterateur*, whose demise we deplore, has so aptly styled "leaders of disjointed thinking;" in a word, to get out of the woods of metaphor, we have been perusing the newspapers. We have labored for years, indeed, ever since our juvenile days, under the impression that it was our bounden duty not only to cultivate our mind by good reading, but also to keep its growth fresh and vigorous after it was cultivated; and how could we better do this, thought we, than by watering it with the intellectual dew of newspaperdom? Do not the newspapers keep you up with the times? do not the newspapers tell you all that's going on? and a good deal that isn't going on too? Are not the newspapers the thermometers of thought and action? Are they not, in the language of all the Solons of the nineteenth century, among the greatest engines of all the material and metaphysical highfalutinism of this age of ages? Are they not the levers of public opinion? are they not the leaders of progressive thought? are they not the teachers of the people? Above all, don't they always tell the truth? don't they always have the latest and most reliable intelligence? (reliable in a double sense) no matter whether they get from "an intelligent contraband," "a gentleman just arrived from the scene of action," "our own correspondent," or "by special telegram." Don't they grow

and fatten so rapidly on public favor that every little insignificant sheet that starts into existence, and is nursed into hardihood by little urchins who run it vigorously all day long up and down in the open street for the benefit of its health, on the same principle, we suppose, that nurse takes baby out for an airing; we repeat, does not this process prove so thriving that in a little while our paper has grown to such tremendous dimensions that, in order to properly appreciate its contents, we have to treat it just as we serve our mutton, *quarter it?* In a word, is not the press generally as superlatively superior to all other created things, except a locomotive, as that remarkable and vigorous female, "Major De Boots's wife?" To all of which we, as American citizens, proud of the privilege of honoring this mighty champion of the people's rights and the people's wrongs, answer, unhesitatingly, Yes! most certainly. Therefore, what better could we do than read the newspapers?

Newspapers, however, like almost everything else in this age of voluminous legislation and strict definitions, have certain rights, privileges, and prerogatives. One of their rights is a perfect freedom of expression upon all matters of a nature pertaining to that class of subjects for which they pretend a special interest. As, for instance, if they are the organ of any particular branch of business interests, or of any political party, or of any religious denomination, we naturally expect them to demonstrate and defend all matters which come professedly within their control. While these privileges and prerogatives are clearly pointed out by the common judgment of the public, that public, in turn, is equally jealous of any undue intrusion of these mouth-pieces of public sentiment upon the province of each other, or any unnecessary or violent expression of opinion which would cause the so-called freedom of the press to degenerate into licentiousness. A professedly Democratic paper which would enunciate, or even defend in part the principles of the Republican party, would be an anomaly so startling that the partisans of the political party of which it was the pretended exponent would immediately desert its subscription list, while the verdict of the disinterested popular voice would be that its editor was looking out for spoils in the camp of the opposite party, was smarting under some offence from his own side, or was from sheer mental vacillation preparing "to jump Jim Crow." The organ of the shoe and leather trade does not attempt to deal with questions pertaining to the iron interests, while we would hardly search through the columns of the *Legal Intelligencer* for information properly to be sought for in the pages of the *Journal of Commerce* or *Samuel's Circular*. Upon the same principle papers which are published to advocate the religious views of various sectarian denominations, are, as a universal rule, famous for their adherence to the dogmas and doctrines of their respective churches. It was the almost unheard of departure from this rule that raised such a remarkable expression of sentiment against the tone of the *Mercersburg Review* and those Episcopalian journals which advocate the cause of Ritualism, because, by their misguided views, they are, according to the ideas of the churchmen they nominally represent, merely playing into the hands of the Catholics. So too with a certain magnificent periodical, which, albeit, was once, and happily is again, the favorite exponent of Catholic opinion, yet no sooner had its gifted editor advanced doctrines, which even seemed however slightly to conflict with the teach-

ings of the Faith, than it immediately fell under the ban of popular disapproval. Is it not singular, then, that those magazines and newspapers which are professedly secular, that is, which claim to discuss with an impartial voice all matters of general public interest, should alone depart from this rule? In fact one would judge from the temper of their contents that they laid claim to a species of divine prerogative to judge all things with an infallible voice. Their editors are perfect "Johnnie Knowalls," conversant with everything, from "Olympus to a pebble, from an archangel to a worm." No event is too remote either in a past or future tense for their lynx-like eyes to penetrate; no problem, social, metaphysical, ethical, æsthetical, political, religious, artistic, or scientific, too abstruse for their marvellous brains to solve, and to solve with lightning-like rapidity. They are above all the restraints of logic; they rise superior to the lessons of history; they scorn, with innate pride, the teachings of everyday facts; they are the facile factotums, the great I ams, of modern progress, and the only law they know or recognize is that law unto themselves, which is the guiding star of knaves and fools.

There is one subject, however, upon which they delight to cast the wisdom-sparks of their conflicting and convulsed intellectual orbits. A subject which ever laughs the puny wits and silly investigation of Lilliputian brains to scorn, and which, consequently, is ever earning from them the hatred of the weak and malicious. That subject is the Roman Catholic Church.

When a Catholic gentleman comes down in the morning to his coffee and rolls, he naturally takes up the daily paper; if he sees any headings which appertain to the affairs of his Church he naturally glances at them as the first thing in order after "The Money Market." He has no objection to seeing any Church news therein, because Church *news*, as a portion of the current events of the day, is not out of place in a secular paper, even if the intelligence be of such a startling character as who is to be the next Pope, or that furnished by the female Jenkins, who does the Roman correspondence for the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, and who is so nicely accurate in all her statements that she can tell to the smallest fraction of an ounce the quantity of soap which His Holiness uses in the performance of his daily ablutions; but when the paper, without any previous fitness for the task, usurps the right to comment upon that news to the detriment of its Catholic readers, why, then, those readers in turn may undoubtedly claim the glorious prerogative which the newspapers say it is within their province, as leaders of progressive thought, to confer, namely, "to provoke inquiry." Neither must they complain if that powerful weapon of inquiry be turned against themselves, and their readers politely ask, "Is the press secular or Protestant?"

We do not now allude to such papers as a celebrated New York weekly, which crowns its head with the euphonious and presumptuous title, *A Journal of Civilization*, but which prostitutes its pages with *nasty* illustrations, and still nastier articles, descriptive of the well-executed woodcuts, both directed towards the avowed purpose of defaming and destroying the Roman Catholic Church, that is, of proving its own civilization by propagating lies which are intended to affect the weak-minded, prejudiced, and malicious among the Protestant portion of the American community, and by their instrumentality to make the respectable and sensible portion of that community re-

sponsible for riots, arsons, church burnings, and various similar communistical doings. We say we do not refer to such vile papers as this, because the Messrs. Harpers, in their insane fanaticism, overshoot their mark. The American people are not fools; they are in fact the last people on the face of the globe to be duped. American Protestants, strong and firm as they may be in their religious tenets, are, on the whole, liberal-minded; if they were not they would long since have been carried away by such raving and ranting sheets. They are, moreover, a law-abiding people; they know that the constitution and laws of the American Union guarantee to all forms of worship, untrammelled freedom; to the conscience of every citizen who has the honor and the happiness to live under the stars and stripes, an exercise of his rights as free as the air he breathes. They know what personal and civil liberty means, and they know that their Catholic fellow-citizens enjoy in our favored land all these rights in their fullest extent, not *ex gratia concivium;* not through the grace or the courtesy of their fellow-citizens; not through well-earned gratitude for services rendered, political, civil or military, but through the primal, unalterable, and inalienable laws of truth, right, and justice,—the natural right of men divinely endowed therewith, and needing no confirmation from the civil power.

They know, moreover, the *animus*, the cause, and the purpose of all such journals, and the meaning of such *civilization*. They know *Harper's Weekly* to be a sheep in wolf's clothing. They know it to be a time-serving sheet, in a political sense, and the hired agent of communism, fanaticism, and know-nothingism in a religious point of view; hence we say, that we dismiss such journals as unworthy of notice; as useless for any other purpose than to send their patrons to the devil, and to make the Catholic Church thrive a thousand times more flourishingly than it otherwise would. So go on, Messrs. Harpers; keep up your journal of civilization; you do yourselves and yours no good, and us no harm.

But when our Catholic reader at the breakfast-table, or our Catholic merchant at his counting-house desk, takes up such very genteel and eminently respectable sheets as the *New York Times*, or the Philadelphia *North American and United States Gazette*, and learns therefrom that "the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican was called for the purpose of rolling back several centuries the tide of civilization;" that the "antics at Paray" are a sample of the gross superstition of the ultramontane party in France, and a harbinger of the chains and degradation, civil, religious, and political, which these wonderful people, who are getting to rival "the Jesuits" in cunning, ubiquity, and power, are preparing to force upon France; when, to sum up without further exemplification, he has paid his subscription to be furnished with the news of the day, he is supplied instead with a plentiful rehash of all the stale and putrid scandals which the enemies of God and man have for centuries brought to bear against "the anointed of Christ," may he not do well to drop his paper and provoke a few private inquiries, such as, Am I living in a free country and an age of enlightenment? Is this the freedom of the press, to insult the sense and the consciences and the dearest rights of a large portion of its readers? I indeed cannot ask that the local columns of a paper, which purports to be a general recorder of current events, shall spare my Church by failing to repeat the slanders of Protestant pulpits, reported for the satisfaction of

that portion of the community who delight in such things, but I have a right to look for exemption from favorable editorial comments thereon, with the liberty of paying my ten cents per week and getting as much of such trash as I may find use for in the pages of denominational journals like *The Banner of Truth*, *The Christian Weekly*, *The Episcopalian*, or *The Presbyterian Messenger*. Is he not correct in asking, as a writer in the last issue of the *Civilta Catolica* does ably *in extenso*, Am I justified in reading *bad* newspapers? (*cattivi giornali*), by which he means, not obscene publications, not defamatory journals like *Harper's Weekly*, which are, *ex ipsa natura*, under the ban, but liberal newspapers, whose "news" is of the same Thompsonian order as those secular journals to which we have referred, and who never let an opportunity pass to give a venomous fling at the Church?

Come, gentlemen of the quill, answer him; what kind of journalism is this? Are your papers secular or Protestant? If secular, "stick to your last;" if Protestant, have the moral courage to say so; let the lines be plainly drawn; let the mask be dropped. It will not do for you to say, as the Messrs. Harpers say, and base their nefarious rights upon the declaration, that as they receive no support from Catholics they are not bound to respect them. THAT IS A LIE! The proof of the lie is; first, in the fact that the Harpers' publications have, in a literary standpoint, received from Catholics quite as much patronage, when deserving it, as from Protestants; it was only when they became so mendacious, blasphemous, and bigoted, that no Catholic could conscientiously tolerate them in his house, his library, or in the school where his children received their education; it was only then that they gave them the cold shoulder.

The proof lies, secondly, in the fact that the Catholic population of this country and England numbers conjointly several millions. It is a self-evident proposition that these millions daily read the daily journals; it is an equally self-evident truth that these millions of readers have no single daily paper exclusively under Catholic control or Catholic auspices to read, consequently they must read the secular journals. If the English-speaking Catholics of America had half the energy of their German fellow-citizens, at least had half the enterprise that they should possess, both as Americans and as Catholics, they would present several magnificent rivals to the French *L'Univers*, or the Italian *Unita Catolica*, or our own *Volksblatt*, in the shape of Catholic dailies, which, in good, broad, terse, and vigorous Saxon, would not only courteously, logically, and unceasingly defend the rights of their own side, but send your valuable, false, news-giving, and officious opinion-giving sheets to a collapse, equal to that of the *Graphic* balloon; for, in fact, you are already, even without the collapse, as perfect specimens of graphical balloons as any aeronaut's monster gas-bags yet invented. The most you can say, however, against the Catholics of the United States, and say with a shadowy sanction of truth, is, that they are themselves, energetically speaking, too *flabby* to thus explode you.

But perhaps we are going at too fast a gait, for we are taking for granted what you deny, namely, that you are not *secular*. Well, you are certainly not sectarian, for you are like a prismatic paper-weight, which-ever way you turn against the light of truth you always display the same Protestant colors, diversible, indeed, as to shade, but united as a whole on any question against Catholicity. Hence, for the pur-

pose of our argument, it is immaterial what you are, whether secular or Protestant. If you are unprejudiced, we do not stand in need of your championship. We have a CATHOLIC press sufficiently extensive and able to defend us, and would scorn to intrude upon the rights of the community at large and the privileges of our fellow-citizens not of our religious belief, by asking you to crowd your columns with our defensive matter, in the shape of Catholic polemics; nay, if we did seek such a purpose, our fellow-citizens would not allow it. No religious denomination would permit such a trespass on the part of the Catholics upon the general rights of the reading community; and no other religious body, except the Catholics, would submit so supinely to similar intrusions by the secular press upon their rights, either as Catholics or as citizens.

But in any event, gentlemen, do you consider yourselves fitted for the self-imposed task of criticizing the Catholic Church, her acts and teachings? Do you possess that first requisite for such a purpose, the divinely conferred gift of faith? Do you even know what faith is in the sense by which every Catholic understands the term? Faith, in the language of the late Bishop of Richmond, is not an opinion but divine revelation. Have you, by an approach to the Catholic Church, who through her sacraments and by her divine commission to teach all nations alone possesses this source of illumination, merited this divine gift? for outside of the Catholic Church it not only does not exist but is not even heard of. Yet without it, you are but "the blind leading the blind." Take for instance the subject of "pilgrimages," upon which you are so much exercised at present. Perhaps if asked to give an historical account of them you might do so accurately, but when it comes to explaining to an unbelieving world the spirit, nature, and doctrine of apparitions, miracles, devotions to the Sacred Heart, and similar questions, surely you are not competent teachers. We quote from the London *Times* editorial comments upon the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial as a specimen of the explanation of that queen of devotions, the adoration of the Sacred Heart, which the Thunderer attempts to foist upon the public.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

The *Times* says: "This morning at early dawn there will muster for immediate departure one of those pilgrimages the records and vestiges of which are the delight of antiquaries, tourists, and devotees. A walk to Jerusalem, or to Rome, and back again, whatever its other consequences or risks, would enlarge the mind of the too insular Briton. But the pilgrimage which starts to-day is about as unlike as possible to that which piety imagines, or that which Chaucer describes. It combines pre-eminently the three ingredients which High Church, Low Church, and all the churches of the nineteenth century agree in estimating at their full worth,—wealth, family, and piety. Wealth reveals itself in special trains of first-class carriages, with comfortable lodging and a good *table d'hôte*, family in a score or two of England's oldest nobility, and piety in a hundred bishops and priests and three hundred other pilgrims. As we understand, Sister Marguerite Marie Alacoque declared that in her sleep a Sacred Personage came to her, took out her heart, and put into it his own. No pilgrim to the Altar of the Apparition can find there the materials for one grain's addition to or subtraction from his faith. The sight of a hundred thousand pilgrims converging in continuous

procession from all quarters of the compass, reciting litanies, "mysteries," psalms, hymns, and ejaculations, cannot in the slightest degree affect the question whether what Marie Alacoque said had any truth, except in her mental sensations. So far, therefore, as there is nothing to be inquired into, and no means whatever of satisfying a doubt one way or the other, there is some reason why these pilgrims should not lift up their eyes from their books, or so much as see and hear that they are in a strange country. Here we have what is really the startling and suspicious fact of myriads, including hundreds of educated gentlemen, professing entirely to believe an astounding event as much beyond the reach of the senses as if it had happened, or been alleged to happen, in the moon. *The story of the poor sister only describes in a painfully clumsy way the elevation and purification of the human heart by absorption into a higher sentiment and will. The child, the pupil, the disciple, or the admirer surrenders his own will and aquiesces by imitation and obedience in the will of the natural teacher, the early example, or the proposed pattern.* The very proceeding itself bears witness to the growth and decay of superstitions. Why this new object of pilgrimage? Why this new revelation, except that so many have become obsolete and forgotten, passing first out of fashion, then out of memory altogether, as this, it can hardly be doubted, will in due time."

It is said that when the late delegation of the nobility and gentry of the British Islands were departing on their pilgrimage to Paray, they embarked at New Haven, for Dieppe, in a steamer gaily decorated with the national flags of Great Britain, France, the Papal States, and floating proudly above all the beautiful standard of the Sacred Heart. The scene was in every detail solemn, yet brilliant, when, lo! suddenly as the good ship left the shore for her sail across the Channel, the sublimity of the occasion was broken upon in a most laughable manner by a stout red-faced Briton running down to the strand and waving aloft a cotton umbrella with one hand, while he shook his fist with the other at the departing pilgrims, exclaiming as he did so: "Oh you good-for-nothing degraded people, you are a disgrace to your country!" So it is with the press and the Church. The bark of Christ, with sails set and colors flying, will bear her pilgrim-band of faithful souls triumphantly over the troubled straits of life despite the ridiculous and impotent anger of every silly, conceited, and puffed-up personification of the London *Times;* that Jove of modern newspapers, whose thunderbolt is an umbrella and whose lightning-flash is the stroke of a goose-quill.

No, gentlemen of the secular press; you are not intellectually competent for your assumed task. "*He that is a searcher of majesty shall be oppressed with glory;*" thus sang the royal prophet of Israel, and the truth thereof is applicable to you in your desperate flounderings in this sea of light.

It being then neither within your province nor your power to undertake such an office, to what must we attribute your self-assurance and your unblushing boldness in the attempt to do so? To what but that vilest phase of religious fanaticism, bigotry? Yes! the truth is that you who are loudest in proclaiming this vice as one of the stains upon the Church's escutcheon, you who are foremost in claiming to be the exponents of Christian liberality, freedom of conscience, religious toleration, *et id omne genus*, are, despite your failure to see it yourselves, the very

*crême de la crême* of bigotry. The man who from conscientious motives cannot change his opinion is a gentleman and an honest man, but he who from malice *will not* change them is a scoundrel. The late Henry J. Raymond was a gentleman, a scholar, and, albeit a zealous Protestant, had the decency and the courtesy to mind his own business, and to express his sentiments guardedly, mildly, though not the less firmly and impartially. Through his temperate and truly liberal policy, he built up the *New York Times* till it became the most unbiassed and reliable journal of all the great newspapers of that great metropolis. Every subject was sacred to him, and no question either of politics or religion was discussed passionately in his columns. Alas! for his noble memory; alas! for his noble work; he is dead. Peace to his ashes. But the paper that he made and established by his own good genius and untiring exertions misses him, has missed him from the hour when the pen was snatched by death from his able hand. And now, "how are the mighty fallen!" That sheet, its lamented author's place filled but not supplied by a hot-headed and blatant Briton, has become the leader of all the American newspapers who seek an unenviable reputation by attacking the Church of God, in its wild endeavors to deny to her American children their rights as free citizens of a free country, while, if we are to judge of the ability of its editor and in his person of all you his associates of the Protestant press as to questions of law, natural right, and good order, why then you are as good philosophers, political economists, and statesmen, as you are Catholic theologians. Of law and natural right, as evinced in your theories of Italian unity, (!) German autonomy, and Spanish liberty. Of good order, as exhibited in the fact that, if we may judge from the tone of your articles, you, the very men who so bitterly decried the doings of the Commune, now just as bitterly and far more vehemently denounce the religious revival going on in Europe, and very naturally, because this splendid outburst of old-time fervor is a public rebuke, not from the poor, despised, and indigent devotees, but from the rich, great, and powerful ones of earth, to that liberal Catholicism which you have so carefully petted and nursed with your Protestant pap, but which, despite your fostering care, still kicks and screams an unruly infant; that liberal Catholicity which, being *filius nullius* and conscious of its mean pedigree, is ashamed of its own surname, and therefore hides behind the widespread and aristocratic petticoats of "good" Queen Elizabeth; secondly, because this grand awakening of mediæval piety, which *you* had long since consigned to the dust and covered with a romantesque monument, is found not to have been dead but only sleeping, and now, arising in her new-born strength, armed for the conflict with the powers of darkness that are stalking and devastating the earth, pierces with her lances of light the cloudy phantoms of your chosen friends, modern materialism, and modern "progress," metaphysical, scientific, and religious. Herein lies the secret of your spleen; hence, too, you throw the ægis of your fostering care and patronizing defence over those nurseries of newer iniquities, those training-houses for a rising generation of future evils, the public schools. Hence your animosity towards a system of education accompanied, as education must ever be, hand in hand with religion, not the religion of "Bible readers" and "psalm-singers," but a religion which can only be taught in Catholic schools, since the Catholic Church is alone divinely commis

sioned to teach; hence, we repeat, your hatred of Catholic schools, because they are the potent antagonists of your forlorn hope, godless schools; hence, in a word, the secret of all your venom. The Church is the light, you are the darkness; and what communication, says St Paul, hath light with darkness?

We are well aware that in this brief and hastily written epistle we have dealt neither in logic, doctrine, nor dogma, simply because we have not come to argue but merely to state such few brief facts as our provoked inquiries suggested. Should argument be desired, the Church has ever ready at her disposal a whole phalanx of able defenders, but we, having done this much, beg leave to sum up any advice we may have to offer to you, gentlemen of the secular (!) editorial fraternity, in the favorite metaphor of one of the most distinguished of your ranks, "*Be not like silly Indians, who shoot their poisoned arrows at the sun, in the vain hope of extinguishing its light;*" that is, if the press be Protestant and bigoted, if it is, as it professes to be, wholly secular, we must say to you who control it, since it is neither in your province nor your power to interfere with the Catholic Church, why then, mindful of your own intellectual littleness and contracted powers, forget not the ancient but excellent adage, "*Little children may be seen but not heard.*"

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## STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize, you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

# "CALLED AWAY"

## Chapter I.

It was a summer's evening, a cool and pleasant evening in June. The birds were singing sweet songs to their mates, who sat quiet in their mossy nests, tending carefully their unfledged brood; lovers strolled through the leafy glades in happy and enviable bliss; young lads scampered over the village green, in pursuit of the bounding ball, or as competitors in the hurried race; the water was dotted here and there with boats, whose occupants sought their pleasure now in sailing rapidly over the smooth surface, and now in lazily drifting along with the stream; and all nature, animate and inanimate, appeared to be in search of rest and pleasure on this delicious evening.

Aylesling lay in a valley, surrounded by hills that were covered with fir and yew in great luxuriance, and thus sheltered it from the cold wintry blasts.

A shop or two, a constable, a few well-to-do farmers, and the "parson," and then you have almost the village as you see it passing along in the train. But the parish itself was a large one, the parson was the squire also, and owned every acre of land for a good distance round, and, at the time of which I write, the living was in the gift of the family, one of which always held it—the Godwins.

A road ran through the village, and in its very centre, lying back some distance from the road, lay the little, old church, with graveyard attached, and various-shaped tombstones scattered here and there over it—silent marks of bygone generations, and never-absent reminders of the end of all flesh, beneath which rested the ashes of the departed of the village. A tiny, gravelled path wound away from the vestry door, and if we choose to follow this path we shall soon find ourselves before a large, red-brick house, "the parsonage," and the residence of the Reverend Samuel Godwin, the Rector.

It is a very handsome house, and had been built about two hundred years or so before this. Tall and well-cut evergreens flank it on either side, and gracefully woven clematis and honeysuckle climb over its lowest windows. A wide carriage-drive winds away in front on each side, and joins the road at two places very wide apart. Altogether any one could well imagine that a life might be spent with few troubles in such a place, even with a very fair share of what we call worldly happiness.

The Reverend Samuel Godwin had been rector thirty years at the time to which I refer. He had married, on his appointment to Aylesling, Alice Foylan, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant, and this lady had borne him, during those thirty years, six children; two of whom—the eldest—lay in the vault beneath the chancel of the village church, and the four that were left were alive and well, as was also the good lady of the house herself. There were three girls—I mean young ladies—Fanny, Agnes, and Nelly, and one boy, Edward, about fourteen years old.

Our scene lies in the drawing-room of the rectory, where the whole family had assembled after dinner.

The rector himself was a small, benevolent-looking man, with hair nearly gray, and lines of care and old age combined, on his clear and well-formed features. He was seated at a table apart, no doubt

preparing his next Sunday's sermon. Mrs. Godwin sat near the open window, at work with her needle, as were also her daughters. Looking at her as she works, I see a tall, stately-looking dame, with finely-developed bust and shoulders, and a face still beautiful; a dame whose age it would be difficult to tell from her appearance. Her hair is of a chestnut-brown tint, and unless you looked closely, you could detect only a few fugitive gray hairs, and no lines in her face but those around the mouth, and they gave you an idea of a stern and unflinching will, a will that would carry its point in spite of any other feeling than that of duty.

And for her three daughters, they were interesting and passably good-looking, yet not one of them had the slightest pretensions to be called a belle. They had pleasant features, small, and very fairly formed, and a mass of hair, light and wavy, that greatly enhanced their appearance, and yet each had a widely different expression of feature.

Any one who gave more than a casual glance at the three sisters would at once have passed the other two by, and chosen Agnes for a confidante or friend.

There was a sort of copy of her mother's face in the eldest, Fanny, and a childish vacillating appearance in the ever-changing lines around the mouth of the youngest, Nelly; but on the face of Agnes was stamped the benevolence and kindness of heart of her father, that would always make her the choice of more than a casual observer.

There was a little more than a year's difference in the age of Fanny and Agnes, and about double this between Agnes and Nelly, the darling and pet of the whole family, who could not stay at her work more than five minutes at a time, but must scamper off, and run her fingers over the piano, or torment her brother, or toss all the things in the room that she could out of their places. And lastly, there was Ned, a dark-haired, sun-browned, bright-eyed lad of fourteen, who was lying, stretched at full length, on a couch, with an open book in his hands, but his eyes roamed all over the room, now resting on the carved tracery of the ceiling, now on one of the pictures of the room, and now on little Nelly, who flitted about like one of those little elves we read about.

He was an idle young dog, and gave his father, who directed his studies himself, an immense amount of trouble.

They seemed a very contented and happy family, and apparently the rector had no cause of complaint with the church that had proved so good and liberal a present to him.

The mother and daughters were talking as they worked. Let us listen to their conversation. Mrs. Godwin is speaking:

"And so it really is true, Fanny, that the Papists have bought a house and grounds in Medgweston, and intend to build a church there?"

"Oh yes, ma, there can be no doubt about it. Every one is talking about it now in the town. When Louise Henry and I were driving through there, the other day, she pointed the place out to me. You know the house at the top of Barge Street, the one they say belonged to the Vinches, a long time ago. Well, that's the house."

"I suppose, pa, all Papists must be exceedingly ugly and bad-tempered, musn't they?" said little Nelly.

"No, you little goose, no," answered the rector; "why shouldn't there be good and sensible men amongst them as well as amongst any other sect? There have been good and great men—very good

and very great men—who were Papists, you know."

"Oh, papa, how can you say such a thing? Worthy men among the Papists! I never heard such a thing before," said the zealous Fanny.

"Certainly, my dear; shall I prove for you all to your satisfaction? You, my dear," turning to his wife, "dote on paintings, Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Titian—many of the Flemish painters, Leonardo da Vinci, and a host of others, were all Papists. You, Fanny, dote on heroes, as you call them—our Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, and Richard the Lion Heart were all Papists. You, little Nelly, rave over architecture—take all the great and noble churches in the world, and you will find the Papists built most of them. Ned has no particular hobby."

"Yes, pa, cricket in summer and football in winter," broke in the person alluded to.

"Ned has no particular hobby," went on the rector, disregarding the interruption; "but what say you, Aggie? You don't mind these Papists, do you, my dear?"

"I don't know why I should, papa, they never did me any harm, nor came in my way at all. I suppose they can be good or bad like other people."

"Shocking!" "dreadful!" "absurd!" "preposterous!" these were only a few of the epithets that followed the speech of the gentle Agnes—who, as a good Protestant, was expected to believe no good of persons whom she had never even seen, and knew not the least about. Is the scene at all overdrawn? Can you not recall, dear reader, some such absurd instance of prejudice against Catholicity as I have shown above? Even in this so-called age of perfect religious liberty and equality do not people exist who hate the Pope and the Church of which he is the Head, because their fathers and grandfathers hated it, even though they could not give any reason for their hate?

And now, Agnes Godwin is to be the heroine of our tale. It is with her, henceforth, of the family of the rectory, that we have to join our feelings. She was a quiet, retiring and modest girl of eighteen, with few likings and no dislikings, always at hand with consolation and sympathy to any tale of woe or misery, but especially those of the poor, and a guardian angel to all the poor ones of the village, when they were in urgent want.

None ever heard a word of blame laid upon Agnes; she always did her duty to the utmost of her power. And not alone was this usefulness of hers felt outside her own home—amongst the members of her own family she was always the refuge in any strait. If at the last moment of dressing for dinner, or a party, or a ball, anything was found out of order, only Agnes cold put it right. Even if one of Ned's school-books were missing, and he would sometimes throw them into strange corners, Aggie always knew where to lay her hand upon them.

But concerning this dreadful event that had taken place at Medgweston, and which had been the subject of the conversation above recorded, what was it? Simply this. A Catholic mission had been founded there. A large house that had been a baronial residence a long time ago, and which had a good-sized piece of ground attached to it, had been bought by these "Papists," "and they were actually going to build a church there." Now, had they been Shakers, Ranters, Jumpers, even Mormons, such a thing might have been passed unheeded; but because they were Catholics, a great fuss was made about it on every side in the town. It was a sort of neutral ground whereon persons totally

opposed to each other in politics could meet in a friendly manner, and inveigh bitterly against such an unprecedented instance of bravado and impudence. People sighed and looked sympathetic as they passed this fancied plague-spot in their little town. And yet, spite of the opposition that was made to their endeavors—the poor, persecuted Papists built their church, away out of sight from the street, where the faithful collected to serve God after the old form.

## Chapter II.

Yes, before the second anniversary of the conversation at Aylesling rectory, that we have recorded, had come and gone, this unparalleled act of audacity had been perpetrated.

For the first time since the "glorious" Reformation, a real live Papist Bishop had trodden the streets of that loyal borough, and in open daylight and with full pomp—that is, as full as his poverty would permit—his lordship had solemnly consecrated and opened that little church of St. Francis of Assisi. After a little time a few Protestants would go to the church "to see what idolatry was like," they would say; but they were, apparently, as bitter as ever against the Faith.

And so time went on; the little mission struggled and struggled, surmounting difficulties to which any but Catholics would yield; but only a *very* few converts were made; and the city, so loyal in its bigotry and zeal and blindness, found that it could really exist as well with Papists amongst its other inhabitants as if they were not there.

During those two years, the little mission of Medgweston had maintained bravely its hard struggle against the deep-rooted bigotry by which it was surrounded, and when they had passed, it still lived its persecuted existence.

The curtain rises again on the rectory at Aylesling. A change had come over the house since we last saw it. The eldest daughter had married the young rector of a far-away parish in Cumberland, and the youngest, Nellie, lay by the side of her brother and sister in the family vault. She had been upset one day in a boat, and caught such a cold, that her feeble strength gave way, and she passed away to a better world. The sorrow of her parents and brother and sisters had been great, but when its first edge had worn away, she seemed forgotten. Ned was away at college, studying hard, and our heroine, Agnes, was the only child of the family at home at this time. Away from the world outside, alone and retired in her room, sits Agnes Godwin. She is greatly changed. Her attractiveness of old has developed into a great beauty, and this beauty is more easily perceived on account of her well-fitting deep-mourning dress. Handsome indeed she looks as she sits by the raised window, with an open book lying in her lap. But she is not reading; her eyes are fixed on the magnificent view before her. And yet those natural beauties seem to possess no charm for her, for her gaze is almost a vacant stare, her eyes are full of tears that threaten to overflow their boundary, and break away unbidden, and a sad smile sits on her thoughtful face. Her mind must be fixed on something very different from that lovely scene before her, if we may judge from the few words she from time to time utters scarcely above her breath. "God alone can tell what the end will be;" and again, while a shudder runs through her slender frame, and her words become almost a moan, "Oh! no, no, I cannot, I cannot, it is too great a sacrifice. If I were to do it, papa would drive me from his house in disgrace, as if I had been guilty of some great crime;" and as this thought found utterance in

words, she shuddered anew, and a big sigh welled up from her heart, while she could no longer restrain her tears, but allowed them to chase one another down her cheeks without restraint.

And now, what was this change that had come over the gentle Agnes Godwin? That there was a change, and a great change, too, was very evident to any one of her acquaintances. Since her sister's death, she had become gentler than ever, more beloved by the poorer parishioners, whom it was her sole delight to visit, and assist them by her charities, and console them by her words of soothing and peace, and she was now so beloved by the young people of Aylesling, that there was not a child in the village who would not do anything for her. A mother had only to threaten her disobedient or unruly offspring with a complaint to Miss Agnes, and the disobedient became docile and the unruly calm; but it was not this; the change was something more than that. What, then, was it? Simply this: the awakening of doubt in her heart, and a feeling of her spiritual danger in the religion of which she was a member. Like many another Protestant in these latter days, through hearing the faith of the Church of Rome reviled, Agnes had given some little attention to Catholic tenets, and what was the result? What can be the result of any such inquiry into the practices and belief of Catholics, when such inquiry is made by an unprejudiced and sensible person? First a suspicion of the truth of their present faith, and then a settled conviction of the truth of the old religion. It is a very old story now, thank God, that of conversion. From nobleman to pauper, from high-blooded aristocrat to nameless plebeian, the same scene is being acted anew now every day of our lives.

And it was this that was the cause of the change that had come over our heroine. She disbelieved her own religion, and as yet her faith in any other was not determined. What point, then, had she attained? We shall see. For the past four or five months, at various times, and by stealth, she had visited that modest little church at Medgweston, and had listened almost breathlessly to the words of the pastor there, as he expounded Catholic dogmas in plain English to his poor congregation. Many of these poor ones had remarked the closely-veiled and well-dressed stranger, who now and again made her appearance in the church, and knelt in a corner where she was furthest from the light. Gossip was very rife as to who this might be, but none could guess. She was always last to leave the church, and when she did so, she hurried away at a rapid pace, always returning home by a circuitous and intricate route, in order to balk any inordinate curiosity. The priest, too, had noticed her, and wondered with the rest, but wisely forbore from making any inquiry. He knew well that God's grace would work the conversion of this stranger, if she were in search of faith, and he waited for the end. And poor Agnes, who can guess at her own state of mind? Those only who have gone through the same trials can form any correct idea of the harassing nature of this state of doubt. Often, as she hurried home after hearing a sermon in that little church, she would clasp her hands together and sob out, while she raised her eyes, tear-dimmed as they would be, to heaven, "My Father in heaven, help me, I am in a cloud, show me the way to serve Thee as I ought." And He, of whom light is never asked in vain, brought about her conversion in His own good way. For a long time she was undecided what to do. Often would she lie awake far into the night, thinking over the change that had come over her life, and

wondering what would be the end of it all. Certain was it that she could not live forever in that state of uncertainty in which she then was, and to what religion could she go for refuge if not to that one which she began to feel sure was the only one in which her salvation was to be found? And with this thought would come that of the anguish and anger of her family when they knew of the step she meditated. For she felt certain now that she must be a Catholic, and how her parents hated even that name! And then when her thoughts reached this point, she would turn her face to the pillow and cry from her heart to God for strength to bear the trial, and to come forth from it triumphant.

And thus matters had gone on for four or five months, and every day her belief in the Church was growing firmer and firmer, and the end was drawing nearer and nearer. There was a little shop close to the church at Medgweston—a "repository" people called it. One day Agnes went in there and bought a few books, which, carefully concealed, she carried home with her. She used to say afterwards that a thrill ran through her frame as she crossed the threshold of her home with those books in her possession. With blushing cheeks and a beating heart, as if she had been guilty of some fault, Agnes hurried up the stairs to her own room, and then taking the books from their hiding-place, she placed them on the table. They were three in number, small and very plainly bound, and their titles were, "Bishop Challoner's Catholic Christian Instructed," "Father Mannock's Poor Man's Catechism," and the "Imitation of Christ." These she read very earnestly and carefully, and gave up her visits to the little church to do so, and what else could this perseverance result in than her conversion? Yes, by the time Agnes Godwin had read them through, she had fully determined to do that which would, no doubt, bring down upon her the contempt and rebuke of all her relations and her so-called friends. She had resolved to become a Catholic.

## Chapter III.

The Reverend Thomas Goole was at this time Catholic pastor of Medgweston. He it was who had been bold enough to brave the many difficulties, aye, and dangers too, that beset him in his new mission. He was getting advanced in years, his hair was partly gray, but yet he was a man who might well expect to live for another twenty years.

He had passed his life in founding missions, and tending them through their first hard struggles against prejudice and poverty.

In appearance he was about the middle height, with rather small and perfectly regular features, a high color, and a portly figure. In disposition, he was kind as a parent, tended over his flock as a mother over an only child, and a most zealous and devoted pastor.

It was on a hot afternoon in the month of August, and Father Goole had just returned from a far-away sick-call. He had finished his breakfast after Mass that morning, when he had been summoned away on this call, to a workhouse nine miles distant, and he had been absent all the afternoon. He had scarcely seated himself in his room to get on with his Office, when his housekeeper entered and said a lady wished to see him. On inquiring her name he was told that she had desired to be announced simply as a lady, and he ordered her to be shown in immediately. As she entered the room, closely veiled, he had not the slightest difficulty in recognizing the stranger whom he had noticed in the little church, and he courteously offered her a chair.

He waited for her to speak, although he could pretty well guess the object of her visit. He had not the remotest idea who or what she was; to him she was simply one of God's children, seeking the sure way to heaven. And so he waited to hear her tell her own story.

Agnes did not keep him long in suspense. After only a pause of a few moments she said: "Father, I want to be a Catholic."

"Well, my child, and why?" said the priest.

"Because I feel an inward conviction that it is only by embracing and following out Catholicity that I can hope to save my soul. But I must tell you my whole story; I am the daughter of Mr. Godwin, the Rector of Aylesling, four miles from here. For some months past I have had grave doubts as to the truth of the religion in which I have been educated from my youth. So I have come to your church at various times and listened to your sermons, and I have bought Catholic doctrinal works and studied them as well as I could, and I am sure I ought to be a Catholic. Please, Father Goole, tell me what I must do."

But I need no longer pursue their conversation.

The priest carefully questioned Agnes Godwin on various points of Catholic faith. Though he found her well versed in general matters, he could easily perceive that she had yet a great deal to learn. And so he arranged for her to come to him at certain periods; and to save her from so many visits to his house, which might perhaps be observed, he gave her a letter of introduction to a Catholic lady, the wife of a retired officer, who had lately come to reside in Medgweston. To this lady, Mrs. Morehill by name, he promised to speak about her, and poor Agnes felt as if this newly-found friend—for such she already considered Mrs. Morehill—would be a great support and help to her.

Father Goole did not advise her to tell her father of the proposed change in her religion; "there was no necessity for that yet," he told her, and she was only too willing to put off such a terrible scene as would be certain to ensue.

And so everything was arranged quietly. Agnes found in Mrs. Morehill a second mother, a true friend. She could talk to her freely on every point, and many and earnest were the conversations that took place between the two when they were seated together in the drawing-room at Hurstdown, where the Morehills lived.

Captain Morehill, who was almost a confirmed invalid, and rarely stirred out of the grounds that surrounded his house, took a great fancy to the young neophyte, and used to say to his wife that "he enjoyed a conversation with her beyond measure, she was so truthful and earnest."

At least one day every week Father Goole called at Hurstdown to see her, and give her instructions, and he told her that in all probability she would be fit for reception into the Church about Christmas.

And so time flew by. When once her mind was made up, Agnes seemed to become again her old self, and her parents thought that she would soon be the old "Aggie" of bygone days. The more she herself learned of the great doctrines of the Catholic faith, the more happy did Agnes become; and if at times a thought of the great sorrow her conversion would cause her parents crossed her mind, it was dismissed with the resolve to do all she could to soften the blow. About the future—her life after her conversion—she did not dare to think. "God would show her a means of earning her livelihood," she used to say to herself, and she

was quite fearless as to the result of this confidence.

Weeks flew by and December had begun, Father Goole had fixed upon the feast of the Immaculate Conception of our dear Lady for the day on which to administer to her conditionally the Sacrament of Baptism.

The morning came at last, Agnes walked from Aylesling to Hurstdown after she had breakfasted, and together with Mrs. Morehill, went to the Church for the holy rite. It was performed in a small private chapel in the priest's house, with Mrs. Morehill as godmother; after the ceremony was over, the entry made in the "Liber Baptizatorium," and the young convert had made her thanksgiving at the foot of the crucifix, the three sat down in the parlor of the presbytery to arrange matters, and see what was to be done.

At length Agnes avowed her intention of disclosing all to her father on her return to the Rectory, and, of course, this step should now no longer be delayed.

"Papa's anger I do not dread at all," she said to Mrs. Morehill as they drove to Hurstdown afterwards, "but mamma will be angry with me all her life. I cannot help it though, I have done only what is right."

On reaching her home, after leaving her friends, Agnes went straight to her room, and, taking a silver crucifix from a drawer, she knelt before it and prayed for strength to bear the interview that was to come. Long and earnestly did she pray, and then she rose to seek her father, no longer in fear but bold and confident.

He was sitting in his study, writing.

Suddenly a quiet, frightened knock is heard at the door, and in answer to his summons to enter, his daughter appeared, coming in with a slow, hesitating step, but not a timorous one nevertheless, and a sad smile, if such could be called that pitying look, at the thought of pangs necessarily inflicted on a loved one. She stopped a moment and then said:

"I want to speak to you for a few moments, papa, if you are not busy."

"Not so busy, my darling, but that I can afford to put away my labors to give my attention to you for a little time. What is it, Aggie? Some more flannel for poor Mrs. Briggs, or a new frock for Betsey Tweed?"

"No, papa, nothing of that sort, it's something far more serious than that."

There must have been a sound in her voice that made him suspect that something was wrong, for he rose from his chair, came over to her side, and put his arm around her waist, drawing her to his heart as he did so.

"What is it, my dear? What is wrong now?"

Poor Agnes could not help it. She buried her face on her father's shoulder and wept as she had not wept since poor Nelly was laid in her last long resting-place.

Her tears flowed long before she could arrest their course; she was all the better for them, for they seemed to make her courageous. The Rector tried to soothe her by all the means in his power, wondering much what this great secret was that his daughter was about to disclose to him.

At last her tears ceased. Raising her head from her father's shoulder and almost releasing herself from his close embrace, the young convert told her story in few words:

"Papa, I am a Catholic!"

What was the feeling that actuated that father when he took her hands from his shoulders where his daughter had placed them, and holding her at full length before him, gazed at her searchingly. His

senses were slightly dazed by the disclosure, for he looked at her awhile, as a shadow of repugnance, almost of hate, flitted across his face. Then he spoke, in a voice thick and husky from emotion:

"A Catholic, child, what do you mean? A *Roman* Catholic? A Papist?"

"A Roman Catholic, if you will, papa." Her voice was very low but very firm, "but a child of the Church of Christ, a Catholic."

The father dropped the hands of his daughter, he had taken them into his own almost mechanically a moment or so before, and putting his hands to his head, he muttered, "A Papist! A renegade from her father's faith. Oh, God! that a child of mine should live to be such."

Agnes Godwin was no strong-minded woman, but only a simple, earnest one, and she could not but grieve as she beheld the anguish of her father.

"Papa," she said, "do not grieve. I have only done what is right. Listen to me and I will tell you all about it." And then she told him her story. How, after poor Nelly's death, she had felt the want of a right to pray for her welfare: how she had prayed to her Saviour, lamenting the while that she could not believe in the efficacy of her prayers: how, through the Church of Rome being reviled, she had conceived a desire of learning for herself the truth or falsity of the grave accusations brought against what she knew was the old religion. How she had visited that little church at Medgweston for the first time and had heard words of love and confidence and mercy that swept away her prejudice as if by magic: how one visit brought on another, her doubts increasing each time until at last she had resolved to brave all and become a Catholic: how she had been instructed by a priest in the doctrines of Catholic faith: and finally, how she had that morning been received into the fold of that Church outside of which there is no salvation.

All this did our gentle Agnes tell her father as they sat there together, he seated at a table with his head resting on his hands, and she some distance from him, with her hands crossed in her lap and her eyes fixed modestly on the carpet at her feet.

There was silence for a few moments after she had finished, and then her father lifted his head from his hands, and, looking at her, said, in a hard, stern voice,—

"And what are you going to do now? Of course, you cannot remain here. That would ruin me altogether, and you have done me sufficient harm already by this act of folly."

Before Agnes could reply, the sound of hurried footsteps was heard approaching the room, and soon the door was violently opened, and Mrs. Godwin entered, fury in her eyes, and indignant wrath in her hasty tread. She held two books in her hands, and Agnes started as she saw them, for she recognized two of her chief treasures —the books by means of which she had discovered the beauty and truth of her new faith. Passing her daughter almost with a shudder, she walked direct to her husband's side, and thrusting the books under his very eyes, she almost screamed out,—

"See what your pet child dares to bring into your house! Papist books, heresy most vile and obnoxious," and she threw the books on the table, as if their touch were contaminative, and then very politely turned her back on her daughter, without noticing her presence.

The Rector was brought back to his right mind by the violence of his spouse, for he said to her in a

wonderfully cool and collected voice,

"My dear, it is of no use exciting yourself so, the deed is done. Agnes has just confessed to me that she has left the faith of her fathers, and that she has joined the Church of Rome, and is now a Catholic!"

"What!" screamed the mother, as she turned and cast a withering look of scorn on Agnes. "What! she has dared to become a Papist! She! My daughter! It cannot be! She a slave to Popish idolatry and a disgrace to the name she bears! If it be so, I cast her off; she shall no longer be a daughter of mine."

Agnes had begun again to weep bitterly as the words of her mother fell upon her ears.

Touched by her tears, the Rector said, "Agnes, my dear, go to your room, and I will come and talk matters over with you directly."

Then, when the door had closed behind her, he said to his wife—

"It cannot be helped now, my dear; she has chosen her path, and she must follow it."

"But she must leave the house, husband, she cannot remain here; a Papist—why such a thing would ruin you; you might just as well throw up your parish at once as allow such a thing as that."

"I see that quite clearly, my dear. What is to be done? Her change of religion must become known. She must go somewhere."

"For the present, it will be better for her to go and stay with her aunt at Medgweston, at least until the talk of the neighborhood is over. Who knows but that Caroline may succeed in winning her back to our faith once more?"

The Rector shook his head very mournfully, as he replied—

"I am afraid there is no such good fortune. However, as you say, my dear, the best thing to be done for the present is for her to go to Caroline's."

The "Caroline" referred to in the foregoing conversation, was a maiden sister of Mrs. Godwin's, who had lived at Medgweston since her sister's marriage, and who had always shown the greatest possible interest in Agnes from her childhood. She was a kind, but fussy old maid, who did much good to the poor in a quiet way, and with a special affection—not for cats, dear reader—but for birds; several species of which, including a sparrow and a tame hawk, she kept in the house with her. And it was to her that our heroine was to be confided in the first days of her Catholic life.

## Chapter IV.

Next morning, Agnes Godwin left her home, an exile from it, and that merely because she had become a Catholic. She went to live with her aunt Caroline, at Medgweston, who, while she was horrified at discovering how wofully her niece had fallen away, loved her too well to change her treatment of her on that account. She was more sanguine, too, than her brother, the Rector, and hoped that by judicious treatment and kindness, as of yore, she might, in time, "win back the girl from her folly," as she expressed it to her brother.

The treatment our young convert received from her relations, and those who, up to the time of her change of religion, had called themselves her friends, was barbarous in the extreme. Her eldest sister, Louisa, wife of the Reverend Harris Burton, vicar of Slunderdale, was shocked and grieved at her secession from Protestantism; "but," she wrote to her mamma, "I am not so much surprised, for I can very well remember how she sided with the Papists, when they first came to Medgweston."

Her brother had said that he had never imagined he would have cause to be ashamed to appear among his

fellows, but that he now dreaded and hated going into public, as every one seemed to suspect him of Popish tendencies.

Her father tried to forget that there had ever been another face at his table, and once—shame be it that I have to record it, but it is only true—when mother and daughter came face to face by chance in the street, the mother passed by, ignoring her daughter's very existence.

Her former friends ceased to know her. One or two would bestow on her a cold, distant bow, as they met in the streets, but, of the whole of them, not one ever came to visit her.

And our heroine, happy and at peace—far, far happier than she had ever been in the olden time, in years gone by—lived her quiet and unobtrusive life in her new home, and never gave a thought even to the gayeties she had once enjoyed, and had now forsaken. Her great happiness was when Father Goole asked her to play his organ in the church, and, as she was an excellent player, and possessed a very sweet voice, she was a great acquisition to his little choir. Her time was passed in visiting the poor of the parish (and they were plentiful enough, God knows), and in giving lessons to a few pupils she had found in the town. Her father—guided in this by his zealous wife—only found a home for his daughter. He gave her nothing besides, but her wants were few, and the few necessaries that she required, the proceeds of her teaching sufficed to procure. Mrs. Morehill, too, was a stanch friend and a good adviser.

And so—in peace and great happiness—days and weeks and months passed rapidly away, and merged irrevocably in the great gulf of the past. Winter had come and gone, and spring was fast ripening into summer.

And, meanwhile, a great and holy thought had sprung up in the mind of our heroine; a thought that God willed her to give her life to Him still more entirely. When first this high thought of becoming a nun came into her mind, Agnes was afraid of it, and banished it as a kind of temptation; but when it returned ever and anon with such persistence, she began to think it possible that God willed her to enter religion.

And then she prayed earnestly that no matter at what cost, she might follow out the will of God. It was on the feast of Corpus Christi—that glorious Feast of Thanksgiving for an infinite gift—that this conviction of hers became a certainty to her. As she led the glorious hymn of St. Augustine on that day, while her God was being carried in procession through the little church, bestowing His benediction on the bowed heads of His poor children, and as her trembling lips sang out the words, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," she seemed to hear an inward voice that said to her, "My love is a jealous love, I would have your heart all Mine own. Come to Me, My daughter, and become one of My chosen ones." She delayed now no longer in speaking to her confessor about this great thought, and, to her surprise, he seemed not a bit astonished when he heard it. "I have expected it all along, my child," he said to her, as she finished.

That same afternoon, in compliance with a note he had received from his daughter, the Rector of Aylesling came to Medgweston, and sought out the abode of his sister-in-law, Caroline, wondering what his daughter could want of him, and turning over in his mind the words his wife had said to him, as he left his house, to answer his daughter's summons, "Remember, my dear, if your daughter has sent for you to ask you to let her return

to her home, and you consent, the same hour that witnesses *her* return, witnesses also *my* departure. I would not live in the same house with her."

Agnes had been watching for him from the window, and came down to open the door for him herself. Obedient to his natural feelings, the Rector saw before him only his daughter, as she had been, and he greeted her as if they had parted but an hour before.

"I knew you would come, papa," she said to him, as she led him away to her own little room. And then she told him that she wanted to be a nun. A sudden spasm shot across his face, as Mr. Godwin heard the word, and it was a moment or so before he could say a word. All his dignity had returned to him. He would not be seated, but stood by the window, gazing out into the street.

When he spoke, his words were, "Agnes, you have always been my dearest child, dearest to my heart, and I suffered an unutterable anguish, when you announced to me your renunciation of the faith of your childhood. I have not yet overcome that pang, and now you give me a fresh sorrow in telling me of your wish to enter a convent. I know well that even if I withhold my consent to such a course, you will follow your idea, and I can only say, with sorrow in my heart, that I never imagined would be caused by *you*—you have chosen your lot with your eyes open, and you must abide by it. If you persist in your intention, though I do not give my consent to it, from my heart, I hope you will be happy, God bless you."

Agnes had begun to sob, as she saw the great grief of her father, and she had not recovered from her fit of weeping, when she felt his arms thrown around her, felt the pressure of his lips on her forehead, then was released from his embrace, and ere she could return it or say another word, the door had closed behind him, and he had gone.

Two months passed away, and among those who joined the Little Sisters of the Poor, in F——, was Agnes Godwin, our heroine. She had chosen that order from the many she knew, and her choice was a good one. She—nursed in the lap of luxury and ease—chose the most laborious and self-denying order to follow out her vocation, and so became one of those who give their lives and talents to God, to serve Him in His aged and needy ones. At her own request, she remained in France, not that she was ashamed or afraid to be seen by her former acquaintances, all of whom made it their business to know all about her, but because she wished to spare her parents the false shame they would have felt in knowing that a daughter of theirs was so near them. It is needless to say her aged poor ones loved her, for who would not have done so? Sister Agatha's name had as potent a charm among the poor of the convent, as Miss Agnes had possessed in the old days of her life in the rectory at Aylesling.

A few years only had passed away when the good nun received her reward. An epidemic broke out in the town where her convent was situated. Actuated by the most lively charity, and guided by her love of those in distress, Sister Agatha was first to offer herself as nurse to the neglected sufferers from the disease—none were more devoted or more self-denying than she. Through all the time the epidemic lasted, our heroine boldly fulfilled her task in nursing the sick, and though she saw some of her fellow-laborers stricken down at her side, she seemed destined to escape the fell disease. Though none were more devoted than she in the very thickest of the disease, she came forth unhurt, and the good services

of the nuns were almost discontinued when one day the evil tidings spread over the house that Sister Agatha was "down."

From the very first she knew she would never recover, though the physicians themselves were not at first alarmed for her safety. But they were wrong. Instead of mending, Sister Agatha grew rapidly worse, and before she had been ill more than a week, her pure soul passed away to God to receive the reward of her labors in the fold of the One Shepherd, and to be joined with that bright band "that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

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## THE FLOWER I GAVE YOU.

WHAT didst thou say to him, O heart of bloom!
What language owned thy voice of sweet perfume?
As, breathing not one sigh,
Thou wentest with him to die?

Didst say, "Young heart, that owneth bloom like mine,
Let its fair virtue in God's garden shine,
That so, when He doth come,
He'll, eager, take thee home.

"And when His holy hand hath gathered thee,
From out thy core, love's fragrance, tenderly,
Like my perfume will rise,
Thy last, sweet sacrifice!

"Ah! then, O heart! life wilt thou find, not death,
For with that fragrance will He blend His breath,
Which feedeth worlds with life,
With ecstasy is rife!"

Didst say, when reverent o'er these words, he thought,
Dear to him, that, for God, a work they wrought:
"O chosen heart! that He
Hath called His own to be.

"Keep consecrate thy bloom, keep fresh thy love,
That no hand but the holy one above
May hold thee, when He'll come
To take thee to His home!"

Didst say, when silent, to His God he turned
That heart, to show Him how, with love, it burned,
And silent, laid it bare,
Th' impassioned act, a prayer:

"O heart! God listens! She, who sent me here,
From out my bloom, would whisper in thine ear,
That, e'en as, silent, I
Have come with thee to die;

"E'en as, within thy hands, my life is laid,
That thus my lesson may be, tender, said
In voice of sweet perfume
Sent up by fading bloom.

"So would her life, a willing offering be,
If, from earth's taint, it died to keep thee free,
Thy dear love, God's alone,
And thou—His own, His own!"

If such the words thou breath'dst, O envied flower!
If, o'er his heart, thy voice owned *holy* power,
An angel's mission thine,
Fit gift from love like mine!

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## INSTITUTION AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHURCH.

"God who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the Fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world."—HEB. 1: 1, 2.

THE well-founded, though not well-reasoned veneration which the Hebrews preserved for the sacrifices and rites of their ancient religious law, was the motive that engaged St. Paul to instruct them concerning the excellence of the eternal priesthood of Jesus Christ, and the unity of his sacrifice, that suppressed all others by giving them everlasting perfection, and converting symbols into vital reality. National prejudice on the part of the Hebrews was wounded by the supposition that the ancient lineage of Abraham should vanish in an amalgamation with the Gentile; above all they dreaded seeing the triumphant glory of Sion eclipsed by modern innovation. St. Paul undertakes to allay every alarm by showing that, no substantial change, no ruin would ensue, because that religion which had been from the beginning *one* through many a phase of progress, was perfected by its union with the eternal inheritance of the Messiah. In fact, in the dispensation of religious knowledge, the same truth has been the light of man, the same Saviour, either promised or made manifest in the flesh, has been the substance of faith—the consolation and the hope of the servants of heaven throughout all ages. This unity of religious truth is necessarily the quality of all its relations, of all its developments, so that however they may be various and diverse under any other aspect, in their convergence to religious truth or emanation from it, they are identified with it in most perfect unity. Just as we see the rays of a circle, although separate and diverse as they mark the extension of the figure, they are one in the centre whence they start; they are one in the round line where they terminate. It is thus we have in the teaching of the Apostle indicated the perpetuity, the immutability and infallibility of religion, in all its institutions, in all its dispensations, although according to circumstances they may be named Patriarchal, Mosaic, Evangelical. It

may be Abraham who speaks amongst the Patriarchs, Aaron amongst the Levites, Annas or Caiaphas in the falling synagogues, Paul amongst the Apostles, Timothy amongst the Pastors, the religion is the same, the same word of God. Many errors, many perplexities arise from ignorance of this principle laid down by the Apostle St. Paul. There are many persons who have no better idea of religion than its being something vague and indefinite, which may be modified by varieties of times and diversities of circumstances. We may apply some corrective to this mistake by viewing religion as it wends its way over the undulating tide of human affairs, always practically manifesting, in the matter of fact evidence of its institutions, that it is perpetual, unchangeable, and incorruptible, by means of its unceasing connection, in the unity of truth, with its origin, the word of God.

The first and most important subject for our reasoning faculty, the plainest object that affects the senses, the emotion intimately pervading our inmost soul, we find in the existence and dominion of God, Omnipresent, Provident, and Omnipotent. This leading truth has always cheered with joyous reflection the minds of the saintly and the wise. Transported, like Solomon, unto the heights of enrapturing contemplation, they always found themselves within the reach of the Infinite, in whom all live, move, and have their being. Who casts an upward glance into the silence of stormless ether, who has sailed upon the ocean when the bark ploughed up light at every bound, or who has beheld the steady loftiness of the mountains, felt the pulsation of the mighty deep, without exclaiming, like David, "O Lord, how admirable is thy name in all the earth?" Even the fool who said in his heart that there was no God, found that He was not far off, when thunders rent the skies, and lightning shattered the rocks. He heard something like an echo of his Maker's voice when tortured conscience like that of Cain, awakened a thousand accusers within his soul, changing his pallid visage into a mirror, in which might be read the evidence of his crimes. Coexistent with the Deity, and with the consciousness we have of his Being, is the necessity of religion. For the perception that points Him out, makes us think of Him, and the feelings which admire one divine attribute, or tremble at another, exact our love and humble worship. Why does a conviction, most truly the voice of God, echo through our souls? why does a light, as if beaming from his countenance, shine over the scenes of our earthly dwelling? why does Omnipotence hang forth the lamps from yonder firmament, to which St. Paul points ed as the visible testimonies of invisible things? Is it to make idle rumor within us? is it for vain display of unheeded grandeur? is it to guide us towards the stupid darkness of slumbering humanity? No, all this is of accord with the religious law engraved on our souls by the creative breath of God. All this is done to direct, to urge with holy fear, or to attract with charming love, mankind to be religious; to pay in worship the necessary tribute of homage before the throne of God. All is but a mode, the earliest indeed, of expression of God speaking to us. Hence amid the wreck of all other intelligence this necessity of religion and of worship has stood unimpaired, and from every nation a voice of prayer has been ascending to the throne of God, drowning by its loudness the murmurs of the infidel, and attesting the claims of the Lord of life to the adoration of every heart by the number and piety of his worshippers. Cast a look upon

nen in barbarism or civilization, and it is in the presence of the Deity and in his name they erect themselves into a nation. The cities rise around the temple, which is a pledge of their duration; the altar is their first monument, the ceremonies of religion their first law, and reverence for God their first bond of union. Thus religion marks its origin, thus establishes its perpetuity and unchangeableness. For the principle that first bowed down the head of man in the knowledge and adoration of the Deity has not been exhausted in the prayer of one generation; it has not been lost amid the number of its subjects; it has not been wasted in the lapse of time, but was more diffused in the rolling on of ages, its object still unchanged, eternal in existence, immense in grandeur, infinite in perfection. It has been exhibited in a variety of sacred monuments, which mark not its decline, but grand progress in every age, from the altar where Abel laid his first oblation, from the stone on which Jacob poured oil in the field at Bethel, unto the lofty temple and gorgeous sanctuary of Solomon. It has advanced into age, not with shattered decrepitude; it does not casually reappear as a paltry remnant of a stupendous ruin, rescued by human imbecility; it advances even unto the hope of Omnipotence, building its altar unto the glory of a Divine person being its Priest.

Not only in the first impression made on man, not only in the universal habits of the human race, do we trace the necessity of religion, its perpetuity, and unchangeableness, consistent and identified with the existence of God, and with the worship acceptable to Him and beneficial to his creatures. This is still more clearly manifested in the conduct of God during the earliest generations, in which He spoke, and modified religion by a variety of institutions. For, when men, through necessity or choice, dispersed themselves in different climates, and social economy engendered a necessity for different ways of living, religion was exempted from change by the express authority of God, and was not allowed like other things to be fashioned according to the convenience of time and place; nor was it left dependent on the opinion or judgment of a human being. A God of infinite power and veracity has laid a sure foundation to sustain the edifice of religion. He has established it on the reason of his own Divinity, which, essentially perfect, equally immutable, must always receive a pure unchanging worship. Proof of this is given when we view the inhabitants of the early world travelling to the countries of their choice. Then they may be seen, under the gradual influence of avarice, ambition, and various passions, introducing such changes in religion as best suited their evil inclinations, and just as quickly the anger of heaven was proclaimed against all deviation from that pure worship, which had been originally appointed and authorized by divine power. The prayer and offering of those seceders became an abomination in the sight of heaven, and they fell into all the ignorance and vice of idolatry. Having wandered from the guidance of the one primitive and uniform religion, they have given us a terrifying example of the evil done by any interference of human opinion in matters of religion, and told us the consequence of endeavoring to make it a national convenience. Though many leading men excelled in every branch of learning, and were so well acquainted with refined arts that from the very wrecks of their genius we draw the most perfect copies of chaste elegance and majestic grandeur, yet the ingenuity of vice was exhausted in the composition of their mythology

and the celebration of their ritual. Beneath the shadow of the Pyramids the crocodile was adored; near the Academy where Plato reasoned so well, Mercury was adored by thieves; and beneath the magnificent dome of the Pantheon, Rome gorgeously celebrated the licentious mysteries of Bacchus and Venus. Whilst the Lord abandoned those who dared to swerve from the obligation and uniformity of his worship, He sanctified by his inspirations the few who remained faithful to his first revelation and its precepts. Providing always for the purity of religion, for the utterance of his own word, He selected a people to be the preservers of his oracles; He constituted that which Moses called a church, and which St. Paul designates as the Church of the first-born. In his conduct towards his people, thus organized in a united body of worshippers, He showed at all times that He alone should act in the maintenance and regulation of his worship; and through the agency of men to whom He delegated authority in a most conspicuous manner. Yes, facts prove all through, from the earliest date of the existence of religion, that the faithful service of God, either in creed or ceremony, was never abandoned to the arguments of the human mind, nor to the changeable researches of our reason; that no system should be introduced or accredited besides what the Lord manifested by frequent and most striking interferences of his sovereign will and power.

This we have substantiated, by authentic and imperishable facts, forming an uninterrupted traditional chain, prolonged from the origin of the world down to the present time. The religion which God manifested in the world appeared with Adam, Abel, Enoch, and the Patriarchs before the deluge. To those the Lord communicated a knowledge of himself, the mandates of his will, the necessity of sacrifice, and the hope of a Messiah. This religion of the primeval time in its simple form had no offering except the first fruits of the flock and field, yet was so devoutly reverenced by its ancient votaries that, although they were often personally offensive in their morals, they never failed in faith. It existed after the deluge and spread abroad with the children of Noah, who having been instructed by their parent carried with them in their dispersion the remembrance of revelation, the customary sacrifice, and the hope of a common deliverer. On the top of Sinai it was not changed, but the revelation became more conspicuous when the tribes of Israel saw the lightning and heard the voice of God announcing his holy will, declaring his promises, denouncing his threats, making them the depositaries of his law, with an express command that they should transmit it to their inheritance, not merely by a written code, but through the expression of ceremonies, rites, and sacrifices. This same religion remained with the Jewish nation throughout an uninterrupted series of holy men, who, guided by the light of heaven, kept in view its duties and rewards, and formed the chain of union between the Patriarchs and Prophets. It continued to cheer the captives in the chains of Babylon, as it did the victorious hero, amid the peaceful glories of Sion and its temple. At length, from dawn and morning, from dispensation unto dispensation, it advanced in progressive light unto the full meridian of reviving truth, spread forth by the omnipotent irradiation of the Sun of Justice. Such has been the luminous development of religion, not by alteration, nor by the production of novelty, but in the exhibition of its perpetuity and unchangeableness,

until the source of all light and truth, the Word, by whom all things were made, became manifest in flesh. "God, who spoke in times past to the Fathers, at length spoke to us by his Son." He came, not to destroy but to fulfil, not to diminish but to increase; to bestow on the nations of the earth the religion of Jehovah; to extend the light gradually ushered in by Prophets, in its full splendor, unto the extremities of the earth. We behold the effective utterance of that Word, in the publication and successful establishment of Christianity, when the Apostolic Ministry, spread into every age and nation, triumphantly proclaimed salvation only through the name of Jesus.

Throughout the extended scene over which we have endeavored to cast a hurried glance no change, no deficiency, no fault is seen. Ages pass by, empires decay, climates are altered, languages are lost, races disappear, still religion is the same; the same voice of God, uttered and identified in a variety of dispensations, whereof it is the life-giving truth. And now, generations having been thus blessed with a religion testifying its own truth by its perpetuity, its unchangeableness, and other divine characteristics, we are quite sure that no shadow of change could overcast the same religion, when transmitted to us in the most perfect form by the divine Word. God having spoken to us by his Son, Jesus Christ, whatever modification occurred to religion in the past, according to difference of times or diversity of manners or instruction, is entirely abolished, so that in substance it is eternal, in expression and instruction it is the Word, it is the Son, it is Jesus Christ. As it is by religion that God is known, as it is its peculiar office to lead to God, as it is the sacred means whereby the Almighty allows enough of his glory to escape the mysterious cloud which, as yet, keeps unrevealed the whole infinitude of his perfection, so that He may be adored in spirit and in truth, in fear and trembling; as it is the endowment of his own gracious goodness, the tangible link holding man allied in aspiration to his eternal inheritance, and the insurance of the adoration of the Deity, it has been, as we have seen, preserved during the ages of the patriarchal and written law without any person venturing to assert that it failed in its object, suffered a diminution of its influence, or any kind of alteration. Most assuredly we could not contemplate anything of the kind subsequently to the ministration of our Divine Redeemer. Prophets appeared from time to time under former dispensations to excite ardor amongst the servants of God, but never presumed to say that truth was altered or obscured in the deposit originally made. They never dared to found a new system, to introduce a new ritual; to interfere in any way with the uniform progress of religion in its dogma and its ceremonial. No; that belongs to God alone, who always performs anything of the kind, in a most divine manner; just as was experienced in the time of Adam, when the voice of God was heard in Eden instructing man, or on the gloomy precincts of their exile, giving to the fallen pair a saving faith; and, again, when the prostrate tribes of Israel heard the thunders of heaven solemnizing the delivery of a written code; and, finally, when the universe was astonished at the wonders accompanying the birth and resurrection of the Saviour, who published with his own mouth the perfection of the law. If it could be legitimately supposed that at any period since the ascension of our Lord the religion eternally deposited by Him in the Church which St. Paul says, "He purchased with his own blood," was in any

way exposed to change by deterioration or by renovation, then it would not be true that our Lord established amongst us the imperishable kingdom of his Father; it would not be true that he had perfected all that had been foretold by the Prophets. On the contrary, in such a supposition, the Christian dispensation would be inferior to the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, whereas, during their existence, religion never retrograded, but was progressing from the natural unto the written revelation, and thence from the precepts of ceremonies and figures unto that grand dispensation when the "*Desired of Nations*" satisfied the hopes of ages, when the "clouds rained down the *Just One*, and the earth budded forth a Saviour." But such a supposition is an impious absurdity, and like all theories in faith, its absurdity is shown by Religion being a Fact, and the matter of the Fact is this, that "*all flesh has seen the salvation of God, in the Lord Jesus Christ*," and all nations and all ages hear the voice of God in the teaching and practice of the things which Christ commanded to be observed.

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## CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

In nearly all lands and all ages fortune-telling has, in some form or other, been highly popular, from the instinctive desire of the human race to become acquainted with the hidden and unknown. Every schoolboy knows how greatly divination was held in honor amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans; has heard of the power which the "medicine-man" wields in the Indian village; and has perhaps dreamed of the black-eyed gipsy, who with seductive smile might some day accost him in a quiet shady lane, and offer, for a slight consideration, to tell him of coming luck. In our own prosaic times and matter-of-fact country, however, gipsies and other professors of the art of reading the hidden decrees of Providence seem to have fallen on evil days, and when they venture on too obtrusive a practice of their vocation, find themselves an object of extreme solicitude to the myrmidons of the law; but in China the case is different, for throughout the length and breadth of all the eighteen provinces of that vast and populous empire fortune-telling flourishes, and is quite a matter of everyday life. The Chinese being an eminently superstitious race are naturally eager to pry into futurity, and consult their favorite oracle upon almost every conceivable occasion. A Chinaman can neither be married nor buried, nor enter upon any business of the least importance, without the aid of one of the fortune-telling fraternity, so that it is no wonder that with them the craft is prosperous.

Mr. Doolittle, in his interesting work on the Social Life of the Chinese, to which we are indebted for some of the following information, tells us that in Far Cathay six modes of fortune-telling are in vogue, and these we will now proceed to describe as briefly as possible.

Probably the most popular method of telling fortunes is by the eight characters, which give the

act time of a person's birth—
o representing the year of the
cle, two the month, two the day,
d two the "period" of the day
which the event occurred.
any of those who follow this
anch of the profession are blind;
ey are led about the streets by
ys, and have commonly two ways
proclaiming their calling, one
ing by means of two small bam-
o clappers, with which they make
rtain well-known sounds, and the
her by a yueh-ting, which is a
rcular piece of copper hung by
'o strings to a stick, a second
ick being hung between the
rings;. this pendulous stick when
ruck against the copper produces
peculiar noise, which any one
ho has ever been in a Chinese
'wn will at once call to mind.
he peripatetic fortune-teller is
early always blind, and he is said
y the Chinese to "calculate for-
ines," for which he gets about a
enny—while those who, not being
flicted with loss of sight, estab-
sh themselves in shops and wait
r people to come and consult
iem, are said to "see fortunes,"
id being a somewhat superior
ass, they charge a double fee.
hey all make their predictions by
ference to books, which teach
em how to interpret the combi-
ations of the horary characters,
id whether they should deduce a
'opitious or unpropitious conclu-
on therefrom; of course, the
ind man labors under consider-
ble disadvantages in having to
ust much more to his memory
an is the case with his brother
'ofessor. To this class of fortune-
llers generally belong those who,
hen negotiations for a marriage
'e being opened, are consulted to
etermine whether the eight char-
ters of both parties are suffici-
ntly in harmony for them to be-
me husband and wife; also those
ho choose lucky or propitious
ays for the transaction of impor-
tant business. The aid of these soothsayers "is invoked by the builder and proprietor of houses and hongs, and by the head men in the erection of temples," &c. In the case of temples, the ages of the elders and head men of the neighborhood are made known to one who is able to divine what month, day, and hour will be lucky for the performance of the several kinds of labor connected with the erection of the proposed temple. In the matter of building a house or hong, only the age of the owner and proprietor is made known to the fortune-teller. He applies the rules of his art to decide on the precise hour which will be favorable for beginning to "move the earth for the foundations; for putting up the ridge pole in its place; for hanging the great or main door of honor; for digging the well and making the fireplace in the kitchen."

A very popular, and at the same time the cheapest kind of fortune-telling, is by means of a bird and slips of paper. The professor of the black art who adopts this method of divination, and is willing to satisfy the inquiring mind for a very modest remuneration, "traverses the streets in search of employment. He carries in one hand a piece of the small end of a cow's horn and a bamboo stick. These two are tied together loosely at one end, and he manages to strike or clap them together, so as to make a peculiar sound. In the other hand, or suspended from a front button of his coat, he has a small cage containing a little bird of a particular species. He always takes with him on these professional excursions sixty-four small sheets of paper, on each of which is sketched a figure of a god, bird, beast, &c., and on every sheet is also written a short verse of poetry, usually four lines, each of seven characters. These sheets are fold-

ed up in such a manner that the pictures and the poetry are not visible. When any one applies to have his fortune told, he arranges the sixty-four pieces of paper on a table or on the ground, and places the bird-cage near them. He then opens the door, and the bird hops out and picks up one of the sheets with his beak. This the wise man opens and explains to the applicant."

Another class of peripatetic fortune-tellers devote themselves to inspecting the physiognomy; they are to be known by certain characters that are inscribed on a satchel which they carry with them. They select a favorable and convenient spot in the street, where they can spread out a chart, which they consult in reference to the personal peculiarities of their customers. They carefully inspect every feature of the person who wishes to look into futurity, and compare together what they term the "five governors"—that is, the ears, eyes, eyebrows, nose, and mouth—to see whether they are in harmony, and whether the combined expression is good or not. They note the way in which the applicant walks and sits down, and so foretell his future. Furthermore, they examine the length of each finger, and pay particular attention to the lines or creases in the palm of the hand, taking careful note of its color and thickness.

Yet another mode of gaining an insight into the decrees of fate is by dissecting the written character. Those who practice this branch of the art take up a position at the side of some frequented street, where they spread out a cloth, and arrange their writing materials. They also have with them a box containing a number of pieces of paper folded up, on which a single character is written; their fee is but small, being usually about a half-penny. The inquirer into futurity chooses two of these pieces of paper, which the fortune-teller opens; he then dissects the characters on them, writing out their various component parts. He next talks over the matter about which his customer is anxious for information, working in the meaning of the fresh characters, obtained by the subdivision of the two originally selected at random, often increasing the number by skilfully adding strokes to, and thus changing the meaning of, the characters. Upon the materials thus got together he founds an oracular response as to the coming events about which he has been consulted.

Those who profess to reveal the secrets of futurity by the use of the tortoise-shell and three ancient cash, have shops or offices where they may be consulted by those who prefer this method of ascertaining their fortunes. The cash commonly used are a certain kind coined during the Tang dynasty (some twelve hundred years ago). They first light incense sticks and candles, placing them before the picture of an old man, whom they worship as the deity who presides over this kind of divination. They then take the cash and put them into a tortoise-shell, which they shake once or twice before the picture, invoking the aid and presence of the god. They then empty the cash out, and taking them in one hand, they strike the shell gently three times with them, repeating at the same time forms of incantation. The cash are again put into the shell and shaken as before three times, when they are turned out upon a plate, and careful observation is made of the manner in which they have chanced to fall. After noting how many have the reverse side upwards, the same cash are put into the shell, and a similar operation is repeated once and again. At the conclusion of the third shaking, and the third

observation of the relative positions of the coins, the fortune-tellers proceed to compare the diagrams with the "five elements" according to the abstruse and intricate rules of this species of divination. After a tedious process of observations and comparisons, they pronounce judgment on the matter under investigation.

What is termed "geomancy," in so far as it has to do with the selection of a fortunate burial-place by a critical examination of the earth and scenery, comes fairly into the category of fortune-telling, for the Chinese consider that the future prosperity of the family of the deceased depends greatly upon a lucky place of sepulture being chosen. The Chinese expression for this is Fêng-shui, that is, wind and water, and whatever, in the opinion of the wise man, interferes with the Fêng-shui, is looked upon as very unlucky. It may be interesting to mention in passing, that this superstition with regard to the Fêng-shui is one of the great obstacles to the introduction of telegraphs, railways, &c., into the country.

The man who "looks at the wind and water," armed with a compass and other implements of his art, accompanies a near relative of the deceased to some spot in the hills, which is thought suitable for a burial-place, and he then proceeds to make his observations secundum artem. He notes "the nature of the ground, the color of the soil, its relative position to surrounding hills, valleys, streams," &c. If large rocks are found in the earth, or if the spot prove to be wet, it is at once condemned, and a fresh search has to be made for a place where the soil is dry and of a yellowish color. This species of fortune-telling is the most tedious and expensive of those which we have described, but the Chinese attach extreme importance to it.

Besides the foregoing methods of fortune-telling, the Chinese have in some parts a mode of divination by certain pieces of wood, in shape the longitudinal sections of a flattish oval. These are thrown by pairs, and according to the mode in which they turn up, a judgment is formed of any future event by consulting the interpretation afforded in a Sibylline volume, which is hung up in the temple. If the throw, however, happens to be unlucky, they do not mind trying their chance over again, until the answer is satisfactory.

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THE mind that would be happy must be great;
Great in its wishes; great in its surveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
A man of compass makes a man of worth;
Divine contemplate, and become divine.

## MAGGIE'S RIVAL.

"My own dear, dear little Maggie!"

I was Maggie. As to whether or not I was dear it is not for me to say, but detraction itself acknowledged me little. Hence, with the usual contentment of gentle English maidens, I greatly desired to be tall. Tall and fair, with delicate features, and a well-cut nose. Such was my refined taste. Men, I conceived, should, without exception, be dark; women, without exception, fair.

But I and my theories had got somehow into a sort of muddle.

Here was I, Maggie, short, dark, plump (I forgot to mention that, in my standard of beauty, women were ethereally slight; I admire, indeed, the scraggiest specimens), with arms over which I had frequently sighed, they were so round and so plump, and meant to remain so. I derived no comfort from their dimpled appearance.

Then again, he who had called me his dear little Maggie was fair. Decidedly fair, understand! No sort of compromise. Yellow hair, whiskers, mustache, all quite golden. No doubt he had some good points. Handsome sleepy blue eyes, brilliantly white teeth, and that sort of thing. But the one fact remained: he was fair.

I had fretted and fumed at this at first, but it was so useless (for, with the best intentions to please me, my lover could not positively change his skin, and the hottest sun had no power to bronze him), that at last I left off thinking about it, and fell back resignedly on his inner qualities. One of them was, at all event, a reverence for all things worthy to be reverenced.

We had had the most orthodox courtship. All adjectives on his part, all modest depreciation on mine. It had had only one drawback. It had left us where we began. We were neither of us any nearer to the old sweet end of courtship. Marriage was still but a lovely perspective. The fact is, that among the many mistakes the fairies made at my birth, they forgot to endow me with wealth. That and the fair skin had both been omitted. My lover also was poor, but with fabulous riches shining in the future.

His mother was a very rich woman, and we had always supposed she meant to provide for her only child; but it had lately been rumored that she would not do so, unless, said report, he married to please her.

And soon my lover showed me a letter, where the rumor turned to a threat.

To inherit her money, he must indeed marry to please her, and she appeared to have herself selected his wife.

"O Bernard, how unfortunate!"

It did seem unfortunate. But I was so happy in the possession of a lover, and so proud of that lover being Bernard, that I don't at all think I realized the extent of the misfortune. Bernard, however, was filled with indignation against his mother.

"My dear little Maggie! Maggie, you do not doubt me? You are not in the least afraid,—this letter I mean?"

"Why, Bernard, no."

"You do not think it could ever influence me," he went on, excitedly; "that I would ever take a wife of my mother's choosing, that I would ever marry any one—*any one*—but you, Madge?"

As I have said before, I did not

at all admire my arms, but that was no reason why they should not be made of use. They were of use now, for they crept round his neck, and Bernard became quiet.

We said so little in the course of the next few minutes that I am not going to repeat it. Besides, we had said it so often before. How happy we were in the month that succeeded! Bernard and I threw the threat to the winds. Such lovely long walks in the lanes, such reckless plucking of the roses!

Ah! how easily I conjure up the lanes and the fields. Cool and fresh, with the smell of grass in the air, and the drone of insects. The heat of the day passing in vapor, the flower-cups filling with dew. A lark soaring upward, like a speck in the light. A golden rain of sunbeams falling warm from heaven to earth.

"At present, Madge," said Bernard, "I am the happiest man that breathes on the earth."

This would be, perhaps, at the top of a gate: a quickset hedge just before us, a speculative cow looking over. I would reply, contentedly:

"Dear, we are very happy so."

This could not last forever. I don't mean sitting on the gate, because that would have been very undesirable, but the peace, the quiet, the sense of being alone.

Even the gods had to come down from Olympus, and I found that my presence was requested on earth.

"Madge," said my father at breakfast one morning, throwing me a letter across the table, "read this. Maze Hill is quite full, and Florence has asked to come here."

He had a newspaper before him, which he pretended to be reading, whilst really he waited for my answer.

"Oh, my dear papa!" I remonstrated.

"I know, I know, my dear," he said, hurriedly; "but it can't be helped. Just tell Flo' that you and Bernard are—in fact, that you like sometimes to be alone, and I am sure she will be too good-natured to worry you. You can give her a book, you know, or an antimacassar to do."

But I did not at all think she would work antimacassars, and I felt my brown skin flush up angrily.

"Write to her nicely, Madge," my father hinted, "and be sure that your letter is posted before five."

After which little speech, compliance on my part was expected.

That evening I wrote to Florence, telling her how intensely stupid she would find us, and hoping she would not allow it to keep her away.

Florence wrote back. She should certainly come, and was sure that she would have a pleasant time.

"Chacun à son goût," said Bernard, shrugging his shoulders. "If she finds *us* amusing, I shall think she has a fund of amusement within herself. Little lady, why don't you mend your gloves?" And so we slided away gracefully from Florence.

But all too soon Miss Burnand arrived.

Now, I was myself not at all acquainted with my cousin. All that I knew of her, I knew from report.

"Too pretty for the place," I commented inwardly; and then I was very angry with myself, and begged Bernard's pardon in my heart, and could find no words strong enough to condemn my want of faith, and tried very hard to like my pretty cousin. In fact, she was a mere slip of a girl, very slight and light-looking, with very undeniable eyes, and a very undeniable mouth. A little girl, with little delicate ears, slim feet, and long-fingered hands with pink palms.

That night I looked long and earnestly at myself in the glass. I be-

lieve it is not uncommon for young ladies so to do, and with me it had grown rather a habit. I was always so anxious to see if, haply, I appeared one shade fairer, and I know that I turned my whole hair inside out, that so I might get at the lightest tints. That night, however, I played no such freaks. I simply stood and examined.

I saw in the glass a well-shaped girl, a brown face brilliantly colored, a plump white neck, round plump arms decorated with dimples, little fat hands, also all over dimples, but grievously brown, and with fingers ungracefully short.

Now, looking back on what I saw, I highly approve of the image in the glass; but Maggie in those days was not satisfied.

"Brown!" I sighed, discontentedly. "Brown is no word for it. Mahogany is nearer the color."

Thus I, Maggie, into the small hours; then, tired at last, I crept into bed, and brought my brown face into contrast with the white sheets.

Next morning on entering the breakfast-room, I found Florence already down before me, looking fresh and sweet.

My father was an artist, and had a true artist's reverence for beauty. He looked with admiration at her elegant little figure, at her classically-shaped head with its glossy wavy hair simply and prettily confined. Bernard was not so artistic. I glanced at him over my teacup, but his handsome blue eyes were half asleep, and his face a blank wall for expression.

At length, as I watched him, I saw the man change; his sleepy blue eyes woke up, and some intelligence flashed in his face. Turning to Florence, and for the first time addressing her, he said:

"You have just come from the city, Miss Burnand. Where have you lately been visiting?"

"Twenty-nine Anonymous Terrace. It is very pretty about there," replied Florence, indifferently.

"It is so," he replied, laconically; and, turning from her, he chatted gayly to me all through breakfast.

I was filled with a horrible dread. Twenty-nine Anonymous Terrace! And Bernard's mother, I knew well, lived at twenty. Could it be possible that Florence was the lady she had selected for his wife. She had plenty of money, and she was aristocratic enough for any great dame.

O dear, how I wish that Bernard and I might but run down to the station after breakfast, and see her off politely by the train. Not so, however.

I see my father shut himself up in his studio; I watch Bernard saunter slowly down the garden, waiting, as usual, for me to join him; I wonder how on earth I shall get rid of Miss Burnand.

I think of papa's little hint—the antimacassars — but I feel intuitively that, though a crochet-needle may be very well in my little short fingers, Miss Burnand's pretty hands are not turned to such account. Then Bernard whistles, and I flush, and Florence looks around her,—a well-bred girl much amazed. I feel hot and indignant. What ridiculous lovers she must think us!

I twitch my old hat from a peg, and half make as though I would put it on. To put it on entirely, I have not courage. Florence catches the idea conveyed by my hat.

"I am going to write letters," she says; "don't mind me."

I place pens and ink before her with the rapidity of an experienced clerk, and dance out into the sunshine down our gay little garden up to Bernard. A long happy morning; a lovers' long talk. We go out of the garden, and into the fields, and sit on a great yellow hay-

stack. Bernard goes up first, and I climb up after. Bernard talks rubbish, and I talk rubbish after him.

He tells me where, when we are married, he means to take me. We are to touch, it would seem, at all the loveliest spots of the earth; we are just to touch, and pass on. I am very inexperienced, and I have never been away from home. Still, I vaguely feel that this touching and passing on may be expensive.

"That will require money?" I say, modestly interrogative.

"Beyond a doubt, Madge."

Bernard's face clouds. I feel sure he is filial, and thinking of his mother. Some subtle association of ideas places Florence before me.

"What do you think of her, Bernard? You admire her, of course?"

"Of course I do," he said. "Who could help it?"

I was mortally ashamed, but little jealous thrills ran down my dreadfully plump arms, and I felt myself striving to slide out of his grasp.

Bernard would not hear of the arrangement. He took no notice of my discomposure, only held me all the faster, and talked as if I, Maggie, were at once the quaintest and sweetest little lady in the land. This was so far pleasant that I partially recovered; but I could not quite lay aside a restless fear, a horrible dread, of—something.

Florence gave me no cause for uneasiness; and yet I was forever watching her. She was certainly down here just as she had been in half a dozen other places, a complete success; her peculiar charm was the ease with which she allowed herself to be amused. It was all one to her. She would frame her little aristocratic face in the window of a carriage, calmly returning the gaze of the multitude, her delicate profile set off by her fashionable hat; or here, in the country, she would gather up the skirts of all her pretty morning-dresses, and race about the lanes like a child. So strangely adaptable!

To my father she talks pictures, and to Bernard—but Bernard does not praise her now to poor jealous little me.

So things go on, and I do not like her in the least, and I say hasty rude things, and repent, and am sorry, and, in fact, am Maggie all over. Florence, being sweet-tempered herself, does not know I am not sweet-tempered, and joins in our walks with a quiet persistence and an absence of tact that render politeness on my part an impracticable theory. Every time she tacks herself on to us, I mount swiftly up to a white heat of impatience.

All of no use. I seem to hear Bernard saying, "We cannot leave her alone, Maggie; you would not leave the poor little girl alone?" And I feel he is right, and I clench my teeth hard, and walk along silent, until the tones of my voice are pitched to my liking.

At length, however, things take one turn too many. "There are limits to everything," I inform myself, as I stand at one of the pretty windows that open on our lawn, brilliantly green after the rain. That lawn was a picture,—red with geraniums in white stone baskets, and overflowing with beauty. In the centre, a fine old oak threw dark shadows on the ground; and there, in the shade, hidden away from the sun's hot glare, sat Florence Burnand—and my Bernard!

Flo' was looking up, and laughing. Her hat lay beside her, and through the thick boughs a sunbeam was sprinkling her brown hair with gold dust, and sparkling on her pretty teeth. Blue butterflies were settling on her white dress,

nd Bernard's blue eyes were looking straight into hers!

I don't stop to reason. I don't stop to remind myself that when I am busy about the house, as I always am on Monday morning, neither Bernard nor Florence can be tied to my side; that, this granted, and they being the only two young people in the house, they must of necessity amuse each other; which they cannot do more innocently than by sitting on the lawn in my sight; neither do I reason that I do not literally expect Bernard's eyes to be lowered, save and except when they are turned towards me.

I flounce about angrily all the morning, and will not go near them. I can see Bernard looking up at the house, and I know very well he is looking for me; but the whistle that generally brings me to his side dies away on the air, and I don't go to him. Then they come in to lunch. Flo' with her delicate cheeks like rose-leaves, effect of sitting in the open air. I catch a glimpse of myself in the glass over my head, and my features are all twisted up to look sarcastic, and do not by any means add to my beauty.

I am very angry with Miss Burnand, and experience a childish desire to retaliate by giving her the drumstick of a fowl. Manners prevail, and I give her a wing.

Bernard sees that something is wrong, but is, of course, too grand to try to set it right. He stretches his long legs, and stares at us both rather lazily.

This is our first tiff, and I feel there is something exciting in it, though I am conscious of a vague suspicion that smooth sailing was much better. Ah me! how the small waves rise and swell! Shall I never again see the calm water?

I had only meant to be dignified and stately, and I soon grew tired of that, and would very gladly *have* come round, but—to my horror—there was a barrier. An invisible one, but none the less a barrier, and I could not break it down. I found, when I would have again addressed Bernard in the old familiar manner, a shade on the face that had so long been my own. I do not think he was aware of it. He was gayer than usual, and nobody else seemed to notice his constraint; but where Bernard is concerned my senses are quickened, and to me it was too clear. This change in Bernard, arising from the change in me, was reflected in my voice, and so we went on, affecting each other, until at length we were rapidly drifting apart. And all outwardly was the same. Only now, instead of the old sweet whisper, "Come into the woods, Maggie!" there would be Bernard, hard and metallic, simply awaiting our pleasure to start. And Florence would fit on cream-tinted gloves. And I, foolish and jealous, could not stand it, and would let them go out into the quiet beauty of the woods without me.

Of course, it was I who suffered most. Bernard had his sense of ill usage, and a man's pleasure in sulking, but I was beyond such help. In the depths of my misery I threw myself at full length on the floor, and was instantly half stunned by a projecting nail. Physical pain did me good; I crawled up again, and then, glad of the excuse to be extracted from my headache, I went off to bed.

In bed, instead of sleep, I found wisdom. On one point I am quite determined. I will not expose myself to Florence.

Presently she comes up to me, bringing her sweet face, and her wonderful absence of tact, into my sick-room. She pities me very much, and tries in her small way to do me good.

"Such a lovely walk!" she breathes melodiously: though to me her voice sounds like any old

aven's. I become at once uncomlimentary and inaudible.

"It depends very much on one's houghts though," she remarks, 'whether one enjoys things or no. I was thinking of him."

At this juncture my newly gained wisdom serves me nothing. I jump up in bed, straight as an arrow, and the hot blood paints my face in streaks from brow to chin. In the midst of my passion I try to be sarcastic.

"O, indeed!" I say; "and he, I suppose, was thinking of you?"

I laugh in what I intend to be an incredulous manner, but even to my own ears it sounds weird and wretched, and I feel that there are great tears in my eyes. Through them, through that mist of unshed tears, I look up at her. And she looks down at me amazed. "How strange you are!" she says; "and I didn't think you knew! Yes, we have been engaged these three years, but we are to be married almost directly now; he is coming down here next month."

She blushes. Her face fills with color, until it is as red as the berries on a mountain ash, and her little delicate ears became scarlet.

I lean back on my pillows ecstatically happy.

It does not even occur to me to inquire to whom she is engaged, or anything about it. She is evidently nothing to Bernard, and, beyond that, nothing signifies. I think she is hurt by my want of sympathy, for she goes away sadly.

The instant she is gone, I jump off the bed, plunge my flushed face into a basin of water, brush up all the wet hair into a great bunch of curls, shake out my dress into folds, and go down stairs, trusting to my composure for not telling tales.

I edge up to Bernard, and propose a walk.

He agrees at once, although, poor fellow! he has but just come from a walk. He looks very hard at the glued-up appearance of my eyes.

Our walk is, of course, to the haystack; and, sitting on the top of that golden edifice, the last wave of trouble recedes from my heart.

Says Bernard to a person who is sobbing in his arms: "Poor little Madge! What was it, Maggie?"

But I cannot at first explain what it was. I lift up my tear-stained face, and then hide it away modestly in the stubble.

Presently it transpires. Maggie has been jealous. Bernard opens his sleepy blue eyes wide at this intelligence, and reflects aloud.

"How strange!" he says; "jealous of Flo'!"

I tell myself how natural it is that he should call my cousin "Flo'."

"Quite absurd,—wasn't it?" I ask, nervously.

"Poor little girl!" he says, "I am so sorry for her. She has been so constant to that scamp of a man. Only to-day she was telling me how thankful she should be when they really were married. And I daresay she will be, poor little thing! for what with his wretched health and his endless suspicions her life is at present not too easy."

I undergo pricks of conscience which send me clambering up on the stool of repentance.

"O Bernard, I have been so unkind! But what a different sort of girl she looks! And if she cares about him, how can she be so nice to other people!"

"Other people! Mean me, I suppose?" says Bernard, giving me a little squeeze, and bending down to try to see my face. "But she wasn't particularly nice, Maggie. I was very sorry for her, of course, but I think I would sooner have strolled with my own little girl in the woods this afternoon."

This is as it should be. I compose myself to listen, and Bernard leaves off. I don't care. I am so very happy now.

When I go in, I catch Florence round the waist, and astonish my pretty cousin with some very warm kisses.

"I am so sorry for you, and so very, very glad, and I am sure you will be happy when you're married."

Florence, the adaptable, fits into my new mood. Exchanging confidences, we compare notes. Her Bob and my Bernard might be twin brothers. The virtues of both are so excellent, and they are so very equally exempt from faults!

The roses are still scenting the air, though their petals begin to lie thick on the ground. Every one speaks of a fair little bride, whose statuesque figure shows soft through her veil, but the sensation she makes is lost upon me. I am dimly conscious of the white buds and blossoms in my own dark hair, of Bernard unusually solemn beside me, and all else is but a dream, from which I awake to find Florence married, and on my own hand a link of shining gold that binds me forever to Bernard.

We have risked all, and have married without his mother's wealth.

"Madge," he says, as he takes me away easily through a crowd that is wrapped up and absorbed in Florence, "of whom now, in the future, do you mean to be jealous?"

I whisper up softly, "Of all those whom I think you love better than me."

Bernard lifted his hands and eyes, like a prophet seeing backward.

"Madge, I see in the distance a host of such rivals, misty shadows in the background, softly turning into air.

I laugh at this conceit.

"Before what, then, have they vanished?"

Then Bernard, looking in my eyes, stoops down before me, and kisses the ring on my finger.

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## AN EXEMPLARY SCHOLAR.

### Frédéric Ozanam.

### II.

A BRILLIANT career was opening before him in Paris, but for family reasons it was decided that he should return for a time to Lyons, to practice at the bar, and on his father's death, soon after, he resolved to sacrifice to filial affection his hopes of University advancement, and remain with his widowed mother, whose failing sight and weakened health made his presence at Lyons seem almost an imperious duty. He therefore refused the chair of philosophy at Orleans, which was offered him by M. Cousin, but he accepted the nomination to the chair of commercial law at Lyons, a foundation which that town had demanded from the Government, that they might offer it to their young and brilliant fellow-citizen, Frédéric Ozanam.

While filling this post, he was distinguished for his great erudition, his eloquence, and his mature judgment. But alas! his poor mother did not live to enjoy her son's almost unexampled success, for she fell very dangerously ill, and breathed her last a few short months after his nomination. The death of this beloved parent was a very severe blow to Ozanam, and is thus touchingly described by him:

"Towards the end she recovered her mental energy, and Jesus, by descending for the last time into the heart of His dear servant, gave her strength for the final struggle. She remained for about three days calm and serene, murmuring prayers, and acknowledging, by a few words of ineffable maternal kindness, all our care and caresses. At last came the fatal night; it was my turn to sit up with her, and through my tears I recited to her the acts of faith, hope, and charity which she had taught me when I was a little child. About one o'clock, new symptoms alarmed me, and I called my eldest brother, who was lying down in the next room. Charles heard us, and also got up; the servants hurried in. We knelt around her bed, Alphonse said the heartrending prayers for the departing, to which we made the responses through our sobs. All the aids which religion reserves for that solemn hour, the absolution, the indulgences, were once more applied to her soul. The remembrance of her pure life, of the good works, too fatiguing and too multiplied, which had hastened its end, the presence, almost by a providential coincidence, of her three sons, who preserved the faith in the midst of such perilous times, and lastly, the hopes already so nearly realized of a happy immortality—all these circumstances seemed combined to soften the dread, and to illuminate the darkness of the hour of death. There were no convulsions, and no agony; only a sleep, which left almost a smile upon her countenance, a light breathing, which grew weaker and weaker. A moment came when it ceased, and we rose up orphans! . . . That dear memory will never leave us. Even in my actual solitude, in the midst of the desolateness which often preys upon my soul, the thought of that solemn scene comes back to me to restore and sustain me. When I consider how short life is, and how near may be the time of reunion with those who are now separated by death, I feel all the temptations of self-love and other evil passions vanish away; all my desires lose themselves in one only wish —to die like my mother!"

Ozanam often spoke with emotion of the early religious instruction he had received from his mother, and again and again he exclaims in his letters — "Happy is the man to whom God has given a holy mother!" Her gentle exhortations, her powerful example, her fervent piety, all exercised a most salutary influence on him during his life; nor did this influence cease after her death, for so vivid was his faith, that she still seemed ever present to him, ever watching over him, and only changed in having more power and a stronger love. He had an intense realization of the communion of saints, and in one of his letters says:

"You know that the great mystery of the communion of saints does not allow us to believe ourselves alone here on earth; it surrounds us with the spirits of the most holy, and those most dear to us, as so many witnesses and glorious patrons, in order that our hearts may not grow faint under our trials. And then life is very short, and soon the hour will come when we shall go to rejoin all those who have gone before us in the paths of faith and love."

For some time Ozanam had been tormented by a restless indecision as to his future career, and since his mother's death he was in still more painful uncertainty in regard to his vocation. He had even some thoughts of embracing the religious life, in order that he might serve God better by quitting the world. As in most men of great intellectual power, there was a tinge of melancholy in his disposition which made him look forward to the future with somewhat gloomy apprehension. "The moment when one makes choice of a destiny," he says, "is a solemn one, and all that is solemn is sad. I suffer from that absence of a vocation which makes me see the dust and the stones on all the paths of life and the flowers on none." At the same time, he feared to take the decision of so important a matter into his own hands; his great desire was to place himself unreservedly under the direction of Providence; his constant prayer was that he might know God's will, and do it. "Ask the Supreme Guardian of souls," he writes to a friend, "to give me light to know His designs for me, and energy to accomplish them.

May His will be done on earth as in heaven—that is to say, with faith and love." His prayers were answered, for circumstances soon arose which opened out to him the path which he was to tread, and revealed to him God's secret designs in his regard.

*A concours pour l'agrégation des facultés* was to take place in Paris for the first time in 1840. It was open to all who held the title of doctor of letters, and Ozanam, by the advice of his friends, though with some diffidence on his own part, on account of the difficulties presented by the programme, came forward as one of the candidates. It was the first time that he found himself in the presence of rivals, and the examinations were long and severe. The last trial was the most difficult. A subject was given out in the evening, and on the next day, after only twenty-four hours' preparation, the candidate was required to deliver an oral lesson upon it, in presence of his judges and his competitors. The subject which fell to the lot of Ozanam was the history of the Greek scholiasts. It really seemed like a trick of fate, for the subject was one to which he was a stranger alike by his habits of thought and by his studies, and a smile of derision was seen on many faces when the announcement was read out. M. Egger, one of the rival candidates, who was particularly well versed in Greek literature, offered Ozanam some of his books and valuable notes on the scholiasts, which act of generosity gave rise to a lifelong friendship between the two men. Still his friends trembled on the following day, for they could not but fear for his success. Ozanam, however, treated the sterile subject with such elegance and facility, his ideas were so original and ingenious, so elevated and full of interest, that the judges, the public, and the eminent men who were present at the *concours*, were astonished and charmed. It was a great and glorious triumph, and at once decided his professorship. He was most distinguished in the eyes of the judges for "his broad and clear conception of an author and his subject, the excellence of his commentaries, his bold and correct views, and a language which, uniting originality to judgment, and imagination to depth, appeared eminently suitable to a public professor." Nothing, perhaps, can better show the simplicity and humility which were such remarkable features in Ozanam's character than his own account of this intellectual triumph:

"After a night of toil and a day of anguish, I arrived, more dead than alive, just at the moment when I had to speak. Despairing of myself, I made an act of hope in God such as I had never made before, and I never got on better. In short, I spoke on the scholiasts for an hour and three-quarters, with an assurance and a freedom which even astonished myself, and I succeeded in interesting, in affecting, in captivating, not only the judges, but the audience, and I came away with all the honors of war, having won to my side even those who derided me. . . . God gave me the grace to take into this contest a faith which, without seeking to put itself forward, animates the thought, preserves harmony in the intelligence, and gives life and warmth to speech Thus I may say, *In hoc vici*. And this idea, which at first may seem proud, is really that which humbles me, and at the same time gives me confidence. A success so marvellously providential quite overpowers me. I think I see in it, as you do, an indication of God's design for me, a true vocation, what I have been praying for during so many years. My eldest brother is of this opinion, and I am going to enter, with still trembling, but more tranquil steps, on the new career opened out before me by this unexpected event."

Ozanam was only twenty-seven when he won for himself this distinguished position, and when, after four years of prosperity and success, as *suppléant* to M. Fauriel in the chair of foreign literature, he

was unanimously appointed his successor; no one so young had ever before occupied a professor's chair in the Academy of Paris. In the midst of this success he remained quite unspoilt, always unaffected, studious, and sincere, and he might still have been taken for a simple student as he went on his way to the Sorbonne. Notwithstanding his constant studies, and incessant intellectual preoccupation, he never neglected prayer and meditation; his first act in the morning was to read a portion of Holy Scripture, and he never left his home for the Sorbonne without kneeling before his crucifix to pray that he might say nothing contrary to truth, or with the view merely of gaining applause. He was most regular in the observance of his religious duties. He writes:

"I believe the Church to be above all the things of this life. I believe in worship as a profession of faith, as a symbol of hope, as a terrestrial realization of the love of God. And on that account I practice my religion as far as I can, and according to the habits which were taught me in my childhood, and I find in prayer and the sacraments the indispensable support of my moral life in the midst of the temptations of an ardent imagination and a delusive world."

The professorship of Ozanam was the most important period of his life. He entered on it seriously, as a sort of mission by which he hoped to realize the dream of his youth, for he saw that from this new position he could render a great service to the Church. Yet he had a special difficulty to contend with. He was appointed to lecture on foreign literature, while it was by a loyal history of the Church that he desired to confirm the great truths of Christianity. One of his chief objects was, by his instructions to shed the light of science over those ages which were unjustly kept in the shade, as well as to demonstrate the greatness of the Church allied to the constant progress of Christian civilization. He proved himself, however, quite equal to the undertaking, hard as it was, and not unfraught with peril. Deep erudition was needed, no apocryphal documents could be accepted, no doubtful texts quoted, or contestable arguments advanced; and great deference was required towards those learned men who had once been his masters, and were now his adversaries.

It was by respecting the past, without sacrificing to it either the present or the future—by associating himself to all the generous sentiments of youth, without flattering it in its chimeras or its errors, that Ozanam made himself beloved even by those who did not share his ardent faith. During the agitation and strife which prevailed at that time with regard to the liberty of public instruction, he preserved, as Lacordaire says, the affection of the Catholics, and the esteem of the body of which he was a member, as well as the sympathy of that fickle and inconstant multitude called the public, which sooner or later decides everything. Youth crowded eagerly round his chair, and not only has his memory lived in the hearts of all who thus knew him, but reflections of the teaching of this modest and great professor may be seen in many of the best contemporaneous writings; for the great moral influence which he exercised on the souls of those who heard him was not less remarkable than that which he exercised over their intellects. "Do I make men learned?" he said. "I know not; I should like to do so; but what I seek to do, and what I desire above everything, is to make them Christians."

One great secret of Ozanam's rare popularity was his unvarying gentleness; for, while always immovable in his personal religious convictions, he ever used the most

persuasive language in trying to spread them. There was not a shade of bitterness or harshness in his piety; he respected honesty and talent wherever he met with them; and no man ever practiced more scrupulously the beautiful precept, *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.*

A submissive child of the Church in all matters of faith, he was still a man of his time, and his study of history had taught him that the Church, while ever unchanging in doctrinal unity, had, during the course of ages, adapted herself to different systems of society and opposite forms of government. This fervent Catholic was a partisan of liberty, and a defender of the vital idea of progress.

"The thought of progress (he writes) is not a Pagan thought; it is with the Gospel that we see the commencement of the doctrine of progress. The Gospel not only inculcates the perfectibility of man, but it makes a law of it. 'Be perfect'—*Estote perfecti.* This precept destines man to an unending progress, for it places its term in infinity. 'Be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.' This law of man becomes also a law of society. St. Paul, comparing the Church to a great body, desires that it may 'grow up in Him who is the Head, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ.' A Father of the Church, Vincent de Lerins, after having established the immutability of Catholic dogma, asks, 'Shall there, then, be no progress in the Church of Christ? There shall,' he answers; 'and even great progress, for who would be so jealous of the good of mankind, or so offensive to God, as to prevent this progress? But let it be *progress*, and not *change*. In every age there must be a constant growth of intelligence, of wisdom, and of science for each as for all.'"

It is very rarely that men are gifted with the combined eloquence and learning which Ozanam possessed in such an eminent degree, that the one seemed as natural to him as the other. We are told that when he appeared in his place in the Hall of the Sorbonne, his face was pale, his voice weak and almost trembling, his eyes cast down, and his gestures slightly embarrassed; but he was soon carried away by his subject, which had always been deeply and thoroughly studied; and warming by degrees under the empire of some elevated or generous sentiment, he lost all his natural timidity, and breaking forth into eloquence, in which mingled solidity and elegance, poetic exaltation and deep religious feeling, ardent enthusiasm and vigor of expression, he for the time raised the professor's chair to the level of the orator's tribune or the Christian pulpit, and there passed through his audience one of those thrills which are the most incontestable, because the most involuntary, testimonies to eloquence. His lectures were frequently interrupted by bursts of applause, and at their close he was received with warm and loud acclamations.

Ozanam's health was giving way under the pressure of intellectual labor, and in order to recruit his failing strength, he sought repose and enjoyment in Italy, where he spent the winter of 1846–7. He had visited it once with his mother, and again in 1841, on the occasion of his marriage to Mdlle. Soulacroix, daughter of the Rector of the Academy of Lyons. A child of Italy by the circumstances of his birth, he was enthusiastically fond of that country, the language of which was familiar to him as a mother tongue. He had a special attraction to Umbria, and its mystic schools of painting and poetry of the thirteenth century, and he brought back from this last journey all the elements of his graceful and charming essays on the Franciscan poets.

While at Rome he and his wife had a private audience of the Holy Father, for whom he had the most profound veneration; and he relates with delight, that, in imitation of her parents, his little child, only

eighteen months old, knelt of her own accord before him with her hands joined, just as if she recognized in the Pope the representative of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come to Me." In one of his letters, he gives an account of a Mass at St. Apollinari, the Church of the Seminary, where the Pope went to officiate. After describing the first part of the ceremony, he goes on to say:

"Up to this time all had been edifying, but it became sublime when the Pope, after giving the communion to the ecclesiastics, signified his desire to give it to the people. Then the guards made way, and the Sovereign Pontiff came down from the altar, holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hands. At the same time there was a movement in the crowd, which pressed forward to kneel at the Holy Table. The steps were closely filled with a double row of the faithful. All were devout and affected, even to tears. There was no distinction of persons. There were in that crowd the Queen Dowager of Saxony and Italian peasants, men and women of different nations, and my Amèlie side by side with me, as we have always been in happiness as in sorrow, as we hope to be till the end of our lives, and even after this life. What would we not have given to have had with us all those we love! The sacred procession approached us. I saw the beautiful countenance of Pius the Ninth illuminated by the torches, deeply moved by the solemnity of the moment, and more noble, more full of gentleness than ever. I kissed his ring, the ring of the fisherman which, for eighteen centuries, has sealed so many immortal acts. Then I tried to see nothing more, to forget all else, and think only of Him who is the Master of us all, and before whom Pontiffs are but as dust! Half an hour after, when the Mass of Thanksgiving had been said, the Pope went out in the midst of the kneeling crowd which was waiting to receive his blessing."

Ozanam looked upon it as a great happiness of his life to have been during that year at Rome, and to have witnessed the glorious early days of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. The evening before they left the Eternal City, he was deeply impressed by one of those popular ovations which were then not unfrequent. Its object was to thank the Pope for a new Edict which he had just proclaimed, and an immense multitude had assembled with torches and music in the Piazza in front of the Quirinal, and was waiting till the Pope should show himself. Soon one of the windows of the palace was opened, and the Sovereign Pontiff, accompanied by two prelates, appeared in the balcony. He was saluted by the loudest and most vehement cheering, women waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats. On all sides rose the cry, "Viva Pio Nono!" But on a sign from the Pope, nothing was heard but the word *zitto* (hush), and in less than a minute the most profound silence reigned throughout that excited crowd. Then the voice of the Pontiff was raised to bless his people, and when stretching out his hand to make the sign of the cross, he pronounced the solemn words, a loud *Amen* was echoed from one end of the Piazza to the other. It was a wonderful spectacle. All Rome was there at that late evening hour, praying with its Bishop under a splendid starlit sky. When the Pope withdrew from the balcony, the torches were all extinguished in a moment, the crowd dispersed quietly without disorder, and nothing remained of that brilliant scene but a few Bengal lights, which flickered on some of the terraces of the neighboring palaces.

In the beginning of the following year, being once more in Paris, Ozanam was busily engaged in setting on foot the *Ere Nouvelle*, a newspaper which had a brilliant but short career, though it was cordially and ably supported by the Père Lacordaire, and had received the Archbishop's approbation. To this occupation and that of his "Cours" were added his fatiguing military duties as national guard, for we have now come to the bloody days of June, when fearful civil war was

raging in Paris. At this stormy period, when his heart was filled with anguish at the state of his unhappy country, the thought occurred to Ozanam that the intervention of the Archbishop as a mediator might have a good effect on the insurgents, and he and two of his friends went immediately to propose this scheme to Mgr. Affre. Monseigneur received them with his usual kindness, and after listening to their project, he quietly answered, "I have been haunted by that thought since yesterday, but how can I get at the insurgents? And would General Cavaignac permit such a proceeding?" On hearing their explanations, he immediately put on his violet cassock, and his gold cross on his breast, and thus attired he accompanied Ozanam and his friends to the National Assembly, where General Cavaignac was to be found. Cavaignac received the Archbishop with respect and admiration, and gave him a proclamation to the insurgents, containing a promise of pardon if they laid down their arms. At the same time he pointed out to him the great danger to which he was about to expose himself, and told him that General Bréa, who had been sent as envoy, had just been taken prisoner by the mob. But nothing could turn Mgr. Affre from his resolution, and his only answer was heroic in its simplicity, "*J'irai.*" He went home to take a little rest and refreshment, and to make his confession as if he were about to die. Then, positively refusing the escort of Ozanam, Cornudet, and Bailly, who begged to accompany him, he started alone with his *grand vicaire*, commenting on the way those words of Holy Scripture, "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." When the saintly Archbishop had reached the first barricade, he ascended it, holding in his hand the promise of pardon. A fatal shot struck him at that moment, and as he fell he uttered these words, "Oh, that my blood may be the last that shall be shed!"

During the next four years, Ozanam gave a series of lectures on the Civilization of the Fifth Century, which have since been published, and are, perhaps, the most remarkable of all his works. He also published his *Etudes Germaniques*, and was a constant contributor to the *Correspondant*, and other periodicals. His Commentaries on the *Divina Comedia* are also very valuable additions to the literature of our time, and it is owing to his efforts that Dante has become in France one of the best known of foreign poets, for Ozanam was the real promoter of that movement, which produced so many charming and talented works on the Dantesque poetry. At the same time, he was still actively employed in superintending his Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and in other works of charity. He never neglected visiting the poor, treating them always with kindness and affectionate respect. On Easter Day, he was in the habit of giving them little presents, a crucifix, a statue of Our Lady, or some little luxury chosen for the occasion. One New Year's Day, the last he spent in Paris, he told his wife of a family of poor people who had once been in easy circumstances, but who, through great misfortunes, were now obliged to pawn their wardrobe, the last remains of better days, and said that he should like to give it back to them for a New Year's gift. His wife dissuaded him from his plan, for very plausible reasons, but in the evening Ozanam was out of spirits; he looked sadly at the toys which were heaped up at the feet of his little girl, and he would not touch the bonbons which she offered to him. It was easy to see that he

regretted the good work which he had omitted in the morning. His wife then entreating him to follow out his original intention, he went off immediately to redeem the piece of furniture, and, after accompanying it himself to the house of the poor family, he returned home quite happy. Ozanam was very simple in his tastes, and a stranger to all luxury, but he was extremely particular in having some extra delicacy on his table on Sundays and feast days. Rare books and fine engravings were temptations he could not always resist, as well as the occasional acquisition of any little painting which, by its beauty, captivated his fancy. He was very fond of flowers, and liked to have them near him on his desk, and on the 23d of every month, which was a date dear to him as being that of his marriage, he never failed to offer some beautiful plants to his wife. Even on the eve of his death he did not forget to do this, and on the month which preceded it, being then at the little village of Antignano, he sent for a branch of myrtle which he had observed growing by the seaside, that he might give it to her, who for twelve years had been the delight and the solace of his life.

We come now to the spring of 1852. Ozanam had been ill, and a violent attack of fever obliged him to keep his bed on the day on which he was to give the opening lesson at the Sorbonne. He heard that the students were discontented at his absence, and without any consideration for its cause, were, with the heedlessness of youth, clamoring loudly for their professor. Notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, the prohibitions of his physician, and the tears of his wife, he got up, dressed himself, and went to the Sorbonne, saying, "I wish to do credit to my profession." When he entered the hall, pale and exhausted, more like a corpse than a living man, the crowd was filled with admiration mixed with remorse, and he was received with frantic applause. Never had he been so eloquent. This great demonstration of sympathy and affection seemed for the time to give him back the strength which for some months had forsaken him, and he quite outdid himself on this last occasion. He paused a moment at the close of the lecture, and then exclaimed, "Our age is reproached for being an age of egoism, and it is said that the professors are infected with the general epidemic. Yet, it is here that we impair our health, it is here that we wear out our strength. I do not complain of this; our life belongs to you, we owe it to you till our last breath, and you shall have it. As for me, if I die, it shall be in your service." Such were the adieux of Ozanam to the audience which had loved and applauded him for twelve years. He came down from his chair, never again to appear there. A dangerous attack of pleurisy, in which he lingered for some time between life and death, cut short his brilliant career, for his health was now completely broken, and he never rallied sufficiently to resume his professional duties.

While on this bed of sickness, Ozanam, in the tenderness of his heart and in his zealous love for the truth, still found courage to write a very earnest and eloquent exposition of his faith to a friend of his youth who had fallen into doubt. This letter, which we give almost entirely, cannot fail to interest the reader.

"PARIS, June 16, 1852.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Forgive me for having left you so long without an answer; your friendship will find many excuses for me.

"When you came to shake me by the hand I was already very unwell, but that was only the beginning of a very serious

illness. A fortnight later, after an obstinate fever, a dangerous kind of pleurisy declared itself, which might have ended badly, had not the skill and tenderness of my brother, the care of all my family, the prayers of all my friends, and, above all, the mercy of God, arrested the progress of the malady. A tedious convalescence succeeded this violent attack, and I am still so far from well that I am to be sent to the waters in the Pyrenees; afterwards I shall spend the autumn by the seaside, and perhaps winter in the south. It is a great misfortune to have all my labors suspended, and my career interrupted, just at the time I was going to present myself as a candidate for the Academy, but we must learn to make sacrifices when God requires them, and ask Him that we may do His will as it is done in heaven, joyfully and lovingly. What, in fact, are my griefs in comparison with the afflictions of our unfortunate L—, who has become blind when he seemed to be the only support of his aged mother? Alas, I have not been able to see this poor fellow again; but since you were here, my brother has been to the Necker Hospital, where he talked with the Sœur Adelaide, and they came to the sad conclusion that he must go into the Incurable Hospital, which is the only asylum for so desperate a case. You have been very good and very generous, my dear friend, to our former colleague; he will be grateful to you, and will pray for you. And I also, unworthy as I am, will pray for you, since you desire it. Ah, what touching recollections you bring to my mind. No, I have not forgotten the sweetness of that Christmas night, nor all the pleasant intercourse with you and L—, when, young and full of fervent love for the only truth, we conversed together on eternal things. Allow me to say, my dear friend, that even then we began to perceive with sadness that doubt was introducing itself into your mind; but we knew your heart to be so upright, your sentiments so elevated, that we felt sure that sooner or later this trial would turn to your good, and the peace of faith would be restored to your soul. Who knows if that moment be not now come? You have sought in all sincerity to solve your difficulties, and without success. But, my dear friend, the difficulties of religion are like those of science: they always exist. It is a great thing to clear up some of them, but no life would suffice to exhaust them. To be able to explain all the questions which may be raised on Holy Scripture, would require a thorough acquaintance with the Oriental languages. To answer all the objections made by Protestants, it would be necessary to study the history of the Church in all its minutest details, or rather the universal history of modern times. Occupied as you are, you could never settle all the doubts that your active and ingenious imagination would never cease to stir up, to torment your heart and your mind. Happily, God does not give certainty at such a price. What, then, is to be done? To do in the matter of religion what we do in the matter of science—assure ourselves of a certain number of truths which are proved, and leave objections to the study of the learned. I firmly believe that the earth turns round, yet I know that this doctrine has its difficulties; astronomers explain them, and if they do not explain them all, the future will do the rest. Thus with the Bible: it is set thick with difficult questions, but some have been settled for a long while; others, till now considered insoluble, have found their answer in our day; many remain, but God permits this, to keep the human mind at work, and to exercise the activity of future ages.

"No; God can never require that religious truth—the necessary nourishment of our souls—should be the fruit of long researches, which are impossible for the great mass of the ignorant, and difficult even for the learned. Truth must be within reach of the simple, and religion must rest upon proofs accessible to the humblest of men. As for myself, after many doubts, and after having often watered my pillow with tears of despair, I have settled my faith on reasoning which would be intelligible to a mason or a coal-heaver. I say to myself, that as all nations have a religion, good or bad, religion is therefore a universal, perpetual, and, consequently, a legitimate need of mankind. God, who implanted that need, has promised to satisfy it. There is, therefore, one true religion. Now, among the religions which divide the world, it does not require either lengthened studies, or discussion of facts, to be certain that Christianity is supremely the best, and that it alone can lead man to his highest moral destiny. But in Christianity there are three bodies —the Protestant, the Greek, and the Catholic Church; that is to say, anarchy, despotism, and order. The choice is not difficult, and the truth of Catholicism needs no other demonstration.

"Here, my dear friend, is briefly the reasoning which opens to me the gates of faith. But once entered in, I am illuminated with a new light, and still more

deeply convinced by the interior proofs of Christianity. By these I mean that experience of every day, which makes me find in the faith of my childhood all the strength and light of my mature age, all the sanctification of my domestic joys, and my consolation in all my sorrows. Even if all the earth should have abjured Christ, there is in the ineffable sweetness of one communion, and in the tears it causes me to shed, a power of conviction which would make me still embrace the Cross and defy the incredulity of all the world. But I am far from such a trial, for, on the contrary, how strongly does this Christian faith—which some people represent as extinct—act among men! You do not, perhaps, sufficiently know, my dear friend, how much the Saviour of the world is still loved, and how this love produces self-sacrifice and virtues which equal those of the first ages of the Church. I will only cite the young priests who I see leaving the Seminary of Foreign Missions to go and die in China, to die like St. Cyprian and St. Irenæus, and those Anglican convert clergymen who give up livings worth thousands a year, and who come to Paris to give lessons for the maintenance of their wives and children. . . .

"Independently of this interior evidence, I have studied the history of Christianity for the last ten years, and every step which I take in those studies strengthens my convictions. I read the Fathers, and I am charmed with the moral beauties and the philosophical clearness, which quite dazzle me. I examine the dark ages, and I there see the wisdom and magnanimity of the Church. I do not deny the disorders of the middle ages, but I am convinced that Catholic truth alone struggled there against the evil, and drew forth from that chaos the prodigies of genius and virtue which we admire. I am enthusiastic about the legitimate conquests of modern ideas. I love liberty, and have served its cause, but I believe it is to the Gospel that we owe liberty, equality, and fraternity. I have had both leisure and means to study the difficulties on these different points, and they have been made clear to me. But I did not require this, and if other duties had stood in the way of these historical studies, in which I found so much interest, I should have reasoned about them as I reason about the exegetical studies which are beyond my reach. I believe in the truth of Christianity; therefore, if there are objections, I believe that they will be explained sooner or later; I even believe that some will never be explained, for Christianity treats of the relations of the finite with the infinite, and we shall never understand infinity. All that my reason can exact is that I shall not force it to believe in anything absurd. Now there can be no philosophical absurdity in a religion which satisfied the intelligence of Descartes and of Bossuet, or moral absurdity in a belief which sanctified St. Vincent de Paul, or philological absurdity in an interpretation of Scripture which contented the critical mind of Sylvestre de Sacy. Some men of our day cannot bear the dogma of eternal punishment—they find it inhuman. But do they think that they love mankind better, or have a more exact consciousness as to justice and injustice, than St. Augustine and St. Thomas, St. Francis of Assisi and St. François de Sales? It is not, then, that they love mankind better; it is that they have a less lively sentiment of the hatefulness of sin and of the justice of God.

"Oh, my friend, do not let us lose ourselves in endless discussions. We have not two lives—one for seeking the truth, the other for practicing it. For this reason Christ does not wait to be sought for. He is ever present in that Christian society which surrounds you; He is before you, He is near you. You will soon be forty years old; it is time for you to decide. Yield yourself to that Saviour who invites you; lay hold on His faith as your friends have done. In it you will find peace; your doubts will vanish away as mine did. So little is wanting to make you an excellent Christian! It only needs an act of your will; to believe is to will. Make this act; make it at the feet of the priest, who will call down grace from heaven to confirm your vacillating will. Take courage, dear friend, and that faith which you admire in our poor friend L—, which consoles him in his great affliction, will add infinite joy to your prosperity. Be happy and Christian; that is the prayer of your friend."

During his partial convalescence, Ozanam might occasionally be seen walking in those beautiful alleys of the Luxembourg, where his friends and colleagues had so often escorted him on the way to his brilliant triumphs at the Sarbonne. The irresistible smile which won all hearts, still played about his lips, but his bearing, his voice, his whole appearance, showed only too plainly to those passers-by who knew him, that he was but the shadow of

his former self. A winter's exile in Italy was considered indispensable by his physicians, and in August he started with his wife and child for the Eaux Bonnes, the waters of which place had been prescribed for him. His heart was sad at the thoughts of his lost career, and he was preoccupied by the prospect of his family being abandoned to the chances of an uncertain and sombre future. His submissive resignation, however, never failed him, and he was ready to exclaim, *Que Dieu soit béni*, whether it pleased God to purify him by prolonged suffering, or to restore his health and grant him more days on earth, that he might serve Him better.

One of his youngest disciples, for whom he had a special affection, had the consolation of being with him at the Eaux Bonnes. This young man was entering upon life with brightly dawning hopes, while Ozanam, with sad forebodings for the future, looked back on years that were spent, and days that had been lost; but, both were ill—ill of the same fatal malady, and both, as they walked together on the beautiful mountain-paths, were led from nature to nature's God, and their conversation often turned on death, and a future eternity of bliss.

Before quitting the Pyrenees, Ozanam visited the birthplace of the patron of the society he had founded, and saw the old oak tree under which St. Vincent de Paul, as a shepherd boy, had sheltered himself whilst tending his sheep. He had intended making a tour in Spain, including a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, but his delicate health, and the cold and inclement weather, prevented his getting further than Burgos.

From the abundant notes which he brought back from this journey, he composed his last work, which was finished only a few weeks before his death, at a time when he could not write more than two or three lines without being obliged to rest. He called it, *Un pèlerinage au pays du Cid*, and far from its showing any signs of increasing feebleness, no one of his books is more remarkable for variety of style and liveliness of imagination, and we find him in it by turns the witty and amusing tourist, the inspired poet, the learned scholar, and the fervent Christian.

Pisa was chosen for his winter residence, and though at first his friends hoped that the progress of his malady had been arrested, the unusually cold and trying weather of that year disappointed their fond illusions.

Ozanam was received at Pisa with a cordiality and kindness seldom shown to strangers; his works on Dante were well known and highly approved, and had been already more than once translated. He was allowed free access to the valuable library of sixty thousand volumes, and many of his hours were spent there in laborious researches, in copying, and in collecting materials for his book on the Civilization of Italy from the Fifth Century to the Thirteenth, which, alas! he was destined never to finish. He greatly desired to complete this work, which had been, in fact, the object of his life. But as M. Ampère said—"More beautiful than the constancy with which he carried out this plan from his youth, is the sacrifice of this plan, and of his life itself, to the divine will."

It was a consolation to Ozanam during this winter of illness and suffering to be able to promote with activity the cause of the society that was so dear to him, and which had been the first work of his life. Already, in 1847, he had made it known in Tuscany, and he found, as he says, "seven families of St. Vincent de Paul" flourishing there on his return. Still the Grand Duke was somewhat prejudiced

against the society, and did not cordially encourage its establishment. Ozanam, however, obtained a personal interview with the Dowager Grand Duchess, who was then at Pisa, and pleaded his cause so eloquently that a few days later the Grand Duke gave his long-withheld authorization to the Conference at Florence, as well as to those at Leghorn and Pisa. In the spring, Ozanam went to Siena with the intention of establishing a Conference there, but he had the sorrow of returning without success. He was deeply grieved at this failure. "It seems," he said, "as if God would no longer bless my exertions." He determined, however, to make a last appeal, and in August he wrote a long letter from Antignano to his friend the Père Pendola, rector of the College at Siena, begging him to make another attempt. A fortnight after he received an answer, and to his great joy he read these words, "My dear friend, to-day, the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, I have founded two Conferences, one in my College, and one in the town."

On the last day of August, accompanied by his wife and child, and his two brothers, Ozanam left the little village of Antignano, on the seacoast, where they had been staying for some time. As he went out of the house they had occupied, he took off his hat, and raising his eyes to heaven, said this prayer, "My God, I thank Thee for the sufferings and the trials that Thou hast sent me in this dwelling; accept them in expiation of my sins." Then turning to his wife, he said, "I wish you to bless God with me for my sufferings;" and throwing himself into her arms, he added, "I bless Him also for the consolations which He has given me."

On his homeward voyage to France, he gazed with regret on the picturesque shores of that Italy he loved so passionately. Still when the coast of Provence came in sight, he was consoled by the thought that he was now certain of seeing his dear country again, and that before he died he should be able to commit his beloved wife to the affectionate care of her own family. He had a longing desire to see Paris once more, for he had old and dear friends there, and he was attached to it by many memories of the past. But this wish was not to be gratified; the end was very near, and so long a journey was impossible. It pleased God to spare him very severe suffering during the last days, and it was in this state of calm that he received the last sacraments of the Church of which he had been so faithful a defender and champion. The priest having recommended him to have confidence in God, he answered, "Oh, why should I fear Him? I love Him so much." When these solemn rites were accomplished, he sank into a sleep which seemed the harbinger of death. He only woke up now and then to bless or to thank those who were round his bed, smiling to one, putting out his hand to another. On the morning of his death, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, he opened his eyes, raised his arms, and said, in a loud voice, "My God, my God, have mercy on me!" He sank back on his pillow, and breathed his last.

His friends have raised the most fitting monument to his memory. As Lacordaire says, they chose neither marble nor bronze, but his own writings, and they have with faithful and respectful hands, collected all his works, his scattered notes and his letters, into a series of eleven volumes, which will make his name known to, and honored by, posterity. A valuable testimony is borne to his erudition and brilliant talents in a preface to these volumes written by the learned Ampére, son of Ozanam's first patron, and his constant friend.

## CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

### MONUMENTAL TESTIMONY, DERIVED FROM GEOGRAPHY, IN FAVOR OF MOSES.

### VIII.

THE geographical part of the Scripture is undoubtedly the driest of all, yet of the most inestimable value in relation to historical truth. Geography sets everything in order, and renders truth palpable, and this is remarkable in the book of Genesis showing us the origin and progress of nations. We find, indeed, in the Mosaic narrative places and people obscured by the remoteness of time; but among the things mentioned that which remains recognizable in times of fresher date, justifies the history by an extent of knowledge, proving the writer to be either inspired or informed by a faithful tradition. The same exactness is never found in profane writers who are always liable to the reproach of fables or mistakes. Thus, for example, Homer being intent on giving a very grand description of Egypt, begins by placing the isle of Pharo at a day's journey from the main land, whereas, three hundred years after his time, it was as contiguous as it is at the present day. The judicious Livy, born in Padua at the foot of the Alps, was ignorant of the site and name of a well-known river that runs at the other side of the mountains, for in his recital of the journey of Hannibal he confounds the Isara, that crossed the country of the Allobroges, with the Durance, that falls much lower down into the Rhone.

Curtius, who was much distinguished by his elegant latinity, and varied erudition, makes a very narrow piece of land the separation of the coast of Pontus from that of Cilicia, converting into an isthmus a land which is, in fact, above a hundred and twenty leagues wide. We might quote many other mistakes of the same kind, which are surprising in men of literature, and at times when commerce and military expeditions had cleared away every obscurity. By what privilege can Moses and subsequent sacred writers have conveyed so much exactness in that crowd of local positions, which are not naturally obvious, are beyond the knowledge of common capacities, and about which the most sagacious men are apt to commit mistakes for want of memory and instruction? Here is a man, who, fifteen hundred years before the age of Augustus and the spreading of literature, ventures to describe the infancy of the world, and the division of the whole earth between the children and grandchildren of Noah. The territory he assigns to Japhet is towards the north of Asia, and chiefly towards the isles and the maritime countries, which have since that time been called Asia Minor and Europe. In fact the Europeans have never forgotten that they descended from Japhet; they always call him their common father. Ham or Cham went, according to the book of Genesis, with his tribe towards the south into Africa, and profane authors tell us that there he has been always famous under the name of Hammon. The Hebrew books, which alone came to us from Asia, have always acknowledged Shem for the ancestor of their own nation, and of the greater part of Asiatic people. We recognize the reality of this settlement

in Asia, by the situation of the descendants of Shem on both sides of the Euphrates: and this division of the earth between three sons is even found in the Poets, notwithstanding the nonsense and folly of their fables. If we follow those patriarchs in their dispersion we shall find them under another aspect. Rome did not yet exist, and all Europe was sunk in the darkest barbarism. Greece became inhabited at great distances by families in a straggling condition, full of jealousy and distrust. The wants and acts of violence, that drove them from place to place, not only made them lose the knowledge and application of useful inventions, and the thread of their history, but their degeneracy through all these fortuitous changes of place and circumstances was so great that they were ignorant whether they dropped from heaven, or came out of the rocks; there was not any cunning Darwin or facetious Huxley to enlighten them with a guess that *maybe* they were improved monkeys, or, like Miss Topsy, grew from a sponge or an oyster-shell. The ages were dark when the luminous Thompson of the British Scientific (?) Association did not appear to account for the origin of the human race in the smashing up of an old comet, its scattered fragments on our globe gradually vegetating into men, barnacles, potatoes, and so forth.

But the East preserved the remembrances of its origin and theirs. The invention of a small number of letters representing sounds were added to the symbolic signs that had been used in all ages for mutual understanding. The first use Moses makes of this invention, is the preservation of the knowledge of the beginning and progress of mankind to his own time. He distinguishes every branch of the human family, and assigns the portions of each continent chosen for habitation. He brings towards the maritime countries of the north and west, Madai, Iaon, Mosec, Thiras, Ascenes, Elisa, Modanium, and all their kindred. We find, in reality, in aftertimes the nation of the Medes along the coast of the Caspian Sea, and alongside of them he places Mosoc. In the following ages, these were found again, though more advanced towards the north, under the names of Muscovites and Russians; Ascenes settled in Phrygia, near another sea, gave it the name of Euxine, which it has constantly preserved, whilst towns and rivers of the neighboring coast have had the name of Ascania, of the same derivation; and the princes who reigned there were ambitious of being called Ascanians. On the opposite shore we find Thiras, who gave his name to the Thracians. The situation of Iaon is not dubious; he is the father of the Ionians, whom the Scripture generally confounds with the Grecians. Now, the ancient Ionia was very different from the Ionian colony which in course of time returned to Asia, extended as far as the Peloponnesus. We may find again near this Iaon some of his children, among whom were Dodanim and Elisa; but near Ionia in Epirus (now Albania) was the famous country of Dodona; and the habitation of Elisa or Elis, the finest part of the Peloponnesus, was on the other side of the isthmus. We shall add to this slight specimen of exactness but one single proof of the accuracy of those positions. One of the Jewish writers (Ezekiel) who continued the Scripture and work of Moses informs us of the commodities which these different countries used to send to the Tyrian fairs; and he points out the place where the bulk of the family of Elisa dwelt, by telling us that the finest flax and fine purple were brought thence to Tyre. Now it was at Elis in the Peloponnesus

that they gathered and prepared the finest flax; and it was at Tenarus, a promontory of the same peninsula, that they dyed with shellfish the fine purple of Laconia. Moses, then, was right when he placed most of those colonies which were related to each other in the maritime countries.

The truthful historian, with similar assurance, shows us the places of abode of the families of Shem in the heart of Asia, and of the families descended from Cham from the banks of the Tigris away to the lower portions of Africa. Several hundred years posterior to Moses many monuments noticed by writers and nations that never knew him justify all and every part of his distribution. Thus the tenth chapter of the book of Genesis is by itself the most precious collection of geography upon the earth. It comes from a man well informed of everything, who had a connection of intelligence with the origin of whatever concerns the west, the north, the centre, and the borders of Asia, all Arabia, Phenicia, Palestine, Egypt, and Africa. It is by him, in short, that all nations know whence they came. This illustrious man, who had them all in view, not only teaches them their origin, otherwise rendered obscure by fables full of impiety and puerility, but with wise discernment he selects such historical facts as were important and necessary for information. Having done this, he busies himself solely with the history of his own people, and instructs them alone, so that they may always be an exhibition of divine providence, and a living school for all other nations.

An upright mind cannot refuse to acknowledge that in the several origins of the world, in the affairs of the Hebrews, and in all the narratives of Moses, and of those who came after him, the monuments give perfect evidence of the facts and positions set forth. We do not find, indeed, all that a vain curiosity would desire to know, but we have the whole necessary instruction, without the possibility of any one article being proved false. Even those persons who have seeming difficulties concerning the inspiration of these books must acknowledge that Scripture is the light of our historical erudition when profane writers leave us in the dark. The Scripture is our refuge; and we have no surer informant to fix places, dates, customs, and facts.

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When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive. And am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live?
Alive by miracle; or what is next,
Alive by MEED! if I am still alive,
Who long have buried what gives life to life,—
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.

## THE EVENT OF MY LIFE.

THE good or evil fortune of a whole lifetime is often linked with some apparently fortuitous circumstance. The following event of my life is an instance of this; to it I owe the great measure of happiness and prosperity I now enjoy.

On one cold foggy evening in the month of November I was walking through one of our crowded thoroughfares, and had paused a few moments to admire a picture which was displayed in one of the shop windows, when I felt a slight pull at my coat, and, on turning round to ascertain the cause, discovered a little boy standing by my side. His feet were naked and blue and purple from the cold, and his dress, though clean, was torn and shabby. Yet as I looked upon his handsome features something within me seemed to say he was no ordinary beggar, and when he turned his timid, intelligent eyes upon me I could not avoid being interested. He looked in my face inquiringly, and I could see his lips quiver and a burning glow suffuse his pale face, while at the same instant his eyes filled with tears. He tried to speak, but could not articulate a word, and covering his face with both hands he gave vent to a few convulsive sobs which shook his little frame. The hot tears oozed through his fingers, and I became really affected by the little fellow's distress. I spoke to him in the kindest tone I could assume, saying as I laid my hand lightly on his head—

"My little man, do not cry so bitterly, but tell me what is the matter."

He looked up with a reassured expression of countenance, but did not speak until I again bade him tell me his story.

"Yes, sir, I'll tell you," he replied, "because you are kind. Ma's been sick a long, long time, and now Mary's sick too, and she can't sew, and there's no fire and no bread, and I came out to—to—," his voice faltered and he averted his blushing face.

"Well, never mind," I said, noticing his reluctance to say "beg." "But can you take me to your home and let me see your mother and sister. I may do them good; I am a doctor?"

The child's face brightened wonderfully, and he replied—

"Yes, sir, I can take you, but it's very poor," eyeing me anxiously.

I bade him show me the way, and he led me through several narrow dirty streets and at last into a court of five houses, three of which were unoccupied.

"This is our house, sir," said my little guide as he stopped before the most decent-looking tenement in the court. He was about to enter when I stopped him, and putting half a crown into his hand directed him to procure some candles, coals, and eatables, while I waited his return at the end of the court. The little fellow's surprise and joy were almost amusing, and his expression of thanks, coming warm and sincere from his overflowing heart, were to me more eloquent than the most elaborate and studied sentences in which older, and, perhaps, wiser people, endeavor to express their gratitude for benefits bestowed.

The boy had not been absent more than five minutes when he returned completely laden. Taking a candle from him I entered the house and lit it immediately on gaining the interior. I glanced around the apartment, and certain-

ly its appearance was such as to inspire one with a feeling of desolation. The paper, which had once adorned the walls, hung in dirty, tattered pieces, here and there exposing portions of the black and damp wall beneath. But the room was empty, and before I could make any remark the boy said "Up stairs, sir, this way," and he was ascending. We soon gained the landing, and the boy running into the room, exclaimed—

"Oh, ma, God is good, as you said this morning. Look here what I've got: plenty of everything. Mary, you will grow well again now, I'm sure."

The woman whom he addressed as "ma" lay upon a mattress in one corner of the bare cheerless room, and bore upon her features the stamp of long and keen suffering of mind and body. She whom he addressed as Mary lay upon another pallet. She was pale and emaciated, still I could see that under other circumstances she would have been very beautiful. There was that indescribable something about them, poverty-stricken as they were, which indicates unmistakably the presence of education and refinement.

I was standing in the middle of the room with the lighted candle still in my hand when the eyes of both the sick women rested upon me with looks full of gratitude. The elder spoke and her voice was weak and faltering—

"I have no doubt, sir," she said, "that we owe this timely relief, under God's providence, to your bounty."

"Yes, ma," exclaimed the boy, "this gentleman done it all. He gave me the money and he's going to cure you and Mary."

"Good sir," resumed the sick woman, "this kindness overpowers me. You do not know how much this succor was needed or you would not wonder that my thankfulness is too deep for words."

Having spoken thus with considerable effort she sank back exhausted and breathing quickly.

I stepped to her side and having requested her to be silent on that matter informed her that I was a physician, and would be happy to render to her and her daughter such aid as I might.

She thanked me warmly, assuring me at the same time, that her health now was but little worse than it had been for two or three years, except weakness for want of nourishment; "but," she added, "my daughter lying here has been lately taken ill, and, I fear, seriously. She indeed needs your kind attention."

I passed to the side of Mary's pallet and dropping on one knee, requested to hold her hand.

The pulse was slowly and faintly throbbing. I asked a few questions and was soon convinced that her illness was entirely owing to want of sustenance, the truth being that she had almost starved herself to death to secure bread to her mother and brother.

I was profoundly touched.

I had thought such exalted devotion and self-abnegation scarcely existed in these days of selfishness.

Telling them I should go out to procure some necessary things and would shortly return, I left the house, lighted and escorted by the boy as far as the end of the court.

Having procured what I considered needful in the medical way, and a bottle of good wine, I again sought my patients, whom, after some trouble, I succeeded in finding.

When I entered I was surprised at the change which had taken place in the appearance of the room and of the invalids during my short absence. A fire was blazing in the grate, little John's red and perspiring face showing by what means it had been kindled so expeditious-

ly, and the new hope which had sprung up in the hearts of Mary and her mother, combined with the assurance of present succor, acted like a charm upon them.

Having spent some minutes in conversation with my patients, and given directions as to how the medicine was to be used, I took my leave, admonishing them not to spare the wine, as it was the best remedy in this case, and promising to call upon them the next day.

When I reached the main street once more I had time for reflection; and, as I reviewed the occurrences of the last half hour, I smiled to think how I had become the hero of a real, and an interesting adventure. I could not repress a feeling of more than ordinary interest in that afflicted family, and even as I sauntered homeward the thin pale face of Mary arose before my mind's eye.

A few weeks after that night I called at the rooms of Mrs. Fleming, in a respectable locality, and was received with every mark of the warmest friendship. The room which I entered was occupied by two persons: the first an elderly woman of lady-like appearance; the second a young woman of remarkable personal attractions, whose pale thoughtful face was replete with that calm, dignified beauty which is so rare even amongst the most admired. With nut-brown hair that fell in ringlets upon her shoulders, and deep-blue eyes full of a mild soft lustre, she was seated beside a table covered with various pieces of needlework. She was busily plying her needle when I entered, but immediately laid her work aside to welcome me.

Of course the reader will readily recognize the invalids of the miserable court-house. They had rapidly attained to convalescence under my care, and I had happily succeeded in procuring them some very remunerative work.

In answer to my inquiry concerning the health of all, the young woman replied that they were well. I shook the hand she frankly extended to me, and merely expressing my pleasure in her improved health, passed over to her mother and soon became interested in her conversation.

A period of six months had passed. My patients were now beyond all need of my professional skill, but still I was almost a daily visitor. I hardly knew why, but somehow their house always came on my daily round of calls, and it was not unnatural that I, with only two live things in my house, my dog and my housekeeper, should find companionship at Mrs. Fleming's, the only educated people in my neighborhood, a real solace. One day I entered, she looked up smiling through some recent tears, and in answer to the inquiring look she saw in my eyes, she said—

"Ah! you find me a little in the blues. It is a day of sad yet happy memories, it is my wedding-day. Why it is a curious coincidence," she continued, pointing to a lily of the valley I wore in my buttonhole. That flower suggests to me many memories, some joyful, and some sorrowful. It was the favorite flower of my dear husband, and when in season he always wore them. We both wore them on the day of our marriage. Here Mrs. Fleming allowed her head to droop a little and sighed audibly. "I remember, too," she resumed as if communing with herself, "the morning he came home looking so pale and wild, and brought us the news of his ruin: he wore them then, and he had a larger bunch than usual on that day." She again relapsed into silence and as her abstraction seemed likely to continue for some time, I left her side as noiselessly as possible and went over to Mary. There was a tear upon her cheek, and her eyes were

full to overflowing. I took her hand in mine, and as I gazed upon the lovely sorrowful face, I felt that I loved her, wondering even then that I had not discovered it before. I spoke the gentlest words I could command and she looked up with a sweet smile. Our eyes met, and she must have read in mine what was passing in my thoughts, for her own fell, and I could perceive a blush rising and mantling her face to the temples. I spoke of the unreasonableness of cherishing regrets for the irrevocable past.

"There are claimants for your love," I continued. "Your mother and brother still demand your tender care and affection; and even I, bold as it may appear, desire a place in your heart."

I was very bold; indeed I was becoming quite reckless. She looked up and there was a bright flush upon her cheek, and a heightened lustre in her eye.

"You must know, sir, that I never can forget you. I will always pray for you, and bless you, for you are indeed a noble and a generous friend."

"No, Mary," I replied, "it is not that I seek; it is much more. The friendly interest your goodness and beauty first inspired has deepened into love, strong and sincere. I feel now that without you my life would be deprived of a blessing, and stripped of its dearest charm."

While I spoke Mary's eyes were fixed upon the floor, the long drooping lashes effectually concealing them, and I thought I could perceive a tremor agitate her frame. However that may be, I know the hand I held in mine was trembling. She still remained silent.

"You don't speak," I resumed, "and I cannot interpret your silence." She raised her blushing face, and in her eyes I read all that I could wish.

By some chance I looked toward the window, and there, with a quiet smile upon her face, sat Mrs. Fleming, silently watching all that passed. Soon as our eyes met she spoke.

"Your heart is noble and good," she said, "but Mary is worthy of you. I am very happy; and I pray the Almighty to bless you both."

A few months afterwards we were married, when I settled down, deeply conscious of the truth of the adage, "A good deed never goes unrewarded," yet firmly believing that no good deed had ever been rewarded with such plenitude of earthly bliss as mine.

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## THE PILGRIMAGE TO PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

THE revival of pilgrimages appears to excite the ire and derision of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. We are accused of restoring exploded mediæval superstitious practices, and of reawakening a devotion which is out of harmony with the life and habits of our own day. What shall we say in reply to these sarcasms? What reasons can we give for reverting to the old fountains of the ages of faith to slake our thirst, instead of remaining satisfied with the empty cisterns of cold modern usage? We could easily show them that the Church is the same now as then, and that the needs of her children must be of the same nature and capable of being supplied by the same food. But, after all, we may be content to rest our argument upon a higher basis, and to treat the subject upon its own

intrinsic merits; for, to say the truth, the modern pilgrimage differs so completely from its mediæval predecessor in its externals that we are inclined so far to admit the justice of their taunt as to allow that were we to regard the former as a copy of the latter we should be guilty of a gross anachronism. But, on the other hand, if we view the modern pilgrimage as an institution *per se*, a creation of the age of railways and steamers, of the century of locomotion, when every one travels for business and for pleasure, what can be more natural than that the devout should journey for purposes of devotion?

And what can be more accordant with our religious instincts as Christians than to visit the localities hallowed by the associations of our faith? Pilgrimage is no mere mediæval institution, nor indeed is it even (to use a contemporary expression) a "specialty" of Christianity itself. Every religion claiming an historical origin is almost necessarily possessed of some venerated locality connected with its origin and eliciting the devotion of its disciples. Thus the Buddhists, Jains, Hindoos, and Mohammedans have their shrines and pilgrimages—the latter manifestly in imitation of the creeds from which Mohammed borrowed his system; for with the Hebrews the pilgrimage was a divine institution, dating from the time of Moses, and obligatory upon every fullgrown male in Israel at least once a year. And with the early Christians it was a sacred usage, perpetuated from Judaism and most consonant with the faith of those who believed in the Incarnation of God and His sojourn in certain localities upon the earth, which must of necessity have been hallowed by His sacred presence. In the first centuries of Christianity the pilgrimage to the sacred places in the Holy Land was almost as much an established institution, so to speak, as the Hadj to Mecca is still among the Moslems. The Easterns, both Catholics and schismatics, have retained this pious usage, and there is scarcely a Greek or Russian peasant who does not look forward to a visit to the Holy Sepulchre as an object to be accomplished at some period or other before he dies.

The Western nations, whilst retaining the theory, relaxed from the practice of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem owing to the almost insuperable difficulties which arose in the way of its fulfilment. Even in the sixth and seventh centuries, those who left our shores for the Holy Land were few compared with the numbers who visited the tombs of the Apostles and martyrs in Rome. During the Saxon Heptarchy, and down to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the pilgrimage to Rome had become a settled institution among our forefathers. Peter the Hermit's expedition may be regarded as an attempt to re-establish on its ancient footing the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre; and under the ægis of the Crusaders, during the eleventh and following centuries, numbers of Western pilgrims flocked to the sacred sanctuaries of our faith. Contemporaneously with these more important devotional efforts, almost every locality furnished some object deserving the veneration of the faithful. The tombs of the martyrs were widely diffused, and the Incarnate God did not leave Himself without witnesses of His abiding presence in His Church by miraculous interpositions enkindling the devotion of His disciples. Our Blessed Lady was the principal instrument in these manifestations of divine power, since it became her who had first engendered the Man-God to revive His presence in the hearts of men. Thus there are sanctu-

aries of the Madonna in every land, nay, in almost every province and diocese of the Catholic Church. They arose at the very dawn of Christianity, as at Tortosa and Chartres, springing into existence during each successive age down to our nineteenth century, which has witnessed the commencement of Notre Dame des Victoires, La Salette, and Lourdes. Nationalities had their special pilgrimages, as St. James of Compostella for Spain; St. Thomas of Canterbury for England; our Lady of Loretto for Italy; our Lady of Chartres and St. Martin for France; and our Lady of Einsiedeln for the German-speaking races. There is nothing, however, exclusive or insular about the spirit of pilgrimage; it is on the contrary most cosmopolitan, for it tends to soften down local prejudices and to bring together Christians of all nations, mingling them as brethren.

When people talk of the revival of pilgrimages, they appear to be speaking in ignorance of the fact that they were never extinct. There may be countries in which they have languished or died out; but the Church has always perpetuated the institution, which has continued to flourish down to our own days, not only in Spain and Italy, but among the more educated populations of Germany and Switzerland. Indeed, nowhere is the pilgrimage to be witnessed in greater perfection than at the shrine of Maria Einsiedeln, our Lady of the Hermits, which is annually visited by no fewer than one hundred and sixty thousand pilgrims, and, in certain years, by as many as two hundred and ten thousand. No unprejudiced person can visit that sanctuary on its principal anniversary (the 14th of September) without being struck with astonishment and at the same time favorably impressed by this extraordinary gathering of the faithful of various regions, assembled to seek help, consolation, and the salvation of their souls. There is no sham about the pilgrimages to Einsiedeln. The hundred and sixty thousand peasants who throng its sanctuary during the summer months travel thither for the most part at a considerable sacrifice to themselves. They are all of them in thorough earnest, and are drawn thither by a fervor of faith which it is impossible to gainsay. To be convinced of this, it is enough to stand within the vast interior of the church, thronged with groups of worshippers, whose constant hum of prayer sounds like the murmur of running waters. They pray like men whose souls are absorbed in their petition, and their fervor is so infectious that it awakens a like sentiment in the indifferent and the callous. The infidel Goethe visited Einsiedeln, and records the effect of its devotion upon his own mind, and his words show that even his skeptical nature was overcome by the contact of the sacred locality.

If we are asked why pilgrims visit shrines, we must admit that they are attracted to them by a conviction that God has willed to dispense His bounties and graces in greater profusion in those places than elsewhere; that our immaculate Mother works exceptional wonders at her sanctuaries of Loretto, Einsiedeln, La Salette, Lourdes, and a hundred other favored spots; that as the waters of Jordan were rendered more efficacious than the rivers of Damascus, and the bones of the prophet were powerful to raise the dead to life, so the holy wells and sacred shrines of Christendom have been endowed by God with similar miraculous effects. The doctrine of the Incarnation rationally includes that arbitrary consecration of material nature which the Catholic Church accepts as part of her supernatural system. This is no superstition,

unless the Incarnation itself be such, which even our Protestant fellow-countrymen would, we rejoice to think, deem it a blasphemy to assert. However, the pilgrimage possesses, in addition to its primary pious purpose, certain utilitarian objects which have tended to its continuance and revival. In former times, and even yet in certain Catholic countries, the obligation of confession is occasionally attended with a practical difficulty for which the Church has found a variety of remedies. Where the only available confessor is the parish priest, and where, owing to the infirmities of human nature, the penitent and his pastor are at variance, the missioner steps in and reconciles the sinner to God and the parishioner to his priest. But organized missions are a comparatively recent invention, and supply a want which, in the middle ages, was satisfied by the wandering friars, but more generally and efficaciously by the pilgrimages. This is one of the principal functions fulfilled by the great sanctuary of Einsiedeln, where the "penitentiary," a chapel to the left of the choir, is crammed during the summer months with a crowd of fifteen hundred pilgrims at a time, who throng it from four in the morning until eight at night, each awaiting his turn to enter one of the twenty-eight confessionals which it contains.

But the modern pilgrimage, which the Holy Father has especially enjoined upon Christians at this day, has other purposes to fulfil, which render it incumbent upon every Catholic who can possibly make the sacrifice to unite in this devotion. In the first place, the pilgrimage is enjoined upon us as a protest, in the sight of the world, in favor of God's supernatural government of the universe, and against the cold blighting skepticism of our age. As an overt act of faith the railway pilgrimage is every bit as efficacious as the toilsome progression of former times, which is rarely compatible with the requirements of our present social system. It is essential that Catholics should cast aside all that human respect and timid subserviency to the false maxims of the day which have been the bane of the faithful in every country in Europe. They must assert themselves and their principles in the face of a scoffing world. Their past timidity has been the sole cause of the triumph of an infidel minority in the countries of the Latin race, and that same cowardly spirit has enabled Bismarck, Beust, and Andrassy to trample on the Church in Teutonic lands.

. . . . . The pilgrimage offers an opportunity to show our colors and to proclaim our antagonism to the world. This is one use of the institution; another, which is even more obviously practical, is the fact of its uniting Catholics together, and thus awakening them to a sense of their unity and force. In France the effect has already been conspicuous. It is no exaggeration to assert that the whole change which has taken place in France during the last twelve months has been accomplished by the pilgrimages. A year ago it appeared as if M. Thiers's life were the only barrier between order and the Commune; but now the Catholics and Conservatives are lifting up their heads, and everybody looks forward in confidence to a restoration of the glorious old Monarchy of Charlemagne and St. Louis in the person of Henry V. Far be it from us to question the secret dealings of God's overruling providence in converting the hearts of men; but there is, nevertheless, a natural way of accounting for the change. The mass of the French people were always Conservative, and never anti-Catholic, but, like the

Italians and Spaniards, were cowed by the skeptical minority. The Catholics were timid, and utterly ignorant of their strength. The recent pilgrimages have thrown them together, and have thus at the same time made them better acquainted with each other, and awakened them to a sense of their numerical force. We are invited by our bishops to take part in a similar devotion. The most Sacred Heart of our Redeemer has been the object of especial insult and contumely of late, and we are called upon to unite in doing honor to it in the sanctuary where this devotion was revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary. To fail in responding to this appeal, without a really sufficient cause, were to exhibit a want of Catholic fervor which, in these days of persecution, almost amounts to disloyalty to the Church and her venerable Head, our Sovereign Pontiff, who has so strongly recommended pilgrimages as the remedy for the evils with which Europe is afflicted.

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## MATIN HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF OUR LADY'S PURITY, THIRD SUNDAY OF OCTOBER.

STELLA JACOB FULGIDA.

STAR of Jacob, brightly beaming,
As the rising orb of day,
Mid the stars of heaven gleaming,
Glows than thine no purer ray.

Clad in robes of lustrous whiteness,
Heaven's hosts unto thee sing,
With the story of thy brightness,
E'er the virgin choirs ring.

Bending at thy feet they offer
Roses bright and lilies fair,
But no flower that they proffer
With thy chaste breast can compare.

With the angels' song combining
May our earth its poor voice raise,
And to where the stars are shining,
Sound, pure Virgin, thy sweet praise.

Jesus, unto Thee be glory,
Whom this Virgin-Mother bore;
Praising ages swell the story
Of the Trinity e'ermore.

## BLESSED MARY, HOLY MOTHER OF CONSOLATION.

THE Church being continually influenced by Divine Spirit appointed to teach it all truth, and having from the same spirit a vivid "*remembrance of all things Christ commanded to be observed*," is necessarily engaged in active comprehension of the fulness of grace, blessing the Immaculate Virgin Mother of the world's Redeemer. Moreover, as the Church, in the words of St. Paul, is "*the Spouse of Christ*," she finds motive for fervid admiration in the privileges beautifying the Mother of her adorable Lord. Hence it is that, not only from generation unto generation, Mary is "hailed blessed," but from month to month we are invited to the sanctuary to honor her who is so intimately connected with all mysteries of our faith, that we cannot name Jesus without thinking of Mary of whom He was born. It is in this expansion of thought, arising from a contemplation of Mary's blessedness, that we find the reason for those numerous titles given to the most sacred servant of the Lord. No sooner do we adore the Lord of life, who has enthroned our humanity along with His divine nature, than we recognize the nobility of kindred emanating from that celestial domain, and we hail Mary *Queen of Heaven*. Thenceforward she comes into view, even unto the very verge of despair, where she is found *the Refuge of Sinners;* and throughout all our relations to creative power and redeeming mercy she bears a title corresponding with the honor conferred by heaven, and demanded by the reverence of earth. The title, "*Holy Mother of Consolation*," is certainly most sacred and significant, it being derived from the appointment of our loving Redeemer, and applied by the Church to the happiest condition of the household of the faith. So surely as we look upwards on yonder sky we see the friendly star announcing the approaching day, and again at evening mildly gleaming through the falling shadows of sombre night. Thus, too, in the firmament of our hopes, the eye of faith, when looking reverently on the sun of eternal justice, perceives in the morning dawn of Bethlem, and in the evening clouds of Calvary, Mary, a star of heavenly light, over whose maternity angels sang, and who stood so nobly by the cross, when startled nature groaned forth the knell of the dying Saviour. How admirable her life and actions appear during the long series of years intervening between the incarnation of the Divine Word, and the public ministry of Christ! In her was seen a new creation, a renovation of the earth, for through her was born Him, by whom all things were made, who, like the first Adam, had no earthly father, yet was truly the Son of man. She bore in her arms, and nourished with a mother's love, the Emanuel —God with us—who was the expectation and hope of all ages. Confided to her care He lived the days of his youth, yielded to her guardianship, and enjoyed her society until his thirtieth year. Until then she alone pondered silently in her heart the miracle of divine incarnation, the exalted dignity, and wonderful mission of the Messiah. Most truly and devoutly do we hail her "Mother most Admirable!"

Would another mother have remained in seclusion and solitude, whilst the multitude praised and honored the wise, the merciful, all-powerful Christ, and then come

forward when He was covered with shame, to declare herself the mother of Him who was scorned as a fool and condemned as a malefactor? It was Mary who chose for herself this self-denial. She was not present on Mount Thabor when her son was clothed with glory. On Calvary, where the horrors of death surrounded Him, she witnessed His humiliation. During His triumphant entrance into Jerusalem she remained in secret at Bethania; but in the melancholy procession, where our Lord tottered beneath the cross, she was seen weeping. Being the humble handmaid of the Lord of Mercy, she was willing to be seen and known as the consoling mother of the afflicted.

When the awful time which Jesus was wont to call "*His hour*," had arrived: when all that Mary had feared, and seen rising like dark clouds before her tortured imagination burst forth as a hurricane: when the virgin mother looked upon the man of grief hanging on a tree, did she droop in hopeless anguish? No: far above all the women of the earth Mary "*stood by the cross.*" With the intense look of maternal vigilance she gazed upon her Son and *stood* on Golgotha, the mountain-summit of dreary woe. The rude taunts of the Gentile soldiery, the derision of the Jewish rabble, the heartless scorn of perjured Levites, the blasphemous yelling of all the enemies of the Lamb, raged around her like the howl of the whirlwind; *she stood by the cross.* Tears rolled down, enough almost to extinguish the pulse of life, but they were mingled with the blood streaming from the cross by which *she stood.* Mortal anguish thrilled through every fibre, grief even as a seven-edged sword pierced her soul; a grief that caused the earth to quake, and with throbs burst the rocks to echo the sighs of the tempest of death, she wavered not, *she stood by the cross.* Then the Saviour looked upon her: He thought of all our wants for which He wept when first He lay on Mary's bosom in the stable of Bethlem: He thought of all our distress which He felt when fasting in the wilderness, when bathed in the bloody sweat of Gethsemane; and having paid away the last treasure of His blood for our ransom, having nothing else left, He bequeathed to us the last consolation experienced from the Mother *standing by:* and in ecstasy of admiration for her consoling virtue, and in compassion for the poor exiled sons of Eve, He exclaims, "*Behold your Mother!*" (St. John 19 ch.)

A gift beyond all price has been thus bestowed by our loving Redeemer. The chosen one of all generations, the flower and ornament of the human race; the wonderful being in whom the mystery of a new creation, and the union of heaven and earth were effected, is our Mother! Under such parentage we become heirs to the fulness of her grace. Does the dawn of self-knowledge and repentance arise in the dark and sinful mind? Mary is the morning star that heralds in the light of grace. Has the sun of God's favor set in the unhappy heart through passion, error, or sinful habit? The evening star still shines; Mary warning, praying, alluring, still looks down upon the wandering sinner, oftentimes as the only ray of light amidst the universal gloom. It is she who awakens sinners. She is the friend of the innocent, the instructress of youth, the comfort of the suffering, the hope of the dying; she is the Merciful Mother of all men, for she is the Mother of the Man—God. Oh, Mother of Men, we all cry to thee, exiled children of Eve, from this vale of tears! Turn, oh! heavenly advocate, turn to us thine eyes; protect us in thy love, speak for our souls.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE VALIANT WOMAN. A Series of Discourses intended for the Use of Women Living in the World. By Mgr. Jean François Landriot, formerly Bishop of La Rochelle, and now Archbishop of Rheims. Translated by Helena Lyons. Boston: P. Donahoe, 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham, 29 S. 10th Street.

We venture the assertion that not since the days of Saint Francis de Sales, has there issued from the pen of any writer, a religious work so charming in its style, so full of the unction of devotion, so rich in thought, yet so chaste in diction, as this book of the Archbishop of Rheims. While it is pre-eminently a work of the Salesian school of thought and piety, we feel almost like daring to make the declaration that without losing any of the *suaviter in modo* of the honey-bee of Geneva, it has if possible more of the *fortiter in re* than the saintly Swiss prelate possessed. While Monseigneur Landriot was Bishop of La Rochelle, prior to his elevation to the archepiscopal see of Rheims, he delivered to the ladies of the former city, married and single, the subject-matter of this compilation in the form of a series of conferences. He chose most appropriately for his text in the respective discourses, each verse of that charming chapter of the book of Proverbs in which King Lamuel's mother describes for the guidance of her son the characteristics of a valiant woman. No book could better supply a terrible need in the present age, and in our own country. France is blessed and safe while she has such prelates as its author, and such daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers as he is training. May America, equally blessed in this faultless translation of his noble utterances, be equally happy in the fruit of his labors. Those excellent societies, THE CHILDREN OF MARY and THE CHRISTIAN MOTHERS, are doing an immense good for the church and the world, and their members can draw strength and grace for the continuance of their labors from no better source than this fountain of the living waters of meditation.

We heartily thank the translator and publisher for their respective share in the work of reproducing the book, and are ourselves not only glad but honored in being able to recommend it.

SACRED ELOQUENCE: or, the Theory and Practice of Preaching. By Rev. Thomas J. Potter, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the Foreign Missionary College of All Hallows. Third edition, carefully revised and corrected. Troy, N. Y.: P. J. Dooley, publisher, 182 and 272 River Street. 1873.

In the RECORD for October, 1872, we had the pleasure of recommending, in a more extended review than for which we can now spare space and time, a work of Father Potter's, similar in its purpose to the present one. We scarcely regret, however, our lack of ability to do equal justice to this volume, for a book on Sacred Eloquence which has already reached three editions in this country alone, and which bears a long list of recommendations from such oratorial lights as Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop Manning, Dr. Newman, a number of the bishops of Great Britain, and the presidents of such famous seats of learning as Maynooth, St. Mary's at Ascott, and St. Cuthbert's at Ushaw, scarcely needs any commendation from us; in fact, it seems almost like presumption to add any to that of those great names. The very fact that the author is Professor of Sacred Eloquence at All Hallows, or rather *was*, for the latest foreign mail brought us the news of his death, is enough of itself to say. We almost regret the old days when America was a missionary country, for then it reaped the benefit of the piety and learning dispensed from those classical retreats; but if the exigencies of the young church of America have as yet prevented our clergy from attending within due limits to the subject of pulpit oratory, surely the ecclesiastical advance made since the erection of the American hierarchate demand an improvement in the present style of preaching. Those, therefore, who had not the happiness of sitting at the feet of European masters in Sacred Eloquence, may reap the benefit of their teachings through such books as this. As the result of a cursory glance over its pages, we can say that the instruction is accurate and fulsome, and the style of inculcating it as charming as the eloquence it inculcates. For the rest, we can only say to patrons—READ IT, and you will find no objections to bring against it.

THE SELECT ORATIONS OF CICERO. Chronologically arranged, covering the entire period of his public life. Edited by J. H. and W. F. Allen and J. B. Greenough. Boston: Ginn Brothers, Publishers, 1873. Received through Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

We have here a new edition of the orations of Cicero, following the new *textus receptus* of Baiter and Kayser, "even when the editors would personally prefer a different reading."

We cannot say on the intrinsic merits of the text which reading we would prefer, but as far as our own personal tastes rule the question, we agree with the editors in favor of the old-time renditions of Cicero's royal sentiments. Neither do we at all fancy such changes as the elision of the second *i* of the genitive termination in the second declension, which final vowel the editors tell us must have been unknown to the greatest of Roman orators. Why unknown to him we are at a loss to discover, and have not time to investigate. Some of the orations have been judiciously abridged. All these points, however, are questions of taste, and do not detract from the merits of the work as a schoolbook, which we can cheerfully recommend. The notes are copious, and we presume generally correct. We are, however, particularly pleased with the explanatory historical synopsis which precedes each oration. The paper and printing is handsome and serviceable; the binding neat and durable.

THE HOUSE OF GOLD AND THE SAINT OF NAZARETH. A poetical life of St. Joseph. Rosa Mystica Series, Vol. III. By Marie Josephine. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 West Baltimore St., 1873.

The handsome style in which this book is issued reflects great credit on the publishers.

SKETCHES OF IRISH SOLDIERS IN EVERY LAND. By Colonel James E. Mcgee. New York: J. A. McGee, publisher, 7 Barclay Street, 1873.

The valor of the Irish race is so incontrovertible that it has made this people proverbially known as a nation of fighters. Ireland's sons have not only hallowed with their blood their green mother soil while defending her from the ruthless invader, but she has likewise "her fighting men abroad," on every land and every sea, not as hireling soldiery, but as grateful defender sons of those distant countries that gave them what her maternal heart was wrung in being forced to deny them—a home and an honest man's freedom. The work of Col. McGee is a compiled series of biographies of some of these gallant men, arranged, as far as conveniently they could be, so as to give in a necessarily small volume a fair representation as to successive periods of chronology and variety of locality, and thus, in the language of the author, "to cull as it were some flowers from the immortal garlands with which modern history has enwreathed the brow of Irish valor, and by presenting them in a well-assorted bouquet, to show the world, in miniature form, what grateful tributes have been offered to the exiled and long suffering children of Erin." It is an exceedingly readable book.

RAVELLINGS FROM THE WEB OF LIFE. By Grandfather Greenway. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1873. Received through Eugene Cummiskey, Philadelphia.

This is a compiled series of fireside tales of average merit and of Catholic tendency. They are mostly stories of American life—a healthy sign in the uprising Catholic literature of the day—and we think they will prove interesting to old and young readers during the coming winter nights.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

## CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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VOL. VI.

FROM NOVEMBER, 1873, TO APRIL, 1874.

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PHILADELPHIA:
HARDY & MAHONY,
726 SANSOM STREET.
1874.

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THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VI, No. 31.—NOVEMBER, 1873.

## THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

THE French have a happy talent for saying great truths in few words. Among many such *bons mots* we particularly remember one that our professor repeated whenever anything preposterous or ridiculous was advanced by a member of his class. "Perhaps," he would say, "it is so, 'for there is nothing new under the sun.'"

We were forcibly reminded of this saying when first told that an EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE was about to meet in New York, to be composed of delegates from every sect or church wishing to be represented, not excepting the OLD CATHOLICS, who were to be received, though they stoutly denied that they were Protestants, because they consented to practice that solitary virtue which, in the eyes of Evangelicals generally, "covers a multitude of sins,"—rebellion against the Pope. The meeting has been held: we know through the columns of that omnipresent power—the PRESS—all that these agreeing dissenters have said, and we ask ourselves, in no spirit of vain curiosity, to what it has all amounted—and is Romanism really left any life after the unmerciful excoriation given it by those "ministers of peace and charity,"—the members of the Alliance, from the restless George Stuart, whose delight seems to be such company as is afforded by Gavazzi, to Reinekens, whose latest act has been to bend the cringing knee of sycophancy to Kaiser William, rather than forego the honor of a stolen mitre, which will undoubtedly yet give him to feel the thorns which are proverbially said to rest immediately beneath, or rather above, its borders. To treat of the proceedings of the EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, calls for more acquaintance with the writings of Gil Blas, Don Quixote, Handy Andy, and the Brawnville Papers, than with any scientific work, save "Darwin's Descent of Man," which may give the only possible explanation to be found as excusing the antics to which the reverend divines, religious laymen, and dilapidated politicians, who formed the conglomeration known as the EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, gave way during their happy time in the metropolis.

That we have no personal animosity to the Alliancers, as we shall call them, will be admitted when we give our word for it that we have waded through thirty-two closely printed pages of the *New York Tribune* in search of words of wisdom from the sages assembled in solemn earnestness from the north and the south, the east and the west, even, as said Narayan Sheshadri, "seven thousand miles away." Not only have we read through this mass of prepared documents and extemporaneous efforts, but we have carefully noted what our friend Stuart calls "Key-notes" to the spirit, by which the Alliance on the whole has been governed in its conduct and views as related to Catholicity.

No one can deny to any body of men, or women either, the right of meeting for a purpose in itself indifferent or meritorious; and under this view the most devoted Catholic, seeking the good of souls, could not do otherwise than rejoice at this meeting of Evangelicals, held for the purpose of "comparing notes," with a view to begetting less difference, if not more union. Particularly do Catholics desire that ministers should study their own position as related to the OLD CHURCH, for such study, if conscientiously and *prayerfully* made, can only result in a close approach of sectarian opinions to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and final submission thereto. This study, thus undertaken, has given the Church Manning, Ives, Faber, Bellew, and a host of others; why should we desire aught better than a continuance of this seeking of the light, guided by the lamp of faith, fed by the oil of prayer, and burning with the flame of hope? But what Catholics cannot approve, what they have full right to protest against, is the false method so often pursued by dissenters in their study of Catholic subjects. They begin by abusing, continue by misrepresenting, and as a logical conclusion to their illogical premises, ask their beloved flocks to come out from the Babylon of iniquity, presided over by the *scarlet woman*, and breathe in the fresh air of private interpretation the saving truths each one sees fit to accept. In this view of the case, Catholics have every right to protest against the ranting and hypocritical snifflers who hour after hour, in this EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, misstated the doctrines, misquoted the history, and misapplied the principles of that Church to whose earlier existence they owe the remnants of doctrine they still possess. As fittingly described by a learned clergyman of the metropolis, these babbling dissenters resemble those savages who, with painted faces and limbs, dance round the living body they expect to devour, and each prides himself on the little piece of garment he has snatched from the victim. It was to be expected that intelligent men among them, whose records had gone ahead of them, would not descend to the claptrap assertions of country parsons and village blacksmith preachers, like Deacon Snip in the *Brawnville Papers*. It was to be expected that they at least who had come from the old country, where every facility is afforded for the truthful side of all questions to be discovered, would not, like Murphy, the street preacher, lie for the purpose of perpetuating falsehood; and yet that the European delegates "out-heroded Herod" in the wildness of their assertions and the falsity of their statements, will appear evident to any impartial reader of the reported speeches and papers contained in the *Tribune extra*. Were these preachers mere politicians, we would not be surprised that they should thus distort facts. But, perhaps, these delegates had studied the American character before coming over, and havin *g*

learned that we are the most gullible people on record, making our act of faith every morning on the vagaries of our chosen "Knight of the Quill," these foreigners knew that anything which would "make it lively" for the Catholics, would be just the thing that would be acceptable to four out of five of the audiences they were to address.

Few RECORD readers are not entirely unacquainted with that modern outgrowth of Know-nothingism, "The Young Men's Christian Association." The fact that the Alliance threw itself into the arms of this body gave us to understand that, with such guides to show them the institutions of the metropolis, the few small establishments which Catholics control would not be deemed worthy a visit. And thus the delegates were to be allowed to return to their European domiciles able truthfully to say that they had seen nothing to show that the Catholics were a living reality among the religious bodies of the fourth city in the world. This "Young Men's Christian Association" is distinguished by its hatred of everything Catholic, and its rabid proclivity to everything destructive of Catholic interests. Some of its members or favorites have figured rather unfavorably in disreputable political and commercial frauds. Its charity may be judged of when we state that no Catholic can easily obtain a situation through its bureaus, and when they consent to procure situations for young Catholics, these are sure to be sent where Gospel influences will be largely felt.

As an American we rejoice that such men as Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, Wolsey, Potter, Fisher, and others, while they gave Romanism no quarter, at least attacked it in a manly manner; not always in often giving the fairest statement of our side of the question, but never forgetting that, while they were partisans in the sense of being sectarians, they were gentlemen whose words with all their force as arguments should contain neither the asperity of the cynic nor the assumption of the demagogue. At the same time, we would recommend to the intellectual Catholic parent to read carefully even the papers presented by these American gentlemen, and they will see how dangerous it must be to venture, as some do, because it is fashionable, to send young men to institutions in which the chairs of philosophy, logic, and history, will be filled by such professors.

Catholics expected nothing in a religious way as the result of this Alliance. Protestant editors did not anticipate much more; two or three opinions selected at random will demonstrate this. Says *The Daily Graphic:*

"The meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city has attracted very general attention, and has already drawn together a large number of distinguished clergymen from all parts of the country and from Europe. This meeting is an important event in the history of Protestant Christianity. *The standing reproach of Protestantism is its* HOPELESS *divisions into a multitude of antagonistic sects, each warring upon all the rest. It has no unity. It lacks cohesiveness and organic life. It is religious anarchy. Instead of presenting a solid front against Catholicism, its old enemy, which has preserved its organic integrity in spite of all internal disaffection and external criticism, and acts in its entirety when it acts at all, it offers for resistance a chaos of contending denominations and hundreds of churches with dissimilar confessions of faith, each anathematizing all the rest. Instead of acting as a unit of moral force on the public sentiment and life of Christendom, directing its measures and influencing its customs and legislation, and extinguishing the ways and vices of society it deplores and might extirpate, its hopeless divisions render it practically powerless. Thus, while Catholicism actually gains upon it on one side, the world gains upon it on the other, and science and secularism and rationalism are undermining its old outworks, if not its very citadel. The*

*hope of Evangelical Protestantism lies in an undeveloped possibility of union.*"

Another journalist, having watched the progress of the Alliance, felt called upon to express himself thus frankly:

"This Alliance does not appear to be composed of men seeking simply to save sinners, leading the way in peace and meekness, but to be a council of great Christian politicians assembled to devise the best means to overthrow a rival Church. It is not so much a religious as a legislative body, and the unity it would promote for the Protestant Churches is only intended to make their influence more available against Catholicism. It is unity, not for the sake of peace, but for still more aggressive war. The majority of these clergymen are leaders in their respective sects; they hold rich livings, and receive splendid salaries; some of them are as good business men as Henry Ward Beecher, who has an income of $50,000 a year, and excuses himself for writing about fast horses on the ground that if St. Paul were living he would write on current subjects of interest too! Very few of them suffer much for the sake of Christ, and they all have found that clerical domination pays in this world as we hope it will do in the next. They thus represent the temporal power of Protestantism, and are more prominent as politicians than as priests. We might point out, in this Evangelical Alliance, clerical Bismarcks, Gambettas, Machiavellis, Ben Butlers, and Gladstones; men who have great ability to manage the finances and the authorities of their respective sects, but who, in spiritual matters, are far the inferior of the humble pastor who gives all his labor and love to his little flock.

"The Alliance, we fear, is in fact more worldly than spiritual in its purposes."

In view of this estimate of the members of the Alliance from a Protestant standpoint we can scarcely agree with Dr. Adams in his address of welcome, who wished that others "among the departed" were there. There were quite a sufficient number of falsifiers of doctrine and fact without the presence of such notorious historians as D'Aubigne, narrow-minded theologians as McIlvaine, and misquoters *of dogma* as Schmucker.

The first Englishman who spoke certainly "put his foot" into it, when he opened his address, by stating that he just heard a friend asserting that "This, sir, is the grandest meeting that has been held for ages and ages; this beats the Vatican Œcumenical Council at Rome."

The *New York Tablet* happily remarks on the above:

"One essential difference was very cleverly illustrated by a British delegate of the peculiarly English name of Stoughton, at the preliminary meeting, held at Association Hall. 'As I entered this hall to-night,' said Dr. Stoughton, 'I heard a gentleman whisper in my ear, "This is the grandest meeting that has been held for ages and ages. This beats the Œcumenical Council at Rome."' This statement was naturally greeted with laughter on the part of the audience. Nothing daunted by the laughter, Dr. Stoughton resumed: 'That gentleman was about correct. The Œcumenical Council was nothing but a gathering together of the members of a single church.' Dr. Stoughton could not have described the church of Christ more exactly. A single church was just what its founder made it. 'But this,' Dr. Stoughton went on, pointing to the Alliance, 'represents all kinds of Christian Churches;' whereat the audience did not laugh. The hit was a little too severe. Possibly some among those there assembled were reminded of the warning of St. Paul: 'Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath placed your bishops to rule the *Church of God*, which he hath purchased with his own blood. I know that of your ownselves will rise up men speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them.' Another point of difference was the presiding spirit. The presiding spirit in the council of the Vatican was, in Heaven, the Holy Ghost on earth, the venerable and saintly Vicar of Jesus Christ. The presiding spirit of the Evangelical Alliance was W. E. Dodge, Jr., a person whose fame coincides exactly with his name."

Dr. Fisch, of Paris, said he felt as if he were already in heaven. And then, doubtless, looking back to the real Teutonic handling his people had received, he could not help exclaiming: "What a bless-

ing it is for our French brethren *to be here* to-night, *where there are neither Germans nor French.*"

A great many of his countrymen thought it a good thing, some time ago, to be where there were no Germans.

Dr. Coulin, of Geneva, remarked that "he had, for several years, a strong desire to come and see America, the classic land of religious liberty, that second step of the Reformation." It will puzzle more than ourselves to discover the relation which exists between the Reformation and the classic land of religious liberty. Every tyro knows that it is a notorious fact that Protestants persecuted Catholics and Quakers "for conscience sake" in the early stages of American history. America owes her discovery to Catholic genius, her first civilization to Catholic missionaries, and her first secured liberty to Catholic money and blood. No one should know these facts better than a Genevan.

The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, of Bombay, is a full-blooded convert, and has been very well trained. He has been the spoiled child of the Alliance. Those dear creatures—the ladies—have fairly gone out of their wits over his turban and flowing robes. With remarkable humility this reverend gentleman presents himself to any and every audience as a living proof of the power of grace, and an evidence that the Protestant missions are not a failure. Friend Sheshadri may not have learned that "One swallow does not make a summer." To prove Protestant missions not a failure, we must hear a different story from what has been repeated, according to Dr. Marshall's evidence in his CHRISTIAN MISSIONS, for the last twenty-five years,—failure on the one hand, and a call for more funds on the other. Sheshadri has a sharp eye to business, and we are much mistaken if he leaves this country without taking more with him than he got at the Christian Alliance. He will not be in any great hurry off, either, we think.

In his Christian *rôle* he appears to enjoy being stared at and ogled by young ladies and old maidens quite as much as he did being worshipped by the unfortunates who are now getting along without him.

The *Tribune* forgets itself in its assertion that the Alliance was united to the Roman Catholic Church even "by letter." It does not rank the OLD CATHOLICS with us, as may be seen from its own editorial published some time before the Alliance opened. In this it was claimed that "the most important of all the events which have modified the position of the religious world since the last general meeting of the Alliance, has been the revolt of the old Catholic party, of Germany, from the dogma of papal infallibility and its consequences, while many imagined that this was the beginning of a movement of emancipation of individual opinion in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church itself." The *Tribune*, so far as we know, was alone in predicting that this would not be the case. The Catholic Church, in its entirety, has accepted the decisions of the Œcumenical Council, and the Old Catholics will sooner or later yield to the overpowering moral force arrayed against them, or take one step further and come out of the pale of the unquestioning believers. And elsewhere the same authority, in reviewing the position assumed by the Old Catholics to the Alliance, as shown in their letter, says:

"The readiness of the new organization to place itself in communion with a body so avowedly and aggressively hostile as the Evangelical Alliance, not merely to the pretensions of the papacy, but to many of the most essential dogmas of the Roman Church, is a plain declaration that the Old Catholics are not

schismatics, but to all intents and purposes simply Protestants.

"In this letter they have gone much further in their declaration of Protestant beliefs than they have ventured before. They announce their determination to facilitate the union of all Christian churches by pruning off the various doctrines and rules of discipline which have been introduced by men, and restoring those rules which rest upon the foundation Christ the Lord has laid. In the pursuit of this plan they have already renounced sacramental absolution and the *cultus* of the Saints and the Virgin Mary, and have given up many devotional practices which seemed to be thoroughly ingrained with Catholic life. Their separation from the Roman Church, in short, is absolute and final, and as time goes on it will become wider and wider, as we have foretold from the outset of the movement; the revolt against infallibility has turned to a revolt against the Roman Catholic Church; and the Old Catholics have discovered that the only way to attack the creed and practices of that ancient institution *is to batter them from the outside.*"

We congratulate the *Tribune* on its shrewdness. A little acquaintance with ecclesiastical history would render the New York *Times* equally discriminating. The *Courier des Etats Unis* said, at the time of Hyacinthe's defalcation or suspension, that the era of new religions or sects is gone by. There is no middle ground between Catholicity and Protestantism. Those who attempt to keep between the two will find it tough work, as President Lincoln used to say, "to ride between two horses," especially when the animals are going in opposite directions.

Nothing could be cooler on an autumn day than the declaration of Rev. Leopold Witte, who said that Dr. Tholuck, who sent an account of his theology to the Alliance, was modest. This was witty, as any one who reads this Dr. Tholuck's account of himself will find him filled with self-conceit. Any man who offers himself as proof of divine goodness need not talk about modesty. *Better let* others praise us; there will be more truth, and less danger in it.

Rev. Matteo Prochet, in his essay on "Religion in Italy," told some wonderful things about the state of the people, all of which he asks us to take on his own authority. He betrayed the falsehood of his previous assertions by the damaging admissions we republish here. He proves the Italians nearest to the Vatican the most stanch Catholics, thus: "Father Hyacinthe lectured in Rome, created a momentary excitement among the people, *but the clergy left him alone, or the few adherents were such that nothing worthy of any importance could be done by them.*" These few adherents must have been of the class that Mr. Prochet says called upon him for counsel and *employment.* Italy seems still slightly Catholic, according to M. Prochet's testimony, as "the confessional, that powerful weapon of Rome, makes itself felt throughout the country from the foot of the throne to the lowest hovel." And the Italian clergy cannot be so lazy after all, since M. Prochet exclaims, while in a truthful mood, "how they do work! . . . You must *bow before* the devoted activity, the relentless energy displayed; . . . they defend their ground, and they try to reconquer what they have lost with a courage and a perseverance worthy of a better cause."

Neither are the people neglected if we may believe the same authority, who admits that "societies of all kinds, made to suit the tastes of every class, have been formed." Complimentary as are the above admissions, they pale before the last we will produce from M. Prochet. With all the ignorance of the priesthood, and the desire to keep the people in the dark; despite the spirit of Catholicity, which fosters bigotry, and breeds on the illiteracy it nourishes; notwithstanding all this, and a great deal

more which may be found asserted in the German delegates' papers, this Italian deputy openly declares that "competitive schools are opened, where they (the clergy) cannot have the whole management of the public ones, and in these they (the priests) offer better education and instruction." (!) "Save us from our friends," the Italian electors must cry out when they hear or read the above statements of their delegate. No wonder Gavazzi wanted to be at the Alliance. He feared that some one less unscrupulous than he should make any admissions of the kind just furnished.

From the gentleman representing Holland we had a right to expect something equally definite. The Dutch more than the Italians have a very fixed way of stating things, and they are of such a sombre character that they generally mean precisely what they say. Hence the value of M. Cohen Stuart's admissions. Holland has been one of the most intensely Protestant countries in Europe. The effects of Protestantism, as a system, will show themselves unmistakably where they have had such a fair field of operations. Yet M. Stuart declares emphatically, "No! it is not the church of Rome, however daring and dangerous, which is the most dreadful enemy of Christianity in Holland. There is a tide of neology, a flood of unbelief, which no dyke or moles can keep back. Thousands, it is true, *of the middle and lower classes*, and these undoubtedly the soundest and best part of the people, steadfastly and stanchly cling to their old Bible faith. . . . Materialism and irreligion are slaying their tens of thousands in the ranks of so-called Christians. *So it is everywhere, so it is especially in Holland.*" The logical consequence of the above is that for intelligent people, Dutch Protestantism is below par. It may be well enough for the middle and lower classes, but cannot satisfy those who are able to sift its pretensions for themselves. Another delegate on the other hand admitted that men whom it was "a real loss to lose" made their way to the Romanists, after having vainly tried to content themselves with such belief as is afforded by Protestantism in Holland or elsewhere.

Rev. H. Krummacher, of Germany, gave the poor Catholics no show, so long as he spoke on his own responsibility, but, no sooner did he say, "Let us take a glance at history," than all his diatribe had to cease, and facts proved stronger than prejudice where there was no chance to distort them in favor of a belief that had no existence at the time of which he quoted. "The German nation," said Krummacher, "owes its existence to Christianity," which at that time meant Catholicity or nothing. "Before Germany embraced Christianity there were, it is true, German tribes; but no bond of union knit them together. Boniface, the Apostle of the Germans, is also the first founder of the German nation." And this Boniface is now honored as a saint by the Roman Catholic Church, while his statue, if attempted to be placed even beside that of Luther, would be pulled down, amid the cries and jeers of German iconoclasts. The author of German unity is denied the honors of the people he redeemed from barbarism, because, forsooth, he has had the title saint placed before his name by a church Krummacher, and his kind have learned to despise. When Mr. Krummacher said, "Boniface is the founder of German unity," then was the moment when either the Doctor's memory or his courage failed him, and he did not cry shame on those latterday Germans who seek, through their prime minister, to destroy the churches founded and the institutions established by Boniface and his disciples.

In all the speeches made, and the papers read by the German delegates, we have to see yet the first manly protest against the usurpations and persecutions of the Prussian "Four Laws." With all Mr. Krummacher's determination to speak good words for his church, he frankly confesses that "the Protestant Church (in Germany?) *is not a church of theologians and ministers.*" Had any Catholic made such a damaging assertion, there would be a terrific hue and cry about the stigma thus sought to be attached to the German Church, but, in the face of his fellow-delegates and in presence of the Alliance and thousands of listeners, Mr. Krummacher declares that his church is not controlled by "*theologians and ministers;*" rather, as St. Paul expresses it, but Mr. Krummacher forgot to state, each one is "driven about by every wind of doctrine," and many seeking to unravel things, "hard to be understood," do so "to their own perdition." The members of the Alliance asked no questions, but gravely assented, by their silence, to the opinion of the church in Germany as given by one "who had been there." Thus we might review the state of religion in every country from which delegates were present, showing that in all lands, by the delegates' admissions, the result of the reign of Protestantism has been to produce infidelity.

The Dean of Canterbury, Very Rev. Dr. R. Payne Smith, with the souvenirs of English ale and porter still lingering within him, said something which he thought very funny. "*We are*," said he, "*little pitchers, and cannot contain all the truth, for it is too vast.*" . . "Where minds are differently constituted we must have different opinions. It is well it is so. If we all had the same shapes I might go home and find some other man exactly like myself claiming my place as *Dean of Can*terbury." It would be no joke to lose such a fat position, and we can readily conceive that this hearty Englishman would not get out of the scrape as well as Lord Scatterbrain in "Handy Andy," who had to discover whether he was himself or somebody else. The same reverend gentleman delivered an address on "Unity consistent with Diversity," which to our mind is about the same as saying that black to John may be white to Peter, or that harmony may be found in discord, having it thus like in the play "As You Like It." Among the inconsistencies which the reverend gentleman mentioned, was "whether we approve of it or not, evidently a diversity of opinions is a necessity of men's condition." We take the Dean's term "opinions" as equivalent for him to our terms convictions or belief. The Dean is aware that man's *present condition* is the result of original sin, and that man must, through the grace of God, counteract and remove the effects of this transgression. Among these effects we have "darkness of understanding." Hence, we must seek light outside of ourselves. This light must proceed from above, or in other words from God, "who can neither deceive nor be deceived," and who is the same to-day, yesterday, and always; whose truths like Himself are one and immutable—leaving no room for diversity in this unity, and binding on all, from the Dean of Canterbury to the hundreds of thousands of colliers who, through the neglect of the Dean's church, never see either the light of day or hear of the light of heaven.

Rev. F. W. Conrad, of Philadelphia, in his paper on "Interchange of Pulpits," says, "Fidelity to the truth of God required the entire separation of the Protestants from the Church of Rome, and consistency demands that there be no interchange of pulpits with the priests and prelates of that corrupt

church." This is about as necessary advice to us as it would be to have a law passed forbidding "all whom it may concern" to expose themselves to snake-bite. Wait, Mr. Conrad, before refusing, till you are invited to a "communion of saints."

Rev. Dr. H. Wilkes, of Montreal, allowed his emotions to overcome his intentions by admitting that it would be very little use "to make them (the Canadians) Protestants unless we make them Christians!" which goes to show, on the authority of the Montreal delegate, that converts may be one without becoming the other, to all of which the most ardent Catholic wishes nothing added.

There are some things so supremely ridiculous that even when most disposed to applaud, an audience will persistently refuse to give any signs of appreciation. Such seems to have been the case when Dr. Lorriaux, of Paris, ventured the preposterous assertion that Archbishop Darboy, of Paris, before he was shot sent for a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, Dr. Forbes, and "there is every reason to believe that his faith was changed through the ministrations of that clergyman." Nothing easier in the world than to have produced Dr. Forbes's evidence. That gentleman would never have kept back so choice a morsel of information from his Protestant friends. The distinguished clergyman's silence on so prominent a topic is quite sufficient proof that no change was made in the martyr-bishop's faith.

Doctor McCosh, of Princeton, is not as much at home in dealing with Darwinism as he is in the more meritorious work of inducing his rich friends to found professorships in his celebrated seminary. He, and Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, attacked the author of "Man's Descent," with what result we leave others to state. The New York papers expected much from these divines. Let us hear what report was given after the case had been heard.

The *Herald* and *Graphic* both complain loudly. The former says that while attacking Catholicism the "Fathers" were at home, and felt their ground secure. The *Graphic* thus wails over the evident discomfiture of the delegates, after their tilt with the Apostle of Evolutionism:

. . . "It is enough to state the fact that there is a widespread feeling, that the tendencies and results of modern science, the habits of mind it fosters, and the direction and impetus it gives to human thought are hostile to the faith 'once delivered to the saints.' And the fact that the Alliance classed science *among the antagonists of Christianity* proves that its members shared the prevailing impression.

"*It is a matter of profound regret that the treatment of this important and intensely interesting topic by the Alliance was so unsatisfactory. It failed from its inadequacy.* No one of the speakers seemed to be fully prepared to deal with the theme in its length and breadth and depth. Dr. McCosh, certainly a very able and learned theologian, treated the delegates to a popular and highly imaginative discourse, which spent its force—so far as it had any argumentative value—in attacking Darwinism. But he had no facts with which to confront Mr. Darwin's hypothesis. He adduced no array of evidence with which to turn the balance of probability against that plausible theory. He merely asserted that it had not been proved, which Mr. Darwin frankly admits. He dwells at length on the problems that science has not solved and the mysteries it has not unravelled, as though these disprove its discoveries and declarations; moreover, his whole treatment of the subject makes it uncertain whether he regards science as a foe to faith, or a neutral party working in another field on its own account, and only apparently opposed for the time being; or whether he has mastered the philosophy which he seems to confound with Darwinism, which is merely a branch of the greater tree. Dr. Hodge, the able and scholarly theologian, asked repeatedly what Darwinism is, and showed by his attempts to deal with it that he was striking an unknown enemy in the dark. Dr. Dawson evinced more familiarity with the superficial as-

pects of the question, but somehow failed to throw any new light into its deep places, and confined himself to a statement of the difficulties that Darwinism does not solve, and its deficiency of positive proof, and the larger demands it makes for faith than the doctrines it supplants. Dr. Speis urged no fact or argument that told directly against the hypothesis which all seemed to regard as the Goliah of the Philistines, whose complete armor and mighty sword could be overcome only by smooth stones from a shepherd's sling, and whom they accordingly assailed with a shower of these harmless missiles. *Reviewing the whole discussion in a cool and impartial way, it is impossible not to feel that it has proved signally unsatisfactory.*"

What effect Dr. Dorner's tirade against infallibility and the Pope may have had on the Alliancers report sayeth not, but what Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock thought of it may be inferred from his first utterances when called upon to follow Professor Dorner. He felt bound to state that "we need, all of us, *a greater charity.*" "Why," asks Professor Hitchcock, "why, on a Protestant platform, this elaborate criticism (Dorner's)? Why this concern of ours about the doings of the Vatican Council? Why so much of our programme given up to the Roman Catholic question? . . . It would be idle to say that we are not alarmed. . . The Roman Catholic Church of to-day is simply the Latin church of the middle ages, which has kept going on till now." The same church! But a previous orator had declared that this same church of the middle ages had for her mission to civilize Germany! How will Dr. Dorner get over this? Professor Kraft, another foreigner, gave specimens of his logical acumen by thundering invectives against the German Catholic prelates who refused to bolt against the decisions of the Vatican Council. He first asserts that the Bishops declared it as their belief, founded on the promises of Christ, that "we solemnly declare that, *First*, The *Œcumenical* Council will never proclaim any doctrine which is not contained in the Holy Scriptures, or in the tradition of the Church; and that, *Secondly*, The Council will not proclaim any new or different doctrines from those which by faith and conscience are inscribed on the hearts of all people, and which having been considered sacred by Christian nations throughout all time, are now and ever the basis upon which the welfare of states and the freedom of nations rest."

The Bishops could not be Catholics and believe otherwise. Such convictions belong to the very nature of an Œcumenical Council. "Yet," continues Professor Kraft, "these same German Bishops prostrated themselves under popish tyranny, *and this at a time when, after the battle of Sedan, the whole German people felt exalted* BEYOND MEASURE, *and when the unity of the German Empire, the aim of long and patient efforts, was reached at last.*" We fail to see that because the Prussians defeated the French, the German Bishops should revolt against Rome; as natural would it be because the English had defeated the French, the former should declare a religious war against Russia. The German Prelates know their own business quite well enough to need any of Professor Kraft's suggestions. They have shown their honesty by accepting as doctrines of the Church what the Council decided. What is there wonderful in stating that *a body* which is infallible, and was always treated as claiming such by the Protestant world, should further define this doctrine by stating that what at all times belonged to the body has never been refused to the head?

"It cannot storm always," says a proverb. After Dr. Kraft's rhodomontade, we find Dr. Storrs's paper, "Rome's Appeal to Educated Protestants." We make a few extracts, as a relief to the stock

article previously furnished us by the brethren. Favorable as his views and statements are, he has the manliness to frankly confess that in accounting for conversions to the Catholic Church his answer must be imperfect, "since," says he, "I am not in any sense a Romanist." Of the feelings of these converts, he remarks:

"They do not feel cramped, or limited, or overborne by this divine authority in the Church! They feel quickened, invigorated, exalted by it, because holding themselves assured of the truth by the very voice of God speaking in tenderness, not through the trumpet or the earthquake, but through the consenting voices of consecrated men. . . . Then, with all their forces of attraction, the Roman Catholic Church is a vast, venerable, historic organization—of unequalled age, of immense extent—whose history appears, to those whom it attracts, the one sublimest thing on earth; inexplicable except in the supposition of its divine origin. It is to them the Church of the apostles, the Church of the catacombs, where the new Christian kingdom was working underground, to overthrow and replace the empire of Rome. It is the Church of the Fathers, the Church of the great councils, before which were lowered imperial shadows, to whose decisions faction bowed, and whose creed and decrees have governed and assimilated the universe of Christendom. It is the Church of the middle ages, which built cathedrals, organized crusades, established libraries, civilized barbarians, liberated slaves, preserved learning, laws, and arts, subjected barons, converted and ruled the haughtiest kings, and which has since sent forth its heroic and conquering fathers to the ends of the world —'*ad majorem Dei gloriam.*' It seems to them to-day the only power which nothing, in fact, centrally disturbs; the only one which can check infidelity, rule the licentious wills of men, subdue and inspire the tough and refractory human intellect, and preserve and ennoble human society; the only one which science cannot shake, or the fierce antagonisms of secular interests override and destroy. The supremacy of the spiritual order in the world seems to them supreme in it, and in it alone. Secure itself from all assault, it judges the world."

At this period of the Doctor's magnificent oration the foreign delegates, especially the German portion, became restless. The Doctor, perceiving this, threw them a small bone to pick, thus:

"Of course, we hold that much of this is unhistorical, purely fanciful; that it is the Gospel, as a living force, working apart from, and often directly against, the hierarchy, which has done the best part of this, and that the history of the Church as an organization is marked by bigotries, pride, persecution, license; by inquisitors like Torquemada; by Prelates and Pontiffs like the Borgias and the Medicis. But to those minds whose attitude toward it I am seeking to present, the different aspect is the one which it offers, and often they are profoundly impressed by it."

All the German delegates who snuff here took a vigorous pinch, and set themselves for more of Dr. Storrs's after-thoughts, but he disappointed them, and returned to his former style, thus:

"Then it appeals to them by its cordial relations to all the fine arts—music, painting, sculpture, architecture,—to whatever impresses most, and delights the senses and the tastes. Its cathedrals are the wonders of the world, mountains of rockwork set to music. Its elaborate, opulent, mighty masses make the common hymn-tunes of Protestantism sound like the twittle of sparrows amid the mighty rush and wail of concentrating winds. Its ritual is splendid, scenic, and impressive to the highest degree, and all is exquisitely pervaded and modulated by the doctrine which underlies it. Every service, every vestment, even, is full of significance. Nothing is too ornate or magnificent to be incorporated at once with its majestic and superb ceremonial. It moves as it fights, like an army with banners. Now, to one who wants his whole æsthetic nature gratified and educated in his worship, who accepts this nature as from God, and feels its subtle impulses demanding a lawful and large domain, this attraction is very powerful, *while the occasional attempts of ambitious high-churchmen to emulate that which the blundering genius of many centuries and lands has produced are to him (the convert) simply ludicrous—like representing the walls of Warwick castle in cake and sugar, or building an edifice like St. Peter's of scantling and boards. . . . We must not look only, often as we do, on the sombre and sterile side of Romanism, if we would*

*understand its power. We must see and feel that there are aspects of it in which, to those who regard it with admiring and attentive eyes, it looks more beautiful than a poet's dream, while as solid and commanding as the very and only temple of God.*"

In his paper on "Irish Support of the Churches," Rev. T. Y. Killen, of Belfast, complains that "many . . . . withhold their contributions, on the plea that *they must see what the doctrine of the Church is before they will give their money for its support.*" The Protestants look upon religion in Ireland as a commodity. They are quite right in seeing if the article be worth the price.

Prof. Fisher, of Yale College, was pleased to admit that "in the disposition to minister to poverty and to the various forms of physical distress, Roman Catholics, be it said to their honor, *vie* with Protestant Christians." The term "vie" was rather tame for Prof. Fisher to use at that particular time. What of Shreveport and Memphis? Did Sisters of Charity and those terrible Inquisition folks, the Dominicans, and those enemies of the liberties of our beloved country, the Jesuits, did all these only vie with their Protestant Christian brethren? How many ministers died at the bedside of the yellow fever patients? As for the part the Church has had in liberating slaves, lessening the horrors of war, bettering the condition of the laboring classes, all of which Prof. Fisher claims the Protestant Church alone has done, it may be well to ask the Professor if he has ever heard of the historical fact known as "The Truce of God;" if he ever read of Bishops releasing their slaves; or if he ever was told of the numerous societies in France, directed by Bishops, whose object is the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes? It will require no expert fisher to strike out more than a dozen flaws in history, and ten times that many falsities in principle from the lengthy essay of the Yale Professor. We cannot look upon Mr. Fisher's insinuation, that Catholics only "vie" with Protestants in acts of charity, in any other sense than an insult to the reputation of the Sisters who tended our wounded, and the priests who absolved the dying during our late war. Nor can we "curry" the favor of Protestants by allowing that, with all their efforts, they yet "vie" with our Catholic charitable institutions.

Speaking of currying favor makes us think of Prof. Curry, of Richmond, whose treatment by the Alliance makes us dubious of the freedom of speech granted in that venerable body. It was mutually agreed that, as far as consistent with truth, as understood by each, neutral ground would be preserved. The same was not understood of questions of fact by Prof. Curry. Hence, when called upon to read a paper on "Church and State," he did so in good old-fashioned style, and began by unclothing, and next flaying, that venerable institution known as the "Established Church." He did this as a genuine Celt would do. Not being eels, "twice flayed," the churchmen felt nervous, and Prof. Curry was tinkled into silence despite the uproarious calls of the people to "Go on." We read of some one having been drowned in a cask of malmsey wine, but the Alliance drowned Prof. Curry's paper amid the sounds of some hymn, of which we forget the name. This circumstance reminds us of the fable of the rat that wished to persuade all his companions to cut off their tails. It was discovered that the orator was already minus his own, whereupon they did seize and drive out the deceiver. Like this, but reversing the fable, were the Alliance. All had consented to remove any hanging doctrines or opinions, that peace might be made, and when Dr. Curry, with

inexplicable pertinacity, refused to have his tail cut off, the whole Alliance, headed, we suppose, by Dr. Brown, the Darwinian, drove him out, notwithstanding that the people insisted Curry looked better with his caudal appurtenance than any of his momentarily tailless partners.

We venture the assertion that should Drs. Curry and Storrs hereafter become Catholics, *Harper's Weekly* will insist that the Jesuits engaged the two gentlemen to bring discredit and disunion in the Alliance.

"Bringing coal to Newcastle" was illustrated in Mr. Berkley's paper on "Roman Catholic Missions in Ireland." He gives us to understand that Ireland has been set to thinking on seeing "France fallen; Austria renouncing the Concordat; Italy prospering in the face of the excommunication; free churches in Spain and Rome; the old Catholic movement in Germany," &c.

The Irish would have to be the most ignorant people on earth did they not think in the face of such recent events. They have been thinking; as a result, they have dedicated a magnificent cathedral in the see of St. Patrick; they have headed "Home Rule" with the honored name of that grand warrior, Archbishop McHale, and have given England to understand that her gold having brought about part of all these evils, Ireland means, at the first opportunity, to release herself from the grasp of a country culpable of such doubly dyed political attrocities.

In response to all the papers on home and foreign missions, it will suffice to remind the gentlemen that "faith comes by hearing," and not by reading. Besides, the author of the "Comedy of Convocation" shows conclusively in his "Christian Missions" that the distribution of bibles is chiefly advantageous to four classes of persons—to the printers at home; the grocers abroad; to those needing a cheap article of lining for their houses; and to the poor who stuff their shoe soles with the Word of God, thus always walking on, if not in, the word of the law.

"Modern Literature and Christianity" is a paper which cannot be dismissed with a word; we promise ourselves the pleasure of referring to it hereafter.

Henry Ward Beecher spoke on several occasions, we believe, during the sessions of the Alliance, and afterwards in front of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. He had jovially remarked, previously, to the delegates, that in this Hall we had happily succeeded to separate ourselves from them; and in one of his addresses in Brooklyn, if we mistake not, he said that they all looked happy, and he was sure they all had reason to feel happy. It has not been with any view to disturb their after-happiness that we have penned these lines. We are glad they had a good time generally. Apart from the oft-repeated falsehoods of their historical papers, and the remarkable want of depth in their philosophical essays, we do not complain. In return for all the information and amusement the Alliance has afforded us, we present to the militant members thereof the following words for consideration: "The Lord will repay them abundantly that act proudly." "No hypocrite shall come before His presence." "He that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not;" and "Thy mouth doth abound with evil; sitting, thou didst speak against thy brother." To those who said all the evil *they believed*, and at the same time *some of the good they knew about us*, as Catholics, we say, by way of encouragement, "whilst we have time, let us work good to all men."

## SISTER MARY PATRICIA, S. N. D.

(Buried November 25th, 1871.)

THE tinted convent sun-rays fall,
Like flowerets, on her funeral pall,
Who answers to the Spouse's call.

My beauteous one! My love! My dove!
No longer in the desert rove:
Come to thy Bridegroom's home above.

But who is she from earth thus torn,
On sweet Saint Catherine's festive morn?
Like her by angels upward borne.

One on whose fair brow shone the kiss
Of Heaven, whose soft eyes shed the bliss
Of a *Mater Admirabilis.*

A gentle spirit, trusting, free,
Unconscious of simplicity
As singing bird on summer tree.

Transplanted from the world's rude gaze,
In sweet content she passed her days,
A floweret in Christ's garden ways.

Her labor, with artistic plume,
To decorate some beauteous tome,
With rare device and varied bloom.

Just as the holy monks of old
Would ornament, with grace untold,
The blest Evangel's parchment scrolled.

While overhead, though unseen then,
The angel with a golden pen
Who notes the saintly deeds of men,

In letters gloriously bedight,
With Heaven's fadeless lustre bright,
Her name wrote in the book of light.

Her sponsal cycle now gone round
Who saints with pictured aureoles bound,
In turn is with them glory crowned.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

NOTE.—The above poetical tribute, originally written for private circulation now by desire printed for the benefit of the numerous friends and pupils of t deceased lady, who was a member of the community of Notre Dame of Nam West Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia. She was remarkable for her taste a skill in illuminating and decorating books and parchments. She died on the an versary of her vows, November 23d, and was buried on St. Catherine's day, her the allusion in the third and last stanzas of the poem.

# THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE OLD VETERAN AND THE FRAULEIN MARIA.

THE shadows of the early winter evening were beginning to fall, veiling in obscurity the city of Coblentz, the high and mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, so vast in its extent, spreading far and wide over the rock facing the city on the contrary side of the river, looming down in all its gloomy grandeur on the scene beneath. But not with Coblentz or its fortress have we to do; but follow with us, gentle reader, the steps of an aged priest, who threads his way in the gray of the winter evening to a lowly hamlet in the environs of the town. Amongst the humble cottages which composed the hamlet were scattered here and there a few pretty villas or cottages of a better kind than those around them, though at the same time, they were entirely free from any pretensions to elegance. To one of these the priest directed his steps, and his summons for admission was answered by a young German lady, whose countenance, though far from handsome, was, nevertheless, pleasing, for it contained great sweetness of expression, and was shaded by a glittering mass of rich brown hair. Withal, however, there was a cast of sadness on the face of Maria Flohrberg, as she returned the kindly greeting of her visitant, and led him into the little sitting room of her humble home, in which was seated a veteran officer, whom the chances of war had deprived of his right arm, and whose weather-beaten countenance was more impaired by the hardships of his life than by the hand of time; beside him was seated an elderly lady, work in hand, and about the room gambolled some three or four young children, whose ages varied from ten to fourteen years, happy in the youth that as yet knew not care, or if perchance it did,—for the children of the poor *must* share the sorrows of their kindred,—still, at that early age, they knew not grief for long; their sorrow is evanescent as the shower of an April day.

But there was no mistaking the fact; the impress of some deep care was unmistakably sealed on the brows of the elder members of the family. And the cause of this care arose from the griping poverty which had long fallen on the family of Herr Flohrberg.

"Be seated, I pray you," said the veteran, addressing the clergyman, and welcoming him to his poor abode; "be seated, and tell me to what happy chance I owe the pleasure of this visit."

"Simply because I have seen an advertisement of a situation which it may suit our good Maria to inquire more about," replied the priest. "I have heard her say she wished to go to England, and if you really think you can part with her, it strikes me this may suit."

The mother said not a word, but her work dropped from her hands, and a deep-drawn sigh told of the grief which would be hers should her daughter leave her. The old officer took off his spectacles and wiped them, muttering a few half inaudible words as to the darkness of the day, but the poor Frau knew that her husband's eyes were humid with a tear; and Maria herself stood a little apart, her first surprised look having faded away into

a glance expressive both of hope and fear combined.

Maria herself was the first who had the courage to speak.

"A liberal salary!" said she, as, stepping half timidly forwards, she glanced at the paper from which the priest read; "a liberal salary, why that would do very much; it would help you both, my dearest mother and father, and it would buy shoes and clothing for Mina and Gustave and Adolf, and over and above all this, would help to support Lotchen, still not so old as to be unable to assist my mother in her daily work."

"I cannot part with you, Maria, child, indeed I cannot," said the poor mother, now fairly overcome, whilst the Herr Flohrberg, with the left hand which fortune had still left him, wiped both eyes and spectacles more vigorously than ever, and muttered between his closed teeth divers impatient speeches as to the inequalities of fortune,—he having been overlooked as to promotion in the service of his country, —and the pain he felt at the thought that a daughter of his should be obliged to go to a foreign country and seek her bread among strangers.

Maria, however, was nothing shaken in her resolution either by the tears of her mother, or the sensitive pride of her father, but, taking the paper from the hand of the clergyman, copied out the address, thanked him warmly for the trouble he had taken in her behalf, and then, advancing to her parents, she took a hand of each within her own, saying.

"Dearest parents, this separation will not be eternal. Have you not both grieved, especially you, mother, at the sternness of the poverty which you knew, sooner or later, would enforce this parting? I too, oh believe me, I too, shall feel it, but I go to earn for you that which will make your home more pleasant, and to add a few slender comforts under your many trials. I have now your permission, have I not?" added Maria, with a faint effort at a smile; "if so, as our good friend returns to Coblentz, I will put myself under his protection, and come back early in the morning."

"And what would you at Coblentz, my child?" replied the veteran; "not to seek the lady of General O'Donnell, I hope. Nay, nay, Maria, their friendship must not be put so sorely to the test. I forbid you to visit Coblentz for such a purpose as that you think of."

"Nay then," said Maria, "it must even be that my design must be abandoned; for of a truth, unless the General or his lady have the heart to help me, I must be a burden to you instead of a help."

"Charity never faileth, my friend," said the priest, addressing the old officer; "the General and his wife will help Maria, if in their power, and I will see her safely as far as Coblentz."

But the father's permission was with difficulty obtained, and it is doubtful whether it would ever have been given but for the intercession of the clergyman; and, all his objections finally overruled, Herr Flohrberg at last yielded his consent.

With a rapid pace then they wended their way out of the quiet village, and advanced in the dusk of the winter evening, through many an intricate and tortuous labyrinth to the city of Coblentz. To a somewhat elegant building, to the owner of which General O'Donnell was visitor, they bent their steps; but disappointment awaited Maria neither himself nor his lady were home; they had accepted an invitation given by an officer at the time residing in the fortress Ehrenbreitstein, and, to add to distress, she found they would be absent for perhaps more than week.

"It is now too late for you to

to the fortress to-night," said the good-natured master of the house, on beholding the nervous anxiety of Maria, and the dejected expression of her countenance when aware of the absence of her friends. "It is much too late, so my daughter Amelia will make you welcome here for the night, and as soon as the morning sun hath risen, an early breakfast shall be ready for you, and you can then make your way on to the fortress."

With many thanks Maria accepted the friendly offer, and after accepting the hospitality of Amelia, to whom she was well known, retired to the comfortable bed-room which had been prepared for her, to dream of sad farewells and of an English home and stranger faces.

Excitement, however, rendered her restless and disturbed, and long before she was summoned in the morning by the pretty little soubrette who attended on Amelia, she had performed the duties of the toilet, and had for some time anxiously awaited the summons to breakfast.

The morning meal over, Maria, all anxiety to get over the unpleasant affair she had on hand, namely, the appeal she had resolved to make to the kindness of an oft-tried friend, set off on her visit to the fortress.

It was a fine bright morning, and the rays of the sun lighted up the rocks, crowned by walls and ramparts, frowning down in gloomy and imposing grandeur on the placid waters of the Rhine, and the still quiet city, and bestowing an air of grave and stern security upon the whole domain. Walls rising above walls, ramparts above ramparts, gulfs and precipices on the very verge of the horizon, whilst here and there were seen the sentinels placed at regular intervals, their helmets flashing brightly in the rays of the morning sun.

But let us accompany Maria to a portion of the interior of the fortress inhabited by one of the officers who, with his wife, were for the time being the host and hostess of General O'Donnell, himself long in the service of Austria. Sombre indeed, and in perfect keeping with the exterior of the fortress, was the room into which Maria Flohrberg was ushered. Small casements placed in the massive walls showed little beyond, save frowning rocks, towers, and ramparts, and in the distance the spires of the churches of Coblentz; the furniture was heavy, and an air of severe simplicity reigned around. Not long was Maria left in suspense, for a venerable lady entered the room, and the former placed in her hand the paragraph she had cut from the paper containing the advertisement, and in broken sentences and a blush upon her brow, asked "would Mrs. O'Donnell help her, she would so faithfully repay her out of her first quarter's salary? yet," she added, "I know, Madame, how heavily I tax your friendship; we owe yourself and the General so much."

"Poor child, surely I will not desert you now," said the lady; "remain here awhile, Maria, and I will tell the General the cause of your visit."

Thus speaking, she withdrew, and Maria, full of excitement and hope, paced up and down the spacious apartment, till the heavy, measured footsteps of the old General sounded on her ear.

The chances of war had spared Gerald O'Donnell. True it is that every bullet hath its commission, for, whilst poor Flohrberg had lost his arm, his friend had escaped unscathed, beyond, perhaps, a few scars. He numbered some seventy years, but his fine tall form had not yet bent beneath their weight; his hair flowed down upon his shoulders, white as the driven snow, as well as his beard; his countenance still retaining the

freshness of perfect health, and lighted up by a pair of keen black eyes, the glance of which was as piercing as when in the days of his early youth he was wont to wander amongst the glens and valleys of his own old home—the seat of his ancestors—the ancient Castle of Innismore. With a kindly look and a warm welcome the General approached Maria, exclaiming,

"My good Adelheid has been telling me, Maria, that you wish to answer an advertisement, and that if you are engaged you will need money for your outfit and for your expenses."

"And I will repay you out of my quarter's salary, sir," stammered forth Maria; "we have had so much from you, and I assure you I could not have asked you this favor had I not known it was in my power to return it."

"Maria, my poor girl," said the good General, "I never *lend;* what you require I shall *give* you."

Maria would, to own the truth, sooner have had the benefit conferred in the way she had asked, but she well knew it were vain to remonstrate, for that this was one of the General's peculiarities; he would do a good action in his own fashion, but did not like to be interfered with in the manner of conferring it.

General O'Donnell was an excellent man, and one who, though reputed rich, practiced quietly, with his excellent wife, many an act of self-denial in order to give to others some of this world's goods; the poor Flohrbergs had been more or less constantly receiving assistance from them, and the only sore feeling on the part of poor proud Herr Flohrberg was the unvarying remark that accompanied the General's not unfrequent, nay, sometimes even weekly, remittances, "*What I send you is not a loan, but a gift.*" Oddly enough this was the only point on which the two men were at issue. Flohrberg ever ready, nothing loath to borrow, if only allowed to fancy the obligation under which he lay lessened by considering it as a loan, which his own sanguine temperament led him to believe he would one day be in a position to return; the General knowing full well that his oft-repeated remittances were, in the true sense of the word, *gifts*, as Flohrberg never could have it in his power to repay them, felt, perhaps, a species of satisfaction in insisting on placing things on their right level and calling them by their right names.

Maria, knowing, then, the character with whom she had to deal, said no more as to repayment, but expressed warmly the gratitude she really felt.

"Write at once to England," said the General, "and as soon as you have the engagement, come to me for the sum you require. I only wish it were Ireland that you were going to visit; my brother, the O'Donnell of Innismore, would make you welcome, Maria; and my niece Mary and yourself would soon be good friends; however, the day may yet come when you may meet and speak to her of old times and old friends whom you have left behind at Coblentz."

Her eyes moist with tears, Maria took her leave, and hastened on her homeward way, in order to pen an epistle to the English lady.

We will here pause to say a few words of the families of the O'Donnells and the Flohrbergs, to whom we have introduced our readers.

The General was the younger son of an old Irish family whose ancestral home was fast falling to decay, but whose hospitality survived the wreck of their fortunes. Early in life he had chosen the profession of arms, served in the Austrian army, and signalized himself to such an extent as to rise to the high post he at present held

None, however, but those who were honored by his friendship recked of the soft, warm heart that beat under that rough exterior. But his life had been a prosperous one; he was honored and respected by those amongst whom his lot was cast, and in the course of time married the only daughter of an Austrian officer of high rank. Flohrberg had served long under his command, his misfortunes alone being sufficient to insure for him a share in the esteem and friendship of the good General, who was ever ready to come to his aid, as we have already shown in the interview between Maria Flohrberg and himself.

With much anxiety did Maria await the coming of the letter from the English lady, and when in due course of time it arrived, and its contents proved satisfactory, she hastened to claim the fulfilment of the General's promise.

With Maria's nimble fingers a very short time was necessary to put her modest wardrobe in order. As to the poor Frau, she wept incessantly, as did also the younger members of the family, between whom and Maria there existed a vast disparity as to age, the eldest of the young ones being but fourteen years old, while the elder daughter was twenty-eight. Leave we, then, Maria to bid farewell to her kindred, friends, and country, with as good heart as she may; it will be long ere she beholds them again, for sad and sorrowful, and heavy laden with trial and care, will be that poor maiden's heart ere again she sees those kind faces, or hears the loved voices of her early friends.

## Chapter III.

### First Impressions. An Unpleasant Reception.

Brightly gleam the lights in a pleasant English mansion, whilst fairy-like strains of music float down the long avenue of elm and poplar and lordly oak, which screen from vulgar gaze the dwelling of one of England's merchant princes. All is bustle and confusion without and within, and amidst a throng of gay equipages, and to the confusion of its occupant—for the hour is very late and the scene so novel—a cab draws up, with a small and modest-looking trunk at the top, and a very pale but not unprepossessing face peers nervously out from the open window, then the gray eyes are raised to that moonlit starry vault above, and the lips move, it may be in a silent prayer that her advent hither may be a happy one, and at the same time the right hand is placed upon the little heart which throbs so wildly at this first entree alone and uncared for, save by a few in the little world at Coblentz. Alone! oh, how much do not those words imply, fair reader; bless your happy fortune if independence be thine, or if not, if there be a strong hand and willing heart to work for you and save you this rough contest with a hard world, which seems determined that ladies shall find but few avenues for their exertions, and the few which do exist unmonopolized by the stronger sex shall sometimes be made disagreeable enough.

But to return; almost unheeded, alas, was our friend, Maria, as she descended from the cab, and asked, in accents of broken English, which fell trippingly from her tongue, if she could see Madame Montague.

"See Mrs. Montague, to-night," said a powdered lacquey, in accents of unfeigned surprise. "Why, the very idea of that, now! I should rather think not, for sure, but if so be as you are the German governess, who cook was telling me was a-coming to the Hall, why, then, if you will be quick about the matter, I'll try and get speech of Miss Wilson, the lady's maid, and you can

her room, you see, till she be berty to see you."

oor Maria, how rudely was her e of sympathy and of kindly come dashed aside at this un-rteous reception. She knew at Mrs. Montague was aware of e exact time of her arrival, that e had just come off a most fatig-ing journey, a friendless stranger, eary, tired, needing refreshment or the body, and rest for the ach-ing frame, yet, there had evidently been not one kindly thought for *her*, and the tears already welled up in poor Maria's eyes, as she thanked the man, ungracious as was his manner, and followed him, and the servant who carried her trunk, through several long pas-sages which led them to one of the back staircases, "for," said the footman in a half apologetic man-ner, "you see, Miss, as how all the front of the house is filled with people as have come to the ball, and it would seem odd like if you came in their way."

Maria replied not, but followed the man till he stopped at the open door of a small room at the top of the stairs, on entering which, and whispering a few words to a person within, a showily dressed young woman stepped forward, and eyeing Maria superciliously from head to foot, she exclaimed, in a half petu-lant tone, "I'm sure, William, *I* don't know what to do with the young person. What an unfortunate thing, Miss, you should have come at a busy time like this," she added, turning to Maria as she spoke, "the house is full of company. Who can attend to a stranger, I should like to know? I told my lady she had best bid you not to come till next week; however, follow me, and I'll take you to the housekeeper's room, and you can sit down and wait for her if she is elsewhere."

It cost poor Maria much to keep down the tears which would rush to *her* eyes, but by a powerful effort she forced them back again, and w[illegible] she found that she could comm[illegible] her voice enough to speak, she s[illegible], very quietly and as if she was n[illegible] ing moved by the coarse man[illegible] of her reception by the lady's m[illegible], "I am sorry to have to trouble y[illegible] but shall feel obliged if you wi[illegible] kindly show me to the room I a[illegible] to occupy. I am very weary, afte[illegible] my long journey, and do not wish that the housekeeper, who is, doubt-less, very busy, should be disturbed on my account, and if—"

At this moment a light step sounded behind her, and the words, pronounced in a good-humored tone,

"Bless me, Wilson, is this the young lady Mrs. Montague was saying would be here to-night?" fell upon Maria's ears.

"Yes, indeed," replied the first damsel, "and, as far as *I* dared, I spoke my mind to Mrs. Montague about the folly of the thing, but the mischief was already done. Ah, well; English governesses have never stayed long, as yet; I wonder if the German one will suit better."

"Cease your interference, Wil-son, and leave me with the young lady," replied Mrs. Somers, whose good-tempered, benevolent counte-nance cheered the spirits of the poor Maria. Then, as she led the way, she added, "Unfortunately, for yourself, for I cannot see to your comfort as I would wish, you have arrived on the evening on which a large party has assembled, and Mrs. Montague is not very thoughtful, and merely told me that she fancied you would be here this week. A bedroom has been pre-pared, and that is all, but if you will come to my room there is a large fire, at which you can warm yourself and I will send you some refreshment, and then, though there is small chance that any one will sleep in this house till after four, or, perhaps, five o'clock, when the guests will all have gone, you may,

perhaps, like to go to bed. You will assuredly see none of the family to-night, not even the young ladies. The younger of the two is away from home, and the eldest one, who, I understand, is merely your pupil for German, is one of the company to-night."

As the good-natured housekeeper spoke thus, she drew an easy chair to the blazing fire, and insisted on helping Maria to divest herself of her bonnet and travelling garb, having done which, she bade her farewell for the present.

Maria clasped her hands together and continued buried in thought till the arrival of a servant with a tray, containing ham sandwiches and tea, roused her from her melancholy musings. She was faint from long fasting, for she had suffered intensely during the voyage, and gladly partook of the refreshments placed before her.

A heavy load was, however, at her heart, so little care or kindness had been shown by her employer as to her reception, added to which, the coarseness of the maid, Wilson, who spoke as a favorite and confidential servant, and had alluded to the frequent changes which had taken place with those ladies who had previously filled the place Maria was to occupy, served to depress and sadden her spirits; and she vainly strove to smile and look cheerful when the housekeeper re-entered, and, after a few moments' conversation, asked her would she like to be shown to her chamber.

Maria joyfully assented, and Mrs. Somers conducted her to a small but neatly furnished room, to which her boxes had been conveyed.

After the departure of Mrs. Somers, who promised to call her on the following morning, Maria amused herself by taking a survey of her apartment. Fairview was situated in a beautiful village, and, being built on an eminence, commanded a view of the surrounding country. To sleep was impossible, for dancing was being kept up with spirit in the lower part of the mansion. This, and the merry strains of music would, she felt, effectually banish sleep, however weary the frame might be.

"Assuredly I should not have come to-night, but would have slept at an inn, had I any suspicion that a ball was being held," thought Maria to herself as she drew the curtain aside from her chamber window, and looked out on the scene beneath, first wrapping her shawl around her, for the night was intensely cold, and there was no pleasant fire in the stove to cheer her with its warmth.

The cold, white rays of the moon lighted up the open country beyond; the trees were glistening with hoar frost, the bushes gemmed with icicles, and on the dense mass of shrubbery beneath, on which the rays of the moon had not fallen, streamed the full, clear light, flashing from the ball and refreshment rooms, lighted up by hundreds of waxen tapers.

Afar in the distance rose many a tall chimney, marking the spots in which the mills were situated, mute evidences of the *then* prosperous state of the most flourishing of a commercial nation's counties.

Maria had heard much of the wealth of Manchester and its citizen princes, from General O'Donnell, as soon as the probability of her sojourn hither became known; she had heard, too, of the riches and the poverty, the luxury and the ease, and the labor and the discomfort which, she was told, would go side by side; she remembered that she was in the house of one of those merchant princes, and she thought that Fairview, even the very residence itself, mute instrument as it was in the hands of the architect, seemed to look patronizingly down on its poorer neighbors in the distant city.

And who *were* the Montagues? Who *should* they be, but very fortunate people, who, unlike the majority of those who are running the race in this work-day life of ours, and whose efforts meet too often with failure, had achieved a brilliant success. Mr. Montague had started during the most palmy days that Manchester ever saw, and he left many of his compeers struggling and toiling behind him, whilst he was already at the highest pinnacle of success. As far as virtue was concerned, we may safely add that, he was what the world terms *a good man*. He owed no man anything. In the days of his adversity he had worked very hard; in the time of prosperity, he was ever ready to help those whom he had left far behind in the race. He was, in fact, an easy, good-natured, hospitable millionaire. We cannot say as much of his wife; little was known of that good lady's antecedents, and she was wont to shirk any inquiries on the part of her family and friends as to her early life; the very little that *was* known of her, being, that she had been companion to a lady at whose house Mr. Montague was visiting, and that, enamoured of her pretty face, he had made her his wife. As to Mrs. Montague, we are bound to say that the appendage she called her heart, was not much warmer than the smile that so often played on her beautiful mouth, but seldom or never broke into a laugh; her children themselves could scarcely be said to love her; and who should be her most faithful confidant and servile flatterer but the maid, Eliza Wilson.

## Chapter IV.

### The first interview. Maria makes acquaintance with Mrs. Montague.

It is the morning following the arrival of Maria. She wakes full *early after* such a night, but there is no dear old Frau bending over the bedside, with her *guten morgen, miene liebe*, to her darling child. Mrs. Somers has not yet called her; but no matter, Maria dresses, without delay, in a tight-fitting robe of brown merino, with her abundant and fair brown hair parted over her open forehead, and then disposed of in braids behind the head; then Maria Flohrberg kneels to pray to Him who holds the hearts of all in His hands, begging Him to guide and protect her. To His gracious love she commends her thoughts, words, and actions, and rises from her knees a thought happier than before her prayer was offered. She opens her box and deposits in the drawers, placed for her use, the various articles it contains, ever and anon a tear rising to her eyes as she gazes on some mute token of affection from those she has left; there is a prayer-book from the good pastor who had brought her Mrs. Montague's advertisement, and she kisses with affectionate reverence the lines his hand has traced in the fly-leaf of the book; then there is a brooch from the old General, a silk dress from his wife, and her miniature, set in valuable pearls; a writing-desk from her father, who, amidst his poverty, would find the means to purchase this for his child; and a workbox from that dear mother whom Maria loves so well.

Sadly she lingers over each souvenir of affection, when Mrs. Somers tapped gently at the door, and evinced much surprise on finding that, notwithstanding the late hours, and, consequently, disturbed rest of the previous night, she had risen so early.

"I wish to tell you, Miss," said the good woman, "that I just had one word with Mrs Montague last night; she inquired had you come, and told me to bring you to her boudoir at twelve to-day."

"I will be ready at the time you

name," replied Maria, also signifying her readiness to breakfast that morning in the housekeeper's room, as the ordinary apartment was in disorder, having been used on the previous evening, and after partaking of the comfortable meal Mrs. Somers placed before her, she retired again to her own room, till the hour fixed for her visit to Mrs. Montague.

Save the occasional footfalls of the wearied servants, and their movements whilst rearranging the apartments which had been required for various purposes on the previous night, there was no evidence of any of the family being up, till the hour named by Mrs. Somers, when, true to her time, the worthy dame presented herself, saying,

"Now, Miss, Mrs. Montague is dressed, and will be glad to see you if you will follow me."

Maria instantly rose, glancing, as she passed the glass, at her face, a thought paler than usual. For a moment she nervously placed her hand on her heart, but the next instant was as calm and composed as the lady she was about to meet.

Poor girl! she had been reared in poverty and seclusion, and if she gazed somewhat in bewilderment at the evidences of wealth which met her eye at every step, how much more so, when conducted into the luxurious boudoir of Mrs. Montague. The walls were hung with draperies of pale blue satin, festooned and looped with silver; the curtains were of the same costly material, and the ottomans and couches were covered with the same. Though the depth of winter, the choicest flowers of the conservatory adorned the costly vases of Sevrès china; and tables of rich mosaic, overloaded with expensive articles of bijouterie, were scattered around, showing the want of a correct taste and refined mind, whilst on a low couch reclined the presiding genius of the place, the wealthy Mrs. Montague. It was certainly not the awkwardness which vulgar persons experience when they are brought in contact with persons superior to themselves, or the foolish bewilderment of one unaccustomed to such scenes, which caused the confusion poor Maria felt at the moment she entered the lady's apartment, for she was naturally endued with a calm presence of mind, and that quiet dignified manner which all more or less of refined minds possess; but it had all suddenly vanished, and she stood in the lady's presence half hesitating, and for one moment irresolute whether to advance or not. Why this should be, she could not herself explain, but a sudden trembling seemed to seize her whole frame; it seemed to her as if some vision of the past had been conjured up, as if she had seen that face before; it was strange, but so it was. Was it in her dreams? Was it in her early infancy? Where?—when?—how? she asked herself in the short two minutes that elapsed as she stood irresolute and trembling in the lady's presence.

The dream was dispelled, shall we not add, for we are faithful chroniclers, disagreeably so, by the voice of Mrs. Montague, who, half rising on her couch, stared at Maria with surprise, and then exclaimed, with a touch bordering on the satirical in the tone in which she spoke,

"Miss Flohrberg, I suppose. You must permit me to say, that you prepossess me with no very good opinion as to your ability, or power of communicating a proper *maintien* to my daughters; how extremely *gauche* is the manner in which you have behaved."

Poor Maria felt the rebuke, the more so because she knew she must have looked very much like some awkward, silly school-girl, and she

also felt that she had to do with a severe unfeeling woman; and, striving to conquer the unpleasant feeling, and the strange idea which had caused her confusion, she advanced, with something of her usual self-possession, and faltered out a few words of apology.

Who could look on that candid and open countenance of Maria Flohrberg, and not feel that it carried with it a letter of recommendation? And so it was that even the hard Mrs. Montague softened, and, pointing to a chair, requested her to be seated.

Can there be a more terrible ordeal than for a sensitive, high-spirited, and, perhaps, well educated and accomplished woman, to be catechized by one who is herself grossly ignorant, but who, by virtue of her position, assumes the place of inquirer into things about which she knows nothing?

That Maria could not play *difficult* music at *sight;* that she could draw, but knew nothing of water-colors, or painting in oil; and that she could not sing at all, was sufficient for her employer; and, fixing her eyes full on the ingenuous, truth-telling, but unlovely countenance of the poor young German, she said, to the infinite horror of the latter,

"Well, Miss Flohrberg, you will consider yourself engaged for six months, though whether you will remain longer is doubtful, as you are, evidently, too unaccomplished to finish my younger daughter's education. And now there are some few things I wish to mention to you. I must request that you hold no conversation with ladies' maids, or with the housekeeper, much less with any of the other servants; occasionally, when we are *quite* alone, which is rarely the case, by the way, you have permission to come into the library in the evening; at all other times you will *remain* in your own room. To-morrow morning my youngest daughter will return, and her studies will commence immediately. I will order the housekeeper to place the books in the school-room, and you can employ yourself to-day in looking them over and making your own arrangements. I generally visit the school-room myself every morning, as I wish to see with my own eye how things are managed. So good-by for the present, and make yourself as comfortable as you can," said the lady, ringing a small bell which stood on a table beside her.

The servant who entered was told to conduct Miss Flohrberg to the school-room, and, drawing a deep sigh, as if the weight of all this world's woes rested on her shoulders, the lady again reclined on her voluptuous couch, murmuring to herself,

"So strange a resemblance, but it cannot be; then, hers is a type of the true German countenance, plain enough, too, in all conscience; really ugly, were it not a little relieved by the deep blue eye, and rich brown hair." Thus speaking, the fair little woman again placed herself at her ease, and, in a few moments, was deep in the pages of the last new novel.

Let it not be imagined that the scene we have attempted to describe is other than a faithful record of the private dealings of some of those *apparently* amiable beings who have the power thus to torture their own sex. We speak, of course, only of those illiterate and narrow-minded persons whom dame Fortune has raised above their own proper position in life; not of the well-educated lady, who assumes not the post of an unfeeling catechist, and who knows by her *own* experience that one poor brain, over which, perhaps, a quarter of a century has scarcely passed, cannot, by any human possibility, be *well read, well informed,* speak three or

four languages, and be a brilliant pianist into the bargain. Alas, no; she is perfectly well aware, that those who profess so much, can frequently do the least, and are the mere female charlatans of a profession which not one in five hundred enter for the mere love of the thing.

It was not very likely, with such food for reflection, that our poor heroine could follow Mrs. Montague's advice, and "make herself comfortable." Again and again she reproached herself for the bashful awkwardness she had shown on entering the presence of the lady. And as often did she fancy, that somewhere, and connected, too, with some unpleasant far-off scene, she had beheld those features; and, sometimes, we are bound to admit, she almost felt nervous at the coming duties she had to discharge, so sharply had Mrs. Montague spoken, as to the nature of the accomplishments she possessed; the hard woman's severity increased by the very bashful timidity, which was, in truth, praiseworthy in the character of Maria, though prejudicial to her interests.

Painfully, too, did the conviction press on Maria's mind, that the education which enabled her to pass through life as a lady was not the one calculated for a governess. She could play very fairly, and, perfectly understanding the theory of music, had thought this quite sufficient; in the same manner with foreign languages, she could read and appreciate their beauties, for she was by no means wanting in talent; but her conversation with Mrs. Montague roughly dispelled the illusion, for she found she was required to speak those languages with which she was acquainted; now, she could only speak French and a little broken English. Such a woman as Mrs. Montague was the very worst into whose hands she could have fallen, for, if there were a weak point in those with whom she had to deal, woe be to them; Mrs. Montague would never grant any truce, but would drag the defect unmercifully forward; and, if a dependent in any capacity whatever, a quarrel was sure to be the result.

Yes, we grant that the poor Fraulein *was* wanting, especially in general information; still, in her own country, or in England itself, as a private lady, she might have passed through life without reproach on the score of mental culture; perhaps she might have been thought a not *very* clever personage; a quiet woman with but little to say for herself, doing whatever she had to do silently, and well. And in what, reader, would she have been so very unlike you, or your humble servant? We are not all born to "set the Thames on fire" with our surpassing talents, you know, but, as the case now stood, it made our poor little German maid very miserable indeed, and, being one of your good and conscientious people, the thought uppermost in her poor mind was, "Have I done wrong? have I not undertaken that for which I was not qualified? Ah! why did I ever leave Coblentz? I am not clever, I am not accomplished, and I dread meeting again the cold, hard looks of that fine lady, in whose presence I felt so uneasy, even before she questioned me so harshly as to my accomplishments."

As Maria mused thus, blinding tears rushed to her eyes, and for a long while she wept on without an effort to control her grief; but the entrance of Mrs. Somers, who came somewhat abruptly, to announce dinner, which was to be served up in the study, helped to check her grief for a time, the good soul exclaiming,

"My word, Miss, your eyes are sadly swollen. Nay, don't take on so, you'll see all you love again, you know; you must not fret, for

sure. And, by the way, I had best tell you, Mrs. Montague is of a short temper, as we folks say when people are very hasty; but don't mind this, we all have a good scolding sometimes, no one escapes; so cheer up, don't fret about home, and to-morrow, when the young ladies are with you, and your hands are full of work, you'll feel happier."

Of this, however, Maria did not feel quite so confident, but endeavored to smile through her tears, thankful that she had, at least, one friend at Fairview.

Weary as was the day, it wore away at length, Maria passing much of her time in writing to those she loved, carefully concealing the causes she had for disquietude, the strange uneasiness she felt in the presence of Mrs. Montague, and the unpleasant tidings she had received from Mrs. Somers, as to her mistress's *short* temper, and then, having inquired her way to the post-office, she gladly embraced the opportunity of a stroll, by taking her letters herself. There was one person, however, to whom Maria had opened her mind, and this was to her kind friend the pastor Von Rosenheim; from him she concealed nothing, asking his advice, and begging his prayers.

On her return home she felt more composed; she had opened her heart to a tried friend who had never yet forsaken her, and, taking out her French and English books, she pored over them till the night was far advanced.

She retired to rest early, and passed a night of unbroken slumber, thoroughly worn out by the fatigues of her journey, the anxiety of her mind, and the disturbed rest of the previous night.

About ten the following morning Mrs. Montague entered the study, accompanied by her two daughters, Millicent and Alice, *herself*, to *Maria's* infinite surprise, arranging the course of studies they were to pursue, and then left the school-room with the consoling intelligence that she would return in a couple of hours, and remain whilst Alice took her music lesson.

In a state of nervous agitation, certainly not at all calculated to inspire her pupils with a wholesome respect for their preceptress, she began the day's instructions. Miss Millicent, a tall, handsome girl of eighteen, looked far more womanly than her poor little timid governess, and Maria would have little chance of success, I think, if she had her for her pupil in anything but German, of which she knew but very little, but as this was the case she lent a willing ear and received her lesson with perfect good temper.

To the sweet little Alice, a young creature of scarce fourteen summers, Maria felt irresistibly drawn, there was something so docile, so meek, in the child's manner, that one might almost love her at first sight, and Fraulein felt that here there would be no difficulty, where, perhaps, she had apprehended the greatest.

True to her promise the dreaded Mrs. Montague came into the school-room, bringing with her a book, Maria well aware, although the lady never appeared to raise her eyes whilst she gave the little girl the music lesson, that the book was a mere pretext, for that Mrs. Montague's gaze was steadily fixed on her the whole time, and that her ears drank in all her instructions. The piece was a difficult fantasia, and Alice rather dull at music, there was room for patience, and, had Maria been untruthful in her assertion respecting what she said she knew of music, she would have betrayed herself, not indeed to the lady, who could play an easy waltz, or quadrille, but nothing more, but to Miss Millicent, who, Maria found a little later, was a brilliant performer.

## Chapter V.

FRAULEIN MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE. MRS. MONTAGUE TREATS HER HUSBAND TO AN AFTER-DINNER LECTURE.

AGREEABLY to the rule generally adopted in all families of position, Maria dined at what was in fact the luncheon of the elder members of the family, and a good substantial repast too it was, the tables of the Manchester gentry always being abundantly spread. Not yet, however, had Fraulein met the gentleman of the house, whom she wished, yet almost feared, to make acquaintance with, lest he should behave as disagreeably as his lady. In the afternoon, however, as Alice and herself rambled into the town, she observed a good-natured, stout gentleman (do not all stout gentlemen look more or less good-natured?) standing at the entrance of a huge manufactory with a tall, high chimney looking as if it would like to run a race up into the clouds. This was one of Mr. Montague's mills, and Alice made Fraulein aware as to who the gentleman was, by catching hold of her dress and exclaiming, "Look, look, Fraulein, there is papa. Come with me and let me introduce you to him; you know you have not seen him yet."

There could be nothing to fear from the owner of that benevolent countenance; oh, no; George Montague had not the cold, cruel eye of his wife. A smile was ever on his lips; he was sure the stranger was "the new governess," and he hastened forwards, warmly welcoming Fraulein Flohrberg to Fairview, looking, with pleasure, into her honest face, admiring its frank, open expression, and liking her the better, may be, because she looked timid and diffident. Then, after a little pleasant chat, he asked her how she liked England, what she thought of Fairview, bid Alice bring her, a few days hence, to the mill, when she should see his hands at work, and treated her with such cordiality that she forgot the shrinking reserve of her character, and amused him then with her simple, yet *naïve* remarks, and with the pretty broken English that fell so trippingly on his ear.

At length they neared Fairview, and Mr. Montague bade them farewell, previously cautioning Alice to be a good girl, and give as little trouble as possible to the young lady who had come from such a distance to be her governess.

That day the family, consisting only of Mr and Mrs. Montague and their eldest daughter, dined alone, and when the servants had withdrawn, and the wine was on the table, Mrs. Montague began as follows:

"You mentioned, while the servants were present, that you had just met this German lady, along with Alice. In consequence of your absence from home, my dear, since the night on which the ball took place, I have not had an opportunity of speaking to you till now, and—"

"I do hope you are not going to trouble me in the usual way, my love, but that at last you have met with a person who is likely to suit you," replied Mr. Montague, in a somewhat petulant tone of voice.

"Well, for the matter of that," replied the wife, "as far as German goes, she is, of course, unexceptionable, but I fear she is not up to the mark in other respects; I think she will not suit for a permanency."

"And I fear," said Mr. Montague, "you will never find any one who will; but I have already told you not to trouble me about governesses, servants, or anything else coming under the range of a woman's government. Do not fancy, Ellen, that because I do not weary you with complaints, that things always go right at the mills; that

there are no refractory work-people, idle porters, or neglectful clerks, to trouble me; do let me have peace when I return home after the anxiety of the day."

"But I must, and will tell you, George, why I have spoken as I have done. I have closely questioned this Fraulein Flohrberg myself, and find that she is not up to the mark in anything except her own language; therefore, I told her she must leave at the end of six months."

"Woman!" thundered out Mr. Montague, putting down the untasted wine he was carrying to his lips, "you do not mean to tell me you have had the brutality to say this, the moment this poor lady is beneath your roof?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the lady, bridling up with anger. "I shall not retain the services of any but qualified persons."

"Your conceit, madam, is without a parallel," replied the indignant husband. "How *you*, uneducated, ill-informed, unaccomplished, as you really are, can presume to lecture and talk to the poor ladies whom we have had beneath our roof as you do, I really cannot imagine. This poor girl seems to me the very person for Alice, and yet, the moment she enters the house, you find fault, as you have always done with all her predecessors, and, without even the justice of a sufficient trial, at once inform her that she will not suit you."

A violent and passionate fit of hysterical weeping,—the usual resource of such women as Mrs. Montague,—was her only answer. To this her husband was well accustomed, and when for some time she had indulged herself in this way, and found that he took up a paper and made no attempt at conciliation, she broke out anew.

"Anxiety, indeed; it was ridiculous for men to talk about anxiety; they should have the trouble of servants on their minds, the management of household matters, and bringing up of children, and *then* they would know what anxiety was."

Mr. Montague was a bit of a philosopher in his way. In the early days of his wedded life he had tried conciliation, without success; he now adopted another plan, and endeavored to turn a deaf ear to the angry woman.

Do any of our readers know such a character as that of Mrs. Montague? Are there not too many, who, the instant the wearied partner of their fortunes, to whom they owe so much, enters the house, have some vexatious tale to tell of children, servants, anything whatever that may have disturbed their own peace of mind during the day, instead of greeting with a smiling face, and cheerful converse, the often worn-out, anxious man, who, all day long, has toiled for the weak woman, and still weaker children, who cannot work either with head or hand for themselves?

Mrs. Montague wisely dried her tears, seeing that they made no impression on her husband, and, after having sullenly gazed some time at the fire, musing over her fancied wrongs, she arose, and sought—not her children—but her favorite maid, Wilson. This woman was her confidant. She rang the bell on entering her chamber, and, of course, Wilson was not slow in noticing that her mistress was ill,—as *she* termed it when the lady's temper was disturbed,—she had a pain in her head, surely a most distressing pain, for her eyes were swollen and heavy, and so eau de Cologne and various other things were brought to bathe the throbbing temples, and then Mrs. Montague poured into the ear of the sympathizing maid the story of her troubles.

(To be continued.)

## DIVINE AUTHORITY ESSENTIAL IN THE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

WHEN we reflect on the various intellectual propensities of man, we perceive a universal anxiety to gain a flattering, though often wild, independence for the human mind. All the gigantic efforts applied to dissolve the fetters riveted on the body by the hand of despotism become quite insignificant compared to the energy used for the liberty of the mind. It will not bear comparison with any conceivable benefit or loss: without it the monarch in his magnificent palace, praised by his courtiers, defended by his guards, sumptuously feasted by his cooks, is but a mere fool seated on four gilded sticks called a throne; whilst with it, the shepherd in the loneliness of the Alps, the sailor in the freezing Arctic gale—even the prisoner of the darkest dungeon—enjoy resources which no human power can give or take away. Thus men reason; and with great truth. For, under proper direction and acting within a proper sphere, freedom of thought gives to the human family many a blessing to compensate for the forfeited bliss of Eden. It refines all the arts of human society; adorns opulence with dignity; sheds many a comfort around the peasant's hearth, and dispels many a cloud, and widens many a limit for the glorious enterprise of science. But examine it under another aspect with which it frequently appears, declining from its proper pursuit, and precipitating all reflection within the vortex of passionate emotion, and you will find it the most fatal evil occurring to mankind. Then religion has to weep for vice and folly; then history records the dreams of men, and the best advantages are sacrificed to evanescent fame. The poverty of the human mind raises itself even to an arrogant scrutiny of the ineffable essence of the Godhead, and poor mortals who are perplexed in almost every research they make, whose understandings are baffled by the dust, the weed and worm on which they tread, are often angry that they do not freely comprehend all the thoughts of the infinite mind. This was the curse of the pagan world; its legislators and philosophers were possessed of some original truths; but allowing freedom of thought to rise seemingly independent of heaven's revelation, their education confirmed vice, their religion embodied in deities all the looseness of passion—and quickly the boasted independence of mind fell from its dizzy eminence to the abject adoration of wood and stone. To remedy this evil was a leading object for the mission of Christ; yet had He, according to Lucifer and Luther, and other opponents of Church authority, made it the sole rule of gospel liberty, that each one should judge for himself, such a system, instead of being an antidote to the evils of sophistry, would have been completely analogous to its principles. But we find our blessed Master obviating such consequences by impressing his doctrine with the seal of its divine origin, and elevating it above the audacious interference of speculation by one simple evidence, namely, his divine authority. It was the singular character of his doctrine, that "He taught as having power," and not as the scribes and Pharisees. These freethinkers yoked down the lofty tendencies of mind to the contracted views of reason, to the limited experience of the senses; but Christ made us independent of such abjection by a

revelation of His own knowledge, on the infinite assurance of His own word. This authority we shall find to be the essential principle in the constitution of the Church; the method adopted for the announcement of truth, and necessarily employed to the end of time, so that all nations may be taught whatsoever the world's Redeemer has commanded to be observed.

It is a notorious fact, that from the earliest date of religion, from the days of Adam unto Moses, men learned the truths of religion, not by their own examination; not by any system of freethinking; not by any optional reading of Scriptures; but by the positive revelation of heaven's will, communicated through the authoritative voice of those whom God chose as his witnesses, either under the name of patriarchs or prophets. And after Moses had written his five books this authority and testimony was continued to explain the sense of those writings, as also to convey a knowledge of many important truths not included in the Scriptures. Still it was a principle: "*Ask thy Father and he will declare to thee: thy elders, and they will tell thee.*" Deut. 32. Under the new dispensation no change occurred; on the contrary Christ brought the law to perfection, and established more firmly this authority, speaking amid the evidence of His miracles as "*one sent by the Father —having all power in heaven and on earth.*" He wrote nothing, because a book full of prodigious miracles and incomprehensible mysteries could not be "proof of its own veracity;" neither did He lay the foundation of faith and the fate of truth dependent upon the examination and decision of man, whom He ordered "to hear the Church," under the penalty of reprobation. By the manifestation of divine wisdom and power in His words and actions He rendered His religion a matter of fact. He organized His church so as to consist of teachers to transmit the knowledge of this fact, and of disciples to believe it. Such was the evidence He gave when in Judea He announced the loftiest mysteries of religion, all of which provoked doubt and opposition, yet He would not dispel the one or allay the other by entering into disputation on those awful articles, but always appeared as having the power to teach, and condemning those who sought a sign as an evil and adulterous generation.

That Christ whilst on earth was the supreme authority and expounder of His word, whose interpretation no Christian could presume to canvass, is a truth that cannot be denied; that He could have communicated to His apostles and to their successors the same authority, is a truth which His omnipotence places beyond the reach of disputation; and that, if He did communicate it, Christians would be bound to acquiesce in their interpretation as His own, is a conclusion which it does not require argument to establish. Now we find it stated in the holy volume, in language most clear and decisive, that this very authority was transmitted to the Apostles and their successors. Yes; when Christ had collected this ministry around Him, He said (St. John 20): "*As the Father sent me, I also send you;*" and on this account its authority became so important that the Saviour said of it (Luke 10): "*He that heareth you heareth me.*" Being thus qualified and associated with Christ in the mission for a particular purpose, the pastors of the Church are sent forth with a commission expressed in the 28th chapter of St. Matthew in the following terms: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the

Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." What He says is grand and almost incredible: that a society of men is to have an immutable duration; and that there is under the sun something not liable to fail. He rests His own word also upon this unchangeable foundation. "All power is given me in heaven and in earth." Go, then, with this assurance whither I now send you; and carry thither, by the authority here given you, the testimony of my truths. Your mission shall not be unproductive; you shall teach; you shall baptize; you shall found churches throughout the universe; it will be needless to inquire whether the new body, the new congregation, that is to say, the new church which I order you to form out of all nations, shall be visible; being, as it ought to be, visibly composed of those who are to give and of those who are to receive instructions, of those who are to baptize and of those who are to be baptized, and who being thus distinguished from all other people in the world, by the preaching of my commandments and by the profession of docility to them, shall be still more sensibly discriminated by the sacred seal of a particular "baptism in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." *Behold, I am with you*, who are teaching and baptizing; those who desire to be taught of God, have only to believe you, as those who shall desire to be baptized have only to apply to you. This promise shall suffer no interruption — no; Jesus Christ forgets nothing: "I am with you all days." There shall not be any discontinuance of the presence and protection so promised, it being for all days, not with those alone whom He then addressed, and whose lives were limited, but *even to the consummation of the world.* Had He merely said, I am with you forever, there might be room to imagine He promised them only a blessed eternity after this life; whereas, bounding this promise by the consummation of the world, without speaking here of anything else, it is manifest that He sets no other limits to the duration of his visible Church, nor to the holy society of the people of God in this world, under the government of her pastors, than the existence of the universe.

The consequence of all was (as we are informed in the 16th chapter of St. Mark) that this ministry *went forth preaching everywhere*, and according to the declaration of Christ, such as believed and were baptized were saved, whilst such as believed not are to be condemned.

Now as Christ whilst on earth could not forfeit nor resign the right of being the expounder and judge of his own doctrine, neither could the Apostles on account of committing to writing what they heard, or by any subsequent event, forfeit the authority of teaching and expounding with which they were invested by Christ. In fact, so far from allowing the free interpretation of every individual; so far from allowing a pretext for schism in the assumed right of any one acting independently of a fixed and infallible authority of teaching, the Apostles give us on all occasions a practical illustration of their maintenance of this authority; of its conveyance to others duly appointed like themselves; and a decided exclusion of interference from any quarter in the explanation of the law. Thus, although St. Paul had preached the gospel at Ephesus, he left Timothy there, for the purpose explained in the following words: "*That thou mightest*

*charge some not to teach otherwise, who desired to be the teachers of the law, understanding neither the things they say nor whereof they affirm.*" With a similar view of guarding the word—which he says was committed to him according to the commandment of God his Saviour—he left Titus at Crete: "*For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee.*" In his second Epistle to Timothy (2d chapter), he shows the order of transmitting the word thus deposited, thus guarded: "*And the things which thou hast heard from me, through many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also.*" "*Continue thou in the things thou hast learned, and which have been committed to thee, knowing of whom thou hast learned.*" Thus, then, so far from any portion of the church, either lay or clerical, being allowed to mould the doctrine of the law under the influence of a private interpretation; so far from any persons being allowed to filter the word of God, through the pitiful alembic of human judgment, we find it steadily preserved by those with whom it is deposited, who exclude the busy interference of pragmatical teachers. In the passages quoted we are shown the value of the word in the fact of its being transmitted by Christ to the Apostles, and by them to such successors as Timothy and Titus, thence commended to other faithful men. There is no mention made of any religious knowledge acquired by prayerful research, by presumed special inspiration, by capricious independent interpretation; no, but mention is made of things "*heard*," the things "*learned*" from a certain authority—these are to be *continued in*, without wavering, without doubt, without any danger of being deceived, through the mere fact of "*knowing of whom they had been learned.*" When St. Paul reminds Titus of his succession and duty in the ministry, saying, "*These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority*," it is manifest that Titus being thus empowered, the Christians of Crete were bound to rely on the authority not of his opinion, or his own view, but of that word which he had received in common with Timothy and other faithful men from St. Paul, and through him from Jesus Christ. This plain statement regarding the divinely appointed means of religious instruction is considerably confirmed and illustrated when we find St. Paul giving his instruction about the utility of Scripture. In his second epistle to Timothy he says: "*All scripture inspired of God, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work.*" 3d chapter. By *the man of God*, St. Paul means the authorized minister of the church, for he speaks of him who is *to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct.* Now these are the offices of the authorized minister as is shown by what we read at the opening of the subsequent 4th chapter, where the Apostle, instead of referring every individual to his Bible for instruction or reproof, does, before God, charge Timothy to instruct and correct his flock by the authority invested in him: "*Preach the word: reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine*," he assigns the reason of this urgent charge: "*For there shall be a time when they will not endure sound doctrine: but according to their own desires they will heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth.*"

To the same Timothy he had written a little before in the first Epistle, 4th chapter: "*Attend unto*

*reading, to exhortation and to doctrine. . . take heed to thyself and doctrine, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee.*" The duty and responsibility of teacher and disciple are plainly set forth and an exclusion of unauthorized interpretation: it is as if the Apostle had said: "Teacher, thou shalt save thyself by reading and save others by instruction. Disciple, thou shalt be saved, not by arbitrary reading, but by hearing the duly appointed ministry preaching the doctrine of the Scripture."

This salvation, arising out of the circumstance of the people hearing sound doctrines from those having authority, was in the view of the Apostle, when, writing to the Thessalonians, 2d Epistle, 2d chapter, he says: "*Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle.*" Why does the Apostle speak so imperatively when he thus identifies in the one tradition both oral and written instruction. His answer is contained in what he wrote to Titus: "*Because it is the word which God manifested in preaching, which is committed to me according to the commandment of God, our Saviour.*" Thus, then, it appears manifest that whether the doctrine was communicated in words or writing, it was to be held fast on account of the source and assurance of his veracity, namely: the authoritative teaching of the pastors, the essential medium of communicating all those things which the Saviour commanded to be observed.

This was the conviction and doctrine of Philip when he met the Ethiopian prince reading the Scriptures, Acts, 8th. Philip said to him: "*Thinkest thou that thou understandest what thou readest? Who said: And how can I unless some man show me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. . . Then Philip opening his mouth preached unto him Jesus.*"

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## TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL.

THAT the adjustment of the spiritual and temporal powers, and the conditions of their simultaneous action, occupy a prominent place just now in the public mind, is no discovery of ours. If we could be indifferent to the fact, the eager discussions of the Protestant and Rationalistic press would not allow us to remain long in our apathy. It is, they assure us, the great question of the age. And they have already solved it after their manner. It is their profession to solve everything, and they are always equal to the task. Perhaps their method is a little crude and hasty; but, as Mr. Gladstone says, "they often write in a hurry," which is much to be regretted. They would make a better use of their gifts if they took more time about it. But if they once began to reflect, perhaps they would not write at all. And so they dash at everything, from coals to miracles, and from sewers to theology, and handle them all in the same style. They only see one side of any question, and not much of that; and if anybody pretends to see the other, they treat him as Xerxes did the rebellious sea, and make whips to scourge him.

Yet the relations of the Chris-

tian Church to the powers of the world are sufficiently important, and involve interests of such surpassing gravity, that even fools might be expected to speak of them with sobriety. Men who are by no means fools, in the common acceptation of that word, set those who are a bad example. They treat the Church like the bully who complains that a child has struck him. The Church is very strong, stronger than anything out of heaven, but her strength is not that of the world, and therefore need not alarm its friends. It is chiefly manifested in suffering. Nothing can exhaust or wear her out. Eighteen centuries of persecution have failed to do it, and if the world should last eighteen centuries more, the issue will be just the same. It will only beat itself to pieces against that immovable rock. But in all that the world counts strength the Church is weaker than a child. An Italian apostate can shut up her chief Pontiff in prison, and no angel comes to take him out. A German trooper can insult her bishops with impunity—at least for a time—and the puny despots of a Swiss Canton can close her churches and banish her priests. Who is so weak as she is? The scum of the earth can mock her, as the Jewish rabble mocked her Lord. They can use scourges now as they did then, and plait a crown of thorns, and set up a cross, and dig a sepulchre, and only go home when they have sealed the stone and "made it sure." Why, then, do they affect to fear her, and pretend that she is conspiring against them, and that they are only acting in self-defence? Why do the strong tremble before the weak? What can she do to hurt them? It is true that they will perish, and she will remain, but that is an arrangement of Providence, and should not be made a reproach to her. She is what God *made her.* She can suffer, but she cannot die. She will bury all her enemies, of this age as of every other, and when everybody else has forgotten them, she will be praying over their graves for the pardon of their sins. It is not anger which she feels towards the Bismarcks of the hour, profane and brutal as they are, for she knows what their fate will be, and what will be her own.

The Church was not founded yesterday. She has a history, and in its main features it is uniform and invariable. The world has always tried to destroy her, and always failed. She has fought from the beginning against that diabolical trinity, the world, the flesh, and the devil. She will fight against them to the end, but always with the same weapons, and always with the same result. *They* will change their weapons, but they will all be blunted in turn. Bismarck is not stronger than Domitian, more subtle than Julian, more cruel than Nero, more frantic than Luther. Satan uses him because just now he has no better instrument at hand. To-morrow he will be using somebody else. It is the age of little men, and in the nineteenth century even the persecutor is a dwarf, and while he aspires to be odious only succeeds in being absurd.

But he has at least invented a new charge against the Church. She has become imperious and aggressive, he says, and he is obliged to defend the State against her encroachments. He is sorry for it, but society must be protected. That is what he says, and the newspapers repeat it in chorus. The State cannot allow itself to be undermined. The Church preaches sedition, and Catholics have become disloyal. They respect the Pope, and care nothing for Cæsar. They have no sympathy with the new German Empire, and are scheming against Italian unity, and would gladly destroy the noble Helvetian Republic, even if they

had to tear up the Alps in order to it. Such people must be put down, because it has become evident that the Church and State cannot coexist.

Two replies may be made to this charge, and they seem to us peremptory: (1) that for many ages the Church lived in harmony with the civil power, and rendered it invaluable services, which it was not slow to acknowledge, as long as the latter was content to remain within its own province; and (2) that at this day it is not the Church which usurps the functions of the State, but very much the reverse.

But these propositions seem to us unassailable. As long as the princes of this world kept in mind the saying of the prophet: "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers," there was amity and alliance between the spiritual and temporal powers, and each reigned in peace in its own sphere. No doubt there were momentary interruptions of this harmony, when Cæsar tried to be pontiff as well as king, but the rupture was only transient. If Henry II sinned against God, at least he found grace to do penance; and if Louis of France invented a constitution for the Church, he had wisdom enough to tear it in pieces when the Vicar of Christ bade him do so. There had been many a conflict between the civil power, blinded for a moment by greed and self-will, and the Church, whose functions it foolishly attempted to usurp; but the victory was always with the latter. The strife was foreseen as one of the inevitable fruits of human arrogance. "Beware of men," was an admonition addressed, not only to the first Apostles, but to all their successors, whose duty it still is "to take no thought how or what to speak," when they are "brought before governors" who exalt Cæsar above God. At any moment it may become their duty to say, "*Non possumus*," and to accept the penalty. But in spite of these inevitable interruptions of peace and good will, it is certain that for a thousand years the two powers were able to dwell together in mutual respect, and that their concord was not only a fruitful blessing to human society, but the strength of thrones and the shield of the temporal authority. It is equally certain that since the State became divorced from the Church, the foundations of the former have been broken up; and while the spiritual power, abandoned to itself, or thwarted by ceaseless vexations, has attracted everywhere a more loyal and spontaneous devotion, the secular has become in the same proportion feeble and precarious, and while it has attempted to grasp the authority of the Church, has only succeeded in losing its own. The pontifical throne may seem for a moment to be in jeopardy, but Christ's vicar will still be wearing the crown which all the powers of darkness cannot snatch from him, when many of his impudent assailants will be searching in the dust for that which they have lost forever.

No one, we may add, really believes—and least of all those who affected to do so—that the State is in any danger from the Church. The persecutor is never in want of a pretext. At the very moment that he impudently charges her with impeding the action of the civil authority, he is himself trying to rob her even of the right of determining who are her own members, forbidding her to educate her own ministers, pretending to annul the marriages which she has blessed and the baptisms which she has administered, and displaying his face of brass in the very sanctuary from which his police have thrust out her bishops. But we know what the end will be as surely as if it had already come to pass. Every-

where Catholics are bracing themselves for the combat. There was need that they should be purified in the furnace, and when they come forth, it will be seen that "not a hair of their head had been singed, nor their garments altered, nor the smell of the fire had passed upon them." The petty antichrists of the hour lift up their heads in morning, but before the sun g down they will be swept away, when these baffled reprobates h proved once more that the gate hell cannot prevail against Church, they will be crying in penitent anguish: "*Ergo erra mus.*"

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## AUTUMN LEAVES.

Beautiful children of the dying year!
Oh, rainbow-tinted fading autumn leaves!
In what gay liveries you now appear,
Tho' nature like a parent fondly grieves
The transient glory of her summer day,
The playful breeze, the skylark's merry lay.

Now falling to the ground, no more, no more
Shall you shut in, within their warm-built nest,
The wild birds' unfledged offspring, covered o'er
By your green shade, from summer's heat at rest;
Concealing from the eye of schoolboy wild,
The speckled mother and the unfledged child.

Now, the rich beauty of the drooping sheaf
Has gone away, and summer's golden flowers
Are falling fast; or flying leaf by leaf
Upon the wind, they which in starry showers
Once tinged the landscape with a thousand dyes,
And opened to the sun their golden eyes.

Short is the pleasure of the summer's day,
And on thy withering beauty man can look,
And truly say, So shall I pass away;
For thou art pages out of Nature's book,
Foretelling all that e'er was green or fair,
At length must die like things that never were.

Oh autumn leaves! man's strength like you is green
When spring pours in his veins the joy of life.
In summer's heat his brow is blooming seen,
Till autumn's mellow age, or worldly strife,
Severs the leaf from that which gave it birth,
And down he drops to meet his kindred earth.

# THE BROKEN PITCHER.

## MARIETTE.

HOUGH La Napoule is but a small ace, lying in the bosom of the sea Canna, still it is well known oughout Provence. It lies in the ergreen shade of high palm trees d dark pomegranates. This alone es not render it famous. There, is said, are to be found grapes of richest purple, roses of the eetest odor, and maidens of surssing beauty. What a pity that Napoule is so small that it cant produce purple grapes, sweet es, and beautiful maidens ough!

Since the building of La Napoule, ery maiden there has become a auty; but, without doubt, the le Mariette must have been a nder of wonders—at least, so the onicler seems to think. She was ed, it is true, "Little Mariette," l she was not smaller than most dren are at the age of seven-

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he chronicler of La Napoule good reason to speak of Mari- l, on the strength of the nicler, have done likewise. For, Mariette, with her mother, n, returned, after a long resi- in Avignon, to her native she turned everything round only the houses, but the peol their heads; and not only but even the hearts of those ne in the dangerous neigh- l of her soul-beaming eyes. swer for that—and such a is not to be jested with. r Manon had much better ained in Avignon. But heired, in La Napoule, a perty, with a vineyard and ttle house, in the shade of nbosomed in olive trees an acacias. Never was re fortunate than she; indeed, in her own opinion, she w as rich and happy as the Count Provence himself or any of hi equals.

## HOW THE MISCHIEF CAME.

Scarcely was Mariette a fortnight in the house among the olive trees and African acacias, when every young Napoulesian knew that there lived Mariette, the most beautiful maid of Provence.

Did she walk through the place, light and beautiful as a disguised angel, in rustling frock and bright green bodice—on her bosom a bunch of orange-blossoms and rosebuds—flowers and ribands waving in the green hat which shadowed her brow—the aged exclaimed and the young were mute; while, here and there, a door or window opened, with "Good morning," or "Good evening, Mariette," and she nodded smilingly on all around.

When Mariette entered the church, every heart (that is, of the young men), wandered from heaven —every eye from the Virgin— while her supplicating fingers went astray in the pearls of her breastknot. This certainly caused much anxiety to all, particularly to the pious ladies; and, as, about this time, the young women of La Napoule had become very pious, it troubled them the most. Indeed, they could scarcely endure the thought of it. The entrance of Mariette was more like that of a bride. This gave rise to many quarrels and bickerings—to many tears, lectures and murmurings. Marriages were no longer spoken of—true-love tokens, rings and ribands, were returned—parents found fault with their children—turmoil and strife went from house to house. It was, indeed, a pity.

"Mariette is the cause of all!" said the pious maidens; so said their mothers—so said their fathers —and even, at last, so said the young men.

But Mariette, strong in her modesty and innocence as the brilliant red of the bursting rosebud among the dark-green leaves, knew nothing of these misfortunes, and remained kind to all. This moved first the young men, and they said, "Why trouble the kind, harmless girl! She is innocent." Then the fathers repeated it; the mothers next; and last, even the pious maidens—for who could speak to Mariette without loving her? Before six months had passed, every one had spoken to her, and every one loved her. She knew not, however, how much she was beloved, and could not conceive how she could be so hated. The modest violet, crouched among the long, dark grass, cares not for its own worth.

Now, every one wished to atone for their injustice to Mariette. Pity was soon changed to affection. Mariette was greeted with former kindness—was sweetly smiled upon, and pressed to join in every sport and dance.

### OF WICKED COLIN.

But to every one is not granted the tender grace of pity. Some hearts are as hard as Pharaoh's; owing, no doubt, either to the natural wickedness of man since the fall, or the baptismal rite of the sinner not being performed in proper time. A striking example of this hard-heartedness was young Colin, the richest farmer in La Napoule, who could scarcely, in one day, walk through his vineyards, oliveyards, and citron and pomegranate fields! He, however, had shown the inherent sin of his nature —having lived until his twenty-seventh year without ever asking, *why maidens* were created. Every one, however, especially the young ladies of a certain age, willingly forgave him his sins, and esteemed Colin as the best young man under the sun. His fine form, his clear open countenance, his merry glance and smile, obtained absolution for him of hearts too generous and forgiving to be otherwise than pleased. The verdict, however, of such a jury is not to be relied on.

Of all, old and young, in Napoule, who had forgiven Mariette, and received her in their hearts, Colin alone regarded the poor girl without pity. If her name even was mentioned, Colin became mute as a fish—did he meet her in the street, he turned red and white with anger, and cast invidious looks upon her.

If the young people assembled at evening, on the beach, under the ruins of the old castle, to play, to dance, or to make the old walls re-echo with their merry songs, Colin was not absent. But, as soon as Mariette came, the cunning youth was dumb, and he sang no more of the joys of life. This was a pity—— for no voice was sweeter than Colin's and his songs were inexhaustible.

All were delighted to see Colin, and he was merry with all. He had, we have said before, a roguish glance which the maidens loved and feared —and, when he smiled oh, then a painter should have been near. However, the often-slighted Mariette hardly saw him—whether he laughed or not, it was the same to her. She cared not for his roguish glance; and, if he began to relate a story, she nodded to her neighbors and drew away first Peter, then Paul, then another; she laughed and chatted, until Colin was no longer attended to. She touched him to the quick; he often broke off in the midst of a story, and walked sullenly away.

Revenge is sweet. The beautiful daughter of Manon might then have triumphed. For this, however

Mariette was much too good—her heart too pure. When he was silent, sorrow filled her bosom; and when he was sad, she smiled no more. If he went away, she could remain no longer; and she retired home to weep tears of repentance far more bitter than those of the Magdalen, though her faults were less.

THE PITCHER.

The preacher of La Napoule, the good Father Jerome, was an old man of seventy years, possessing all the virtues of a saint; his only failing, and that the effect of age, was deafness. Nevertheless, he preached to his children, who were always willing to listen to him. It is true, he never preached but on two themes, which comprised, in his opinion, the essence of religion —"Little children, love one another," or "Children, the providence of God is great." Indeed, so far does faith depend upon love and hope, that, with these two dispositions, man might be truly blessed. The children loved each other truly, and hoped in the providence of God. Only Colin, with singular perverseness, gave no heed to his advice; even when he appeared benevolent, he concealed evil designs.

Every year the people of La Napoule repaired to the fair at Bence. Here they made merry, and those who had money made purchases.

You may be sure, that, among those who went to the fair, were Mariette and Mother Manon. Colin, too—buying dainties and trinkets for all the girls; but, for Mariette, he spent not a sous. Even though he followed her at every step, he spoke not to her, and she spoke not to him. It was easily to be seen that he was meditating some mischief.

Mother Manon was standing before a stall, when she exclaimed, "Oh, Mariette! see that beautiful pitcher! A queen might not be ashamed to put it to her lips! Only see; the handle is of brilliant gold, and the flowers are not more beautiful in our garden. They might have been painted in the midst of Paradise! Only see, Mariette, how tempting the apple looks on that tree; Adam cannot withstand the beautiful Eve, who is presenting it to him. See how lovingly the lambs are sporting with the tigers—and the snow-white dove, with her gold and green neck, flies before the hawk, as if she invited him to address her."

Mariette was lost in admiration. She could not be satisfied with seeing. "Had I so fine a pitcher, mother," said she, "it is much too beautiful to drink out of—I would put flowers in it, and then sit gazing upon them, thinking I were in Paradise. Though we are in the market of Bence, when I look at the pitcher, I almost fancy myself in Paradise!"

So spoke Mariette, and called all her young friends to come and look at the pitcher. Soon all La Napoule was gazing in mute admiration at the exquisite piece of porcelain. Timidly they asked of the merchant, "What is the price, sir?" "Why, between friends, I will let you have it for a hundred livres." All were silent; and, one by one, walked away.

When all had retired, Colin came slyly to the stall, laid down the hundred livres, put the pitcher in a box filled with moss, and took it away.

When about half way home, he met old Jacques, the squire's servant, who was coming from the fields. Now Jacques was a very good sort of a man, but very stupid.

"I will give you a pot of ale, Jacques," said Colin, "if you will take this box to Manon's house, and leave it; and, when they ask you who gave you the box, say a stranger. But do not mention my name, on the pain of my eternal anger."

Jacques took the money for his ale, with the box, and proceeded to the house among the olive trees and African acacias.

THE ENVOY.

Before Jacques had gone many paces, he was met by his master, Squire Hauptmartin, who called out—

"Hey, Jacques! what have you there?"

"A box for Mistress Manon; but I dare not tell you from whom."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because Colin would never forgive me."

"Ha! it is a fine thing you can keep so still; but it is now late—give me the box; I am going to Mistress Manon's; I will convey it, and not mention that it comes from Colin. It will spare you some steps, and give me a good excuse."

Jacques immediately acceded to his master's proposition—never in his life having dreamed of opposing him. The Squire carried the box to his room; and approached the light with the greatest curiosity. On the cover was written, with red chalk, "For the lovely and beloved Mariette." Squire Hauptmartin was well aware that this was some piece of roguery Colin intended; thereupon he very carefully opened the box, to see if there was not some rat or mouse concealed in it; but nothing could exceed his surprise when he beheld the same beautiful pitcher that had attracted so much notice at the fair. And this from Colin; his heart died within him. But Squire Hauptmartin was a man well versed in wrong and in right; he knew well the deceit and treachery of men's hearts. He saw clearly that Colin wished to bring Mariette in trouble with this pitcher. It might appear as a present from some favored lover in the city; and, coming in such a manner, would oblige all the good people to slight her. Thereupon Squire Hauptmartin kindly determined to bring this treachery to naught, by becoming himself the donor of this beautiful pitcher. Besides he loved Mariette, and wished to see if she obeyed the command of good Father Jerome, "Little children, love one another." To be sure, Squire Hauptmartin was a child of fifty years old, and Mariette had made up her mind that the text did not apply to him. On the contrary, Mother Manon found the Squire to be a judicious, fine child, with gold and reputation, and first in La Napoule; and, when he spoke of marriage, the trembling Mariette left the room; but Mother Manon remained sitting —fearing nothing from the tall, decent man.

Though we say of Colin, that, in his whole person, there was no fault, still the Squire had the advantage of him in two things—namely, in years, and in a great, great nose. This nose the Squire always bore before him, like a herald, to announce his coming. He was a true elephant behind this trunk of a nose.

With this famous proboscis, his good intentions, and the pitcher, he repaired the next morning to the house among the olive trees and African acacias.

"For the beautiful Mariette!" said he. "It is not too costly for me. You admired the pitcher yesterday; permit me, charming Mariette, to lay it and my heart at your feet."

Manon and Mariette were delighted and astonished when they saw the pitcher. Manon's eyes sparkled with joy; but Mariette's countenance fell, and she replied—

"I can accept neither your pitcher nor your heart."

Then rushed the blood to Mother Manon's pale cheek, and she cried out—

"But I accept both heart and pitcher. Oh, you fool! how long will you spoil your own good luck? Hey! and what do you want? Do

you expect the Count of Provence to come and ask you in marriage, that you refuse the Squire of La Napoule? I know much better than you what is for your own good. Squire, I admire your worth; depend upon me, I shall soon call you son-in-law."

Mariette went out, weeping bitterly, and she hated the pitcher from the bottom of her heart.

However, the Squire, clapping his finger on his nose, said, "Don't trouble yourself, Mother Manon; the dove will yield as soon as she knows me a little better. I am not rash. I understand women well; and before three months shall have passed, I will find the way into Mariette's heart."

THE FLOWERS.

During this three months, Mariette's pitcher gave her a world of trouble and vexation. For a fortnight nothing else was spoken of in La Napoule but the pitcher; and every one said,—"It is a present from the Squire, and the wedding is soon to take place." But Mariette had declared to her friends that she would sooner lie down in the sea than wed with Squire Hauptmartin. The girls, however, winked to each other, and said, "How happily she will rest in the shade of his nose!" This was her first vexation.

Then Manon had made the cruel rule that Mariette should go every day to the spring, rinse the pitcher, and fill it with fresh flowers. Thus she hoped to win Mariette's heart to the donor, but it only increased her hatred to gift and giver; and the duty at the spring was only a punishment. Second vexation.

But, twice a week, when she went to the spring, she found, on the rock, a bouquet of the most beautiful flowers, arranged with the greatest taste, just the size of the pitcher; and round the stem was rolled a paper, bearing these words. "Beloved Mariette!" Now, Mariette was not a strong believer in enchanters or fairies; and she naturally supposed that the flowers and paper came from Squire Hauptmartin—and she would not even smell them, lest she should encounter the breath of the old man. She tore the paper to shreds, but kept the flowers, as they were handsomer than those she could find in the fields. In the meantime the Squire was unremitting in his attentions—his love was as great, in its kind, as was his nose. Third vexation.

But, at last, she discovered, in conversation, that the Squire was not the giver of the flowers. Who, then, could it be! Mariette was surprised as well as pleased at this unhoped for discovery, and, from that time, she took the flowers more willingly from the rock. But who laid them there? Mariette was, like some few of her sex, somewhat curious. She guessed every young man in La Napoule; but none were ever discovered. She watched, late and early; but she watched in vain. Still, twice a week, there lay the flowers, and the paper, breathing the soft sigh, "Beloved Mariette." This was enough to excite the curiosity of the most indifferent; but, unsatisfied curiosity gives pain. Fourth vexation.

MISCHIEF UPON MISCHIEF.

Father Jerome had preached from the text, "The providence of heaven is wonderful;" and Mariette thought it might be, that, by some unforeseen circumstance, the flower-sender might be discovered. Father Jerome was right.

On one summer night, when the weather was much too warm for sleep, Mariette arose and waited only for the first ray of dawn to steal over the sea to the charming little islet, and thence to her chamber window. She went out stealthily, to bathe her arms and face in the clear stream behind the cliff, for

there she could be perfectly retired. She took her hat, and tripped softly over the green to the palm-grove—it was impossible to reach the spot without passing these trees. Under one of these trees she was surprised to find a young man, who appeared to be lying in a quiet sleep. Near him lay a bouquet of matchless flowers; and, also, she could see a paper! What could be more welcome to Mariette?

She remained standing trembling with fright in all her limbs. Then she turned toward the house. Hardly had she gone two steps, when she again found herself nearer the sleeper—and she stood still. His face was turned from her—how could she lose the opportunity? She stepped nearer the tree—but he appeared to move, and she again retreated toward the cottage. But now Mariette's motion had lost much of its terror. She approached the tree. "Perhaps he only feigned sleep. But how foolish to fly from imaginary danger. What is he to me? My way happens to lie near him—sleeping or awake, I shall pass."

So thought Manon's daughter; but she remained standing. Now she was certain to look full in the face of the flower-sender. He slept as if he had not closed his eyes before in four weeks; and who was it? Who could it be but that arrant villain, Colin!

He it was who had ever seemed most interested in the business of Squire Hauptmartin; and he had delighted to send flowers to her for that hated pitcher, merely to excite her curiosity! And wherefore? He detested Mariette. He took pleasure in thwarting the poor child in every undertaking. Toward every other maiden in La Napoule he was friendly and pleasant. He had never once asked her to dance, though she danced so charmingly!

Now, there he lay—betrayed! caught! Revenge was kindled in Mariette's breast. What trick might she play on him? She untied the flowers, and scattered them over the sleeper; the paper, however, she put in her bosom, that the handwriting might be witness against him. Mariette was cunning. Her revenge was not yet satisfied. She could not leave the place without punishing Colin in some more signal manner. She tore from her hat the violet riband, and, passing it softly around his arm, tied him to the tree. When he awakes, how astonished will he be! Who will satisfy his curiosity as to the author of this cunning trick? This he could never guess—so much the better; it served him right. Mariette still was merciful toward him. No sooner was her work finished, than she seemed to repent. Her bosom heaved; and, I believe, tears came in her eyes. She was a long time returning home. She lingered near the cliff, until the voice of Mother Manon called her away.

### THE HATBAND.

Who would believe it? That same day Colin practiced a new trick. He wished to shame Mariette openly. She little thought that the whole of La Napoule would recognize her violet hatband. He wore it in his hat—showing it, before the whole world, as a trophy; and every one cried out, "He has it from Mariette," and every maiden cried, "The villain!" and every young man turned contemptuously from her, and said, "The jade!"

"How! Mother Manon," exclaimed Squire Hauptmartin, and he spoke so loud that his nose echoed his words, "how do you suffer this, my bride, to present the young farmer, Colin, with her hatband? It is high time that our nuptials be celebrated. It is all settled, and I have a right to speak!"

"You have a right," answered Mother Manon; "when the case so stands, the wedding should imme-

' take place. Certainly, it is —all is settled."
t, Mother Manon, your daugh- l never give her consent."
ever mind, Squire, do you get for the wedding."
it she will not even look favor- pon me; and if I sit down her, she springs away like a eer."
uire, only prepare for the ıg, and if Mariette resists, l take her by surprise. We ) to Father Jerome early on ıy morning, and instruct him part of the duty. This he ); I am her mother, and you e chief magistrate in La Na-
He must consent. But La le and Mariette are to know g of this. I shall send her ɔn Monday, entirely alone, to ɔd father with a message— ıall the preacher inquire into art; half an hour after, we vill go then quickly to the and if Mariette does say he old creature is so deaf that not hear it."
Squire was well pleased with rangement. Mariette dream- of the bliss that was in store . She thought only of Colin's ery. She declared to her com- s and her mother, that Colin ave found the hatband. "I give it to him; you know he ne, and he only does this to ."
the poor child knew not the to which his crimes were to

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

y in the morning Mariette d with the pitcher to the . But there were no flowers It was still early. The sun arcely risen out of the sea. hears footsteps. Colin came s hand the flowers. Mariette d deeply. The young man ered, "Good morning, Mari- but it came not from his heart; he could hardly bring his lips to utter it.

"Why do you wear my riband so openly, Colin?" said Mariette, and she set the pitcher down on the rock; "I did not give it to you."

"You did not give it to me, Mariette!" and he was pale with anger.

Mariette, ashamed of her conduct, cast down her eyes and said, after a pause, "Well, I did give it to you, but you should not wear it so openly. Give it back to me!"

"Beloved Mariette! let me keep it!"

"No."

He could scarcely believe her. First he looked upward with a sigh, then mournfully on Mariette, who, motionless and mute, stood beside the spring, her eyes cast down, her arms hanging powerless by her side.

He wound the riband about the stalks of the flowers and threw them toward the rock. It struck the pitcher, which was overturned and broke in twenty pieces! Covered with confusion he turned and fled.

Mother Manon had all this time been watching out of the window. But when she saw the pitcher broken, she could scarcely speak for anger; and as she drew herself hastily in through the narrow window she broke the casing, and the window fell with a loud crash to the ground and was broken to pieces.

Never had misfortunes come so thickly upon any poor woman. But she soon recovered herself. "A fortunate thing," thought she, "that I was a witness to it. He must to the Squire and pay for both pitcher and window! A fine dowry for you, Mariette." But Mariette was picking up the pieces of the broken beauty, and as Mother Manon saw the lost Paradise, Adam headless, Eve standing on one foot, the serpent triumphing unharmed, then she cried out against poor Colin, and said, "It can be easily seen that the throw was from the devil's hand."

THE JUDGMENT.

Taking the fragments of the broken pitcher in one hand, and Mariette by the other, she went at nine o'clock to the Squire's house, where he was used to exercise his office as a magistrate.

There she poured forth a bitter complaint against the author of her calamities, and showed the broken pitcher and the ruined Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly.

When the Squire saw the broken pitcher, and his intended bride in tears, his anger was so great toward Colin, that his nose turned as violet-colored as the hatband; and he called to his constable to bring in the delinquent.

Colin came overwhelmed with grief. Manon repeated her complaints with many additions, before the judge, constable, and clerk, but Colin heard nothing. He glided up to Mariette and whispered, "Forgive me, Mariette, as I forgive you. I broke your pitcher without meaning to do it, but you—you have broken my heart."

"What is he whispering there?" roared the Squire; "listen to the charge, and defend yourself."

"I do not defend myself; I did break the pitcher, but without intending it."

"That I believe, too," sobbed Mariette. "I am as much to blame as he; I made him angry, and he threw the riband and the flowers."

"Hey-dey!" cried Manon, "will the girl take up his defence? Sir judge, speak! he has broken the pitcher; that he does not deny; and I, on his account, the window; can he deny that?"

"That you cannot deny, Mr. Colin," returned the judge; "so pay, if you please, three hundred livres, the cost of the pitcher."

"No!" exclaimed Colin, "it is not worth so much; I bought it at the fair in Bence for one hundred *livres.*"

"You bought it, you shameless villain!" cried the Squire, his whole countenance the color of Mariette's hatband.

"Yes," replied Colin, enraged at this knavery; "I sent the pitcher, on the evening of the fair-day, to Mariette, by your own servant. There stands Jacques, in the door; he is my witness. Jacques, speak, did I not give you the box to take to Manon's house?"

Squire Hauptmartin here wished to interfere, but the simple Jacques replied, "Don't you remember, sir, you took the box from me to carry yourself to Mother Manon's? There lies the box under those papers." The constable pushed the silly Jacques out of the court, and Colin was also dismissed until he should be called for again.

"Very well, Squire," said he, on going out, "this shall be your last trick in La Napoule; and I know, moreover, that you have endeavored, with my property, to get into the good graces of Mother Manon and Mariette."

The Squire was very much bewildered, and in his perplexity he scarce knew what he was doing.

Mother Manon shook her head. The affair had assumed a very mysterious aspect. "Who will now pay me for the broken pitcher?" asked she.

"As for me," said Mariette, with glowing cheeks, "I am well paid."

WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.

Colin rode immediately over to the landvogt, and returned early the next morning. The Squire, however, only laughed, and removed every suspicion from Mother Manon's breast, but declaring that he would have his nose cut off if Colin were not obliged to pay the three hundred livres.

They both repaired to Father Jerome, and begged him to instruct Mariette in her duty to her mother, and to advise her not to oppose the

wedding. The old man promised to what they desired, though he only understood half of what they shouted in his ear.

Mariette took the pieces of the broken pitcher to her chamber, and it seemed as if the Paradise that was lost on it, had passed into her breast.

When Monday morning came, Mother Manon said to her daughter, "Dress yourself well and carry this myrtle crown to Father Jerome, he wants it for a bride." Mariette, decked out in her Sunday's best, repaired perfectly unsuspicious to the good preacher's house.

In the way she met Colin, who greeted her cordially, and when she told him whither she was carrying the crown, he said, "I, too, am going there; I must carry the preacher his fees." As they were walking silently together he took her hand, both trembling as if they had committed some great crime.

"Have you forgiven me?" whispered Colin. "Ah! Mariette, what have I done that you should be so cruel to me?"

But she could only answer, "Be at rest, Colin; you shall have the riband again, and I will keep the pitcher forever, for now I value it truly since I know it is from you."

"Ah, Mariette, can you doubt? See, whatever I have I dare to offer you! Will you be kind to me as the others are?"

She made no answer. They had arrived at the house. She looked at him askance with her beautiful bright eyes and breathed, "Dear Colin!" He bent down and kissed her hand. With this the door opened and Father Jerome stood before them. The young people felt confused and they grasped each other's hands. I know not whether it was the appearance of the pastor, or the magic of the kiss, but Mariette presented him the crown. He laid it on her head and pronounced solemnly, "Little children, love one another!" and exhorted the motionless Mariette to love Colin, for from his deafness he had mistaken the bridegroom's name.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mariette, "I do love him. I have loved him long, but he hates me."

"I hate you, Mariette! My soul has loved you from the first moment you came in La Napoule. Oh, Mariette, how could I hope, how could I believe that you loved me, when all La Napoule were at your feet?"

"Why, then, did you slight me, Colin, and set all my companions before me?"

"Oh, Mariette, I was in fear and trembling, torn by despair and love, whenever I saw you. I had not courage to remain near you, and still I was miserable when absent."

As they were thus conversing, the old man thought they were quarrelling, and laying a hand on each, he said, "Children, children, love one another."

Mariette sank on Colin's bosom; he pressed her in his arms, and the whole world was forgotten. Colin's lips hung on Mariette's. It was only a kiss; but both, without knowing it, had followed Father Jerome into the chapel, and stood before the altar.

"Mariette!" sighed Colin.

"Colin!" sighed she.

In the church were many parishioners; and they, with the greatest astonishment, were witnesses to the marriage of Colin and Mariette. They ran from the church, right and left, through the whole of La Napoule, and cried, "Colin and Mariette are married."

Father Jerome, delighted that he had performed his part of the trick so well, and had met with so little opposition, led the pair back to his house.

END OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

Mother Manon came rushing in, out of breath. She had waited a long time, in vain, at home, for the

bridegroom. He did not come, and she hurried to his dwelling; there she learned that the landvogt had that morning been there, and summoned the Squire and all his people to follow him immediately.

"This is the work of that villain Colin," was her first thought. She hastened to the pastor's house, to inform him of the failure of their plan, and was met by the old man, who came out proudly, leading the newly married couple.

Manon's speech forsook her; but Colin stepped forward—began with his first love for Mariette, and ran through his whole story. Manon was in doubt whether she should consider Mariette guilty or innocent.

Father Jerome now understood his mistake; but he raised his pious hands to Heaven, and exclaimed, "Wonderful are the ways of Providence." Mother Manon gave the bridal pair her blessing.

"Am I really, then, a wife?" said Mariette—"Colin's wife!"

Mother Manon nodded her head, and Mariette hung on Colin's arm. Then they all went to Colin's house.

"See the flowers, Mariette, that I cultivated for you to fill your pitcher!"

Colin, who had little expected such an evening guest, had nothing ready for the supper; but the wedding was celebrated two days, and the joy of the bridegroom cannot be described.

Mother Manon was pleased with her son-in-law, since she had heard of his great riches;—and, besides, Squire Hauptmartin never showed his nose again.

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## THE BEST SOLUTION OF THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

THERE is an old rhyme which says:

> "For every evil under the sun
> There's a remedy, or there's none;
> If there's one, try and find it;
> If there's none, never mind it."

Now, we Catholics have been groping about for a long time in search of a solution to the public-school question. All admit that the existence of the very discussion in a land where all religious denominations should try and live in peace with each other is an evil second only to the existence of the cause which calls it forth.

It is impossible, however, for us Catholics to join an alliance of hearts and hands with our fellow-citizens outside of the Church, because, in the first place, these people cannot agree among themselves on any single point of doctrine or discipline, and secondly, because we cannot agree with them; oil and water will not mix; truth and falsehood cannot play the lion and lamb in the days of the millennium. Wherever the Church of God exists, she must by her very nature and divine constitution seek to gain souls to Christ. Wherever the sects exist, they must by their nature and what charter they possess as an organized body, a charter drawn from an opposite direction than that of the Church, seek to gain souls from the Church, that is, from God. They may do this from malice, they may do it from ignorance, they may do it from blind or false zeal, but no matter why they do it, the struggle must go on. The Protestant may call the Church's efforts an aggression, the Catholic may call the action of the sects tyranny; but in either

event it is but a name for an "irrepressible conflict," which must last till time shall end or the Church conquer.

Well, admitting the existence of the evil, let us look for the remedy, the means by which this conquest of the Church shall be hastened. One there is, because one there must be; Christ himself has promised it: "*Non prævalebunt portæ inferi;*" but there is another old axiom upon which we Catholics must fall back, "*Assist yourself and God will assist you.*" It will not do for us to sit down supinely, and quote Scripture, and wait for the day of the Lord; we must be up and doing, and we must do more than planning and talking. Plans innumerable have been suggested by which a solution to this school difficulty should be reached, while, as for talking, no clique of old maids, whetting their tongues over an ancient quilting-frame and a cup of social Bohea, ever did more *clattering* to less good practical purpose than we Catholics of America on this subject. For we must bear in mind that the school question is but a phase of the one grand conflict between truth and error, to which we have already alluded. It is a prime stroke of policy in the enemies of God when they seek to gain the child. It is striking the Church in her most vulnerable point, the very key to her entrenchments. On the other hand, the divine wisdom of the Church is nowhere more plainly shown than in the fact that she throws her utmost vigilance on that very point; hence the history of the Church is but one contemporaneous history of Christian education. It is a still smarter stroke of policy when Protestantism, by which term we comprehend everything opposed to the Church, feeling its own want of power, calls in the strong arm of the state, lays hold of the sword of the magistrate, to support its own side of the battle. This is the reduction of the case to its narrowest limits, in which we recognize simply the old, old contest, between God and Cæsar, a question of Cæsarism far more important to us Catholics than any fanciful assumption of imperial powers concocted by the *New York Herald.*

In vain have we Catholics petitioned at the footstool of this purple-clad tyrant; in vain have proposed plans of relief in the shape of divisions of the school-fund, apportionment of school-houses, and all the various plans so well known as to need no repetition here; yet all our offers have been rejected, all our plans ignored; evidently there is no hope of relief as things stand at present, and we will be candid enough to say that we are not altogether sorry that our civil rulers have not seen fit to accept of some of our measures, for we have always thought that our own people displayed very little wisdom in their proposed remedies, and a decided untimeliness in the occasions they have taken for agitating the matter. We can readily comprehend how our Protestant fellow-citizens could produce many just objections to the division of the school-tax, and no other plan that we know of has been sufficiently complete as to protect all children of Catholic parents; as, for instance, in certain rural districts, when Protestants predominate, and when the population would be too small to support more than one school, by any of the divisions proposed, the minority of Catholic children would be no better off than they are now, and the soul of one child is relatively as valuable in the eyes of God as the souls of fifty million children; hence we object, decidedly object to what is not only an apportionment of funds or school-houses, but an apportionment of immortal souls.

Then, again, we have had the Bible agitation; have we fared any better here? Our Protestant fellow-citizens know very well that Bible or no Bible is immaterial to us. A public school, in which hundreds of Bibles are read, is just as much a godless school as a school-room minus the Bible. We Catholics have never pinned our salvation even on our own version of the Scriptures, and we certainly set no store upon corrupted editions. Yet what gainers are we in the end, as far as the mere question of education is involved, by this exclusion of the Scriptures from the public schools? Our Protestant antagonists very well know the true grounds of our opposition to the present system of free education to be not against it as a system, but as to the manner of carrying it out; they are perfectly cognizant of the fact that we oppose it. First, because it is not the business of the State to teach; if it does snatch that authority from the Church, let it teach its own kind. Secondly, because all education must, in the very fundamental order of divine Providence, be accompanied by not merely a moral, but a religious training, an education of the heart as well as of the head, in order to be a true education. The Catholic Church points to the civilization of heathen and classical ages—a civilization and a mental refinement—a knowledge of the arts and sciences to which our own age can produce no comparison. She points, at the same time, to the moral degradation of the ancient peoples — a degradation to which no comparison can be found save in our own age. She says, "See there! What avail is material progress unaccompanied by divine enlightment?" She even points to the fact that our own age is inferior, in this respect, to that of the classical days, for then men did worship the only god they knew, their own passions symbolized in stone and marble idols. Now, men knowing God refuse to love and serve Him. On the contrary, they blaspheme and hate Him because they cannot help believing in Him, while their pride rebels at the idea of being obliged to serve Him; they do not even bow down before graven images, but boldly declare that the only God is their own material self. All their philosophy, all their history, all their science is but the development of this worse than satanic theory. All their art is but the adornment of the domestic temple in which they have enshrined self, and the places where they develop, inculcate, and spread this theory are the public schools. Strike these down, and the whole fabric of modern infidelity and modern indecency tumbles with it; hence, the world, the flesh, and the Devil bring their combined forces to their defence, while civil laws and the secular and sectarian press lend their moral aid as a support to the triumvirate of iniquity.

On the other hand, the Church points to those blessed days when, emerging from the catacombs, she grasped the united standard of the Cross and the Labarum of Constantine, and went forth to civilize the world. From the days of Constantine to those of Charlemagne was the period of struggle and conquest; and when she surveyed the field of bloodless victory, she counted as her spoils the souls of all the nomadic and barbaric tribes blended with the redeemed refinement of the classic peoples; then began her era of cultivation. From Charlemagne to the so-called Renaissance, men, guided by her wisdom and taught by her inspirations, were all for God, and proved their heaven-born relationship to him by the erection of magnificent temples, the production of works of art like the statues of Michael Angelo, the paintings of Raphael, the poetry of

Dante, the music of Palestrina, and even in the decline of faith, when the Renaissance had galvanized the corpse of Paganism, the compositions of a Mozart and Haydn. She gave birth to mighty warriors, and initiated immortal enterprises; and if to later ages was left the development of higher scientific progress, it was because men, turning their backs on God, hampered and constrained her action. Had she been left to reign in even her earthly glory, material progress would have been *per se* none the less splendid, while it would have been illuminated with the additional lustre of a heaven-born certainty—an inspiration all divine. She cannot, indeed, claim the name of mother to such men as Darwin and Huxley in science; a Voltaire and Rousseau in philosophy; a Mirabeau, Cavour, and Castelar in politics; a Froude in history; a Swinburne in poetry; or a Garibaldi of the "begging sword" in military achievements; and she glories in the fact that they are not her children, since in all her progress, by blending the spirit of God with the system of education, she has elevated, not degraded men; for above all things else she has sanctified men, and blends with the names of her heroes, philosophers, scientists, artists, and statesmen those of myriads of saints, the lustre of whose virtue has wrapped her in a mantle of glory.

But modern enlightenment ignores such things as Saints. The elevated passions, not the statues, of confessors, martyrs, doctors, and virgins, adorn the temple of modern religion. Hence the world is drifting, drifting onward to social, intellectual, and spiritual suicide. What shall stop its downward course? Just what stopped it in the days of old, Christian education. Is it not sad, then, to know that there are many Catholics who, instead of aiding in the good work, are rather seeking to retard it. That while they are vainly seeking for a remedy in political influence, looking for a reform where they will never find one; in the favoring smile of Cæsar they are neglecting the higher remedy, the only true antidote to all the evil, a Christian education for their children. "Educate the masses," cry the popular leaders, "and Popery and superstition will dwindle before us." "Educate the masses," cries the Church to her children, "but educate them with a Christian, not a heathen education, and infidelity and immorality will fly back in terror to the deepest abyss of their native hell." And now, just here, let us pause and inquire as to the full meaning of this much used term—a Christian education. A Christian education is one the primary elements of which are inculcated at the home fireside, in the strict moral training of parents, themselves well versed—as by the law of God and Christian marriage they are duly bound to be—in the moral and doctrinal teachings of their faith. Little by little, with much labor and patience, the force of good parental example, and ceaseless vigilance, must the work go on till the period of schooling, when the Church steps in and relieves the parent with the assistance of those holy men and women whom she by the grace of God has trained for the purpose. She relies not merely upon mental powers or efforts, but calls for and receives from her divine Spouse those spiritual graces without which all natural effort is vain. Children reared amid such hallowed influences cannot fail to show forth in after-life the results of such a training. The Catholic young man who has been solidly trained at home in the knowledge of his moral and religious duties will not be likely to be contaminated by those dangerous associations which are almost inseparable from college life. He

will no more think of missing Mass on a day of obligation, of neglecting the sacraments, of eating meat on Friday, of overreaching his neighbor in business, of indulging the baser passions either by sins of the eye, the tongue, the mind, or the act, than he would think of soaring in the air. His religion is a part of his being; he does not, indeed, make an undue display of it, because he bears it with him, not as an outer garment, but as a part of his very soul, animating almost unconsciously every thought, word, and act of his life; and should he by human frailty fall, he will rise again in the strength of grace as surely and as brilliantly as the morrow's sun. Such a one is a king of his kind; he goes forth in the majesty of a noble nature to conquer, not like the Macedonian hero, merely the material wealth and power of the entire world, but also, like the apostles of old, to capture the very hearts and souls of men. Yet this can generally be the result only of an education begun at home. The home influence *educates* the soul; the college career *instructs* the mind. The home training lays the foundation broad and deep; the college training builds the superstructure. In many instances the home erects the entire mental edifice; the college does but little even towards the superfluous adornment. Make of every home a Christian school, and we can afford to let our colleges crumble to ruins. Parents of the higher classes, to you this question has its most direct bearing. Why is it that your children are so ignorant of their faith? so irreverent in their opinions? so loose in their morals? so "liberal" in their ideas? so unintellectual in their conversation? Perhaps we can best answer by asking another question. Why is it that those whom you generally denominate the "inferior classes" are the larger portion of the frequenters of our churches and our lecture halls? Because their poverty, their indigence, their trials have brought them nearer to God, for there is nothing like sorrow to inspire man with devotion. They have caught the spirit of their religion, and with it they have imbibed those nobler aspirations, those hungerings of the mind which are only satisfied by intellectual food. Moreover, the children of the Catholic masses receive their instruction from Catholic parish schools; that instruction is necessarily limited, the demands of poverty require that they shall speedily go forth and seek employment, which will relieve the pecuniary straits of their parents, but the sacred fire kindled in the temple of their minds by the vestal of religion will never be extinguished while she guards its flame. It glows, and spreads, and inflames the ardent breast of youth with that thirst for knowledge, that rational and intellectual enjoyment which springs therefrom, and the result is that every Catholic parish in the land, boasts, side by side with the church and schoolhouse, of its literary institute, with its well-stocked library of good books and journals, where the young men of the parish resort, after the labors of the day, to refresh and invigorate their minds, while the sons of our fashionable Catholics, who have received their smattering at professor so and so's select academy for young gents, and then taken a course at the high school, the university, or went *for six months* to a Catholic college, are revelling in the obscene delights of variety theatres, or similar entertainments, which would only be tolerated by ignorant and low-minded boobies; in a word, like the prodigal son, are feeding upon the husks of swine. And when any of their Protestant companions ask for a simple explanation of something relative to

Catholicity, why then they are in what Lord Dundreary would call "a regular fix."

To sum up, we would briefly say, what we have intended to be the keynote to this article, that the true solution of the school problem must not be hoped for in the political but rather in the moral order of things. Numerically, we Catholics are the weak side of the community, and, even if we were not, unlawful aggression is never allowable even against iniquitous laws. Political agitation is good, but Christian education is better. While the Catholic press and the Catholic rostrum are slowly but surely doing their work, a work that is beginning to tell even upon the well-balanced minds of reasonable Protestants, who are themselves gaining a growing perception of the evils of our public schools, by the side of Christian hearthstones, neath the shadow of Christian temples, under the cross-crowned domes of Christian colleges, the good work goes silently but bravely on. The flame of Catholic education lit there from the torch of truth will spread abroad, and like the "fire fighting fire" kindled by the trappers on our Western prairies, will prove the conqueror of those lurid glows of infidelity kindled by the minions of Satan, and belching forth from the abysses of hell.

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## THE MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

THE sun shone not for those of whom we write; their hearts might gain no comfort from the sympathy of God's beautiful creation. Not even in the scorn or hate of their pagan foes could their courage find support. In the silent night, in the winter's biting cold, alone, unseen of men, the martyrs laid them down to die. To die—and what a death! Bruised with clubs, and torn with whips, weary with long nights of painful watching, fainting with long privation and loss of blood, the couch prepared for them is the frozen surface of that lake just outside the city walls; and there they must lie, until the pitiless cold shall slowly, slowly, but surely, drive back the life-blood from hand, and foot, and limb, and force its way, inch by inch, to life's sanctuary, the heart, and stay its throbbing forever. Not one, but many deaths, each one of them must die—must feel in each bruised member the agony of the last struggle.

But the stout heart failed them not, and the strong will supported them, and the fire of God's dear love burnt within them so warmly, that scarce they heeded the bitter cold without; and dauntless as when they bore Rome's eagles in triumph against Rome's enemies, the soldiers of Jesus prepared them for the final struggle.

The martyrs of Christ, as they lie outstretched upon their frozen bed, gaze upward to the silent heavens with their glittering stars, upward to the heaven where their spirits long to be.

Even as the Jewish children in their fiery furnace sung the praises of their Creator, so sang they canticles of love and thanksgiving, and pondered on the mystic number of their band and thought how God had stayed among His people

on Mount Sinai just forty days, and how, in wanderings of forty years, He led them to the promised land; how the great Prophet Elias, type of Christ, fasted forty days; how Jesus, in the wilderness, fulfilled that which His servant had prefigured. And, as they thought, great joy filled their hearts, and they sang:

Wondrous art Thou, God Eternal!
Who shall measure all Thy ways?
Seraphs' wisdom may not know Thee,
Though ever on Thy face they gaze.

Forty days on Sinai's mountain
Moses prayed in speechless awe:
Came replenished from the fountain,
Came to teach the world Thy law.

Forty years, through trackless desert,
Thou, the help of those in need,
Led Thy people to the promise
Made to Abraham and his seed.

Forty days did Juda's prophet
Hold himself from earthly food:
Thou meanwhile his strength and refuge,
Making thus Thy promise good.

Came at length the Child of promise,
Jesus, Saviour, Mary's Son:
Come from Heaven our woes to solace,
To heal our race by sin undone.

Forty days He prayed and fasted
As His prophet erst had done;
Teaching thus to men hereafter
How the Kingdom may be won.

Father! we Thy children pray Thee;
Forty we began the fight;
Grant that forty we may enter
Realms of never-fading light!

So they sang and prayed, while the gentle stars looked down, and cheered the martyrs with their soft radiance, and filled their minds with happy thoughts of that bright city, whose light is the Lamb, where those who have loved justice shine as stars for all eternity.

Sole earthly witness of the scene, the weary sentinel, who trod his lonely round beside the frozen lake, stopping at times to warm himself by the watchfire, and gaze dreamily on the unwonted spectacle, and wonder whence these men gained strength and courage to meet so hard a fate so joyously—gazed and wondered, not without interest. For, simple soldier though he was, he felt within him a consciousness, an existence, whose nature his poor skill could never fathom, heard *speak* within him a voice whose warning he might disregard, but could not choose but hear; longed sometimes for happiness with an unspeakable longing, sought it as best he might, yet never found it; looked forward sometimes into the great eternity that lay before, and strove to see if haply he could find his place therein.

He bowed down before the genius of Rome, and adored the divinity of her emperors, and fought beneath her eagles, hoping the while, and praying sometimes, that the unknown God would reveal Himself to His creature.

As he stood there, leaning on his spear, and gazing on the martyrs, the joy and peace of whose uplifted countenances contrasted so strangely with the agony that was wasting their life away, the watcher half wondered whether these men had found Him whom he had sought so long in vain; and unconsciously his eyes followed their upward gaze, as though the starry firmament might tell the history he craved so earnestly to know. And He who loves to reveal to little ones the wonders that are hidden from the proud and rich ones of the earth, opened his eyes that he might see what great things God does for those who love Him. For, as he gazed, the heavens opened, and the glory of God's eternal throne beamed down in golden radiance upon the martyr band.

And behold! as he gazed, came down celestial messengers, bearing each a crown of gold, and branch of palm, and reverently on each dying hero they placed the symbol of victory, and something of the heavenly radiance played around each pallid brow. And as they placed the palm within their hands, they whispered to them sweet words of love and comfort; words that brought a joyous smile to the bloodless lips, and flushed each dying face, as though for a moment the fire that burnt within them had sent

the life-blood bounding through their veins once more.

Gazing in speechless awe, the watcher noticed one whose head no crown encircled, whose brow no heavenly radiance illuminated, in whose hand no visitant from on high had placed the conqueror's palm.

And while he wondered what this strange exception might signify, suddenly the vision vanished from his view, and the soldier knelt in lowly reverence to adore the Christian's God.

For he had found Him at last! That Almighty Being whose hands had formed and fashioned him round about, whom his inmost soul had craved so long and so ardently to know.

And the eyes that had once seen the glory of the eternal throne could find no longer anything of beauty amid the things of earth, and the ears that had drunk in the celestial melody could no more take delight in earthly harmonies; and as his spirit strove within him ever more and more vehemently to burst its earthly bonds, and wing its way to its kindred heaven, he prayed, oh how earnestly! that if it were the will of his great Father in heaven, he might at once be called from the land of exiles, and admitted to the palace of the Eternal King.

As he prayed, a cry of lamentation struck upon his ear, and looking to the ice-bound lake with its precious burden, he saw upon each dying face a thrill of agony, such as their greatest tortures had not been able to force from them; each nerveless hand was raised in warning and supplication, while from their midst tottered forth that one to whom no crown of victory had been given, and hastened to offer incense to the idol erected on the bank.

Alas, for poor human nature! So near the goal, yet failing in the last effort of the race! So near a martyr's crown, yet fainting in the very moment of victory. So near the haven of a glorious eternity, yet willing to plunge again into the stormy sea of time.

Was it in punishment of some secret sin, or had he dared to place his confidence in his own weak purpose? Wonderful are Thy works, O Lord! and Thy judgments are just!

Thus was the mystic number destroyed, and it almost seemed that God had not willed to grant the last petition of His faithful servants. But He who knows how from evil to draw forth greater good, knew how to grant their prayer to His own exceeding glory.

And by sweet inspiration He spoke to the heart of him who yet lay prostrate in mute adoration, and showed him how he might at once attain the object of his prayer, and add thereto the martyr's palm and crown of endless glory.

Soldier of Cæsar he had been but one little hour before, but he rose from his prayer the soldier of Christ, ready to do battle and die in His cause, who had so lovingly called him to His service.

So he sped him to the tent hard by, and woke the guard from their slumbers, and in simple speech professed his faith in the Christian's God.

The wondering legionaries gazed upon him in mute surprise. It was so strange a revelation to them. They had known him so long—seen him in the battle-field—who braver than he? who called on Mars, their warrior god, more cheerily? when they gathered round the camp fire, whose voice more loud to sing the praise of Bacchus, joyous god of wine and revelry? Had he ever refused libation to Capitolian Jupiter, or hesitated to burn incense to the divinity of the emperors or the eagles of mighty Rome? And now, by his own speech, confessed a Christian! a believer in they knew not what absurdities, worshipper of an ass's head, partaker in abominable rites, member of a secret

combination, whose aim was to overthrow the grand fabric of Roman power.

Such evil must not be allowed to spread. So, without much ado, they carried him off to their tribune, and bade him tell his tale again.

That officer was sorely perplexed by the. as he deemed it, untoward occurrence. The imperial edict admitted of no exception. All such as confessed themselves Christians were to suffer death. Yet it was so very annoying! The man had been the best soldier in his troop, and his last act of bravery had won him the decorations which yet glittered on his breast.

But there was no help for it. It needed but a single glance to see that persuasion would be altogether lost on one whose resolution was already formed. So with a peevish air, the tribune ran through the usual form, which condemned "Constans, soldier of the twelfth legion, for having embraced the absurd superstition of the Christians, to suffer death," and ordering him to be placed with those whose martyrdom was now almost consummated, the officer turned away.

Then they led him back to the frozen lake, and bound his willing hands, and placed him with the rest. With a last strong effort the dying heroes lifted up their voices in strains of joy and thanksgiving to Him who had so wondrously vouchsafed to hear their prayer. And they welcomed, with sweet brotherly affection, and countenances beaming with joy, the neophyte whom God had chosen to fill the mystic number of their band.

A mighty love, and a vehement longing was born therewith within his heart. Faster and faster still it throbbed and palpitated within his breast, till the weak flesh could bear no more the struggle that consumed its power, and, bounding to meet the God for whom it thirsted, the heart was stilled at last, and the freed spirit flew to the embrace of its Creator. For the fight was over, and the victory won, and Christ had called His heroes to their reward. And then a second time were thrown open the eternal gates, and the princes of God's Kingdom poured forth to meet the conquerors. Choirs of gleaming angels, with golden harps, singing their hymns of triumph, countless martyrs, with crowns of rubies, whence streamed forth crimson light that threw a radiance around; confessors and holy pontiffs, on whose brow was reflected the wisdom of the Eternal King; and then that mystic band, whose garments have been washed in the blood of the Lamb; they to whom it has been given to bear the spotless lily of virginity, who sing the song no other voice may sing; and in their midst the King of kings Himself, the Lord Jesus, clothed with the glory which was His before the world was made, come with ineffable love to lead His children home!

Whose tongue shall tell the joy that filled their hearts, as sounded in their ears those blessed words:

"Well done! My good and faithful ones!" And then from angelic choir and martyr band, from confessors and pontiffs, and joyous virgins, arose the exulting strains:

"The souls of the just are in the hands of God! Devil's torments shall not harm them! To the eyes of foolish ones, they seemed to die, but their end is in peace," and so, borne by angels' hands, they ascended to that city, whose foundations are laid in sapphires, whose palaces are of living pearl, until they reached the glory of the eternal throne, and prostrate adored the Triune Deity. And the light of His countenance was sealed upon them, and angels led them to thrones of light amid that blessed choir, where "The white-robed army of martyrs doth praise Thee, O Lord our God!"

# CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

## THE CONFORMITY OF THE HEBREWS AND GENTILES, A PROOF OF THE TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURE NARRATIVE.

## IX.

THE unity of origin, which is one of the strongest testimonies of antiquity in favor of Moses, might be proved by a great many ceremonies common to all nations; but we shall quote only a few, which being undeniably universal, of course cannot proceed from any other but the common source assigned by Moses.

It was a custom, as ancient as the family of Noah, to consecrate by a memorial or monument of gratitude such places as had been favored with some signal grace of Almighty God, or honored by the marks of His presence. These memorials were called Bethel, that is, Sojourn of God. The same name was also given to such places as had for a long while served for the holding of religious assemblies. In the simplicity of those times, the monument consisted of a heap of stones, or a block of marble roughly hewed into the form of a cone, a column, a table, or an altar. They sprinkled it with fragrant oils, or laid thereon offerings that were abandoned to the poor. It marked the place where religious congregations met together to sacrifice, or eat in common. We may quote Jacob's deed, who according to the laudable custom of the first religious ages, laid on the place where the Lord had appeared to him, not indeed an object to be adored, but a monument of his gratitude. He consecrated it by an aspersion of oil, and gave it the name of Bethel. Also we notice the altar that was erected on the banks of the river Jordan, to inform future ages that the half-tribe of Manasses, the tribe of Gad, and that of Reuben who lived on the other side of Jordan, had the same God, the same religion, and the same prerogatives as the tribes who lived on the opposite side. But this erection of a title or altar, intended as a memorial, becoming in the gradual aberrations of idolatry a very common occasion of corruptions and superstitions in worship, the law of Moses and the practice of the Jews restrained it by many reserves.

Another custom, as ancient as the world and common to the people of the Lord and to the Gentiles, was to make a covenant with God, the Deity, to bind themselves to fulfil the laws, and practice virtue; to utter imprecations against transgressors, and to express them either by set forms, to be repeated loudly in song, or at least by the significant usage of dividing the victim, to make the contracting parties pass between the two portions of it; or of striking the head of the victim with a stone. This ceremonial is often mentioned in the sacred Scripture; and the covenants are as often repeated as the falls of the people were frequent. Whilst the same customs are found among the Gentiles, the division of the victim was more common in the East, and the percution more frequent in the West. In the East they called it, "to divide the bond," and in the West, to "strike the bond;" a short expression meaning to bind one's self to God for the keeping of His laws, and consent to be used as the victim, in case of transgressing the engagement contracted. This last intention was still better expressed and imprinted on the memory by means of the tunes of the imprecatory forms, classically

named, "Lex horrendi carminis." These forms are in the treaties mentioned by Livy; and we may remark the arrangement with which Moses ordered the blessings and imprecations to be pronounced upon the people of Israel, by two choirs placed on separate mounts.

To these first ceremonies of mutual engagement that strictly bound the contracting parties, others of the same tendency were added; such as the aspersion of the blood of the victim over all the assistants, and the common repast, which was a sign of the participation in the same obligations, but chiefly an emblem of peace and brotherly love. The laws and all proper regulations, together with the blessings and imprecations, were either expressed by symbolical figures, or set in writing and engraved on columns, or preserved in a trunk that was portable or stationary, according to the usages of different nations. The sight of this article in public solemnities was suitable to remind them of their oaths. Hence the trunk of the Thesmophoriæ, that is, the trunk of the regulations that gave their name to the sacrifices for Ceres; hence the trunk of Bacchus and Osiris, &c., &c. But the Gentiles made a horrid abuse of it, by converting symbols adopted without any discretion, into so many objects of an abominable worship; whereas Moses, by preserving the proper use of the ark, introduced into the ceremonial a purity and dignity worthy of the Lord.

The last custom common to the nations which we may conclude with, was baptism, or the ceremony of purifying one's self outwardly, by the aspersion of water, by carefully washing head, feet, and hands, or by a more general immersion. This baptism was both a warning and a promise of being pure. These practices are met with very generally in the Scripture and profane writers. It was customary in the several parts, as well as in the whole performance, of a sacrifice, in a solemn and popular covenant, or when they wished to express the intention of a private person who had a mind to change his religion and nation, to lead a new life, or to expiate some great fault by satisfactory works, to use this expression, "Purify himself," which was an abbreviation signifying a certain series of religious actions, preceded by a baptism of pure water. Thus instead of saying, "We are preparing everything for a great sacrifice to Jupiter; We immolate victims on his altar; We sing his praises, and implore his assistance, and then eat in common the flesh of the victims;" Virgil expresses all that in two words, "Lustramurque Jovi"—we purify ourselves in honor of Jupiter. The same expression was common among the Jews; purifying the people, being a disposition to a sacrifice, or to the renewal of a covenant, which consisted of a certain number of actions, the first of which being always a baptism, sufficiently designated all the rest by its name. When Samuel or Esdras "purifies" the people, that single word means a series of actions fit to constitute a renewal of alliance with God. Likewise receiving the baptism of John the Baptist, was binding one's self to a change of conduct and entering upon a new life by a regular series of fasts, prayers, sacrifices, alms, and other pious actions, the first of which was baptism, or the outward purification. Hence the expression of the Christians, "To receive baptism;" such and such a Jew, such and such an infidel, has received baptism." It is an abbreviated expression, that does not signify barely the reception of the first Christian sacrament; it implies the idea of complete Christian justice, the totality of the life of a Christian, which is no more than introduced into the

church by baptism. Purifying one's self is then a phrase understood everywhere to mean a series of well-known actions, characterized at once by that which was indispensably previous to all the rest. We may observe that there can remain no obscurity in the famous expression of St. Paul, "to purify one's self for the dead;" it means a series of fasts, prayers, sacrifices, and alms, towards obtaining mercy in favor of the beloved deceased, beginning by the action or symbol of purity, which is always the introduction of such pious works. This symbol is found at the doors of all our churches, and in the commencement of the most adorable sacrifice of the new law. This shows the perfect accord of Catholic customs with those of the first Christians and even with those of the first inhabitants of the world.

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## PICTURES IN STONE.

"Thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE art of working in mosaic is the almost exclusive property of modern Italy, having descended to the skilful artists of Rome and Florence from their ancestors, who adorned in classic time the palaces of the Cæsars, and devoted themselves during the era of early Christian art to the decoration of the cathedral of St. Mark. With an amazing patience mastering his passionate southern blood—with a conscientious fidelity that perpetuates to this day the earnest spirit of Giotto and Masaccio—with a steady progressiveness of execution that has come in time to rival the very touches of the flexile brush, the Italian mosaicist has gone on from century to century translating painting into marbles and precious stones, piling up the labor of his unrecorded life upon imperishable tablets, and transmitting with his work and his improvements an inheritance of fresh patience, fresh love, and fresh ambition to his successors.

It has been our good fortune of late to follow the development of this admirable art throughout all the stages of its progress, from the tessellated pavements and fallen ceilings of the imperial ruins, down to the marvellous reproductions of Titian and Correggio in the papal workshops at the Vatican. Briefly to detail the results of these observations, and to convey at the same time some notion of the laborious method by which pictures in stone are pieced and perfected, is therefore the object of the present paper.

Mosaic art naturally divides itself into three periods—the antique, the medieval, and the modern. Of these, the antique is the boldest and least mannered; the medieval, the most defective and meagre; the modern, both for elaboration of color and workmanship, the best. The early Roman mosaics are formed of colored marbles, with an occasional intermingling of burnt clay for the warmest reds. These pieces, or *tessellæ*, consist of small cubic blocks about the size of dice, and are now and then found to vary in magnitude as the delicacy or vastness of the design may require. Thus the ingenious patterns in giallo, rosso, and verde antico, and the gigantic dragons in black and white marble which are lying open to the air and sun, but still undefaced, amid the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, are but roughly

shapen, and exhibit gaping interstices filled up with cement. The famous pavement of the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, preserved in the circular hall at the Vatican, and the exquisite mosaic of gladiators and animals found at Vermicino, and now laid down in the great hall of the princely Borghese villa, manifest, on the other hand, a degree of artistic merit, carefulness, and finish, which might almost challenge comparison with some of the modern works at St. Peter's, or the medallions that decorate with "riches fineless" the magnificent aisles of the new basilica of St. Paul's beyond the Walls. The heads are full of spirit, the grouping admirable, and the anatomy surprisingly accurate. The latter specimen is especially valuable on account of the costumes introduced, and the particulars of the combat there represented. Lions, tigers, buffaloes, oxen, and even ostriches, are seen to have been the victims of the arena, and some of the men are designated by name in rude mosaic lettering. This work is supposed to date from the third century, and, together with the Battle of Centaurs, and the great pavement of the Athletæ now laid down in a large hall near the Christian Museum at the Lateran, is perhaps the finest and least injured of old Roman mosaics now extant.

With the revival of art in the middle ages, a new sort of mosaic came into fashion, whereof the material was a species of composition, variously colored, and glazed, to represent enamel. In imitation of the religious pictures of the period, these medieval mosaics were generally relieved by a gilded background, and being necessarily and at all times harder than painting, exaggerated the defects without exhibiting much of the excellence of the contemporary pictorial art. The famous Navicella, representing St. Peter walking on the sea, executed by Giotto in 1293, is probably the finest medieval work of this kind in existence. The mosaics of Cavallini and his contemporaries, as well as those which decorate the vestibules and baptistery of the cathedral of St. Mark, are, on the contrary, more curious than beautiful; and, being treated after the stiff and literal manner which has latterly obtained the name of pre-Raphaelesque, occasionally provoke a smile where they are intended to awake devotion. The more modern mosaics, and, above all, that fine one of St. Mark, in pontifical robes, designed by Titian, and executed by the Zuccati, must be excepted from criticism, and allowed to rank with all but the very marvels of recent production. For these, unrivalled as they are in color, delicacy, and fidelity, we must turn to the magnificent altar-pieces, and the no less magnificent, though necessarily coarser decorations of the domes and ceilings of St. Peter's. Here, bewildered at first, and unable to believe that they are other than they seem, we find the masterpieces of the Renaissance reproduced on every side. Fresh and brilliant are they, as if removed but yesterday from the easel—changed in stone, as before the glance of Medusa—fadeless, perfect, indestructible by aught save fire. Here is the Transfiguration of Raphael, the St. Michael of Guido, the St. Francis and St. Sebastian of Domenichino. Far above, peopling the circuit of the mighty dome, and filling the spandrels of the great arches, we see more mosaics, as delicate, apparently, as those above the altars, but constructed nevertheless upon a scale proportioned to their elevation. The cherubs up there are larger than Gog and Magog, and the pen in the hand of St. Mark measures six feet in length.

From St. Peter's to the manufactory of mosaics in the Vatican is

but a step, and no traveller should leave Rome without having visited it. Much as he may have admired the *chefs-d'œuvre* in the neighboring cathedral, he can form but a poor conception of their value till he has witnessed with his own eyes the toilsome elaboration which they exact at the hands of the artist. It is no trade, this working of pictures in stone, and the mosaicist is no mere plodding mechanic. A refined judgment, an extensive knowledge of art, an eye trained to follow the minutest gradations of color, and a full appreciation of the various schools, must guide the hand of the patient copyist, who thus invests the masterpieces of all time with something like an earthly immortality. To conquer the enormous difficulties of his profession, the mosaicist must first become, to all intents, an artist; and few who have witnessed the process would be disposed to deny his claim to the title.

The substance from which the enamels are formed is a composition made with lead, iron, zinc, copper, and gold, and subjected to the heat of a furnace. The relative proportions of these metals vary with the color required to be produced. The *shades* of color are developed by a greater or lesser degree of heat. It is a mistake to suppose that these enamels are nothing but opaque pieces of glass; they are purely metallic combinations, harder than stone, undefaceable by weather or time, and only to be affected by the action of fire. All along the great lines of shelves which cover the walls of the vast galleries from top to bottom, sorted in compartments, protected by wirework, like books in a library, and labelled numerically—each number standing for a color or shade of a color—are stored the slabs of composition, ready for use. They embrace every conceivable tint, beginning at pure white, and ending with black. Their number is twenty thousand.

"Nature," we were told, in reply to our surprised inquiry, "has more than twenty thousand colors. They are not sufficient even for art. We are frequently obliged to temper the enamel in a spirit-lamp, to produce the exact hue we require."

A man engaged in fitting some tiny morsels for the jagged edges of a rose-leaf, smiled at our remark on the tediousness of the work.

"The labor is nothing," he said, "so long as it is followed by success. The artist in mosaic is content if his work be only well done, since that which is well done is done forever. He is sometimes occupied during ten, fifteen, or twenty years upon one large subject—such, for instance, as the Communion of St. Jerome. Sometimes the labor of his whole lifetime suffices only for the completion of three or four pictures. But what is that? The frescoes of Michael Angelo are not imperishable, and the canvas of the divine Raphael must in time fall in pieces and decay; but the work of the mosaicist *is* imperishable. His pictures can never fade. The Pyramids of Egypt are not more lasting; and when all the years of his life have been dedicated to the perpetuation of such a work as the Transfiguration, or the St. Peter Martyr, he feels at least that he has not lived in vain."

The mosaic-worker was an enthusiast; but enthusiasm is not rare in Rome. We have seen quite unlearned men—soldiers, peasants, mechanics, and the like—standing, as if in a dream, before the great masterpieces of the Vatican, and enjoying them to the full as keenly as the aristocratic amateurs who find their way in for a couple of pauls on the closed days. In the artist, this feeling is necessarily intensified proportionately to his knowledge. Perhaps it would not be going too far to suggest that this very enthusiasm has somewhat to do with the decline of modern

art in Italy. The student of promise is sent hither by the heads of the great academy in which he has been trained—he loiters away his three years amid picture-galleries and ruins—he perhaps adds a few rambling sketches to his portfolio—it may be that he copies one or more of the great pictures; not to retain as life-long studies and memorials, but to sell to some suburban convent or chapel, for money to pay his reckoning at the Trattoria di Lepre. These are, too frequently, the only results of his journey. He has admired, but he has not worked. His genius is crushed by the contemplation of an excellence to which he is persuaded human prowess can never attain a second time. By the very generosity of his delight, by the very depth of his artistic faith, he is undone. But this is a digression.

The manufactory of mosaics at the Vatican consists of several long galleries, opening out one after the other, and filled with busy workers. Each artist has a small table to himself, the design standing before him on an easel; a spirit-lamp, and a grindstone. The spirit-lamp, as we have already stated, is of use in the production of minute differences of color; the grindstone is necessary for the better shaping of the little morsels of enamel, since these, although prepared for him up to a certain size by the workmen, can only be curved to the purposes of his subject by the artist himself. We were shown a box of brown enamels, as first cut by the workmen, to be afterwards dealt out to the mosaicists. Some were as large as broad beans; some shaped into little flat sticks; some were mere threads, not much thicker than needles; and others, again, were minute cubes about the size of a pin's head. Great cases are placed here and there along the galleries, filled with models of the tints, to the full number of twenty thousand. These models are shaped and colored like cakes of water-color; and arranged in tiny square holes, something like the letters in a compositor's case.

The process of forming the mosaic picture is very curious. A large slab of slaty calcareous stone is prepared for the back or groundwork, and cut away to a depth varying from the sixteenth to three-fourths of an inch, as the scale of the work may require. It is then filled in and levelled down with a soft composition, upon which the artist makes his outline. As he proceeds with his work, he cuts away the composition, and substitutes a thick yellow cement, into which the mosaic fragments are carefully imbedded. In the choice of these, the mosaicist proves himself a true artist. Through all the gradations and evanescent effects of color, he has no guide but his eye, no resource but infinite patience and judgment. The most valuable paintings are intrusted to him, as they are intrusted to the weavers at the manufactory of Gobelin tapestries in Paris. The original paintings, from which were executed the mosaics in the vaultings and domes of St. Peter's, are all preserved at the manufactory; and the designs for the portraits of the Popes at St. Paul's beyond the Walls, hang round the rooms. Some notion of the value and delicacy of mosaic portraiture may be conveyed by the fact that, in a portrait of Pope Paul V, the face alone is said to contain no less than one million and a half of pieces.

Pictures in stone—at least those produced at the Pope's studios—are not purchasable with money. They are made only for the Pontiff and his palaces, for the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul's beyond the Walls, and for purposes connected with the papal government. Occasionally some crowned head or eminent noble is so fortunate as to receive one from his holiness; but

e honor is exceptional, and seldom nferred upon any but good Catho- :s. The finest Vatican mosaic ever oduced is said to be a copy of eonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, ow in the possession of the Em- ror of Austria. It was executed r Napoleon, when king of Italy, of the same size as the original, st between $35,000 and $40,000, id occupied ten artists during ore than eight years.

Totally different in style and aterial, but in some cases even ore valuable than the Vatican osaics, are the gem mosaics of 'lorence. In the former, the colors re artificially produced by a com- osition of metals; in the latter, nly precious stones are employed, nd the various tints are formed by careful adaptation of such grada- ions as the material affords. Amethyst, jasper, chalcedony, tur- quoise, yellow topaz, coral, cornelian, agate, lapis lazuli, malachite, alabaster, and rich marbles, are ransformed by the skill of the nosaicist into the most admirable nd elaborate representations of lowers, fruit, arabesques, and he- aldic ornaments. The beautiful rooches of inlaid jaspers which are ccasionally to be seen in the cases f our best jewellers, are all from Florentine manufactories.

Being already much interested n the art, and desirous of compar- ng the process with that of the orkers at the Vatican, we devoted considerable portion of our brief Florentine visit to pilgrimages among the mosaic studios so plenti- ully scattered throughout that harming city.

In the workshops in the Vatican, ach workman has his own bench nd table, and works separately. The process is very tedious, requir- ing the utmost possible nicety of hand and eye, and the tools are very small and delicate. We were shown files and lapidary-wheels of lilliputian dimensions, and tiny saws like steel threads fitted on a bow. With these, the gems and the *pietro duro*, or stoneground, are sawn and shaped; for marbles and jaspers being, of course, very expensive when brilliant in color, are only used in thin veneers, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness.

Every mosaic is first made in a groundwork of soft gray stone, afterwards to be transferred into the pietro duro. On this soft stone the outline is carefully engraved; and as the mosaicist proceeds, he cuts it away without difficulty, and substitutes mastic and precious stones. A little box stands beside him, filled with jewels—looking, by the way, very worthless and dull, but beautiful enough when ground down and polished. When none of these will furnish the exact hue required, it is sometimes possible to produce it artificially. Thus, we were shown a fine cherry in a group of flowers and fruits, which, having been cut from a piece of amber chalcedony, and exposed to the action of fire, had acquired all the rich and ruddy tones of the natural fruit. Some laurel leaves of a delicately graduated olive-green, were brought, said the workman, from the bed of the Arno—other greens from the neighboring mountains, from the Low Countries, and from Russia. These mosaics of *pietre commesse*, or mixed stones, are much less elaborate as regards the size of the pieces than those of Rome or Venice; and yet, in consequence of the extreme hardness of the materials, take almost as long to execute. A small white rosebud, we were told, had occupied the mosaicist for an entire fortnight, although each leaf was formed out of a single piece, and there were only twelve pieces in all. A bunch of flowers, somewhat less than the palm of one's hand, was the work of three months.

Even more tedious, and not nearly so interesting, is the preparation of the pietro duro into which the

mosaic is transferred when done. The pietro duro is generally chosen of a dark or black color, and is very fine, close-grained, and hard. On this, a piece of white paper, delicately traced with the outline of the mosaic, is pasted down. The workman then proceeds to cut away the stone for the reception of the mosaic, leaving the space for every tendril, thorn, petal, or jagged leaf, with an accuracy and patience that is almost inconceivable. When he has finished, it is perfect to a hair-breadth; the mosaics are the same; they fit together with marvellous accuracy; and it only remains for a third workman to unite them with mastic, to set them in a grounding of white cement, and to complete the solidity of the whole by placing a slab of slate at the back. Excepting metal, there is nothing so hard of texture as the pietro duro. The point of a pin will make no impression on it, even when rough; and it has to be cut by means of a fine steel wire, and worked down with emery and a wheel. Merely to cut the space for a scroll about three inches in length and one and a half in breadth, has employed one man for more than a week; and to prepare the groundwork for the small bunch of flowers lately named, had taken sixteen days. But the greatest marvel of all awaited us at the table of a workman who was busily joining a mosaic into its groundwork of pietro duro. The design represented a basket of flowers surrounded by arabesques. All was completed, with the exception of one tiny hole. This hole was left a little way above a beautiful blush-rose, and was somewhat less than the size of the head on a gold dollar.

The master smiled at our expression of curiosity; and the workman, obedient to his glance, took from the box a morsel of mosaic, and fitted it to the hole. It was a tiny butterfly, wrought in emerald green, scarlet, azure, and gold, with purple peacock's eyes on the wings, and dark velvety shadings on the body. It fitted so exactly, even to the thread-like antennæ, that it was difficult to believe how space enough could remain for the cement.

The workmen were all young, or in the prime of life. Several among them looked delicate, and some shook their heads sadly when questioned, and confessed that their sight was already slightly impaired. We afterwards learned that the employment was injurious not only to the eyes, but to the general health—that few Florentine mosaicists enjoyed a long tenure of life—and that the workmen engaged in the grand ducal manufactory are released from labor at sixty years of age, and comfortably pensioned off for the remainder of their lives.

But there are yet other mosaics than these—the basso-relievo mosaics of the Russians. By some these are called cameo-mosaics, and we have heard them very aptly described as "stone modellings done in relief," which perfectly expresses the effect of their raised amethyst grapes, coral cherries, cornelian currants, and pebble plums. A curious, but agreeable, and comparatively inexpensive kind of glass mosaic, has of late been brought before the public. It is very adaptable to household ornamentation. The Hindoos are said, however, to excel all other nations in the minute delicacy and elegance of their pietro duro mosaics.

Lastly, we read of a curious and beautiful kind of feather-mosaic work, executed by the ancient Mexicans, long before the period of their subjection by the Spaniards. Clavigero relates in his history that birds of rich plumage were bred for this purpose, and that the feathers sold at high prices in the market according to the brilliancy of their hues. When any great mosaic was proposed, the artists assembled,

and divided the work among them, having previously taken every precaution for insuring the correspondence of the various parts, and the ultimate unity of the whole. So exact were they, and so careful, that the mosaicist sometimes passed an entire day in the arrangement of a single feather. His process, though delicate and difficult, was simplicity itself, and consisted only in pasting the feathers upon pieces of cloth, in imitation of the pattern agreed upon.

Enough, however, of mosaics. We have reached the end, or what, in consideration of prescribed usages, must be made the end, of our article. Of so interesting and widely diffused an art, one might write a volume; of the associations connected with it, an unlimited number of volumes. Even thus long trains of pleasant recollections start up around us, and with importunate temptations, strive to arrest our farewell. Once more we lose ourselves gazing upward into the golden glooms of the vaultings of St. Mark's—once more we are gathering violets and wild crocuses amid the mosaic-strewn fields that formed in time past the floorings of hall and corridor in Hadrian's villa, under the pines of Tivoli—once more we tread the green solitudes of the baths of Caracalla, where the shadows fall solemnly on arch and tower, and the placid evening sunlight slants between. Here are some quiet sheep browsing beside the fallen pillars; yonder lies a huge fragment of vaulted ceiling, overgrown with weeds and brambles, and showing glimpses of mosaic work between the fluttering leaves. It was amid such sad and lofty scenes we learned to love Pictures in Stone; and we part from them, reader, with a sigh.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHRYSOSTOM. A Series of Dramatic Sketches illustrating the Life and Times of St. John Chrysostom. By Edwin Johnson. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago, 1873.

The history of the life and times of the golden-tongued patriarch of Constantinople presents materials for a magnificent Christian romance. When Cardinal Wiseman wrote his splendid novel, *Fabiola*, a perfect picture of the days indicated by its minor title, *The Church of the Catacombs*, it was proposed to have it succeeded, if possible, by three other grand Christian novels, illustrative of the succeeding ages of the Church, as expressed in their proposed titles, *The Church of the Basilicas*, *The Church of the Cloisters*, and *The Church of the Schools*. It always occurred to us that the days of St. Chrysostom was the best period to illustrate the second of these, not only because the Church was then enthroned resplendently in her glorious ancient temples, the very magnificence of which was a symbol of the most brilliant era of her power, ecclesiastical and civil, but also because that era furnished such dramatic events as were peculiarly fitted to be the theme of a Christian romance. The Lady Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn, in her brilliant little tale, *Eudoxia*, seems to have been inspired with the same idea, but her realization has fallen far short of our conception. Mr. Johnson has embodied the same thought in the work before us, and in the manner indicated by its title, the narrative being founded on the ancient lives of the saint by Neander and Perthes.

It is written in the form of blank verse, and though somewhat lacking in the poetical element, is nevertheless chaste

and elevated in its diction, and some of the scenes are decidedly beautiful. We think, however, that the character of the Saint's mother, as portrayed in the second scene, is hardly conformable to historical truth; the author himself seems to be in doubt upon the point, for he places a similar idea in the mouth of Chrysostom. We hope that the author will excuse us, too, if we tell him that his poem wants one great charm, namely, the warmth and fervor with which a writer inspired by the spirit of the Catholic faith would have animated it. Among the various rhymed and metrical passages with which the book is interspersed we quote the following as the gem of the composition:

"Lord of the day and of the dark,
We glory in Thy gracious name;
No wind-blown, evanescent spark,
It burns a pure and steadfast flame.

"Thy name is LOVE, resplendent still,
When prosperous suns expire or glow;
Its beams the sky of pleasure fill,
And brightly tint grief's tearful bow.

"The silver and the sable threads
Together make life's fabric fair:
No perfect landscape but outspreads
Some sober glooms amid the glare.

"Oh LOVE most fond and firm and wise!
Lead us the way Thou choosest well:
Where'er the changeful pathway lies,
A constant joy with us shall dwell."

We congratulate the author on the neat and tasteful style in which the publishers have presented his work to the public, and we cheerfully recommend its perusal.

CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM: all Truth or no Truth. An Essay by Rev. J. De Concilio, of the Propaganda College, Professor of Moral and Dogmatic Theology, and Pastor of St. Michael's Church, Jersey City. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

The various chapters of this work have already been given to the public under the form of a series of essays in the *Catholic World*, though we fancy that outside of the episcopacy, clergy, and a limited number of the educated laity, very few of the readers of that excellent magazine have given much attention to them. This neglect, however, if existing at all, must be due to the apparent dryness of the subject, yet the treatise is not nor cannot be dry to any one who has made a course of philosophical studies. It is strange, however, that our American Catholics, even without the advantages of a metaphysical training, have heads long enough and deep enough for all sorts of intricacies, except what concerns their faith and public morals. Pantheism followed up to its foundation is proved to be, in the language of our author, "the universal radical error pervading man, society, and the body politic, and absorbing time and space." We have just read in another work lying upon our book-table, "It is a theological axiom that God is more grievously offended by infidelity than by immorality. Sins against morality are indeed a violation of God's holy law, but infidelity not only refuses to admit any divine sanction to law, but boldly denies the very existence of the Divine Legislator." In these two quotations we have the nature, extent, and potentiality of Pantheism expressed. It is simply acknowledging as God everything but God, but above all things it is the deification of self, that great idol before which all flesh bows down. This monstrous evil, Pantheism, being the natural enemy of Catholic truth, our author has attempted to refute it, by showing the internal beauty of Catholicity, a form of controversy and a means of carrying conviction which he believes to be peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the day. His work is profound and trustworthy.

THE CHRISTIAN TRUMPET, or Previsions and Predictions about Impending General Calamities, the Universal Triumph of the Church, the Coming of Antichrist, the Last Judgment, and the End of the World. Divided into three parts. Compiled by Pellegrino. Boston: Patrick Donahue, 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth St., Philadelphia.

Readers who are inclined to be of a "mystical" turn of mind will find this book to be all they could desire, both as to contents and covering. It wants badly, however, one of two things, namely, either the *imprimatur* or the *prohibitur* of some bishop.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VI, No. 32.—DECEMBER, 1873.

## THE PRESENT PHASE OF RITUALISM.

CEREMONIES have their origin in that primal order which we are told was the first law of heaven. Indeed, heaven itself is often pictured to us as the abode of that harmony of will and action of the angelic choirs and redeemed souls, with that supreme will which from all eternity proceeded from the Most High. "With might and sweetness disposing all things." The "eternal fitness of things" is not, after all, a mere commonplace expression. It enunciates the whole system of the divine economy, which was coeval and coexistent with God himself. God, self-existing, unbeginning, and unending, creator and upholder of all things, is clothed with the majesty of his own glory. He needs no homage nor service to add to his power, his honor, or his pleasure, because he is self-glorifying, and the divine self-complacency is not a mere characteristic, but an essential element in the nature of the Godhead.

Nevertheless, it is his divine will that he should be honored by some external worship. From all eternity he loved, either by anticipation or by the very act of creation, the works of his own hands. He could not help but love them, because therein he saw a part of himself, the evidence of that power which had gone out of him, and as he must necessarily love himself, he loved those works which reflected himself either in the material, the physical, or the psychological order. Love naturally begets love. The angelic essence and the soul of man were the breath, the spirit of God; hence, they were capable of loving; being capable of this affection they were bound to offer it in grateful service to their Maker. This was the origin of external worship. There can be no worship wanting order, consequently the very necessity which created worship ordained at the same time order.

Man honors God by his love, proved in obedience to the divine law. He shows the generosity of his love by the pomp and splendor with which he seeks to dignify his external offering of God's works to himself. The divine or-

der, the external worship, the celestial harmony were broken and interrupted by sin. Redeeming love restored the shattered chords, but the discords were, in the divine economy, permitted to remain. The free will of man, even when guided by grace, could not renew the ancient strain, first wakened by angel hands. All his worship bore evidence of the poverty of his sinful nature, yet God condescended graciously to accept it, whether that worship was paid in prayer, or in the blood of animals or the fruits of the earth. Prayer was the earliest form of man's visible worship, combining within itself the four great essentialities of adoration, confession, praise, and thanksgiving. Prayer, however, was more particularly the private union of man with his Creator, while the idea of sacrifice seems from the very beginning to have been considered as the special form of ostensible public worship. From all eternity God had anticipated the idea of a grand bloody sacrifice as a propitiation for man's fall. Man, on his part, anticipated the grand sacrifice of Calvary and its unbloody continuation in the Holy Eucharist, by those holocausts, burnt-offerings, and oblations of the earth's fruits which, it is evident from Scripture, were by the express command of God, as well as the grateful love of his creatures, offered to him. In the days of the pastoral life, when

"The groves were God's first temples,"

a charming simplicity and rustic dignity accompanied the religious sacrifices of man, but as time wore on, man, emerging from his primeval condition, founded cities and built magnificent dwellings and piles; it was more than fitting that he should rear also splendid temples and richly adorn them for the oblation of his sacrifices; that these sacrifices should be surrounded by *all that* grandeur which, while it impressed the worshipper with the glory of the Being honored and the solemnity of the act of honor, at the same time offered man an opportunity of rendering God the best of those unworthy gifts, with the most becoming dignity possible.

This was the origin of Ritualism, a system which attained its culminating glory when Solomon erected the first Jewish temple and adorned it, and introduced into its service a wealth and splendor which the Almighty himself had inculcated, for the Jewish Ritual was, among all the laws framed for the government of that people, the pre-eminent enactment of theocratic legislation. The Jewish system, however, was but a type of the better things to come under the Christian dispensation, which, being a law of love and not of rigor, was not made a subject for ritualistic ordinance by Jesus Christ when instituting the Church. Man was left to make a free offering of all that was not essential in the Eucharistic ceremonial, and he responded, as we have shown, by the erection of those glorious temples wherein the God of majesty, concealed beneath the sacramental veil, was enthroned. All that the love of the heart of man could suggest, all that the brain of man could devise, all that the handicraft of man could form, was brought to the embellishment of those temples in the service of his Creator and Redeemer. Hence came those resplendent ceremonies; that soul-stirring liturgy, those exquisite paintings, statues, embroideries, that feast the eye; that angelic music that ravishes the heart and bears the soul upon its flood-tide of exulting harmony to the very throne of the Eternal.

The splendor of the heathen temples and the grand pageants which accompanied their oblations to their false gods, were but the mimical representation of the Jewish ceremonials; so, also, what-

ever of ceremony exists outside of the Catholic Church is but the fire, stolen Prometheus-like from the great sun of Catholic ritual. Protestantism, cold and unfeeling, incapable of reaching the heart of man, was singular in this one aspect, that while all previous schisms and heresies which had risen in opposition to the Church, not only retained the Eucharistic sacrifice and with it the splendid ritual which accompanied its oblation, not only embellished churches and shrines with richest external adornments, but acknowledged that they were dignified with privileges, such as the right of sanctuary, which endeared them to the hearts of the people; it was the first to overthrow the ritualistic system. The skeptic indeed could ask,

> "What's hallowed ground?
> Has earth a clod
> Its Maker meant should not be trod?"

He was answered in the language of Israel, when rising from his vision of angels, scaling the celestial ladder; he poured wine and oil upon the stony pillar exclaiming, "How terrible is this place: this is indeed the house of God; the gate of heaven." He was answered in the glorious verses of the royal psalmist, wherein he so frequently chants, in golden song, the glories of an earthly temple merely figurative of the Christian Church; for the temple of Solomon, in all its pristine splendor, was less in dignity than the humblest village church wherein the Holy Sacrifice is offered, and the Lord of Hosts visibly resides.

Yet skeptic never dared to ask such interrogatories till Protestantism, shrouded in its puritanical gloom, burnt the monasteries and churches, overthrew altars, denied the efficacy of the Mass, the honor of the Mother of God, and the veneration of the saints and respect for sacred right. Properly and consistently did it do away at the same time with all ceremonial, since the great object which the ceremonial was intended to honor had itself been abrogated. Even the ancient heresy of Iconoclasm only went as far as attacking the visible honor done to the saints by the erection of pictures and statues. The dignity of the Godhead, invisible or sacramented, it dared not thus dishonor. To Protestantism alone and its viperous offspring, communism, socialism, and libertinism, belongs the disgraceful claim of enthroning in the holy places the living personification of the heathen goddess of liberty in the person of a French strumpet. It could not, however, wholly and suddenly eradicate from the hearts and minds of the people those beautiful ceremonies by which they had been for generations trained to the service of religion. So long as the soul was fed by external beauties, so long would the heart cling to the internal love of Catholicity. Hence the first reformers sought to obliterate every trace and token of the religion of Christ. Hence the glorious shrines and splendid temples, which the piety of early kings and nobles had for centuries erected and adorned, were ruthlessly violated and destroyed by their sensual and avaricious successors. The religion of Jesus Christ stood in the way of these men's ambition, avarice, and lust; consequently, they waged ruthless war against it, and when less brutal means had not sufficed to crush it out entirely, they, with a ferocity that emulated the mad bestiality of the pagan emperors of Rome, destroyed at the stake, on the gibbet, and in the dungeon, the very bodies of those faithful Catholics whose souls could neither be purchased nor perverted.

Ritualism, however, always did exist more or less intact, even during the ages of persecution. The Catacombs, with their painted symbols, the marvel of even the present age, are evidences of the embellishment

of those subterranean churches when all the disadvantages of time, place, and poverty could not succeed in subduing the zeal of the early Christians in this regard. The sea-girt caves and forest fastnesses of Germany, Ireland, and Britain, might tell many a tale of a mass conducted in silent fear, yet not without some extraneous adornments to the secretly and hurriedly whispered office. But it is not with the preservation of *mere* Ritualism in the Church that we desire to treat, but rather to show, from the outward attention paid to its forms, how its spirit has been curiously preserved in the hearts of the people.

The mind and soul of man, created for the splendors of heaven, cannot be contented with the cold, perishable, and unimpressive joys of earth. Neither can it fitly adore the God of glory with a mere pious movement of the lips. The heart naturally loves, and loving it must seek to display that affectionate dependence on the being loved by outward tokens of respect and honor. Hence we find that notwithstanding the various political and fanatical revolutions that have from time to time sought to sweep away, among other barriers of law and order, natural and legislative, the outward forms of religious worship, yet the spirit of that worship has never entirely been subdued in the breast of man; but when the storm had passed away, has always risen in a new era of religious reaction. We need go no further than the present aspect of affairs in France for a proof of this. After each successive period of infidel triumph in that most Christian land a religious enthusiasm has been awakened, which has not only aroused the dormant faith of the faithful children of the Church, but has made them a spectacle to angels and to men. To the angels of *heaven,* rejoicing over sinners doing penance; to men, who, blinded by their own conceits, puffed up with their own folly, glutted with their own sensuality, look on with astonishment and a worldly-wise alarm at a religious movement which they are physically unable to prevent, and mentally incapable of fathoming with their self-formed systems of so-called philosophy, which vainly ascribe the conduct of these faithful children of the Church to such things as natural temperament or perverted intellect.

That fairest daughter of creation, the Church of Christ, is sometimes sleeping. At the prayer of her visible Father, the Pontiff, petitioning, like Jairus of old, the intervention of Jesus, the Lord of life approaches, takes her by the hand, and bids her arise. The minstrels indeed make a rout. The frivolous, the self-conceited of this world, laugh to scorn the words of infallible truth, "She is not dead but sleeping;" but at the command of God, she, leaning on his arm, comes forth resplendent with life, confounding the scoffer and converting the unbeliever. She comes forth in many ways, principally by the strength of her celestial power, but most visibly, most strikingly to the eye of the observer, in the resplendent beauty of her ritual. The beauty of the king's daughter is indeed from within, but with most people, especially in this age of spiritual indifferentism, the outward effect is more conducive to thought than any amount of argument, however pointed its logic or captivating in rhetoric. Hence for this very reason the religious antagonists of the Church charge her with upholding a religion that satisfies only the senses. Poor misguided souls! not until they have entered beyond "the eastern gate, called Beautiful," the golden portal of ritualism, will they know how the interior spirit of the sanctuary

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ry, we propose to briefly show forth the inconsistency, not only of its ritual, but likewise of its right to have one.

Neither do we propose to deny the antiquity of that ritual, but only to affirm its meaninglessness; and we cannot exemplify this better than by referring briefly to the late dedication of the grandest temple (!) it possesses in modern times, the one just completed at Philadelphia. The symbolic architectural features thereof we will pass over as irrelevant to our theme, but the ceremonies which fitted it in the eyes of the "brethren" for occupation demand our serious attention.

In the first place, "the right worshipful grand master," who acted as "consecrator," was a gentleman well known in our city for his respectability of character and his standing *at the bar*. He dedicated the building, in the language of the press, "with a *new* and imposing ritual," for which purpose he entered the mystic precincts at "high noon," though we think it would have been more properly done at "high moon." The new and imposing ritual consisted chiefly in chanting psalms, reciting fantastically worded prayers, pouring corn, wine, and oil, blowing trumpets towards the four quarters of the universe, a bowing and bending of the right worshipful, and most holy, and most eminent officers to each other, with the usual admonition to the less worthy members to "govern themselves accordingly," and then —shades of Solomon and the queen of Sheba attend!—as a grand *finale*, came that peculiarly American institution, "a feed," *eleganter*, "a banquet," and without which no ceremony would in the popular mind be complete, at least for that portion of the community who, like certain ancient philosophers, seem to believe that the soul of man is placed in the stomach.

And so the temple was dedicated—at least, in the imagination of the faithful participants; but let us see about that. Now, in the first place, whence did the consecrator derive his power for the function, and his high-sounding title of right worshipful, most holy, &c.? Mr. Samuel C. Perkins is, as we have said, a respectable and respected lawyer of the Philadelphia bar, and we are totally unaware that he ever received that higher vocation of the priestly office requisite for such an occasion. When were "hands laid" on him? When was he set apart and marked with sanctifying unction? Was he ever called as Aaron was? And God has said, without this call let no man take this honor to himself. Whence did he get authority to compose a new and imposing ritual? The spiritual pastors of the Roman Catholic Church have from time to time composed rituals, but they had the divine right conferred by the sacrament of Holy Orders, and restricted by due canonical legislation, to write and introduce them into their respective churches; they had moreover good natural brains, illuminated by virtue of their office with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; and while we are far from inferring that Brother Perkins had not the natural acquirements abovementioned—and we are sure he had not the celestial ones—yet we do not think that a busy lawyer's office, with piles of legal text-books, and rows of reports, is exactly the place whence one would draw that poetic, dramatic, and religious inspiration requisite for such a theme. But whence, above all else, did the "Right Worshipful" get his celestial title? Was his grandfather a "heathen Chinee" Mandarin? If so, we understand the matter, but if not, we would respectfully remind him that ONE ALONE IS HOLY, ONE ALONE IS WORSHIPFUL—GOD! The suggestion is awful; we hope the "brethren" fully appreciate it. But we fancy we hear an interrogatory in rejoinder, Whence did the bishop of Rome derive the right to his title of Holiness, since God alone is essentially holy? The bishop of Rome, the Pontifex Maximus of Christendom, bears not his exalted title as the mere sign of an idea, a mere complimentary designation. God alone, indeed, is holy, but the Pope as his vicar is essentially holy in his character of Christ's vicegerent; as Pontiff he is characteristically holy, and Christian faith, reverence, and love refuse him not the mark of respect which is officially his due, yet even "popish superstition" never went so far as to say that the visible head of the Church was, objectively speaking, worshipful. Worthy of veneration his character may be, but a characteristic is never *in se* an object of worship. But, to continue: Was there any efficacy in the corn, wine, and oil, and other things and ceremonies used? Symbols they may have been, sacramental symbols never! for the blessing of God's Church was not upon them. Why, then, did this new "Samuel" of the "new" ritualistic dispensation approach the performance of such an action? Was he not perfectly aware that he was carrying out an irreverent burlesque of a sacred ceremony, and not a sacred function? Can any one fail to see this? Stupendous antithesis! The High Priest entering the Holy of Holies and—brother Sam Perkins "going up" at "high noon" into the new Masonic Temple, at the corner of Broad and Filbert Streets.

But is this building a temple? If so, what divinity is worshipped there? Is it the heathen goddess of Silence, whose statue greets us at the entrance? And why is Silence honored with so much "blowing" of trumpets? Is it the abstract idea

of charity, that charity to which the brethren pay so much lip-worship? If so, in what is this worship superior to that of heathen Rome? If this be a temple, where is the altar? where is the priest? But above all, where or what is the victim? for altar, priest, and victim are indisputably essentials to a temple; but the nearest, and that a most remote resemblance, to an altar that we can here discover, is the dining-table, and the victim —that pride of American barnyards—the turkey, whose emblem figures so conspicuously over the banqueting-hall door.

We will say nothing with regard to the procession of so-called Knights Templars who dedicated the sanctuary of Templar masonry. One would suppose that men who cry out so loudly about this being the age of progress, who scorn with satanic hatred such effete relics of medieval barbarism and popish superstition as religious orders and the institution of chivalry, would hesitate to don the garb and use the euphuistic language of knighthood, and bearing those paradoxical emblems of bravery, the drawn sword and the *white feather*, parade around the open streets in broad daylight, with archiepiscopal crosses, and banners bearing pictures of historical events, notoriously Catholic in their signification and tendencies, and emblazoned with passages of Scripture, such as "*In hoc signo vinces*," "*Non nobis Domine, non nobis sed nomine tuo da gloriam*," written in the much-decried Latin tongue of the Catholic service, and arrange themselves as they march into all sorts of papistical figures, as Maltese cross, squares, and triangles. One might really take them from their doings to be an incursion of Jesuits exiled from Europe by that son of "iron and blood," Prince Bismarck, or *il re galantuomo*, Victor Emmanuel, and coming now to invade our country with sinister designs upon its people and their glorious liberties. All for what? What ho! and wherefore, Sir Knights and brethren of the mystic tie, could yourselves explain it?

Oh, gentlemen, can you not see the blasphemy of this burlesque? Can you not remember the terrible punishments inflicted by God, under the old law, for the sacrilegious acts of the Israelites, aye, for even stretching out a saving hand to the tottering ark of the covenant? How long then will you dare to insult the Lord of might, majesty, and glory by such tomfooleries?

Strange as it may seem, the Anglican schism, though largely made up of the wealthy and worldly, the flatterers on royalty and fawners for court favor, with whom ceremonies, pomp, and splendor were a sort of second nature, yet these people were but little behind their sturdier German fellow-heretics in stripping that system of all pompous ritual, and now the "Anglican Branch of the Catholic Church" is an organization which fairly outrivals the Masonic brotherhood in its devotion to ritualism, with this peculiarity, that the Anglicans make their dogmas subservient to their ritual, not the ritual to the dogmas. With them the ritual is the goose, the dogma the stuffing; they fairly revel in their hobbies and eccentricities. Their hobbies are the Apostolical succession of Anglican orders, a union with the Greek Church, and the unity of Christendom by what is known as the "branch theory;" they are particularly fond of "our sister Greek Church," and particularly commiserative of "our erring sister, the Roman Church." They also lay a special stress upon the duty of each and every one of their own members remaining in the church of his baptism, a very timely fundamental injunction, since the system that

they have built up is exactly the best to make them do otherwise. They have been won by the poetic beauties of the Catholic Church, and perhaps by the little bit of ancient English aristocratic blood still flowing in their veins—for the Episcopal Church always boasted of being *par excellence* the one in which men could go to heaven in a chariot and four; hence they have been stimulated to admire, in a sort of worldly way, the grandeur of the Roman Catholic worship. Being intelligent beings, they soon began to see a necessity for giving a reason for the rituals they practiced, for step by step they have taken up, not only with imitations of modern ceremonials, but they have dived with the assiduity of beavers into mouldy volumes of forgotten ritualistic lore. The Missal of Sarum is as familiar to them as the Book of Common Prayer; they are as thoroughly acquainted with the cut and shape and length and breadth and height and depth of sacerdotal garbs and ecclesiastical upholsteries as any modern *modiste* is with the Paris fashions, and anything awry in church ceremonial or furniture throws them into spasms. They dote on the antique; anything under three hundred years old is, *with the exception of their Church itself*, an object of abhorrence to them; in architecture, medieval Gothic haunts them as badly as the followers of Alaric haunted early civilization; they are peculiarly devout to English saints with unpronounceable Saxon names; they prate about "St. Mary, the Virgin," and smack their lips as they talk about "the fathers of the Early Church," as though they had always been on the best of terms with them; they mourn over the perversity of the "Evangelicals," and the obstinacy of "the Bishop of Rome," because he will not fraternize with them, and revenge themselves by doubting if, after all, the Patriarch of Jerusalem or Constantinople did not originally hold supreme primatial jurisdiction. They think it very strange and decidedly ungrateful that the members of the Church of Rome laugh at their efforts towards the unity of Christendom, and will not accept their embrace of friendship, *à la* Mr. Flintwinch; they are horrified because these same Romanists call them Protestants, because modern Catholics do not practice all the austerities of the early hermits, or get up at two A.M. every morning to sing matins; they mourn over the decadence of early virtue as if they knew all about it. They are not in their doings at all heedful of "Paul's" injunction, "Obey your bishops," especially if these bishops belong to the "low party," or the "*cummin*" school of churchmen. If they do not openly disobey, they at least play the *rôle* of "artful dodgers." Finding themselves driven to self-defence by the sneers and outcry of their own low church and broadchurch brethren at the "Romanizing tendencies" of their doings, they have been forced by the utter untenability of their position to take up with Catholic doctrines, and have introduced all the practices and dogmas of the true faith among themselves, especially with regard to the "bread and wine," which they declare to be the real sacrament of the Eucharist, and before which they burn as much incense, and go through as many prostrations and meaningless antics as the followers of Mohammed before his coffin at Mecca, and pretty much in the same style, though with less reverence, as little Catholic children "playing mass." For all these things they claim to show an unbroken line of patristical precedents, from that "angel boy" and (very weak) head of their church Edward VI, and thus these descendants of "Bluff King Harry" and "Good Queen Bess" are seeking to

rebuild in our day the form of that which their ancestors destroyed in substance, weak-minded and arrogant people! It is hard to determine whether their grand religious demonstration is the advancing light of a heaven-inspired movement, or the gilded glamour of satanical deceit, leading them, like an *ignis fatuus*, further from the true path, till, lost in the darkness of error, and tangled in the mazy labyrinths of their own conceits, they are, like the guest of old who had not on a wedding-garment, cast from the very banquet-table of the household of faith into extreme darkness, where there is endless weeping and gnashing of teeth. Some, indeed, from first assimilating themselves to the Catholic Church, then gradually being forced to defend it, finally come to know and love and embrace it; but it is a long time before the old leaven of Protestantism is worn out of them; and converts of this class not unfrequently make less strong, hearty, and rugged champions of the faith than a good "ranting Methodist" or "blue-stocking Presbyterian," because the two latter feel the wide change of conversion which, with the former, is more gradual and less perceptible, consequently their old conceits are not so easily knocked out of them. This is more particularly the case in America, for it would be idle, false, and ungrateful to deny the great efficiency of the noble army of converted champions of the faith in England.

Thus we see that this is the age of ritualism. Despite the spread of republican principles, and a consequent disregard of the importance of ceremonies in secular affairs, "Our Separated Brethren" are rapidly advancing in their appreciation of at least the utility of ceremonies in religious matters. This advance, as we have seen, brings them nearer and nearer in their research, as to the nature and object of these ceremonies, to her who from the beginning of Christianity has wisely instituted, fostered, and sanctioned them,—the Roman Catholic Church. The necessity of Catholics thoroughly understanding the ceremonies of their own Church is therefore very obvious, first, that they may be able to give an explanatory reason for them, not only when asked for it, but also that they may fulfil the duty of having a personal knowledge of such matters. Secondly, that they may foster in their own hearts that appreciative love of their religion which always springs from such knowledge. They cannot properly practice their faith without knowing it, and they cannot know it without loving it, hence little love betokens little knowledge; a very simple explanation of the want of that practical faith in everyday life which is, alas, too apparent.

While Protestants are in a certain degree thus advancing, Catholics must likewise show some progress in the same direction. The Catholics of America are becoming too wealthy and too influential to longer plead any excuse for their neglect in this respect; already there is the dawning of a bright era of improvement in this regard, but the sun of correct opinion rises slowly. Yet we look forward hopefully to the hour when its beams, gleaming upon the richly bedighted pages of ritualistic lore and rubrical teaching, will fascinate alike the eye, the mind, and the heart of the children of the Church, clerics and laymen, who will show forth in their learning and practice the letter of its beauties, and in the holiness of their lives the spirit of its teachings.

Happy thrice, we children of our beautiful Mother, the Church of God, who, as the Spouse of Jesus Christ, stands like a queen at his right hand, *in vestitu deaurato circumdata varietate*. Ravished by her

beauty, we will learn to feast our souls on the spiritual delights of God's sacred house; running in the odor of her ointments, we will never fall down before the silver and golden idols of the Gentiles, the false pleasures of the world, nor the counterfeit gods of a man-made religion.

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## WITHIN THE SOUL.

### THE MORTAL.

Oh! throng not thus in fearful crowds
  Around my sickened soul to gloat,
Ye ghosts of blood-red sins, that through
  My thoughts like fiery spectres float!
Oh! hold not up, with mocking laugh,
  The wasted corpse of my dead past—
(Not sleeping amongst holy flowers
  Of virtue, on her fair form cast)—
But, God have pity! leaning lost
  Within your clasping arms of flame;
The wounds ye gave her gaping wide,
  And on a blackened scroll each name,
Each fearful name, ye bear, set down.
  This, laid upon her pulseless breast.
Away! It is a maddening sight!
  Away! Nay, soul, *you must have rest!*
Turn from the thought, chase mem'ry hence,
  Let pleasure come to take her place.
Cease trembling with this dream of dread,
  And join in pleasure's brilliant race.

### THE IMMORTAL.

No; once that sight of my lost past,
  And that sad story of my sin,
Came to a *God in tears*, who prayed
  Gethsemane's lone garden in.
The mind, whose thought creates, bowed down
  To agony, and "sorrowful
E'en unto death," the soul of God
  Became for those who spurned His rule.
Yet e'en in torturing sweat of blood,
  He turned not from the morrow's woe,
But went to meet it, followed it,
  Till it "was consummated;" so
Upon that garden's hallowed ground,
  Dear Jesus, let me watch with Thee;
And let me hide my ruined past
  Deep in Thy holy agony.
From pleasure's race, oh! let me turn,
  To toil with Thee, up Calvary's way.
And "when Thou to Thy kingdom comest,
  Remember me," dear Lord, I pray.

# THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

## Chapter V.

IN WHICH THE READER BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH A WORTHY LANCASHIRE FAMILY; ALSO, THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, AND A FAMILY SECRET.

It stands right away by itself in one of the prettiest villages in Lancashire, that pleasant old Manor House of Squire Mainwaring's, down a lovely vale, with a green lawn before the house sloping even to the waters of the lake; beyond is a range of hills, and all around are glens and dales and smiling meadows, rendering Ashdale one of the prettiest spots Lancashire can boast of possessing. It owned, too, the worthiest people who graced the country for miles around, for the Squire was the true type of an old English gentleman; his doors ever open to the poor and needy, whilst hospitality reigned supreme at Dovercourt. Many and many an old English custom, long since abolished or gone into disuse, was still in full force, and the yule log sparkled and blazed brightly on the Christmas eve; and oxen were roasted whole, and beef and ale were never wanting, if, perchance, the sorrow-stricken and suffering found their way, as they often did, to Dovercourt.

The lady of the Manor House, too, did full credit to her husband's choice, for Mistress Mainwaring, though not without her faults (who is, I should like to know?), was still, in many points, a model lady; loving dearly the young maidens—her daughters—Margaret and Bertha, and also regarding with a mother's honest pride, that tall, handsome son of hers—the rising young barrister, Herbert Mainwaring. Then there was another member of the family whom we have forgotten, for he, by virtue of his holy calling, should, surely, have come before the maidens and the barrister; we mean the saintly chaplain of Dovercourt, a man whose life was without blemish; who never stained his lips with flattery; who paid no idle compliments to those around him, for the sternness of truth was ever on his tongue; and who was the father of the poor at Ashdale. Such was Herbert de Coucy, the venerable French priest, who was chaplain at Dovercourt Manor, for its master was of the Catholic faith.

The Squire and his wife had, with their son, accepted an invitation to the ball so lately held at Fairview, and, a few days later, Mrs. Mainwaring had received the Montagues at her own house. It was not in the power of Mrs. Montague to hold her peace on any subject; consequently, Mrs. Mainwaring was the unwilling recipient of her confidence. Poor Maria's shortcomings were unmercifully handled, and the mention of the unfeeling notice she had so promptly received, raised, to somewhat of indignation, the usually placable and quiet Mrs. Mainwaring, while her friend ended by remarking, "I wonder, for my part, how it is that you have managed so well; Miss Segrave was with you for years."

"True," replied the lady, in her dry, quiet way, "and you might, doubtless, have this Miss Flohrberg with you for years also, as many of your former governesses might have been, if you did not look, as I am apt to think you do, for too many perfections in one person."

"One must receive a fair return

for the salary one gives," replied Mrs. Montague; "I am inclined to think I have merely been more unfortunate than yourself."

Here the conversation closed, and Mrs. Mainwaring mused within herself, remembering, as she did, that this very hard-dealing person had, if report spoke truly, at one time of her life been the needy and fawning slave of another, whom she lived with as companion.

It is evening at Dovercourt; a quiet family party only have assembled, and a very different party they indeed are to those at Fairview, for, though there be much of good in George Montague and his younger daughter, still, the presiding genius of the place is his lady wife, and, unfortunately, one bad disposition in a family too often sways and exercises an evil influence over all.

"I have had a few moments' conversation with the German lady now at Fairview as governess," said the Squire, on the evening to which we have alluded, "and who think you should be her intimate friend at Coblentz, but General O'Donnell."

"General O'Donnell! Can he be a relative of Mary, papa?" chimed in two voices at the same time. "I have heard her say her uncle was in the Austrian service; is he now at Coblentz?"

"Exactly so, my dear," replied the Squire, "and I feel interested in the young lady on this account, and sorry that she should ever have come to Fairview; but," he added, addressing his wife, "was it not your intention to invite Mary here for a few months, as some return for the hospitality with which we were received at Innismore?"

"The invitation has already been sent," replied his wife, "but it may perhaps arrive too late, for, if all we have heard be true, it is not unlikely that Mary has already left *Innismore* for the cloister in which she was educated. Poor Mary!" added the lady, with a sigh; "with such a youth, and such memories of the past, is it possible she can ever know what we understand by the term happiness?"

"But I thought," said her son, "that these O'Donnells, whom I have heard you speak of, were well-to-do people, and that this Mary, with whom Bertha and Margaret became so intimate during your sojourn in Ireland, was their only daughter. What unpleasant reminiscences can *she* have to make her unhappy?"

"Enough, quite enough to make her miserable as long as she lives, unless she be patient and resigned; her story is a very sad one, for Mary is *not* the daughter of the O'Donnells, but only their adopted child."

Herbert Mainwaring leaned forwards, saying, "You have excited my curiosity, so before I bid you farewell, to return to my gloomy old chambers in the Temple, I must insist on hearing all about Mary *O'Donnell*, as I must still call her, till you tell me her real name."

"Well, then, now for my story," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "When first I became known to the O'Donnells, you are all aware that they were not living on their fine old estate of Innismore, but had removed along with Mary, for a few months, to a delightful country villa some miles distance from the Cove of Cork. A lovelier place I never witnessed than the fairy-like domain, small though it was, in which they had taken up their abode. A range of hills at the back of the villa were abundantly stocked with trees and evergreens of various descriptions; roses climbed luxuriantly over the white walls of the house; clematis, honeysuckle, and jasmine creeping amidst their branches. Mary was absent; she was spending the evening to which I allude, in company with Bertha and Margaret, at the

house of a mutual friend, and Mrs. O'Donnell and I were seated together, enjoying the sweet, balmy air, laden with the perfume of the flowers that grew around in such wild luxuriance, when, suddenly, the quietude of the scene was disturbed by the soft, faint sound of a female voice, sweet, though feeble in its tones, and it warbled forth a plaintive, melancholy air, not unfamiliar to my ears. The peculiar sweetness of the voice had attracted my attention, and, whilst I yet listened, the sound drawing nearer, yet nearer, my attention was attracted by an exclamation of alarm from Mrs. O'Donnell; even in the fastly growing twilight I observed that her countenance had become deadly pale; and ere I could speak, the crashing of branches in the garden struck upon my ear, and the next moment the half-clad figure of a woman,—who, squalid and haggard as was her appearance, yet bore the traces of former beauty,—appeared at the French window which opened on to the lawn before the house, and, pushing hastily aside the clematis which hung over it, she rushed into the room, and I beheld her crouching on her knees before Mrs. O'Donnell, whose averted face and outstretched hands told me that this apparent beggar was no stranger.

"'Have mercy on me, and let me but speak to her before I die,' exclaimed the wretched being; 'let me see the face of my own child once more.'

"'Never, never, Ailey Maguire; you know not what you ask,' replied Mrs. O'Donnell. 'Does she not believe you to be dead? Has she not long borne our name, with no reproach attached to her? Call you this affection for your child, or right to me, thus to seek to break your most solemn vow? No, I will not permit this, but I will give you money to help your pressing necessities, and then I must insist on your immediately quitting this place.'

"'And is it yourself, my foster sister, who is forbidding me to see my child,' replied Ailey, rising and wringing her hands. 'Ah, sure, you never had a child of your own, and know not how strong is the love of a mother; and as to your money,' she exclaimed, throwing from her the purse Mrs. O'Donnell had dropped in her hand, 'I want none of it; I would sooner go beg the country through, than owe it to you, if you keep me to my vow.'

"'You will keep your promise, Ailey Maguire,' replied Mrs. O'Donnell, in a tone of cool determination, 'if you really love your child; the instant that you break it, Mary returns to want, to wretchedness, and to you.'

"What sad mystery, then, was couched beneath the words I had heard? Was Mary, then, the fair, accomplished, and elegant Mary, the child, not of my wealthy friend, but of the miserable, emaciated being before me?

"I would willingly shut out from my memory the remembrance of the piercing, heart-thrilling shriek which burst on my ear, as my friend spoke thus. The next moment the unfortunate woman had disappeared from my sight, and I beheld Mrs. O'Donnell terrified and trembling with agitation. I felt sorry I had been present, aware, as I was, that she would feel it necessary to confide to me the secret connected with the parentage of the elegant and accomplished girl we had been led to consider as her own child. We were not likely to be interrupted by the return of the young people; the evening air was delightful, it seemed a positive shame, too, to shut out the bright rays of the moon. But my friend thought otherwise; perhaps, too, she dreaded the return of her unwelcome visitant; be that as it may, she immediately rang for lights, and

ordered the servants to close the shutters. Again alone, she seated herself beside me on the couch, and began by remarking:

"'You, doubtless, thought me very cold and stern in my manner to that poor unfortunate, who has just left us.'

"I saw that she waited for a reply; my whole heart was with that miserable being, and I stammered out, 'Doubtless you have had some sufficient reason for acting as you have done; I never form an opinion hastily.'

"'You have gathered, however, enough to make known to you that Mary is not our child,' she added. 'Now I will tell you her story. Ailey Maguire was my foster sister, her mother being a humble friend of the late lady of Innismore; she had married a tolerably well-to-do farmer, but, my being left motherless, and her baby being about the same age as myself, she insisted on giving me that nurture of which I had been deprived, in consequence of the death of my mother. Ailey grew up a bright-eyed, blooming, and affectionate girl, and, as in my childhood she was constantly at the castle, we may be said to have grown up together, so in my youth we were destined not to be parted, for she was ever there as my attendant, though rather regarded in the light of an humble friend and companion, than in any other capacity. Ailey was about nineteen years old when she came to tell the lady of Innismore that she had promised her hand in marriage to a young man well known to be mixed up with some of those ardent and disaffected spirits so constantly to be met with, and whose misguided, though patriotic, efforts, in the cause of their country, so often bring down trouble on their own heads. We were aware that he was connected with a secret association, and, as my friends really had *Ailey's interest* at heart, they earnestly prayed her to retract the promise she had given; but in vain, passion usurped the place of prudence, and she was alike deaf to the pleadings of her mother, as to the entreaties of the family at Innismore. In an evil hour, she married him, and for a long while we saw nothing of her; but we heard that Bernard Reardon was never at his home, that for hours together Ailey, too, was absent; till the unfortunate news at last burst on the wretched mother's ears, that several of the leaders were caught, and a hot search was instituted for Ailey's husband; for many weeks he lurked amidst the recesses of the mountains, a half-starved, wretched being, the military closely following up the track they had in view; the now miserable Ailey, watching, perhaps, the whole length of a summer's day, could he, but through her means, allay the pangs of hunger with a dry potato, and crouching beneath the shelter of the rocks, so as not to be caught when conveying to him this poor relief, and, conscious all the while, that he was dying of starvation.' However, to be brief," said Mrs. Mainwaring, "for I am telling you the story almost in the words of Mrs. O'Donnell, he was at last captured, and the then distracted wife, deaf to the entreaties of her mother, watched at the gate of the jail, to which she was refused admittance, during three weary days. She then became a mother, and when the time appointed for the trial came on, the unhappy woman was in the court house with her new-born babe; sentence of death was pronounced, and the distracted wife broke through the crowd, threw herself at the feet of the judge, laid her child on his robe, and wildly exclaimed, 'Oh, in mercy kill me, too; the witnesses have sworn falsely, he does not deserve to die.' A scene of terrible confusion en-

sued, and she was carried, shrieking wildly, out of the court-house, not to her own wretched home, to which her wilfulness and folly had led her, but to a comfortable dwelling provided by her broken-hearted mother. For many weeks she hovered between life and death; but one morning whilst the unconscious babe lay nestled in her mother's bosom, the light of reason returned. She had been an undutiful daughter to her, but the poor mother had left her happy home to seek and to save her; she held the innocent babe forward to receive a kiss, and seeing that she was wishful to speak, but that no sound rose to her lips, my poor foster mother guessed what she would say, and exclaimed, 'Praise God, mavourneen; praise Him in your heart,—for he is not dead but transported.' Ailey spoke not, but her tears fell thick and fast, as she listened to her mother's words. When she recovered, it was her mother's earnest wish to take her home with her; but no, she could not content herself without her husband, and, in the madness of her affection, she besieged and got admittance to many persons of rank and influence in the country, beseeching them to let her go out to him. From each one she got the same reply, 'None but criminals were sent out to the colony to which her husband had been transported.' She forgot every duty, every virtue, and resolved even to *become* a criminal for the sake of the idol she had set up in her heart to worship. To be brief, the miserable, half-demented woman committed a crime, which forced the judge to transport her, too, and, with her babe, she left Ireland, for the same penal settlement. However, when she got to the end of her journey, she found that her husband was stationed far up the country, whilst she was to remain near the town. She wrote to him, but weeks lengthened into months, and Ailey received no answer. She had behaved so well, that she was left much at liberty, and that liberty she made use of to further her escape, taking her child with her, and roving, like some wild animal, through a wild country, and—she found him.'

"Here Mrs. O'Donnell paused. I was certain, from the difficulty she had to proceed, and from the tears that moistened her eyes, that the worst remained to be told, and that Ailey's mad idolatry of the creature, for whom she had abandoned her Creator, the object of the wild, ungovernable attachment which filled her heart, and for whom she had become a thief, had met with that punishment which so often awaits, even in this life, those who forsake every other duty for this insane and passionate attachment to the idol they set up in their hearts and worship as their God.

"At length my friend continued. 'Ailey found her husband, as I have told you. But how? Why, as a free man; well-to-do, prosperous, successful in the settlement to which he had been transported, and, moreover, married to the daughter of a wealthy overseer.

"'I really do not know you,' he exclaimed, as Ailey, wishful to surprise him, stole upon him unawares, in the garden that inclosed his comfortable home. Coldly and calmly had those words been said, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed:

"'Am I after all, then, so much altered that you do not know me; but look, see, my Bernard, here are the lines I have carried in my bosom ever since we were married, and these will show I am indeed your wife.'

"'Is it possible, then, that it is you, Ailey,' said the deceitful hypocrite, 'I had entirely forgotten you; you are so much changed after all your trouble; but keep very quiet, and I will do you jus-

tice. I am well off, now, and if you go into yonder shed I'll fetch you and the child some food; bless you, my little Mary,' said he, taking the little girl in his arms and kissing it, and then turning to his wife he urged her to retire to the shed, in which she could shelter herself for the present.

"Foolish Ailey, she forget all his falsity, as she looked upon his face once more; and when, true to his promise, he visited her in the evening, she little recked the weight of the blow that was in store for her.

"'Let me look once more,' said Reardon, 'at the lines you showed me this morning, Ailey, mavourneen, they'll make me think of the past, and of the pleasant days we passed in ould Ireland.'

"In all the simplicity and confidence of unbounded affection, Ailey drew the soiled and crumpled paper she had so often blistered with her tears from the receptacle in which it had been so fondly treasured through many a sad and dismal hour. But what was her horror, her indignation, her surprise, on beholding him tear the paper into a thousand pieces. The distracted woman fell on her knees, and a wild imprecation trembled on her lips, but the innocent child pressed its sweet face to hers, and the already half-uttered curse was changed into a bitter despairing cry; all power seemed to have left her; she fell prostrate on the ground, whilst *he* stood coldly by, offered her money to relieve her necessities, and threatened if she did not depart at once, he would send her back as a runaway convict; and then, wishing her good-night, told her he would give her till the morning to consider of the proposal. Wretched, infatuated being, rightly punished, severe as was her chastisement, for her blind idolatry, for, weak as she was, she must *needs* crawl after him, to see his shadow on the grass, and then returning and praying God to direct her, mingled her tears with those of her child.

"Long and sleepless was that wretched night to both, and ere the dawn of day had wellnigh broke, the mother caught the sudden inspiration of her child.

"'Let us go home, mother; why do we stay here?' she whispered.

"'Yes, why am I staying here? Why do I stay here, again to meet that cold, cruel face, to listen to the harsh threats of him for whom I have sinned and brought such trouble on me?'

"'Long, long, did the wretched woman toil onwards through that wild and desert country, before she reached the spot she had quitted, and, said she:

"'I was afraid they would be hard on me, but they weren't, and, when my time was up, they would have kept me there, but I wanted to set my foot once more on the green sod of my dear native land, and to see my mother before she died; they would have kept the little girl, too, but she would not leave me.

"'And again I looked on dear ould Ireland, and went up to the ould home; but the mother who had loved me only too well had died of grief, though the grass was not yet green on her grave.'

"Yes, changes *had* taken place during the long period of Ailey's absence; the venerated lady of Innismore had passed to her rest, leaving myself in her place; and never shall I forget the night on which my wretched foster sister again stood before me. It was in the gray twilight of an autumn evening. I was ill, my husband absent, and I reclined upon a couch, watching, alternately, the dark shadows of the trees beyond, now shedding their last sere and withered leaves, and their branches

waving to and fro in the evening breeze; and then gazing on the more cheerful scene in the chamber within, with its large, warm fire, flickering ever and anon on the old walls and carved ceiling, but leaving in obscurity the more distant corners, and I was beginning to feel peculiarly nervous, when the step of my own maid fell upon my ear.

"By my directions, she closed the curtains and lighted the lamps, and I then said, 'I feel far from well, to-night, Bridget, so bring your work here, my good girl, for I cannot sit in this large gloomy room alone.'

"The girl hesitated, and then said: 'If madam would not be angry, but there was a poor craythur waiting at the castle gate, who had sorra a bit of clothing on her, and who begged so hard to see her that Bridget had not the heart to refuse asking if her lady would but just see the woman, and make her mind aisy.'

"'Oh! for shame, Biddy,' I languidly replied; 'the idea of asking me to see any one to-night; but go fetch the poor woman here, and remain within call, so that you may be at hand if I want you.'

"Bridget retired, and a few minutes later returned, showing in a woman, whose tattered habiliments bespoke extreme poverty; but the tones of her voice thrilled strangely on my ears, and I was wondering where I had heard them last, when the stranger threw herself at my feet, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed:

"'Oh! foster sister, foster sister, do you not remember the Ailey you once loved so well? Oh! do not tell me that, as mistress of Innismore. you are less kind and gentle than the good young lady with whom I was reared.'

"'Ailey! is it possible it can be Ailey?' I repeated; 'so fearfully altered, and in such a guise as this; can this be the end of the love match, Ailey? Alas, alas; did not your poor mother say truly, that, with the blindness of youth turning a deaf ear to the experience of age, you were, like too many others, rushing headlong to misery?'

"'Ah, foster sister,' replied the wretched woman, 'spare me! Sure I'm after suffering enough now; wouldn't it break the heart of you to know what trouble I have been in;' and then, added Mrs. O'Donnell, in a voice broken by her sobs, and with all the warmth of her nature, 'she narrated, in her own simple language, the painful history I have this night told you.'

"'And what of Mary?' said I, fearing she had ended her tale.

"'All in good time,' replied my friend, with a smile. 'I doubt much whether the extreme sensitiveness of poor Ailey's disposition would ever have brought her to Innismore in her rags and wretchedness, but that the future of this child preyed so heavily upon her heart. Her mother had left her a little property, but not enough for their support; and she told me that all she had attempted to put her hand to had failed; that a ban was on her exertions in consequence of her undutiful conduct to her mother, and the crime she had committed to further her return to the idol she had so wickedly set up in her heart to worship; and that this ban would descend to her innocent child; that, in fact, what she desired was, that *I* would take her child, and bring it up in any way I pleased.

"I at once saw a thousand difficulties in the way. Ailey had fallen so low in our estimation, her crime had been one of no ordinary nature, added to which, all her misfortunes were the fruits of her own wilful obstinacy. I refused, therefore, to undertake the charge, saying:

"'It is morally impossible, Ailey, after all that has passed, that you can *ever* come to Innismore again; but I will place the child in some school, where she shall be well looked after, educated, and then apprenticed to some respectable business, and, in the course of time, be able to help you.'

"'But, lady dear,' exclaimed Ailey, 'if you will but take my desolate girl to your *own* heart, I will promise anything, however hard the trouble, even if it be never to see her sweet face again; even this I'll promise, if you will but take her. Hear me, now, Alana Machree,' she continued, clasping her hands together, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven; 'hear me then, may I never see the blessed light of glory, if I break my word, and look on the sweet face of my child more, if you will but let me send her to you.'

"'It cannot be done,' I replied, shaking my head incredulously; 'your daughter is no longer a mere child, she will pine after you; besides, the memories of how she has been brought up, Ailey, will cling to her like some darksome shadow; it is almost an impossible thing, too, to suppose that her mind has not suffered contamination from contact with those into whose company she has been thrown; I can make you no further promise, Ailey.'

"I was, in truth, getting wearied of the pertinacity with which the unfortunate being followed up her point, when she exclaimed:

"'Sure and you need not be after thinking the child will trouble you about me; it's I myself who'll spirit her away, and a friend of mine shall write, telling you that I am dead.'

"'I can be party to no such deception, Ailey,' I gravely replied; but at that moment a well-known step sounded on my ear, and to my *surprise*, my husband, whom I thought several leagues from Innismore, stood before me. He had entered the adjoining room with a stealthy step, wishing to surprise and please me with his unexpected return, and had thus overheard the greater part of my conversation with Ailey, with some portion of whose sad history he was already well acquainted; and now advancing to me with a smile at my start of surprise, he said:

"'Take the child, my love, it is an act of charity; we will trust in God that she will reflect no discredit upon our care; but, Ailey,' he added, 'you will once for all understand that you have no further connection with her; these are the conditions you have yourself named; on no others can your child be received.'

"'Oh! may the heavens be your bed, sir,' exclaimed poor Ailey, 'for it's the happy and blithe heart you have given me; I'll bring my darling to the castle to-morrow, and you will see how lovely she is, and beyond all, how grateful and how good. And sure has it not been all my trouble lest she should be led away and sin as I have sinned; that thought makes me willing never to look on her sweet face again; and so farewell to you, honored sir, and gentle foster sister,' said Ailey, 'and the blessing of a lone woman's heart be on you for all your kindness to me.'

"The next morning proving unusually fine, I ventured on a ramble amidst the hills around the castle, when the deep silence that reigned around was broken by the full, sweet tones of a woman's voice, warbling one of our own favorite old melodies, such as Ailey and I used to sing together when girls; and a child's voice took up the refrain, and mingled with that of the poor heartbroken mother. At first I could not see them, but I followed, with my eye, the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and I

beheld, seated at the base of one of the hills, the unhappy Ailey, with her arms fondly twined around the waist of a lovely little girl, of some ten or eleven years of age; her laughing blue eyes were raised to her mother's face, and she kissed away the tears which now burst forth.

"'And you will be good to the kind lady who is now going to take care of you; and remember, it won't be very long, Avourneen, before I come back,' said Ailey.

"'Yes, I will be so good, mother darling,' replied the child; 'and your Colleen will be counting all the months till you come back again, to live so happy with all the money you are going to earn in England, and—'

"I broke through the trees which had concealed me, as the child spoke, resolved to put a stop to a dialogue I clearly saw was becoming very painful to poor Ailey, and advancing with a smiling face, I said:

"'This, then, is the little girl, my good Ailey, who is to stay with me, and be my little nurse and companion, till you return.'

"'Ah! honey, darling,' replied the mother, drying her tears, 'this is my own little Mary, my sweet Colleen, who has promised me to be very good till I come back, and never to give trouble to those who are after taking care of her.'

"Sweet, trusting confidence of childhood, to hear was to believe; and Mary, shy, and half afraid, passed from her mother's side to mine, put up her pouting lips for a kiss, and then returning, tried to dry away her mother's tears.

"'I shall leave you here, Ailey, and Mary and I will go and make acquaintance with some of my pet pigeons,' I said, at the same time signing to her that I wished her not to prolong her stay. I saw how her heart was ready to burst, in spite of herself. How she strained her child to her bosom, as if naught on earth should separate her from this one only tie; that it was the devotedness of a mother's love which alone nerved her with courage to make this sacrifice, and I thought it wise, in mercy to herself, to hasten the dreaded moment.

"The whole heart and soul of the mother had spoken in that agonizing embrace; and now advancing, I passed my arm around the child's waist, gayly exclaiming, 'Come along then, Mary, and let us go and see all the fine things which mother saw when she was as little as Mary is now; so good-by, Ailey; I must go alone, unless Mary hastens after me,' I added, turning away. The poor child had indeed only waited for *one* more kiss, and bounded along over the hills, far outstripping myself in quickness of step. I had lingered, too, for one moment, to whisper courage and comfort to the heart of the desolate mother, to force upon her acceptance a well-filled purse, to bid her remember that she had at least acted wisely, and then to cast a last look on the desolate and heart-stricken wayfarer. When I had gained the summit of a hill, she had made but little way, but stood shading her eyes with her hand, vainly hoping to catch one more glimpse of the child, whom I had sent onwards with a message to the castle gates.

"I never beheld Ailey from that morning till she appeared before us to-night, nine years having passed away, though I have often heard from her, as of one leading a wandering, wretched way of life, with no fixed purpose in view. Until now, she has, to the letter, carried out her vow, and even caused news of her death to be conveyed to Mary, a few months after her voluntary separation from her, and it was long before the acuteness of grief the poor girl felt, passed away.

"'As to Mary,' continued Mrs.

O'Donnell, at the close of her long story, 'you know her, and of her I need only say, that to know is to love her; you now know, too, that she has so wound herself around our hearts, that we have formally adopted her, giving her our own name from the moment she returned from the good Carmelites who educated her. Every sweet and gentle virtue that can adorn a woman, graces her character. My sharpest sorrow now is the knowledge that we shall one day lose her. Deeply seated at her heart is the remembrance of her father's wickedness; and, along with her love for her mother, comes, too, the remembrance of that mother's sins. She will never marry; she has often declared that she will never give her hand to any one, as having a right by birth to our time-honored name; or, with such cause to blush for her parentage, bring reproach upon herself and her children. Her desire is to enter a cloister at no very distant period. I now fear lest her usually peaceful frame of mind should be damped by the sudden and unwelcome appearance of a mother whom she has long been led to consider as dead; nay, I may own the truth to you, I had even encouraged a hope that she really had ceased to exist, as more than three years had elapsed after the report was circulated, and I heard nothing from her, till one day a letter, begging for assistance, was brought to me, in her well-remembered handwriting.'

"Such was, almost in her own words, the narrative of Mrs. O'Donnell," said Mrs. Mainwaring; "and you will soon have an opportunity of judging of Mary yourselves; you will see in her an elegant and accomplished Irish girl; one of those blue-eyed, golden-haired beauties whom we not unfrequently meet with, and whose countenance nature has also endowed with a regularity of feature, and sweetness of expression rarely seen; you will notice, too, lively as is her character, a shade of sadness often steal over her countenance, the result, I imagine, of past sorrows; and when she is not speaking to you, she will sit for awhile gazing into vacancy, her thoughts far away, perhaps in that distant land where her brutal father sojourns, calling back to her mind the day which beheld at once his recognition and abandonment of her as his child."

"Are you tired of my story, now?" inquired Mrs. Mainwaring, gazing around on the happy little circle; "you have listened very patiently, so I hope I have not been prolix."

"Tired!" exclaimed the young barrister; "I only wish to see, ere my return to the Temple, the young lady who is the heroine of such a romantic tale." Of course the sisters, Margaret and Bertha, were not tired, for young damsels are generally voracious of news. And we also hope, dear reader, we have not wearied *you* in thus narrating the early history of one of our TWO MARYS.

(To be continued.)

## THE CHURCH ESSENTIALLY IMMUTABLE IN THE POSSESSION AND PERPETUATION OF DIVINE TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

WHEN piety and zeal lead a member of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church to view the foundations of his creed; to search the Sacred Scriptures; to compare the testimonies of ages, thus producing sublime evidence regarding the origin and immutability of the Church, he not only acts religiously, being thus qualified according to the admonition of St. Peter, "*To give satisfaction to every one that asketh a reason of the hope which is in him*," but he, moreover, finds it to be a most delightful duty. Increased joy animates his feelings when he beholds the clear and numerous authorities pointing at the Church as "*The mountain of the Lord's house, where his law is taught and his way made known.*" When it is said the Church has been corrupted, although shocked at such a defamation of the labor of Christ, the very atrocity of the charge renders a well-disposed man more earnest about the promises which afford security for faith. He looks through the sacred volume, and there finds that purity and durability are spoken of as the essential prerogatives of the Church. Throughout his research he does not find one single intimation that the work of wisdom would fail; that the stream of truth would be corrupted; that the Spouse of the Messiah would be depraved, and afterwards be reformed by her own offspring; that she would descend in beauty from the heavens to become tarnished on earth, and obliged to receive from the sons of men the restoration of her primitive splendor. Such phenomena do not enter into the mind of a Catholic; such desolating views do not affect his imagination; such absurd conclusions cannot be drawn from the principles of his instruction. Every reflection of reason, and every testimony of divine truth, give assurance that religion, the saving faith of the Church, is not a slight unsubstantial thing cast to and fro by every passing wind; it is not a meteor, which floats upon the tide of time, subject to the waves of passion. It cannot be compared to a house built on sand by weak-minded men, which, when assailed by the storm, crumbles into dust. It is like unto a structure raised upon a rock, defying the fury of the hurricane and the ravages of the billows. It is the majestic tree watered by a Saviour's blood, springing up to luxuriant magnificence; affording a refuge in its branches and a shelter in its shade; collecting under its mighty canopy all the nations of the earth.

Religion is acceptable to God only inasmuch as it is one and unchangeable; for he is one and unchangeable. It must be perpetually true, as it leads to the throne of Him who is the one unchanging truth. To change Religion is to pretend to change the Deity. Religion is the same in every age, from the beginning to the end of the world. It commenced as a tribute to the perfection of God; such it must continue forever. Such it was for the first man, such it will be for the last appearing on the earth. Religion has become more developed in various dispensations; more illustrious according to the increased distribution of heaven's graces; but it never admits of alteration. Thus it is that the Church wherein the altar of religion has once been

raised, within which have been congregated the flocks to hear, sometimes Prophets, then Apostles, then Pastors, is essentially unchangeable. She stands immovable—all around her ages make their circuit. She is the only unchanged witness of every change. Eternity is her throne—immutability is her motto. In the imperishable structure of the Church of Jesus Christ, no giddiness of principle is to be found, nor any of those sad fatalities which could at all warrant the suspicion of a declension from truth; all is solidity, security, and immutability. The perpetuity of a true faith is the polar star which guides us safely through the doubts and difficulties that beset less confiding minds, until we gaze upon an everlasting Church imbedded in the rock of ages. In it we behold the harmony of the sacred authors—the connection of the various dispensations, and the coincidence of the prophecies with their accomplishment. How the promise made to Adam was renewed to Abraham, confirmed to Moses, published by the Prophets, and accomplished in Jesus Christ, and by him extended unceasingly and unchangeably to all ages and nations. Therein we see religion as a succession of truths depending one upon another; as one eternal chain, of which no link can be broken; held forth in heaven by the hand of infinite mercy, and at last immersing in the effulgent beams of the sun of justice.

All this must appear perfectly clear and decided when we open the Sacred Scripture, where we find a luminous and strong array of testimony proving the necessary and perpetual duration of the Church in all integrity and purity of truth. In the Prophet Isaiah we are informed that God has made a solemn covenant to that effect: "*The Redeemer shall come to Sion —this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; my spirit which is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, henceforth and forever.*"—Isaiah 59. Thus after the advent of Christ, *his Spirit and his words*, that is, the whole amount of doctrine taught by the Redeemer, shall remain with the Church throughout all generations. We are aware that any such alteration as an admixture of truth and error; universal corruption of morals; a shadowing of faith by superstition and such-like, must provoke God's indignation. Now the Lord has solemnly promised that such a calamity shall not befall the Church of all ages and nations: "*As I have sworn that the waters of Noe should no more go over the earth, so I have sworn that I would not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee; for the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.*" Hence, as we are assured that there will not be a second flood, so we are equally assured that the religious institution privileged with the covenant of the Lord, which is indubitably the Church of all ages and nations, will never incur the anger of heaven, and consequently can never deviate from original rectitude, can never halt or swerve on the onward path of eternal purity and truth. The Prophet Daniel speaks of the Church in the following manner: "*In the days of those kingdoms the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and his kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people; and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand forever.*" What peculiar kingdon has God erected on earth? His Church! Behold it then, standing erect before the

Prophet's eyes, amidst the devastations of successive earthly dominions, itself alone indestructible. Remark the promise that "*it shall not be delivered over to another people.*" It shall always continue in the same hands, although generations will be born and die out, still, by the uniformity of system, of laws, of rule, of doctrine, its people will be the same, and it will be perpetuated by a ministry appointed and preserved by the power of heaven. To such an institution the words of the Canticle are justly applied: "*Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?*" Here the Church is beautifully described; first, under the patriarchal law, as the morning rising; second, under the written law of Moses, fair as the moon; thirdly, under the light of the gospel, bright as the sun; and in her last permanent perfection, terrible as an army set in array, on account of the strength against her enemies, over which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

Most certainly those expressive and truly brilliant prophetical passages, taken according to the whole extent of their signification, establish the perpetual truth and unchanging security of the one Church, formerly the dispenser of faith in the Redeemer, and now and forever the witness of His fulfilment of all that had been promised, prefigured, and desired. Those persons who project theories opposed to the claims of the Church, who prefer modern and changeable institutions to its aged and consistent durability, admit its divine origin and coexistence; but they imagine that in the course of time it became subject to the vicissitudes of this earthly scene,—it became affected by the contingencies of man's transitory condition,—in a word, it became corrupted. Could the Church become corrupted? Could we think so? Could we say so in bold contradiction of the solemn declarations of the divine word? Throughout the passages of Scripture, just now recited, the most beautiful imagery borrowed from the familiar scenes of nature; the most sublime conceptions regarding the dominion of God; likewise the plainest language, and comparisons proportioned to every intellect, are produced to point out the path of religion so evidently, that a fool cannot mistake it when he walks in the footsteps of those who have adhered to the religion continuously, uninterruptedly, handed down from generation to generation. Can we imagine religion, pure and undefiled, limited by years? No; eternity is its goal! Can its sacred principles be for a season curtailed by the infirmities of erring mortals? No; it is a kingdom never to be destroyed! Can it become wasted or inefficient in the hands of those with whom it was once and forever deposited, so as to require renovation at the hands of those who establish a new and distinct dominion, by the very fact of their boasted flight from the Church as from a plague-spot? No; it is an indestructible kingdom, which shall not be delivered to another people! Could it be a curse for any number of years, a source of scandal, a cloud upon truth? No; the very reason of its existence, its very life, is the profusion of spiritual light over those who otherwise would sit in the shades of death, and the dispensation of the glad tidings of salvation unto every age and nation. As it happens that in the natural order the heavens and the firmament bear witness to the glory of Omnipotence; thus, in the spiritual order, the Church, brilliant with graces, bears witness to the mercy of redemption. So that, whilst the music of material harmony praises the wondrous works of God, the anthem of religion swells out in the full melody

of ages, making the name of the Lord great among the Gentiles. Instead of determining our reflections on the fortunes of the Church by the standard of earthly corruption, let us rather follow the inspired imagination of the prophets, entranced in the contemplation of religion's bright, exalted progress. Then, raising your eyes from the sacred volume, you are obliged to gaze upon the wide arch of ages, where religion is seen rising out of the deep of divine purity and love. Its ascendant is the climax of all perfection possible within time's extension; as it declines towards the extinction of ages, its golden lightning falls on the expansive ocean, which, spread beyond the barriers of earth, receives the same orb that cheered the first man with faith. Like the sun seen upon our western skies on a bright summer evening, it is unshorn of its radiance, although enabling the eye of faith to view its outline more defined as it sinks within eternity's unfathomable abyss. Never, says the prophet, has it been delivered over to another people; it alone, beneath the heavens, is unfailing and unalterable, sure in its advance, and beneficial in its effects.

Hitherto we have been inquiring, directed only by a borrowed light reflected in the expectation of the world during four thousand years. We will now turn from those prophetic rays unto the universal orb of light that enlighteneth every man coming into this world. Jesus Christ says of himself, "*I am the light of the world.*" Now this Saviour says to his apostles, "*Ye are the light of the world.*" Upon those words I establish the following legitimate reasoning: The light given by Christ to enlighten the world never can fail, never change, never lead to error; but the Church represented by the apostles is the light given by Christ, therefore it *never can* fail, never change, never lead to error. There are some persons who do not hesitate to confine the security of truth merely to the persons of the apostles, or at most to the apostolic age. Such a notion is absurd; for you will please remark that our Saviour provides for the enlightenment of the world. Most assuredly not the world confined within the narrow limits of the personal mission of the apostles, or the few short years of their lives. He speaks of a world including all ages and nations—a world of which he himself is the light; consequently the light extending over that world survives the demise of the first twelve members of the apostolic ministry, and is borne along in the Church founded on the apostles. This is further explained, and the security of the Church against all change is moreover proved, by the terms of Christ's commission recorded in the last verses of St. Mathew. There they are ordered to teach *all nations*, *all things*, during *all days*. It is self-evident that this was not done personally by the apostles. The order of Christ, which certainly cannot fail to obtain its purpose, can be executed only through a ministry living always by a succession to the apostles. In that succession necessarily are found all the privileges communicated personally to the apostles. Therefore the Church, in which that ministry is found, and through which the work of Christ is performed, is possessed of the inextinguishable light of Gospel truth, and therefore is secure against any change. You will please to observe attentively how the institution of his ministry is constructed by the Saviour so as to include all nations, all things, and all days. The comprehensive word *all*, so applied, leaves not a nation, a thing, or a day upon which innovators could raise a pretext for the charge of any change whatsoever. The Saviour, still

speaking to the apostolic ministry, promises the Holy Ghost to abide with them forever, to teach all things, *and bring all things to their mind, whatever he had said.* (John 14.) It would be an outrageous contradiction, to those and many similar declarations of the Divine Redeemer, seriously to suppose that the Church ever changed from what it was in the first moment of its institution.

It will be readily admitted that the apostles are the very best interpreters of the mind and expressions of the world's Redeemer. Let us, then, turn to St. Paul, with whom we find the clearest proofs of the never-failing purity and unchangeableness of the Church. According to him, "*The church is the body of Christ*, and he is the head of his body, that in all things he may hold the primacy." (Col. 1.) "He is the Saviour of (this church) his body." "The church is subject to Christ in all things." Now let me ask, how could a body of which Christ is the head become deformed? If he cease to be the head, how can he hold the primacy in all things? Or if the body perish, even though partially, by any change, how can he be its Saviour? If it submit to the intrusions of errors or superstitions, &c., how can it be subject to him in all things?

Hence follow two truths, which are two established dogmas of our faith: The one, that the successors of the apostles, Jesus Christ being, as we have seen, always with them, shall never teach error, nor ever lose the sacraments; for we must judge of the other sacraments by baptism, which is the first in order, and the foundation of them. The other is, that it is never allowable, on any account whatsoever, to separate from this apostolical succession, because that would be to separate from Jesus Christ, who assures us he is always with it. Here are two dogmas, and two very sure foundations of our faith, which the Divine Word has accordingly proposed to us in express terms, and in the most explicit language. He alone has constructed on this earth an immortal edifice, against which he promised that the gates of hell shall not be able to prevail, assuring his apostles that he will be with their successors, as with themselves, all days, until the end of the world, and thus precluding all future separatists from any lawful commencement of their innovation, or from any infraction of this sacred claim, though but for a day, or for a moment.

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## WINTER.

Rosy Summer speeds away,
With her charms so bright and gay;
A beauteous vision swiftly fled,
She is numbered with the dead.

Ghostlike Winter now has come,
Mantled in her robe of gloom;
She kisses earth with icy breath,
And nature feels the clasp of death.

Pursue not then life's fleeting joys,
Seek not thou vain earthly toys;
Like Summer flowers, they'll fade away,
And in the tomb's cold shade decay.

## PROFESSOR NOAH PORTER BEFORE THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

In the short paper our many occupations allowed us to prepare on "*The Evangelical Alliance*," we promised to refer in an after article to Prof. Noah Porter's paper on "Modern Literature and Christianity." We trust that in the treatment of this subject, which the *Tribune Extra* says is "extremely important," we may be as successful in giving satisfaction as in our previous contribution. If the *Tribune Extra* means that the subject "Modern Literature and Christianity" is important, we are agreed; but, if the *Extra* means that Prof. Porter's paper, in every aspect of its treatment, is "most important," we must ask leave to differ. We think it is illogical in many places, especially in the beginning, where principles are sought to be enumerated. To show this, we only ask the attention of our readers for a few moments, and we will leave the verdict to the public.

"The term literature," says Dr. Porter, "strictly interpreted, would include every printed work which *attracts the attention of the smallest number of readers.* Used in a more limited sense, it would comprehend all those works which, by the importance of their matter, or the perfection of their form, impress themselves upon one or more questions. Thus applied, it would include every able treatise upon Theology, Science, and Philosophy." We leave it to the greatest admirer of Prof. Porter if these three sentences are not contradictory. First, the term literature, "strictly interpreted," includes every work which attracts the smallest number of readers. Not only strictly speaking, but truthfully speaking, such works belong to *literature*, but in many cases they are *the* literature of a nation. Surely Prof. Porter will not descend so low as to say that the literature of a people consists of anything less than the best works, unless he considers the people to mean the lower classes of intellects, able to appreciate nothing save the least worthy portion of a nation's publications. When we desire to praise the literary brilliancy of certain periods, we mention such and such great writers whom that age produced; yet history tells us that rarely did those works receive their due appreciation during the lifetime of their authors. Yet we say such works were the literature of that age. Surely then, these very works which nowadays draw "only the attention of the smallest number of readers," strictly speaking, "alone belong to the true literature of the day," and not those works which, though devoured by the million now, will be repudiated by our successors as unworthy the age which produced those very works that drew "only the attention of the smallest number of readers." "It is obvious that the theme proposed for the present essay," says Prof. Porter, "excludes such works and covers only those printed productions which have a more general character, and elicit a more popular interest; as biography, poetry, fiction, popular orations and essays, as also criticisms and journalism in all its branches."

Unfortunately, the Professor is right in saying that our readers limit themselves in great part to such light works as above enumerated, and hence the reason that the *literature* of this country is limited in its influence, at present to the small number who can distinguish the real metal from the dross which surrounds it. Hence, Dupanloup

says that he is opposed even to the reviews and magazines, inasmuch as they teach readers to be satisfied with a superficial view of subjects. The learned prelate would not be sustained by many in his extreme view of the reading public, but it is not the less true to state that what prevents us from having a real literature is the superabundant supply of what Prof. Porter calls the literature of the people.

"Genius," Dr. Porter continues, "attains its highest form when it divines the popular thought by keen sagacity, and moulds it by fitting words, teaching with authority, improving by eloquence, or entrancing through poetry and fiction." Perhaps we misunderstand the Professor; we cannot see that genius would be manifested in divining the popular thoughts on many occasions, save an *evil* genius, which we are sure the Professor does not mean. On the contrary, genius manifests itself in the effort to oppose the popular thoughts; to bring them back to an appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Genius may, to a certain extent, be shown in divining the popular thought in such cases, with a view to opposition, but the writer who lowers himself to pen what will please the popular thought when this thought is wrong, can in no sense be termed a genius, however well he may succeed in his nefarious literary traffic. We are astonished that Prof. Porter, who is a stanch church member, should have forgotten himself so far as to say that, "If literature is independent, it must be free from all political and ecclesiastic authority. If the censor may restrain, or erase, or confiscate whatever displeases the ruling magistrate or dominant party, disputes what is laid down by the doctor of science or the priest of the Church, literature can hardly be said to exist. It certainly cannot exercise its functions as the herald of new thoughts and the exponent of new emotions. On the other hand there are self-imposed restraints of courtesy and decorum, of fairness and tolerance, which grow out of the functions of literature itself, as the professed exponent of truth, by the light of reason. Literature also aims at culture, and culture presupposes refinement of manner as truly as of diction and imagery."

True independence, as we understand it, is the privilege of doing right without let or hindrance. It is subversive of all order to say that an ecclesiatic, *as such*, must be free to write what he pleases of the doctrines of his Church, misrepresenting or misstating them, as the case may be. The ecclesiastical authority which would tolerate this would be an authority only in name. In like manner, the established form of government is in no way obliged that literature may be "free," to allow the publication of works tending to demoralize society, to subvert established and accepted forms of government. Were it otherwise, every firebrand, according to Dr. Porter's declaration, should be left at liberty to write what he pleases against the government, while the latter, forsooth, is to sit with arms folded and to look at political tricksters pulling down the basis of government, or to bear unmoved the buffets and blindfolding of the enemies of law and order. Literature, to be free, must, like mankind, for whom it is written, be subject to higher powers. We are not in favor of muzzling the press; but infinitely better would it be that three-fourths of the weeklies were stopped by the government, notwithstanding the freedom of the press, than to allow those poisonous potions to be dealt out uninterfered with, week after week, as at present. If places of public infamy are to be held under the strong arm of the law, is nothing

to be done with those weeklies which deal in "biography, poetry, and fiction," the latter raising the passions, the desires, and the fancies of youth to such a pitch that the government which does not interfere with the cause of this depravity is afterwards obliged to punish the results thereof? It is not sufficient to be able to try to suppress illicit publications; some law should be introduced requiring such firms as Peterson, Carleton, and others, to submit their villainous publications for revision before giving their works a chance to still further demoralize the youth of the land.

The Doctor proceeds: "A superficial and frivolous people will demand and accept a frivolous literature. An unbelieving and sensual age will sustain and be sustained by a godless and corrupt literature." These assertions admit of no denial. Their application to our own people and country is of such evident opportuneness, that if Dr. Porter had said nothing else, his time was not lost to a good cause, in the ALLIANCE.

"It follows," says Dr. Porter, "that if a people or an age is capable of literature, this literature must hold *intimate relations* to the religious faith and life of the people of the age." How can the Doctor make this assertion agree with that in which he says that "literature, to be independent, must be free from all *ecclesiastic* authority?" "Intimate relations" with any member of a family supposes, if their relations be good, the approbation of the head of the family, generally speaking. How then can literature bear *intimate relation* to the Church, and still be free from and superior to its authority?

We believe Dr. Porter is sincere in his views. Being a Protestant, he cannot help being illogical as soon as he treads on religious ground; but in the following paragraph he strikes a true vein, and pays, perhaps unmeaningly, but truthfully, a compliment to the Catholic Church, when he declares that "a generation that thinks and feels strongly, will produce a strong and passionate literature. A religion which is founded in the nature of man, and is adapted to his wants, which commends itself to his conscience, and transforms and purifies the press of a nation, cannot but act for good on both the matter and form of literature. Such a religion will elevate and reform the manhood of an age, reaching its manners and speech. It will stimulate the intellect, and guide and inspire the imagination. A religion which is against man's true nature, must dwarf and corrupt the literature, or the literature must overthrow or reform it." Yet this religion, which is to "stimulate the intellect, elevate and refine the manhood of an age," is not to have any control of the literature to be so intimately united with it. Were we criticizing the English of Prof. Porter's paper, we would ask what authority he has for the expression "being capable of literature;" but we allow this to pass. The great importance of having literature subject to some directing agency, at least on spiritual or religious subjects, cannot be better proved than by quoting the Professor's opinion of the power of the "literature of the day." He says: "That literature exerts a powerful influence at the present moment, cannot be denied. It is almost a truism to say that its influence was never so great as now. Never was the authority of its tribunal so imposing. Never did it assume to itself the function of summoning before itself the defenders of a greater variety of opinions, however firmly rooted or sacredly cherished. Never did it criticize so boldly, and yet with such show of courtesy and reason, the faults, the traditions, the tastes and the customs of the

hould, of society, of the forum, he Church."

e Church, then, is to be criti- ; if so, it must be from a re- is standpoint. The Church is inted by Christ to teach men, o dispute with them. How is o teach in religious literature, s is to be independent of her? rding to Dr. Porter, the ch is to be reviewed by critics are her own children; that is, ervant is to be greater than bove the master. The Doctor ced to admit, in the following graph, the incongruity of his nal claim, that literature should e from political and ecclesias- control. Here is what he "The fact that such extrava- estimates of the infallibility erature are entertained, indi- that at present literature, as ared with the other forces of ty, is rapidly increasing in its ve importance and energy. *books and journals which men have more to do with what men e and care for than ever be- . . . In matter of religious g and duty, the journalist is potent than the preacher. The onable poet, or critic of the , has a spell over his read- hich no other enchantment issipate.*" Dr. Porter fails to in the reasons that render the ist and the critic so much powerful with their readers the preacher with his hearers. ormer have a field of illustra- , of portraiture and of refer- with which the people are well inted. The latter has to himself within certain bounds, o certain subjects, the treat- of which does not direct itself intedly to the acquired infor- n of the people. Another n is that the preacher does ften seek to interest his hear- y any novelty of treatment or ty of illustration, both of are used by the critic and essayist. Dr. Porter knows, but did not say, that when modern poets take up any great subject, they succeed only in as far as they give Catholic tone to their selections, or borrow from Catholic tradition in their illustrations. Poetry cannot thrive where religion does not address the heart. When Protestant poets rise to the dignity of their genius, they breathe for the moment the Catholic spirit which permeates their subject. What those gifted with poetic fire become, without the saving guidance of religion, Dr. Porter testifies when he tells us that "pantheism was made plastic through the all-subduing genius and wonderful diction of Goethe." Besides lending his genius to so ignoble a cause, he left after him the disreputable character most opposed to the nature of the poet,—exclusiveness. Everything he viewed came to him in value only as it related to Goethe.

We would like to review Dr. Porter's opinion of Spinoza's relation to the metaphysical questions of his day, but time, space, and the nature of this article forbid.

The atheistic school, as related to Christianity, also receives its share of notice from Dr. Porter. It is a poor commentary on the religious convictions of the members of one of our largest American publishing houses, that they have as authors in their series of scientific works, very few names save those which figure in the atheistic crusade. One of the most largely read magazines issued in the metropolis, Scribner's, also treats its readers, regularly, to the insidious poison these writers furnish. A short time ago we received some copies of this magazine for inspection, and the first thing we came across was one going to prove the stupidity of the belief that the M. B. V. was at all times, before and after the incarnation, a Virgin.

Dr. Porter quotes from Voltaire

and others, showing how sentimental they were, and what high ideas they entertained of mankind; how anxious they were for the happiness of the species, &c., &c. The mere writing of such articles is very little argument in favor of the author of the *Dictionnaire de Philosophie*, or those of his caste. The most outrageously immoral men have discussed most pathetically on virtue. Byron wrote lines to the Blessed Virgin; Rabelais held his breviary in one hand, while he wrote lines on the pleasure of wine with the other; Bacon insisted on the death of a political enemy, and shortly afterwards wrote adulatory letters to the same. If we remember right, Carlyle wrote to show that Judas was excusable for having betrayed Christ, while the traitor-thief interceded for the benefit of the poor. There is nothing in the writings of such men to cause even the most liberal Christian to take a placid view of their influences. It is to the general conduct of these men, to the general term of their works, that we must look for a fair interpretation of their sentiments. The few favorable utterances they have given to Christianity, only go to show that they had grace to see, but refused to open the eyes of their souls to the truths which these lights manifested.

There are many things in the Doctor's paper which deserve marked commendation. He states some facts which are sad, but too true. Thus he asserts of the circle of modern literature, that "it is an axiom that no cultured nor enlightened critic in letters, unless in exceptional cases, can be a believer in the incarnation, or in miracles. . . . The New Testament, which is full of the supernatural Christ, is felt to be more and more out of harmony with the associations of modern culture. It is either thrust aside with a bewildered or impatient gesture, or quietly let alone." Most frequently the latter. Men prefer to be undisturbed by the shadows of spiritual truths or manifestations. Hence, when modern critics, either of the press or the review, touch upon miracles, it is either to deny their occurrence, or to nullify any effect the contemplation of these wonders may have had on the public. Not one secular journal, save, perhaps, the *New York Herald*, has given a fair account of what has transpired at the shrines, now the objects of pilgrimage in France. Where journals have mentioned facts related to these shrines, such notice has invariably been accompanied by the sneer of contempt, or the shrug of unbelief.

Catholics, to a certain extent, should congratulate themselves that they have not patronized periodicals which thus throw ridicule on the religious manifestations of the hour. They may also, perhaps, reproach themselves that they have not given sufficient support to such periodicals and magazines as try to explain, place before their readers an impartial statement of these miraculous events.

Catholics, as a body, do not follow the literary fashions of the day, and for this reason they express such contempt, and eschew with such persistence, journals which seek to enlighten men's minds while blinding their hearts. Irreligion is so much seen, because it is fashionable to appear free-thinkers. Unbelievers have the inside track of the press, and hence they constantly come to the front, while confessing Christians timidly remain in the rear. Dr. Porter pointedly says: . . . "The distrust of the supernatural is largely a matter of fashion, and may be carried so far as to reach the extreme of credulity." Eugenie De Guerin says the same in her country fashion, when she declares that "none believe so much as those who profess to believe nothing."

Doctor says something else, we reprint in full, though are some parts of it which nly be accepted qualifiedly. right, however, in saying reach many, the question of gy must be familiarized gh the medium of the press, subjects being treated in a ır, though respectful tone. iis subject he remarks: . . . ɔlogians must be men of liter- ɔreadth and culture. They be willing and even forward ɔer the arena of literary dis- n, and on the only terms on they can gain a hearing. must forego all special privi- and meet their antagonists as cultivated men, using the ıge which men of letters em- . . . They must be willing to ɔlows as well as to give them. must respect the rules of ous debate, and abstain from ive personalities. In short, nust be accomplished as men ture, and be willing to use e in the exposition and de- of Christian philosophy." We t know that Dr. Porter has ead those beautiful and in- ive articles, bearing the ini- P. E. M., those of our liter- end, Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty. se he would certainly discern udite scholar, who uses the uage of culture in the expo- and defence of Christian ophy."

Catholic clergy have but lit- ıe to write, but when they do think they show much more play than their opponents. were we struck more pow- by the supposed *animus* of ıl writers than lately, when ning a work with a view to ase. "Look out," said a friend, nine that closely; *it seems to been written by a minister.*" at nowadays less confidence ed in the historical appreciа- f character, as given by many Protestant clergymen, than in the views of a pure infidel.

Again we quote commendingly from Dr. Porter's essay, where he says: "Christianity of to-day will be none the worse if she is mindful that she is watched as never before by keen-sighted critics, who have the power of setting forth her defects with wit, grace, energy, and sarcasm. *Her foes can do her far more good than her flatterers.*" This we hold to be true with intelligent Christians, but we know from experience that it is not the case with the lower class of professing Christians. With them, to read such criticisms will be equivalent to a total loss of respect for religious tenets and practices.

We have many other points marked for review, but we have already filled the space allotted us in this month's RECORD. We will not conclude though, without inserting a portion of a letter lately received from a young friend, who is connected with several journals, and whose thoroughly Christian education makes him feel the full weight of his assertions. Speaking of what Catholic colleges do not do in history and literature he says: "There is one thought occurring to me very often, and which, some of these days, I expect to express. . . and that is, whether Catholic educational institutions could not do more than they do to make the influence of Catholic principles felt in almost every branch of study. For instance, in literature, there is a Catholic spirit and a pagan spirit, and I am often surprised to find that the students of Catholic colleges seem totally ignorant of any distinction between them. It is destructive of any man's faith to implicitly follow the popular standard of criticism in these days, and yet I read even in Catholic journals parrot-like repetitions of thoughts, evidently coming from practically infidel sources. Then I

am inclined to believe that the Catholic side of history is not made as prominent as it might be, and above all that the fundamental principles of government and society are not insisted upon with sufficient rigor and impressiveness. . . Many graduates of Catholic colleges are, I am afraid, open to the charge of liberalism or indifference, and that this is, in a measure, due to Catholic educators too closely following the systems of mere secularists, I have little doubt. Time is denied me to more fully develop my thoughts on this subject, but perhaps you will understand the direction in which they tend."

We do not know of any better explanation than the above, why Catholic criticism is not what it should be. All the arguments required are at hand. Let them only be furnished to the rising students, and they will make themselves effectually heard when the proper time will arrive.

Many things in Dr. Porter's paper have displeased and even astonished us. Withal, we have rarely seen an essay of equal length from a Protestant, containing more that may be husbanded with good effect by Catholics, for the furtherance of the prosperity and progress of literature as related to Christianity.

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## THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

THE well-known custom, so long used in Ireland, of keening, or lamenting over the dead, is of the most remote antiquity. History informs us that it was known to the Greeks and Romans, who, however, seem to have borrowed it from the Eastern nations, among whom probably it had its origin; and from the Scriptures we learn that it was practiced among the Israelites. Dr. O'Brien tells us that the word in the Irish language, as originally and more correctly written, is *cine*, and not, as modern orthoëpists have it, *caoine:* and this makes it almost identical with the Hebrew word *cina*, which signifies lamentation or weeping with clapping of hands. The learned Jezreel Jones, in speaking of the Shillah or Tarmazeght, a language or dialect of the inhabitants of the mountainous part of southwestern Barbary, in a letter to John Chamberlayn, dated "Westmonasterii, 24 December, 1714," declares that "the Shilhenses have the same custom as the Arabs, the Jews, and the Irish, of lamenting over the dead, uttering various cries of grief, tearing their hair, and asking the deceased why did he die? why did he leave them? and desiring that death would seize them also, in order that they might rejoin him whom they lamented." According to an old work, Armstrong's History of Minorca, the peasantry of that island in their lament, ask the dead "if he had not food, raiment, and friends—and wherefore then did he die?" Sir Walter Scott informs us that the *coronach* of the Highlanders is precisely similar to the *ululatus* of the Romans, and the *ullaloo* of the Irish; that the words of it are not always articulate, but when they are so, they express the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.

The funeral song introduced in

speare's beautiful play of
celine, where the scene is laid
ales, upon the supposed death
e disguised Imogen, will, no
t, recur to some of our readers.
e Irish have been always re-
able for their funeral lamenta-
, and this peculiarity has been
ed by almost every traveller
visited them; and it seems
ed from their Celtic ancestors,
primeval inhabitants of that
Cambrensis, in the twelfth
ry, says the Irish then musi-
expressed their griefs; that
ey applied the musical art, in
ı they excelled all others, to
rderly celebration of funeral
uies, by dividing the mourn-
to two bodies, each alternately
ıg their part, and the whole
ıes joining in full chorus.
'he body of the deceased,
ed in graveclothes, and orna-
ed with flowers, was placed
bier, or some elevated spot.
elations and *keeners* (singing
ners) then ranged themselves
o divisions, one at the head
:he other at the foot of the
e. The bards and croteries
before prepared the funeral
an. The chief bard of the
chorus began by singing the
ıtanza in a low doleful tone,
ı was softly accompanied by
ıarp: at the conclusion, the
ıemichorus began the lamen-
ı, or *ullaloo*, from the final
of the preceding stanza, in
ı they were answered by the
semichorus; then both united
ɜ general chorus. The chorus
e first stanza being ended, the
bard of the foot semichorus
ı the second gol, or lamenta-
in which they were answered
at of the head, and as before,
united in the general full
s. Thus alternately, were the
and the choruses performed
g the night. The geneal-
rank, possessions, the virtues
ices of the dead were rehears-
ed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased: as, why did he die? If married, whether his wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors? If a woman, whether her daughters were fair or chaste? If a young man, whether he had been crossed in love? or if the blue-eyed maids of Erin had treated him with scorn?"

In ancient times it was the duty of the bard, who was attached to the family of each chief or noble, assisted by some of the household, to raise the funeral song; but, at a more recent period, this has been intrusted to hired mourners, who were remunerated according to the estimation in which their talents were held. We are told that formerly the metrical feet of their compositions were much attended to, but on the decline of the Irish bards these feet were gradually neglected, and they fell into a kind of slipshod metre among the women who have entirely engrossed the office of keeners or mourners.

Of late years the custom has fallen greatly into disuse, and is now of rare occurrence, except in some very few old families, and among the peasantry, and with them it has now generally degenerated into a mere cry of an extremely wild and mournful character, which, however, consisting of several notes, forming a very harmonious musical passage, approaches to a species of song, but is almost always destitute of words.

The crowd of people who assemble at the funerals of the peasantry in some parts of the country, is amazing, often exceeding a thousand persons, men and women. They gather, as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or approach any houses, the wail swells out still louder than before, which gives notice that a fu-

neral is passing, and immediately the people flock out to follow it. In the province of Munster it is said that it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask, "Arrah! who is it that's dead? who is it we're crying for?" The peasantry everywhere are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals of their friends and relations, and they make their relationships branch out to a great extent. The proof that a poor man has been well beloved during his life, is his having a crowded funeral. Even the poorest people have their own burying-places, that is, spots of ground in the churchyards, which are situated sometimes in the wildest parts of the mountains, their situation indicated by some remnant of a ruin, and a few scattered tombstones and the low green hillocks of the graves. Here, they say, their ancestors have been buried ever since the wars of Ireland; and, though these burial-places should be many miles from the place where a man dies, his friends and neighbors take care to carry his corpse thither.

The first time I ever heard the funeral cry, I was greatly struck by it, owing, perhaps, in some degree, to its coming upon me quite unexpectedly. I was riding along an unfrequented road in one of the most retired parts of the County of Meath; I well remember it was a lovely morning early in spring: the trees were rapidly assuming their most brilliant clothing of green, there was a genial warmth in the air, the sun shone out brightly, and the lively songs of the birds added their animating influence at once to cheer and tranquillize the feelings, and I sauntered on in that delightful state of mind which one enjoys when, all the cares and anxieties of life for a few *short* moments utterly forgotten, one is engaged solely in drinking in a variety of undefinable, but yet highly pleasurable emotions from every quarter. A faint wailing sound, so wild and indescribable that it seemed almost unearthly, came floating on the light morning breeze, but so indistinct and so faint from distance, that it was repeated more than once before I could be quite certain that it was more than mere imagination. However, I heard it again and again at intervals of a few seconds, the sound becoming each time more distinct as I approached the quarter from whence it came, or the wind bore it a little more strongly towards me. From a sort of murmur it swelled out into a full tone, and then died away into silence; I know nothing it resembled so much as the sounds of an Æolian harp, as they rise gradually in strength, and then sink into the softest cadences. At length, reaching a turn in the road, I perceived at some distance a vast crowd of people advancing towards me, and stretching along a considerable extent of ground; part of them only I was able to see, the remainder were concealed from my view by the windings of the road. In the front, where the crowd was most dense, I distinguished by their cloaks (several of which being scarlet gave a highly pictorial effect to the group) twenty or thirty females, and, in the midst of them, a bier carried by men, who were occasionally relieved by others of those nearest to them. I soon perceived that the funeral song was begun by some of these women, that it was gradually swelled by the voices of the remainder, and the men joined occasionally their deeper tones. The effect of the whole was most striking, and had something even grand in it; the song was guttural, but by no means monotonous, and whether the contrast with the bright and joyous

g morning may not have ren-
. it more melancholy and lu-
ous I know not, but it cer-
' struck me as the most singu-
plaintive and mournful ex-
ion of excessive grief that
well be imagined.

I drew nearer I perceived
he persons who composed the
ge were affected by very dif-
; feelings indeed. Some few
ose who followed close to the
were evidently overcome by
nost heartfelt and poignant
ion. Some of the women es-
lly gave way to the most un-
ined and vehement expression
ie liveliest sorrow, weeping
, throwing up their hands and
ing them together, or striking
violently against their bo-

It occurred to me involun-
that it was no small trial of
rue pathos of this ancient
ly to see that it bore with un-
ished effect so close a juxta-
on with the real demonstra-
of genuine and unartificial
indeed I fancied at times
ome of them, even in the ut-
abandonment of their sorrow,
l in the wail of the other wo-
who, by their undisturbed
enances, and unagitated de-
or, pointed themselves out as
rofessional *keeners* who as-
. on the occasion.

soon as the foremost persons
up to me, I raised my hat for
nent, and turned my horse's
about, aware that it is deemed
ky if any person meeting a
al passes it without turning
to accompany it at least some
distance. I am always anxious
ld to such prejudices as this
g my countrymen; it costs
nuch trouble to show some
respect to their feelings, and I
one is especially called on so
upon such occasions. It al-
appeared to me that trifles
hese serve greatly to draw to-
r the bonds of charity and
friendly feeling between the different classes in this much-divided country, which it is to be lamented are often heedlessly and rudely broken through by many who, unobservant of mankind, know not that it is one of those immutable laws inherent in our very nature, and nowhere of more force than in the bosoms of our warmhearted countrymen, that a far deeper feeling of gratitude and affection is engendered by an expression of sympathy or participation either in sorrow or joy than by labored kindnesses, which in truth are often felt as absolutely oppressive.

By reining in my horse, I gradually allowed the whole crowd to pass me by, though it seemed almost to be interminable; I was astonished at finding that it extended probably along upwards of a mile of the road and consisted of not less than two thousand people. I then resumed my journey, and in a few minutes the intervening ground hid the entire procession from my view, and the funeral wail gradually became distant, and at last totally died away.

I subsequently learned that the deceased was a very extensive farmer, claiming to be a descendant of one of the old native families, who derive their lineage from the ancient princes of our land; that he had just terminated a long life spent from his childhood on his paternal inheritance, in constant intercourse with the poor peasantry, by whom he was much beloved, not only in consequence of his ancient descent, but from his having had the character of exercising lavishly the hospitality of the olden time, besides possessing pre-eminently in his own person many of the other virtues and qualities which stand highest in the estimation of our countrymen.

It is an interesting fact that Curran, who was from his infancy familiar with the language of his

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country, and in his youthful days took especial pleasure in constantly mixing in the social meetings of the peasantry, has been known to declare that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from the compositions of the hired mourner over the dead.

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## A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE mighty God, the Prince of peace,
  Took flesh in virgin's womb;
And He, whose name is wonderful,
  To this dark world is come.
The government is his, and all
  The nations own his sway;
His enemies shall prostrate fall,
  And vanish soon away.
A brighter star than e'er before
  Gilded the sky with light,
To show the Saviour's meek abode,
  Cheered the lone hour of night.
The angels tuned their harps of fire,
  And, from the deep blue sky,
With songs proclaimed the boundless joy,
  That filled the world on high.
In a stable's lowly manger
  Was the infant laid to rest;
But his Virgin Mother near him,
  Soothed and took him to her breast.
Thus the Eastern Magi found him,
  And, adoring at his feet,
Offered gifts of hidden meaning,
  Gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet.
The gold they gave him as their king,
  The myrrh means mortal grief and care;
To God the censer's smoke ascends,
  Emblem of faith and prayer.
Adorable Jesus! Blessed Mary!
  Shield us with protecting love;
Guard our souls from sin forever,
  Take us to the world above!

# EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND ITS NEW YORK CONVOCATION.*

We have read with great pleasure the article in the November number of the Catholic Record, with the title "The Evangelical Alliance," and we thank the author for his able exposition of the motives, movements, and mistakes of that mobile body.

Had the convocation in New York been really the first meeting of the piebald society, called the "Evangelical Alliance," it would of course have been the last. The effect, so far as that single convention is concerned, was, 1st. The mystification of most of the well-meaning Evangelicals of the country, who really believe themselves right, and are grateful to any who will prove them so.

2d. The stirring up of the spirit of radicals of that portion of the press, that by a daily exposure of the idea become sensitive to the contempt to which a want of logic exposes those who undertake to treat and to censure this portion of the press, could not fail to see that the tendencies of the arguments and denunciation and unrestrained assertion of the speakers of the Alliance tended to the same unevangelical creed which they (that class of editors) held, and which from day to day they filter through their pens and send abroad by their type and press.

But while these conductors of the press saw the direct infidel tendency of this Evangelic Alliance's teaching, and felt how directly that tendency was towards their own views, they fully despised the meanness of the speakers who would attempt to conceal from the public the unavoidable end of such argument. The conductors of the New York press seem to be utterly astonished at the hypocrisy of men whose talents, attainments, and powers of eloquence they were so ready to applaud.

3d. The uncharitable, most unchristian, and therefore, we should suppose, most "unevangelical" temper manifested by the speakers of the Alliance, awakened several of the Catholic clergy of New York to a most Catholic and Christian examination of the assertions and denunciations of the Alliance. And the good spirit which pervaded these pulpit discourses placed the Catholic Church higher in the estimation of the thinking portion of New York than it was before the onslaught of the Alliance.

4th. The alliance between the nonconformist and the great representative of the Church of England, by which the Dean of Canterbury sat at the communion table with Evangelicals of all creeds, brought down the protest of the Anglican Bishop Tozer upon the very reverend Dean, and over his shoulder the rod reaches a considerable number of American bishops. The protest of Bishop Tozer awakened the denunciation of the theologians of the press of our country, and in the first place Bishop Tozer was ridiculed as being only a bishop for poor people. Secondly, he was denounced as wholly uncharitable, and entirely destitute of that Christian charity which unites all Evangelical Christians of every denomination, and all denominations indeed, and induces them to unite in the commemorative ceremony of the Lord's Supper; and he and all (chiefly it was hinted) the Catholics who were opposed to such a universal union at the Lord's

* From an eminent gentleman of Philadelphia.

Table were pointed at as ignorant, bigoted people, unappreciative of the glories of the nineteenth century. We do not know when we have seen the secular press more fiercely indignant, or more scathingly denunciative, or more prolific in insulting ridicule than it was in its attacks on the poor Bishop Tozer, and all who held with him as to close communion. But there are the Baptists, one of the most numerous Christian organizations in this country, who hold to close communion, and who, notwithstanding their pride at being invited to share in the labors of this meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, had to submit to these terrible attacks upon their specialty. But as the Baptists are evangelical, perhaps they dare not resent the attack and church ridicule. Perhaps, for the sake of the consequence reflected upon them by lord bishops and very reverend deans, they may be inquiring whether it would not be better to give up the doctrine of close communion, which they derive from the Scriptures, and adopt the stronger light of the nineteenth century. The Baptists were formerly made of sterner stuff, and those of them whom we know now will, we think, wake up to the ridiculous position in which this new Alliance places them.

It seems really as if a new religion were to be established, and the Emperor of Germany to be the "nursing-father." Some of the old emperors, especially the Henrys of a distant period, undertook the same office.

The utter failure of this congress of the Holy Alliance, its fizzle, as a rather common-place writer expresses it, precluded any action in New York towards perpetuating its influence. And we now recollect that there was a branch of that congress held in this city, in the Broad Street Theatre, and small branches flourished in neighboring churches. One result of the New York fizzle, and that in this city, was—

5th. A meeting of clergy and laity in Spring Garden some weeks since. Of this result we need say but little. It was of no appreciable consequence, excepting as showing the form which the influence of the congress of the Evangelical Alliance in New York is likely to assume. The action of that Spring Garden gathering had two salient points. The first was an attack upon the Catholics in relation to the schools, not, let it be understood, that the Catholics are opposed to schools; on the contrary, they have schools, and academies, and colleges, and ask for more; but then the Catholics think that religion is not a merely Sunday service, and hence they wish that the minds of children should be imbued with Christianity as well as with arithmetic; and as they have to pay their share of the public funds that are directed to the support of public schools, they wish to have the instruction of their schools to include the great duty of man. They do not ask that because they pay their part of public instruction, that the study of the dogmas of their Church should be imposed upon those who pay their share and do not hold to those doctrines. They ask for themselves only what they are willing should be granted to others.

Catholics say to their fellow-citizens of other creeds: "You think our creed is wrong, and you do not wish your children to be instructed therein. We think your creed is wrong, and we do not wish our children to be instructed therein." Why should the public funds be devoted to schools of your kind, to the direct infringement of right? which are as much ours as your portion is yours, and as sacred to us as to you.

We desire, if we have to pay taxes for public schools, that our

families and ourselves should be represented in those schools. We hold to the truth of the great axiom which our fathers enunciated, viz.: that "taxation and representation should go together."

The taxation was abundant in the time of our fathers, but the representation was not allowed till the plan for representation was changed. The British Parliament was not open to Americans, whose taxes helped to sustain that Parliament. So the people of the country took the taxes into their own hands and paid when they needed service.

The Catholics never object to paying that portion of the general tax which is devoted to the education of children. Only they ask that what they pay may not be appropriated to the promulgation of what they consider subversive of that faith by which they hope for everlasting life.

But it is said "the Catholics are opposed to education as they are opposed to the public schools." There are two errors. No Catholic is opposed to a public school. Almost every Catholic church in this State has a school in which is taught the same branches of education that are studied in the public school, and proficiency is made under the Catholic teacher. Is it a sign that Catholics are opposed to education, because they wish their children to be instructed in their creed, and to have that kind of education go on *pari passu*, with ordinary school studies? Then are the Episcopalians opposed to education, as they are seeking by all means in their power to establish and maintain Episcopal parish schools. And no one can fail to remember, who has ever seen the handsome and capacious school buildings of the Society of Friends, in Race Street near Fifteenth, or can overlook the several academies and colleges of that denomination of Christians. But it is not profitable to assail the Episcopalians and the Friends. The question with the Catholics is one of money; generally they are not rich like the Episcopalians and the Friends, and can, therefore, scarcely afford to pay their quota of the general tax for the public schools, and then to build their own school-houses and maintain their own schools. England effected one of her great purposes directly by making it a penal offence to educate Irish Catholics. In this country a more circuitous course is recommended by the local Evangelical Alliance.

The conscience of the Catholic children is to be wounded if they go to public schools; and the purses of Catholic parents are to be exhausted if they are compelled to pay for public and also for parochial schools.

We hear estimable Protestant gentlemen say: "Surely there is no danger to the Catholic children in schools wherein no religious instruction is given."

We say that the books of the public schools are anti-Catholic. Until lately they have contained gross falsehoods as regards Catholic actions, Catholic customs, and Catholic creeds. Earnest protest was made against the use of such books in classes where there are Catholic pupils, and for some cause, or rather causes, these books were partially expurgated, but they are partial, and in that respect as histories they are false.

But suppose for a moment an entire impartiality in the books and in the teacher. Is it the duty of Christian parents to send their children to schools *where no religious instruction is given?*

What is the worth of all those years, when the mind and character of the pupil are being fashioned, if in that fashioning the ingredients and the form are not affected by religious sentiment and religious principle? "And man is a bundle of

habits," says the old proverb. What is that bundle to him, if in it there is no religion?

People complain that these public schools are sometimes injuriously denominated *atheistical*. If by that term any person supposes that positive teaching against the existence of a God is intended, then the complaint may be well founded. But as "atheist" really means without God, it would seem that a school in which no religion was taught, was "without God," and, so far, atheist.

But the small branch—a twig only—of the Evangelical Alliance that shot forth in Spring Garden, made the customary point in the Bible. We will not discuss such a matter with the speakers. They know perfectly well that what they call "the Bible" is not what is claimed by the Catholics to be the "Holy Scriptures." And they know well that they do not care for the influence of God's word, because they do not think of any importance what construction man, woman, or child may put upon the sacred text. But will those pious allies take into their own schools, and use as a text-book, the Catholic translation of the Holy Bible?

But a more terrible alarm is sounded by this little Evangelical Alliance: "The Jesuits are coming!" Already five or six of those persons have reached this country, and are known to be among the forty million of people that make up our population, and perhaps more are coming. Several congregations of this order we know have existed in this country for some time; but as they have raised no difficulties, nor upset our national, state, or city governments, it is probable that the danger lies altogether in those who are to present themselves as victims of the cursed persecutions of the Emperor of Prussia, or of the besotted King of Italy.

We do not know exactly what direction the ambition or destructive tendencies of these coming Jesuits are to take. Perhaps it will be by interference with the administration of our national affairs. That seems to be the usual charge against them. In this country the Jesuits have been used by the government to promote peaceful and docile dispositions among the fierce tribes of natives in the interior and on the western slopes of our mountains, and they have been eminently successful in their self-sacrificing efforts, and have received the thanks of the President, and we do not know that any Jesuits have been charged with attempt to do wrong to the government.

But it is said that they *will* attempt to influence the government, and make themselves a power. Now any person of ordinary observation might laugh at such a bugbear. We do not laugh at it; we only say that, under existing circumstances, the Jesuits, if they were twenty times as numerous as they are throughout the world, and if they were all here, could gain no influence in the administration of national affairs.

We will not pretend to deny the possibility of such an influence under *some* circumstances, as it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that another order, or rather another religious denomination has acquired an influence in the administration of national affairs that is exciting the fear of some and the envy of others. Undoubtedly a religious denomination has influenced by its superior the policy of the government, especially in the disposal of office. Home official position has been coupled with foreign trusts, for the last of which the incumbent is rendered almost necessarily incompetent by the character and requirement of the *first*; and recent exposition of the affairs of our

public establishment show that he who lays apostolic hands on spiritual aspirants is potent in the distribution of large and small office of a totally secular character.

We do not say that such an interference in behalf of aspirants of a particular denomination is wrong in the head of that denomination, provided that the favorites are competent to discharge the duties of the places to which they are appointed.

We only mean to say that just what is attributed as a heinous offence in people of one denomination may be found in full practice by those who make the charge as implying misdemeanor in others.

We do not mean to be aggressive; we are only giving expression to some of the feelings which are excited by the coarse assaults of men who wish to strengthen bad prejudices, and thus provoke a contest that must disturb the general peace.

We know the charity and the patriotism of a large portion of our separated brethren, but we know also how potent is the voice of mischief among those whose prejudices are cultivated with care; and we know also how impotent to check outrage are the wishes and good intentions of those who, thinking justly themselves, do not suspect others of wrong.

We repeat it, we do not mean to be aggressive; but it is due to truth, to public peace and sound morals, that the mischievous intentions of certain persons be exposed, and if necessary, to show that the charge against a certain religious order of one denomination of Christians may be more than sustained against the self-righteous of another denomination. And we reserve, until further assaults shall demand response, the particulars that sustain our reference.

The meeting of the "Evangelical Alliance" in New York was confessedly a failure. The secular press of the city, having a spirit of independence arising out of the means of its proprietors (or were the means the result of this independence?), that press has generally done justice to the talents and learning of many of the members of that body, but has not failed of treating the convention with a ridicule that was partially spared, out of respect to the motives assigned for the Alliance, and of the foreign connection of some of the representatives, especially in some other relations which they hold.

It is a terrible thing for men of large self-esteem to find themselves in a ridiculous position, and to find the censure which they feel that they have deserved withheld, avowedly, on merciful consideration. The scourge is kept up or only lightly applied lest it reach over the back of some of the offenders and wound the innocent.

It is not probable that this convocation will be repeated in the same form in this country; certainly not by the same persons from the other side of the water. The convocation will be attempted here on a smaller scale. Sudden wealth and feeble judgment produce strange results, and failure to secure social position by ordinary means often drives people to eccentricity of manners, or excessive profession of piety, or even of vice, to secure distinction.

But surely the English, the Irish, and the Scotch delegates to the great New York failure are pursuing their game with more fierceness than judgment. Is it not enough that, by the most disgraceful and abhorrent of all penal laws, they and their coreligionists have, by denying to the Catholics secular education and the worship of God according to the dictates of their conscience, driven so many thousands from their homes in Great Britain and Ireland, but they must

follow them in their exile and seek to excite hostility, fierce and destructive, against them, in the land which they are enriching by their labors, and in which they are enjoying and promoting civil and religious liberty?

If there are people in the old countries who wish to make a little money or a little fame, by comparing their scientific or literary powers with those of our own people, courtesy seems to require that they should be heard, and fed, and paid; but neither courtesy nor self-respect need be taxed when these vagrant visitors assemble to scatter broadcast the seed of social destruction, and provoke hostility by their misrepresentation.

To some of the members of the Evangelical Alliance the censure and the ridicule which the proceedings of their convention justly provoked will be painful and mortifying, and they will regret that they were so misled as to expose themselves to the natural consequence of improper association.

To others of that body praise and ridicule will be alike welcome; anything, even censure, that brings their names into print is desirable. Their self-complacency is as impenetrable to censure as the skin of a rhinoceros to the arrow of the hunter.

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## A GIRL'S DILEMMA.

This is the anniversary of an important day in my life. I will keep it by recording the events that led to my present position; let not those stay to read whose hearts have grown too old to relish a love story.

At eighteen, I was one of the most thoughtless of human beings. My widowed father, a rich merchant, had humored every whim from infancy, and asked nothing of me in return but lightheartedness and affection. No one could have known less than I of the shadows and sorrows of life, or have been more childishly occupied in the present. It was the night of my first party, to which I was to be introduced under the most flattering auspices; I was half wild with excitement, and the moment my toilet was completed, I flew down stairs to show myself to my father, who was not going with me, as at first arranged, being prevented, he said, by sudden and insurmountable engagements. Well I remember how impatiently I burst open the dining-room door, and with what a bound of elation I sprang towards the spot where he stood, spreading out my beautiful dress, and making before him a sweeping courtesy. I seem to hear now the soft rustle of lace and satin; to feel the glow that burned on my cheeks, and the quick throbbings of my happy heart. I had not at first noticed, in my eagerness, that the table was covered with papers, and that my father was not alone. Mr. Lacy, a lawyer, his friend and mine—for I had known him from my cradle—sat opposite to him, and a second glance showed me how grave and anxious were the faces of both.

"What is the matter?" I asked, laying my hand caressingly on my father's shoulder. He looked at me fondly till I saw the tears brim his eyes.

"My darling!" he said in an

abrupt passionate way. "We will not tell her, Lacy. It would be cruel. Let her have at least a few more happy hours; she need not know to-night. How will she bear it?"

Mr. Lacy looked increasingly grave. I had become very grave too; my childish excitement seemed to have given place to a sudden and almost womanly seriousness.

"It is of no use hiding anything from me," I said, trying to smile, though I trembled from head to foot in vague foreboding. "I could not go to the party now; tell me what has happened." The expression of my father's face deepened to anguish; he put his hands before it, as if the sight of me was too painful to bear. I turned to Mr. Lacy.

"Do you tell me!" I implored. Mr. Lacy fixed upon me the fine searching eyes whose reproof had been the sorest penalty of my life hitherto, and kept up the scrutiny till I could bear it no longer, earnest and kindly as it was. I knelt on a cushion before him, and leaning my arms on his knees in a favorite attitude, I returned his gaze with a steady though tearful one.

"Try me," I said; "perhaps I am more than the giddy child you think me. Besides, it cannot be so dreadful—you are both alive and well!"

A peculiar expression passed over Mr. Lacy's face. He seemed hesitating whether to draw me into his arms, or to push me from him: he did neither, but rose up suddenly, putting me gently back, and took a few turns through the room.

"Halford," he said presently, and in agitated tones, "once more I renew my offer. Of what use is wealth like mine to a lonely man? With the help I can give, you may keep your credit, and breast this storm. You shrink from an obligation there is a chance of your never being able to cancel? Well, I will change places with you. Give me in return—that is, if I can win her to consent—your daughter as my wife!" My father looked up with a literal gasp of astonishment. Mr. Lacy went on without heeding him. "I am a fool, no doubt," he said; "but the time has long gone by when Mildred was a child to me. For the last two years, I have felt from the depths of my heart that she was a woman; I have fought against the insane wish to win her for my wife; my age, my past relations with her, seemed to make it a crime. Now I have spoken: God knows, as much to save you from the disgrace you are so obstinately bent on meeting, and her from the poverty that would crush her youth, as to satisfy my own feelings. What she is to me, words cannot say; how I will guard and love her, my life only could prove. Mildred, what do you say?"

He paused opposite me, and took my hand: I was like one in a dream. Love! Marriage! Brought up as I had been at home, I had speculated less on these points than most girls of my age. I had vague theories, indeed, gathered from poets and novelists; and my feelings for Mr. Lacy, a man of forty years of age, who had nursed me as an infant, and whom I regarded with almost unlimited reverence as one of the best and wisest of the race, did not seem to correspond with them. I was unworthy of the honor—incapable of fulfilling the office of wife to such a man. Wife! —it seemed almost wicked to mention the word to such a child as I was. I shrank back from him towards my father, my cheeks burning, and my eyes full of tears.

"You refuse me, Mildred?" said he. "I should be a villain to take advantage of my position, and urge you. Yet in my heart I believe I could make you happy: what would you have but youth that I could not give you? There are many

chances against your ever being offered again a strong, honest, undivided heart like mine. No young man could love as I do. Mildred, what you might be to me!"

The strange tone of passionate earnestness made my heart beat thick. I glanced at my father; he was watching me with intense anxiety: no need to question what his wishes were. As for the meaning of this strange scene, I wanted no details; enough that some monetary crisis had come, that threatened disgrace and ruin. I could avert it; and how? By marrying one whose affection might have gratified the most ambitious heart —one of the noblest of men—one I loved, though perhaps not as he loved me. In that hour of excitement, and in my undisciplined mind, little was I prepared to weigh remote possibilities and contingencies; besides, I was ardent, excitable, apt to mistake impulse for sentiment. "Mildred, what you might be to me!" wrought upon my sensibility; his expression of subdued emotion still further moved me. It never occurred to me, to demand time for explanation and reflection. I felt constrained to answer him then and there.

"If I were less a child," I said, blushing and trembling—"if I were more your equal"—

It was enough: he drew near me, and clasped me in his arms. Then releasing me, and gazing at me seriously: "You give yourself to me willingly, Mildred; but I will not bind you. Six months hence, I will give you back your freedom, if you are not happy; and you will find it hard to deceive a love like mine."

My father rose and grasped his hand in silence. "God bless you," he said at length; "I would have borne much to secure such a protector for my child. Leave us, Mildred, to arrange some matters *that cannot* be delayed even till the morning." I was eager to obey, and be alone to think; and I left the room without a backward glance.

That half hour had revolutionized my whole being. I was a child no longer. I locked my bedroom door, to give way to all the tumultuous emotions of a woman. Sued for as a wife—engaged! I looked at myself in the glass, and wondered that a man like Mr. Lacy could love such a young unformed creature as I appeared. There was an incongruity in it that struck me painfully. Still, there was a distinction in his regard that flattered me; I had a very high esteem for him; I was warding off a calamity from my father; I loved no one else—no doubt I should be very happy. I sat down on the edge of the bed, and leaned my head—little used to ache with such grave matters of reflection—upon my hand. Unaccustomed to dream, at that moment an involuntary dream rose before my imagination. Instead of this strange compact, the wooing of a youthful lover; instead of mere consent on my part, the delicious hopes, the rich fruition of a conscious, active passion. Might it not have been thus? If beauty won love, I was fair enough; if freshness and strength of heart were needed, how mine throbbed under the ideal of bliss! The sound of Mr. Lacy's voice recalled me to a sense of my duty to him; it was wrong to dream of such girlish possibilities now.

He was going away, and my father had accompanied him to the head of the staircase. I suppose he had asked him if he would not wish to bid me good-night, for I heard him answer: "No; she would not wish to be disturbed—I fear to weary her. God forgive me if I am acting a selfish part!" I rose up resolutely; no more such weakness as that of the last hour: he was worthy of a woman's love and

We went in; he placed me a chair near the fire, and closed the door carefully, then came up to me, standing before me as he spoke:

"This day six months ago, Mildred, I made a promise I am going to redeem. If you are not happy, I said, I will free you from the engagement you made with me. You are not happy. I suspected the truth from your letters—those painful letters—and I saw it confirmed the first night of my arrival. The expression of your face, the tone of your voice when you spoke, would have set the strongest doubt at rest, killed the most pertinacious hope." He paused a moment, then went on as calmly as before: "I acquit you of all blame, Mildred; it was I that acted the unworthy part, taking unmanly advantage of my power to help your father and your untried child's heart. If I were not now the only sufferer, I could scarcely bear the retrospect; but I am, thank God! As for your father, our fears magnified his danger: the little help I was able to give, has re-established his position as firmly as before. He will repay me; you owe me nothing. I have had a wild dream, but I am awake at last—awake enough to see it was a fool's idea that a man like me could win a young girl's heart."

He was calm no longer; but he turned abruptly away to hide his emotion.

"Mr. Lacy," I cried, striving to stifle the conflict of my love, "I would fain do right. I have a deep esteem for you—I"—— I broke off. "Give me a little time," I added, passionately renewing the effort; "I shall conquer this love of mine—I will become worthy of you after all!"

"Conquer the purest feeling of a woman's heart! Offer yourself a sacrifice to my selfishness! No, no; Mildred, yours is the season of blessedness—mine is already

But he was as full of disinterested ardor in his profession as Mr. Lacy in his; had the same deep desire to be of use in his generation—the same unselfish plans and aspirations; only he unfolded them with such a winning self-mistrust, as if he doubted his worthiness for the high vocation of benevolence, until he warmed into enthusiasm; and then the passion of his speech, the very extravagance of his youthful hopes, thrilled me with a power far beyond the reasoned wisdom of Mr. Lacy's enterprises. Oh, I longed to join hands with him in his life-journey, and lend my aid to the working out of his Utopia, with a spontaneous fervor of desire never known before!

Lesser things lent their aid. He was a fine musician, and an enthusiast in the art: we practiced constantly together. He taught me how to play and sing the German compositions he had introduced to me. I do not wish to dwell on details; but who does not know how subtle a medium of love a kindred pursuit and enjoyment of music is? —and Mr. Lacy had never cared for music. Then, again, he was my perpetual companion: at breakfast, his clear eyes and welcoming voice opened the day; and after its long hours of delightful intercourse, his hand was the last I clasped at night. No attempt was made to put any restraint upon this dangerous companionship. My father looked upon us as brother and sister; besides, the fact of my engagement was known, and he had the most implicit confidence in Frank's honor. He never considered my danger, yet it was the greater. He might be strong, but I was weak. In short, I loved Frank.

A letter, announcing the probable day of Mr. Lacy's return, roused me to a conviction of the truth. I carried it up to my room, locked the door, and fell on my knees. *What* should I do? Should I keep my secret, and sin against my own soul by marrying one I did not love? Surely that were the worst crime of the two. What was left me, then, but to wound a noble heart, belie my promise, inculpate my father? It seemed a dreadful alternative. After hours of agonized casuistry, I could not decide, but determined to leave the final issue to chance. Did Frank love me? Strange that I took that fact for granted, torturing myself with the idea of what he would suffer—he, with his young strong capacity for sorrow! This is not to be a long story, so I must not stay to analyze the state of my mind during the interval that elapsed before Mr. Lacy's return. A criminal awaiting a sure condemnation, and that approved by his own aching conscience, would understand my feelings.

The evening came on which we expected him. Never had our drawing-room worn a more happy home-like character. My father read the newspaper at ease in his ample chair. I sat near the tea-table, for a certain hour had been fixed, and we waited for our guest before we began our favorite meal. I held a book, to hide the changes of my countenance. Had I doubted Frank's love before, I should have doubted it no longer; how earnestly and searchingly he looked at me—how grave and sad he appeared!

The knock came. It was natural I should start. Mr. Lacy came in; he was one of those whose self-governed, serene manner precludes flutter or embarrassment in others. The gentle friendliness of his greeting reassured me for the moment; under it I could hardly imagine the strong passionate current to exist that sometimes broke its bounds.

The evening passed smoothly and pleasantly to all externals. Mr. Lacy was very grave, but then it was to be expected of a son who had just left his father's death-bed;

and Mr. Ingram's animated tongue filled up the intervals when conversation would have flagged. Frank and I sang together at my father's request, for I feared to seem unwilling; besides, it precluded the necessity of my exerting myself to talk. Frank was very serious, and, I thought, averse to sing with me; but at the same time he had never sung to more advantage.

The ordeal was over at last. Mr. Lacy took his leave, without anything in his manner to make me fear, or perhaps hope, that my secret was discovered. A week passed; he was constantly with us, showing me the same tenderness as ever, somewhat graver, but as certainly more gentle. He seemed, too, to make a point of seeking Frank's society, and spoke of him in high terms to my father. Oh! what a heavy heart I carried during that period. Looking in my glass, I thought with wonder of the change six months can work in mind and body. At the end of those seven days, I came to a resolution that nerved me with something like strength. I thought I would seek a direct interview with Mr. Lacy, tell him the whole truth, and throw myself on his generosity. Let him but release me from an engagement that became every hour more intolerable to contemplate, and I would consent to enter on no other. Let him but free me, and I would live unmarried forever—yes, though I must take labor and poverty as companions.

It was the very evening of the day I had come to this decision, that I chanced to meet Mr. Lacy on the stairs, at the hour of his usual arrival. Here was the desired opportunity, but I trembled to avail myself of it. He forestalled me.

"Give me a quarter of an hour alone, Mildred, in the library," he said. "I have wished to have a few private words with you for days."

We went in; he placed me a chair near the fire, and closed the door carefully, then came up to me, standing before me as he spoke:

"This day six months ago, Mildred, I made a promise I am going to redeem. If you are not happy, I said, I will free you from the engagement you made with me. You are not happy. I suspected the truth from your letters—those painful letters—and I saw it confirmed the first night of my arrival. The expression of your face, the tone of your voice when you spoke, would have set the strongest doubt at rest, killed the most pertinacious hope." He paused a moment, then went on as calmly as before: "I acquit you of all blame, Mildred; it was I that acted the unworthy part, taking unmanly advantage of my power to help your father and your untried child's heart. If I were not now the only sufferer, I could scarcely bear the retrospect; but I am, thank God! As for your father, our fears magnified his danger: the little help I was able to give, has re-established his position as firmly as before. He will repay me; you owe me nothing. I have had a wild dream, but I am awake at last—awake enough to see it was a fool's idea that a man like me could win a young girl's heart."

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"Conquer the purest feeling of a woman's heart! Offer yourself a sacrifice to my selfishness! No, no; Mildred, yours is the season of blessedness—mine is already

past. Presently, I will come back to you in my old character, and be able to say with less difficulty than I do to-night, 'God bless you both.'"

I saw no one that evening, for I went at once to my room. What a night of misery and conflict I passed!

The next morning, Frank came to my private sitting-room, and knocked for admittance. He held a letter in his hand; his fine eyes were suffused with happiness.

"Sympathize with me, Mildred," he said; "I feel too much to bear it alone. I have never talked to you about her, for I could not trust myself with the subject while a doubt remained. Now, I will tell you about my darling; she is as worthy of a true man's heart as—as Mr. Lacy is of yours. By the way, Mildred, I was very anxious about you that night he came home, for your manner was not—not what, were I in his place, would have satisfied me; but that is the form a woman's caprice takes with you, I have concluded. As for not loving him at bottom, I don't dare so to impugn your noble heart and understanding."

Frank talked on long and earnestly—told me the story of his love, read me his letter; but I heard nothing distinctly, understood nothing fully. One fact I grasped, that he was going to leave me to-morrow—going to this darling of his—and that if I had a spark of dignity and womanly sense left, I must excite it now. I don't know how I bore my martyrdom; but I won its crown. Frank bade me good-by without a suspicion of the truth.

I ran once more to the solitude of my chamber. I felt abandoned—prostrate. I flung myself on the bed in a transport of despair. Why, I had lost all! Had I been so criminal that my punishment was so heavy? "Oh, Frank!" I *cried,* "how I have loved you—what life might have been!" Then I reflected, if Mr. Lacy loved me as I loved Frank, what a fine spirit and nature he had shown, what a rare gift such a heart was! Miserable as I was, it was deeper misery to think I was the cause of his.

I was very ill after these events, and fears for my health quite absorbed any anger my father might have felt at the disappointment of a cherished desire, or perhaps Mr. Lacy, by his representations, had shielded me against it. When I recovered, people said I was very much altered; and so I was. The flush of youth was passed; I was not twenty, but nothing of the childishness of a few months back was left. Frank was married; and Mr. Lacy we never saw, at least I never saw him. Disappointment had made life an earnest thing to me; and taught by its discipline, the character of my former lover rose in dignity in my eyes.

How was it that what I had thought would be a lifelong regret—my love for Frank—seemed a transient emotion, of which the traces grew daily feebler? Had I sacrificed my happiness to a passing fancy? Or was it that at my age one cannot long cling to the impossible? Little signified the seeming contrariety of my heart, for the fact remained—if I had never loved Mr. Lacy before, I loved him now. I thought perpetually of the incidents of our brief engagement—every word of endearment, every look, had its hold on my memory. I recalled his opinions, framing my own stringently by them, and followed his public career so far as I was able, aided by my deep knowledge of the high principles and motives that actuated it.

The feeling grew in silence, till my former love for Frank was but a child's dream in comparison. To hear his name mentioned, and always mentioned in connection

with something honorable, moved me with a strange passion of feeling—and he had loved me! Oh! did he love me yet?

Time passed, and I had long resumed my former relations with society, and had met with successes enough to gratify my heart had vanity been my ruling passion, or could I have adopted it in place of the one which was secretly sapping the fresh springs of life. Sometimes the idea occurred, that it might be possible, without any compromise of womanly dignity, to ascertain his feelings for me, and if they remained unchanged, to teach him the change in mine; and then I fell into that coloring of a bright future which seems to be the ordained and Sisyphus-like penalty of the unhappy.

My chance came at last. At a large dinner-party, I unexpectedly met Mr. Lacy. He came to me at once; spoke kindly and gently, as in long-past times; but there was nothing to lead to the idea that he still loved me—no hesitation in the well-known voice, no latent tenderness in the searching eyes. I could not bear it, and wished he would leave me to myself, and not torture me with that cruel friendship. At my first opportunity, I turned from him, and engaged myself in conversation with a gentleman who was well known to be one of my suitors. It appeared like coquetry, but it was the eagerness of self-mistrust. That evening seemed very long, and insupportably painful; I had not known how tenaciously I had clung to hope until it failed me. When Mr. Lacy came forward to help me to my carriage, I felt I could hardly receive the ordinary civility from him without betraying myself.

I was surprised when he begged me to turn into an empty room we passed on our way to the hall. "Mildred," he said, "I was going to ask you when we first met to-night, whether I might resume my old relations in your family. Nearly two years have passed since we last met, and I thought I could bring you back the calm heart of a friend. But you have so studiously shunned me, that to ask permission now seems superfluous. What am I to think? Have you not forgiven me yet for the misery I cost you?"

I was silent. If I could have fallen at his feet, and sobbed out the truth, I might have been blessed for life; but that would have been too great a sacrifice for even love to exact from a woman's pride.

"If the deepest sympathy in your disappointment could entitle me to the character of a friend," Mr. Lacy pursued, "you would give me your hand willingly. Pardon me, Mildred, for what may seem an unmanly allusion, but it is best to make it—if there is any chance of future friendship between us. It was hard to give you up, harder still to feel the sacrifice had been in vain. Had you been happily married, I could have returned to you sooner; but suffering, and to feel I had no power to soothe"—

This generosity was too much for me. I rose up hastily from the seat I had taken. "I cannot bear it," I said rashly; "the past has been cruel enough, but this is worse than all. Oh, I am miserable! Friends we can never be—let me go home!" I spoke with the fretfulness of a child; he looked amazed.

"Am I again deceived?" he asked. "I was told that the gentleman I saw you with this evening, Mr. Branson, was your accepted lover. I know him well; he deserves you, Mildred. I rejoiced to see you bright and animated, as you used to be, in his society—to think there was no blight on the future for you at least. What can you mean? You will not risk, surely, the happiness

of both? Pardon me," he added, coloring, "I forgot I have not even a friend's right to warn."

On the brink of one's fate, to deliberate is to lose all.

"Mr. Branson is nothing to me," I said, white and trembling, "and will never be more; the past will not let itself be so soon forgotten." My tone seemed to excite him.

"Mildred!" he exclaimed passionately, "did you, then, love him so much? Ah! had mine been the power." He drew a long breath, and fixed for a moment a gaze on my face, that solved my last doubt, broke down the last barrier.

"Frank has long been forgotten," I said, and instinctively I held out my hand—"that was a child's love. What I want of the future, is to be what the past once promised, Mr. Lacy."

I had stood erect, and spoken audibly, up to this point; but here my head drooped, my cheeks burned, yet from no ignoble shame. One quick glance of searching astonishment, one rapturous exclamation, and I was folded in his arms.

"Mildred, forgive my doubt. You have regretted me—you love me?"

"Beyond what you have asked," I stammered, hiding my face on his shoulder—"beyond friendship. I feel I have found my ark of refuge!"

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## CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

ALL NATIONS ARE UNDER A CURSE. IS A CONSEQUENCE OF THE CONFORMITY OF MOSES' HISTORY WITH THE TESTIMONY OF ALL NATIONS. THE DEPOSITORY OF THE PROMISES OF DELIVERANCE.

### X.

THE falsities and impieties united to every part of the ancient ceremonial by the evil passions of men, never so obscured the innocent and significant religious practices as to disprove the original institution as so many obligations and warnings to all worshippers to be pure; to render glory to God and service to mankind, with the hope of being rewarded. The heathens universally, and the Jews frequently broke those solemn and general promises. They made the whole merit of religion to consist in the material ceremony, without minding their obligations, nor the curses solemnly fulminated against transgressors.

A large portion of the Scripture of the Jews is a history of their prevarications; whilst the heathens *progressed* so much in corruption as to fancy that things utterly repugnant to the order of nature could be lawful. They pretended to have an unlimited power over the life and body of a slave, whose health and preservation are as precious to Christians as their own, because he is the child of the Lord as well as themselves, and has a right to sit at the same religious table. Men were as corrupt, and in reality more barbarous at Tyre, Athens, and Rome, than the cannibals. The latter swallow with eagerness, on a feast day, the blood of their conquered enemies; and the heathens, in their games, saw with delight the shedding of the blood of a multitude of men who had never offended them. This barbarity was an amusement at the amphitheatre, an act of devotion in the funeral ceremonies, and a suc-

cor in times of public calamity. A careful imitation of the shows of Greeks and Romans was considered a palliation of ferocity. The people of the North and the West supposed they became civilized by adopting these cruelties, which were equally inhuman and infamous. In time they migrated from Rome to several large towns, where the arenas seen by travellers at the present day testify the successive progress of the most predominant depravity. Surely corruption must be of the highest degree imaginable, at a time when daily practices, which were so glaring a subversion of nature, humanity, and society, had assumed the names of piety and politeness. Neither conscience, nor the instructions inseparable from the ancient worship, nor philosophy, nor the wisest laws—not even those of Moses, which had been translated and generally circulated—nothing, in short, could stop the torrent of evil. However, all men bound themselves solemnly, even with imprecation, to honor God, and strive by the practice of justice to deserve a better life; and although the assistants did not, perhaps, always repeat the form, the gesture of the sacrificer stood in lieu of it. The engagement was public, all men performed the sacrificial rite, and consequently, all being found unfaithful were under the displeasure and curse of the Lord, and in extreme need of mercy. Hence the history of Moses and the state of mankind explain very satisfactorily the causes of the gospel dispensation.

If God has deposited promises of deliverance and salvation, all must have recourse to that depository. And since, avowedly, all stand in equal need of the remedy, we are equally concerned to know if it is really the work of God. The history of mankind, such as we have it from Moses, shows us the fall of the first man, and the universal corruption of his posterity. On this score all desirable and essential monuments coincide. If, from the common origin and the universal practices of mankind, related and warranted by the vestiges spread all over the earth, we pass on to the singular vocation of Abraham, and the history of his descendants, we shall find that its monuments now extant are really innumerable, as we will see in our future observations. That history, and the promises it contains of our deliverance, borrow a new degree of notoriety and certainty from the authenticity of the archives wherein the history and the promises have been preserved. Those historical memoirs are no longer the instruments of some private families in particular, but they become public if a whole nation keeps and preserves them in its own name; and they become divine if the Lord adopts and places them in a depository ostensibly of His own choice.

That the authenticity of the acts by which the Lord has promised and prepared our blessings may be perfect, it is necessary that the place where these acts are deposited should be accessible for consultation, recognizable by the most undoubted characteristic of a legal authority, and kept with such caution and strictness as may prevent their being lost and scattered. Now we find the deposit committed to the charge of a celebrated nation, so that all the desirable requirements were accomplished. The nation, keeper of the archives of mankind, was placed in Palestine, on the banks of the river Jordan, and along the Mediterranean, in the exact centre of the three continents that were anciently inhabited. The Africans could not go from Suez—their only passage between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—to enter Arabia, without taking Palestine in their way. The Arabians, coming out of their

deserts, met the river Jordan. When Europeans were at the end of their longest voyages on the Mediterranean, they arrived in Asia Major, upon the confines of Palestine. The Persians and the Eastern nations could not pass the Euphrates, and visit the provinces of the West and South, without coming into the neighborhood of Syria and Palestine. The place of the deposit was accessible to the whole universe; yet the nation to which it was intrusted was made known to the rest of the world with some reserve, and in the gradual course of time. We shall soon see the reasons for this concealment and isolation. This economy lasted to the time when the fulfilment of the promises was near at hand; then the Jews, already known by several instances of divine protection, and even dreaded on that account by Egyptians, Syrians, and Babylonians, began to have correspondence with other nations. Several Israelish families were by compulsion dispersed towards the river Araxes, and in other northern regions. Many families voluntarily settled at Alexandria and Cyrene, at Damascus and Antioch, at Tarsus, Thessalonica, and Rome. Their books, translated from the Hebrew into Greek, gradually spread the knowledge of the promises made to Abraham, the head of the Jewish people. The East and West began to publish that the Liberator and Master of all was to come out of that one particular nation. This hope was universally divulged: "*percrebuerat rumor*," for which Tacitus and Suetonius are our principal authorities. It is true that they apply the prophecy to Vespasian and Titus, in the same manner as Virgil had applied it to one of Livia's children, who was designed to succeed Augustus; but this attribution, though arbitrary, and made by badly informed interpreters, supposes the expectation of a change in the state of mankind, which was to proceed from the Jewish people.

The nations became informed, and the promises of an event of universal interest being in the hands of the Jews, could be easily consulted. Nothing could be fitter to prove the Gospel than the facility with which the blessing of the word of life, delivered to all nations by the apostles of Christ, might be compared with the promises of which the Jews were trustees. This people had been known to the world a long while; and if the deposit remained as stationary as the bulk of the nation itself, until the preaching of the Messiah descended from Abraham, it was in order to prepare for his birth,—to manifest his family by a genealogy legally preserved in public archives, and to set in the brightest light the faithful accomplishment of the promises in the exact time pointed out by the decrees of Providence. The deposit, the records, and the nation which preserved them have subsisted ever since that signal event. They may at all times be recurred to for information of the truth of the facts supposed by the Gospel. The Christians cannot be the inventors of them, since the Jews, avowed enemies of Christianity, preserve these records with religious veneration. That nation, in its different states, lends its ministry to the Gospel, without ever suspecting any such co-operation. When stationary, it preserved the preparations for the Gospel, and when dispersed, it spread its proofs over the world.

It cannot be denied that the Jewish nation was, by its constant sojourn in the centre of mankind, and afterwards by its dispersion in three continents, admirably fitted for the preservation of the records and the succession of a privileged family, and afterwards to produce everywhere the proofs of the im-

portant work for all who wished to be informed. But the records of the salvation promised cannot have unquestionable certainty unless the archives in which they are contained be duly authorized: nor can such records be respected as having God for their author, unless their archives bear a recognizable mark of divine authority. That the Jewish nation, whether stationary in Palestine, or dispersed all over the world, might be raised to the dignity of trustee of the promises that relate to all mankind, it should bear a mark of God's will, by which it would itself be convinced, and then be able to convince others of the validity of its commission. Now this mark, manifest to every observer, is prophecy, and it is found with those charged with the custody of the deposit. The promises are much anterior to the events, and they are in perfect correspondence from one age to another. The fulfilment of the promises daily occurring, is then the sure mark of the truth of the commission.

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## THE CRADLES OF TWO HEROES.

FAR away in the heart of the Spanish hills, in the midst of that fair land now convulsed by war and bloodshed, lies the cradle of the warrior saint, father and founder of the great Society of Jesus.

It would seem to the pilgrim who first beholds Aspeitia that the aspect of the quaint little town can scarcely have changed since the days when the lords of Loyola used to come and hear mass in its parish church, so antiquated are its houses with their balconies and overhanging roofs, its narrow streets, with their aspect, so thoroughly Spanish, of half decay and intense picturesqueness. It was in the parish church of Aspeitia that Ignatius was brought to be baptized, and the stone font where the ceremony was performed is carefully preserved. It is parted off from the church by an iron grating, and is now surmounted by a small statue of the saint, who is represented pointing to the font, and below is the following inscription in Basque,—*Emenchen batiatuva naiz*—meaning, "Here I was baptized." We may easily picture to ourselves the scene which took place on that very spot three hundred and eighty-two years ago; the stately-looking Spanish nobleman, Don Beltran Tanez de Oñaz y Loyola, standing by while the saving waters were being poured on the baby brow of his youngest child. By his side, no doubt, were his five other sons, and especially that Martin Garcia, who was to succeed his father as head of the house of Loyola, and to whose ancestral pride the now unconscious child was one day to deal so bitter a blow, when, despite his elder brother's remonstrances and prayers, he set forth to embrace a life of penance and humiliation. Little did either father or brothers think that if one day the feet of numberless pilgrims were to tread the pavement of that quaint old church, if loving lips and reverent hands were to touch that old stone font, and eager eyes gaze on the time-worn walls of the manor of

Loyola, they were drawn there, not indeed by the remembrance of Don Beltran's illustrious birth and proud descent, or of Don Martin's warlike feats of arms, but by a loving recollection of him who went forth as a beggar from his father's halls, and became as a fool for Christ's sake. The glory of the warlike Loyolas has passed away; the memory of their noble deeds has faded from the memory of man; the sanctity of Ignatius has alone rescued his father's house from forgetfulness and obscurity.

On leaving Aspeitia, the traveller follows a broad road to the right along the banks of the Urola, and after a few steps, the long narrow valley opens before him, and the glorious domed church of Loyola stands out against the background of wooded hills. It was a lovely sight as beheld on a bright October evening; the setting sun cast a soft rose tint over the mountains and made the rich autumn foliage shine like burnished gold. As the traveller pursues his road, his attention is arrested by a marble slab bearing some gold letters, and which has been placed by the roadside. A Spanish inscription tells him that on this spot St. Ignatius was in the habit of kneeling down to recite a *Salve* in honor of our Lady of Olaz, whose little sanctuary stands exactly opposite on the other bank of the Urola.

On one side of the Church of St. Ignatius is a large house which was inhabited by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and on the other an equally extensive building, which is still unfinished and was destined to be a college. In spite of the brightness of the surrounding scene, the wooded hills and fertile valley, over which the setting sun shed a farewell halo, there was someting sad and desolate about the now solitary house and deserted church. The sons of Ignatius have been driven from their founder's home, and the vast pile of buildings is now uninhabited, save perhaps by the angels who still watch over the cradle of Christ's warrior saint. A magnificent marble staircase leads up to the church, which is profusely decorated with varied and precious marbles. The Father's house, erected chiefly through the munificence of the Spanish sovereigns, is on an equally large scale with its grand staircase, adorned with life-size statues of the principal saints of the Society, its vast refectory and broad corridors and cloisters. But far more interesting are the remains of the old manor house, the "Casa solar" of Loyola, which have been reverently preserved, and stand surrounded by the more modern buildings. The façade is still there; the low doorway, surmounted by the armorial bearings of the house carved in stone, the narrow windows, the old walls, gray with age, all speak to us of a time long since gone by.

We enter by the low doorway, closed from within by a heavy wooden bar, which has remained there since the days of our saint. Pilgrims, anxious to bear away some remembrance of Loyola, have chipped and notched the thick piece of wood upon which the hand of Ignatius no doubt often rested. Did that hand tremble as it drew back the bar for the last time, on the eventful day when the young knight went forth to a new life, a life of warfare hard and bitter? Did his foot hesitate as it crossed the threshold, and did the brave heart waver as it bade adieu to all it was leaving, the happy home, the admiring love of friends and brothers, every bright and glorious hope of future fame, laurels hardly won and stained with blood, a noble and brilliant career, due to his own bold efforts? And before him was a life of bitter

:e and constant struggle, a
ich must have appeared one
epest humiliation to that
:y son of an old chivalrous
Strong indeed must have
he voice that prompted such
ution, and divine the strength
ore the loyal heart through
st adieu! Later, no doubt,
midst of the wondrous reve-
and ecstasies of Manresa,
evealed to his chosen one
ning of the great work to
he was called, but in the
ays of his conversion he saw
g of the future glories of
der he was to found. No
s of great deeds done for
's name, of thousands of
rained to holiness, and whole
s led back to faith, cheered
t steps towards a new life.
as dark then; he only felt
e was called upon to sacrifice
he had hitherto loved and
, and that he must go forth,
nd penitent, to suffer and be
ed for his Master's sake.
ending the staircase, we pass
tle chapel which was once
nily oratory of Loyola, and
St. Francis Borgia said his
mass, and we reach the
er, now a chapel, where Ig-
lay after his return from
eluna. It is a long low room,
up with rare taste and rich-
and divided into two parts
iron railing. The high
tands on the spot once occu-
y the saint's bed; smaller
dedicated to saints of the
y, are on either side. On
r ceiling are painted several
of the life of Ignatius. The
ows him to us at Loyola, a
eaded little child, playing
mother's knee. Numerous
recious relics in rich cases
been let into the ceiling.
and deserted as is the
house, yet no sacrilegious
have been laid on its treas-
nd the reverent devotion of
the Basque peasants still guards
from profanation the home of their
beloved saint. On the other side
of the railing is the space where
the pilgrims knelt to hear mass;
here are statues of different Jesuit
saints, and a portrait of St. Igna-
tius in armor. It is a dark, bronz-
ed, Spanish-looking face, very dif-
ferent to the pale chastened coun-
tenance we know so well of Igna-
tius in his later years. It is hardly
a beautiful or a strictly handsome
face, but one full of life, strength,
and energy—the bright, dark eye,
bronzed cheek, firm lip, speak of
the daring courage of a proud fiery
nature, and carry us back to that
day when, on the battered walls of
Pampeluna, the brave young knight
led out his men to conquer or to
die. It was in this very room that
he lay after his return. With what
mingled feelings of compassion and
pride was the wounded soldier re-
ceived, when, borne on a stretcher,
he came in sight of his home! How,
the fame of his gallant deeds hav-
ing gone before him, the peasants
of the valley crowded round, less
to pity than to admire him whom
they had known from his child-
hood! Don Beltran and his wife
had gone to their rest, but Don
Martin, now the head of the house,
doubtless came out to receive the
brother, who had so proudly up-
held the grand old name of Loyola.

We can well imagine, too, how
irksome to the young man's restless
spirit must have been those weary
months of enforced repose, how he
fretted on his bed of pain, not in-
deed at the physical suffering,
which he bore with unflinching
courage, but at the idleness and
monotony of those endless days.
Then came that incident which
shows us how strong an element of
worldly vanity was mingled with
that lofty nature, in which we, poor
mortals, are almost glad to recog-
nize a weakness. He dreaded
nothing more, his biographers tell

us, than any deformity, which might take away from the grace and elegance of his figure, and render him less competent to shine in those knightly sports and exercises which were his delight. When it was found that in consequence of the broken limb having been awkwardly set, a portion of one of the bones projected below the knee, Ignatius unhesitatinly caused a new operation to be performed. At the price of intense suffering the bone was sawed off, so unbearable to his vanity was the thought of this slight deformity. Later came the period of his convalescence, during which he asked for some of those books of chivalrous adventures of which he was so fond. Unable to find any, those who surrounded him laid on his bed the Lives of our Lord and the saints. At first, no doubt, he perused the solemn-looking volumes with *ennui*, gradually with more interest, and at last with an earnestness which changed the whole current of his life. Here in this same room, St. Peter appeared to him, and here, too, he was visited by the Queen of Heaven and her Divine Son, to whose service he henceforth consecrated his life. In the adjoining sacristy is a portion of the old red hangings belonging to the saint's bed; one of his fingers and other relics were formerly kept here, but were taken away by the Jesuits when forced to abandon Loyola.

Another look at the gardens, which, though neglected, are still lovely, at the grand domed church and venerable "Casa solar," and we leave Loyola, not, however, without breathing a prayer that ere long the sons of St. Ignatius may be suffered to re-enter their founder's home. If we care to pursue our road along the valley, ten minutes more walking will bring us to Ascoytia, a little town as quaintly picturesque as Aspeitia, and which was the birthplace of Doña Maria Saenz de Licona y Balda, Ignatius's mother. Just before entering the town, we leave to our right on the mountain-side above us two gloomy, monastic-looking buildings, — the Convents of Santa Brigida and Santa Cruz. On the way back to Aspeitia, diverging from the main road, a rough and narrow path will lead the traveller to the little Chapel of Nuestra Señora de Olaz. There is nothing striking about the chapel or its statue, nothing save the remembrance that Ignatius, as his biographers tell us, often came here in his childhood. It is easy to picture to ourselves the bright, high-spirited boy, full of noble instincts, it is true, yet thoroughly human, thoroughly boyish, with plenty of childish waywardness and mischief, and causing, perhaps, no small anxiety to the mother whose hand first led him to our Lady of Olaz.

There is something, it would seem, specially attractive to us in saints whose conversion has been the work of time; they appeal more strongly to our human sympathies and weakness. The penitent tears of an Augustine, or the struggles of a Francis Xavier, touch us far more deeply than the precocious and unvaried sanctity of a St. Aloysius. For the erring sheep of Christ's fold, for those who, like our own Ignatius, have belonged to the world, who have loved its joys and been buffeted by its storms, for those who have sinned and struggled before falling at the Saviour's feet, we feel not mere admiration, but a warm, human love and sympathy. An ethereal young saint, who from his very boyhood seems to have lived in a sphere above us, so free is he from every touch of human frailty, will never appeal to our hearts as Ignatius does, with his fiery, ambitious, worldly youth, his dreams of happiness and glory, and the heroic sanctity of his later years.

Yet, within a day's journey from Loyola, if, crossing the French frontier, we leave the Spanish hills with their picturesque beauty, and the blue Bay of Biscay, with its vast expanse and rolling waves, and enter the flat plains of the Landes, we shall come to the cradle of one whose life, by a rare exception, was ever angelical in its innocence, though closely interwoven with the cares and troubles of this fallen world. From the earliest days of his lowly childhood, no wild storm of human passion ever stifled the pure clear tones of the *Sursum corda* speaking to that happy soul, no dust of earth ever tarnished the spotlessness of that large, loving heart, whose sympathy with all human woe was yet so deep and so intense. In this nineteenth century of ours, we are tempted to look back with a kind of wondering surprise at the crucifying penances of the anchorites of old, and to many amongst us even the lives of the cloistered nuns of our own day appear strange and unnatural. But in St. Vincent of Paul we have a saint who wins admiration from Catholic and Protestant, from skeptic and unbeliever alike. Men who despise or disbelieve the mysticism of an ecstatica, who shudder at the austerities of the Fathers of the Desert, or laugh at the mode of life chosen by a St. Simeon Stylites, will bow down before the active and large-hearted charity of this humble priest. And this tribute of universal respect, almost unique in modern times, has been inherited by the saint's devoted daughters, the well-known and well-beloved Sisters of Charity. There are few indeed, even among the very outcasts of society, who do not cherish a feeling of reverence for those heroic servants of the poor, those faithful children of a saintly founder, who carry out in the crowded streets of our great cities, in hospitals and orphanages, or on the bloody field of battle, the precepts taught to them by their Father. From his very boyhood, one image alone occupied the mind of St. Vincent: it was that of him who so many centuries ago stood in the distant plains of Palestine, giving health to the sick, comfort to the sorrowful, forgiveness to the guilty, health and strength to all; one ambition alone moved his heart, that of treading in the footprints of the Master to whose service he had consecrated his life. And truly no man ever loved humanity with a stronger and more devoted love than this lowly-born peasant's son, whose single efforts accomplished what philanthropists and philosophers dreamt and planned.

Ranguines, the little hamlet where St. Vincent was born, is about half an hour's drive from Dax, an ancient town of the Landes, whose celebrated mud baths were favored even in the time of the Romans. Modern Dax, however, with its narrow, lifeless streets, its sluggish river, and dilapidated old cathedral, has little to recommend it besides its warm mineral springs, and few save invalids will care to tarry long within its walls. It was to Dax that St. Vincent came at the age of eight years, when his father, struck by the child's precocious goodness and intelligence, resolved, in spite of his poverty, to place him under the care of the Franciscan friars, who undertook, for a comparatively small sum, to educate several poor children of his class. It was a new life for the boy, whose days had hitherto been spent in watching his father's flocks on the lonely Landes, but ere long his quick intelligence, his docility and gentleness, no less than his piety and unsullied innocence, filled the good friars with wonder and admiration. He made such rapid progress in his studies, that, when still very young, M. de Commet, a celebrated lawyer of Dax, confided to him the education of his two

sons. Dax continued to be St. Vincent's home till 1576, when, having resolved to consecrate himself entirely to God's service, he received minor orders, and went to pursue his theological studies at Toulouse. We are told by his biographers, that in order to pay the expenses of this long journey, Guillaume de Paul, our saint's father, was obliged to sell a fine pair of oxen.

Guillaume de Paul and Bertrande de Moras, Vincent's parents, were poor peasants, whose worldly possessions consisted in their humble cottage and a few fields, which they cultivated themselves. They had six children, and our saint was their third son. Like his brothers and sisters, his early days were spent in helping his parents in the many cares entailed upon them by their poverty, and perhaps out of consideration for his tender years, to him was awarded the task of watching over the flocks, which he used to lead forth to the pastures extending around his birthplace. Throughout his life, even when kings and princes, cardinals and bishops, listened with deference to his words, and paid reverent homage to his sanctity, when women bearing the greatest names in France came like little children to learn from him the science of charity, the peasant's son loved to recall the lowliness of his early years. He gloried in that poverty which seems to us one of this world's hardest crosses, but which Ignatius, the chivalrous high-born Spaniard, voluntarily embraced, and for which St. Francis, the Italian saint, felt such a strange love, that he called poverty his bride.

An altar has been placed inside the little cottage, and upon it are several relics of the saint,—a small wooden crucifix, a portion of his well-worn cassock, &c. The woodwork of the narrow rooms has been preserved, and we can distinguish *the hearth*, around which the family used to gather during the long winter evenings. To the right of the cottage is a magnificent old oak tree, whose history is closely linked with that of the saint. Into its hollow trunk he would retire when a child and spend long hours in silent prayer.

Close by is the fine church which was begun in 1850. It occupies the ground where the cottage originally stood. Soon after the saint's beatification, his countrymen resolved to raise an altar in his honor on the spot where he was born, and for this purpose the cottage was removed to a few steps distance, and a small chapel built in its stead. Twenty years ago the first stone of the new church was laid, in presence of the Bishop of Dax, surrounded by the sons and daughters of St. Vincent, the Lazarists and Sisters of Charity. It is impossible to repress a feeling of sadness on drawing near to St. Ignatius's now lonely home at beautiful Loyola; but no such feeling will be experienced by the traveller visiting St. Vincent's birthplace. Here the saint's children have been suffered to remain near their founder's lowly cradle; here they still work and pray and practice that charity which was the master passion of his life. The Lazarists have a large house close to the church, and a few steps beyond is an hospital and an orphanage, where St. Vincent's daughters nurse the aged sick and train little children to the love of Him for whose sake their founder lived and labored.

Our pilgrimage, however, does not end here. Half an hour beyond St. Vincent's Church is a much-frequented church, of which the origin is wellnigh lost in obscurity, but where, from time immemorial, pilgrims have gathered from all parts of the Landes and of Béarn. As is the case with all shrines which popular devotion has made famous, many legends are

told in connection with the time-honored image of our Lady of Buglose, and whether they bear or not the critical test of historical investigation, these traditions, wild or graceful, prove the filial love which has ever been paid to the Mother of God. The traveller visiting Buglose will easily picture to himself the poor little peasant child, who, his historians tell us, loved to kneel at the feet of the gracious Queen, whose image was associated in his mind with all that was fair and pure, merciful and loving. He often, no doubt, laid on her altar the wild flowers which he gathered during his lonely watches on the Landes, and prayed before her image just as nearly in the century before the boy Ignatius had prayed to our Lady of Olaz.

How strangely different were those two young lives which both began under the protection of Mary! The Spanish child, surrounded from his birth with the pride and pomp of a high descent, the splendor of a court, and the dazzling prestige of military glory, became poor and despised for Christ's sake. After many a hard struggle and sharp pang, he hung up his sword near Mary's altar, at Montserrat, and, casting away the proud dreams of his youth, he accomplished a great work in the Church's history, and lived to found the glorious order, to whom he transmitted his own brave, dauntless spirit, which persecution could never break. That passionate love of earthly glory and human applause which characterized his youth was merged into one deep, all-absorbing feeling of contempt for self and zeal for the glory of God. The French boy's humble childhood was passed in poverty and solitude. That life, destined to spend itself in the crowded thoroughfares of a great city, commenced amidst the broad, boundless plains where the child watched his father's flocks, and then in the peaceful seclusion of a Franciscan monastery. Like Ignatius, he, too, no doubt, had his boyish dreams and youthful ambitions, but no visions of knightly adventures or warlike deeds ever crossed his youthful mind; the poverty and lowliness of his home had given him far different impressions, and the tendency of his gentle disposition led him towards a life of solitude and prayer. Perchance, he once thought of spending his days in some quiet Franciscan cell, and little did he dream of the arduous apostolate to which God was to call him.

Yet there was in that pure, young heart, together with a deep love for prayer and solitude, an ardent, active charity, which was gradually to become its master passion. As a child, Vincent loved to give away to those poorer than himself the scanty allowance of food which his parents were able to afford him, and even the humble garments which clothed his poverty. We all know how, by degrees, his unwearied and large-hearted charity poured itself out on all around him, and how, at last, the name of this simple, lowly-born priest became a household word throughout the length and breadth of France, and the little peasant boy of the Landes was looked upon as the truest benefactor of suffering humanity. His charity not only embraced the poor and sorrowing of his own country, it extended far and wide; Sardinia, Corsica, Naples, Austria, Prussia, Poland, the distant Hebrides, Ireland, and England experienced the loving zeal of that truly Catholic soul. Countries more distant still were not forgotten; to America, Persia, Syria, China, and Madagascar, he sent missionaries whom he had trained and taught; while in France, no phase of human suffering escaped his notice. Little

children forsaken in the streets of Paris, prisoners forgotten and neglected in the solitude of their dungeons, the wretched galley-slaves toiling away their lives in shame and woe; all were cared for, helped and comforted by his unwearied love. To the rich and noble he taught self-denial and self-sacrifice, for none could resist the gentle earnestness of his appeal when he collected alms for his beloved poor, and we can well understand the cry of grief that arose all over France when it was known that he had breathed his last. In him truly was realized the ideal of a priest, such as it was defined by one of the noblest spirits of our day,—*Fort comme le diamant et plus tendre qu'une Mère.*

St. Vincent's body rests in the country he served so faithfully and loved so well, within the walls of the city which was the chief scene of his labors, while the bones of St. Ignatius repose far away from the land of his birth, in the midst of that Rome, the city of his adoption, and the home of his later years. But the memory of both still lingers around the scenes where their early days were spent; and to all who admire the heroism of Christian sacrifice and the beauty of Christian charity, the "Casa solar" of Loyola and the little cottage of the Landes, will ever have an imperishable interest as being the cradles of two saints.

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## ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

HIGH in the estimation of the holy Church, and deeply beloved by the hearts of all her faithful children, is the name of St. Alphonsus, though maligned, despised, and misunderstood by the world outside the Church. The saint of austere life, but most merciful heart; compassionate to all save himself, who so perfectly practiced the Apostle's advice, becoming all things to all men, that he might gain some.

Alphonsus Mary Liguori was born at Marianella, near Naples, in 1696. A saint then living, St. Francis di Girolamo, S.J., visited his parents' house, blessed the child, and prophesied that he should be a saint; and it came to pass that St. Francis and St. Alphonsus were canonized the same day. St. Alphonsus was brought up to the law, and the highest honors of his profession were within his grasp. The world smiled fairly before him. He could have mingled in court circles, and known the sweet happiness of domestic life; but in early manhood he forsook all this, and became a priest. And now all his talents, his deep knowledge of jurisprudence, his genius for poetry and music, were all devoted to the service of his beloved Master.

The eloquence and unction with which he preached made his sermons an admirable mode of converting sinners, and leading others to greater perfection; while in the confessional his gentleness and compassion won all hearts.

At length he was called to found a congregation of priests, to live together in community, and take

rows, called that of the eemer. They are now termed Redemptorists. it pleased the Holy See Alphonsus Bishop of St. id he became henceforr model of holy Bishops; gilant, untiring in his la- ig apostolic poverty, and ed to the welfare of his s charity to the poor was l, as also his zeal for the of sinners. Often would ine "like an angel." ered terribly during the s of his life, especially fection of the neck, and n, which curved his head manner that he could mass nor lie down. He e to resign his diocese; Clement XIV said that r from his bed for his diocese was worth more than a thousand visitations.

The next Pope, Pius VI, allowed him to resign, which he did with great joy, and retired to a house of his Order, saying, as he entered it, "Gloria Patri." He insisted on keeping the rule and living like the rest, and continued to preach and write spiritual books.

Such was his life; how shall we speak of his death? He lay longing for his Viaticum. "When will Jesus come? Give me Jesus Christ." Then he tenderly blessed his religious kneeling round him. His last look was one of love to an image of Mary, whom he had indeed devoutly loved. He died calmly and peacefully, without agony, on August 1, 1787, aged ninety years. He was canonized May 26, 1839.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OF THE EARLY MARTYRS. . A. M. Fastré, S.J. 3 vols. hia: Peter F. Cunningham South Tenth Street, 1873.

two volumes of this work some months since, and in he third just published, have en forwarded to us. They ie acts of some of the cele- yrs of the early church, com- ne martyrology of Dom Rui- er approved sources. They ly narrated in the form of stories, and first published hat excellent magazine, the *the Sacred Heart*. Coming an antique source they of is more of the legendary cle- the lives found in Alban derous tomes. This is by no jection, for, in the first place, which and the people for r wrote were unfavorable to elopment of martyrological Church at that time was in d state of a convalescent, having just arisen from three long centuries of proscription and persecution, waged against her by English tyranny. The converts of those days could not be expected to bear the strong food of mysticism, and Protestants had to be won over by practical teaching, consequently Dr. Butler, with a discriminating eye, condescended to their necessities. The trouble was that he ran into the opposite extreme, and for fear of offending itching ears, told too little; the consequence is that some of the most celebrated saints of the Church are passed over by him with scarcely any notice, from the simple reason that, without recurring to the *acta sanctorum*, he could obtain scarcely any information, and those compilations were considered too legendary for his purpose. We find, however, the best refutation to such weakminded arguments, in the fact that the Church has not only approved of these acts, but has actually drawn from them to a large extent in the compilation of the Breviary and Missal. This may in many cases be only a tacit or implied recommendation,

yet it ought to be enough for a *truly* liberal Catholic. But, supposing all these beautiful legends of the saints are after all mere pious fictions, which the Church does not oblige us to believe, they at least are the sources from which all our knowledge of the lives, combats, and victories of the Church's heroes and heroines are drawn. The classical student builds up his knowledge and trains his mind from the impossible fictions of mythology; why should not the devout Catholic strengthen his faith, feed his devotion, and vivify his love upon the quaint and beautiful old narratives that are not all a fancy? God, wonderful in his saints always and everywhere, has made their lives prodigies of admiration for his own glory and our salvation; let us, by studying them, reap the precious legacy of wisdom that these histories inculcate. Years and years are devoted by the classical student to the mysteries and personages of the mythological Olympus; should the fervent Catholic be less inquisitive as to the mysteries of the heavenly Jerusalem? Long periods are spent in reading the history of heathen lands; shall less solicitude be displayed in the story and biographies of Christian Rome? Is Jupiter greater than God? Can Juno be named with Mary Immaculate? Is the mother of the Gracchi to be compared to the mother of the Maccabees? A Lucretia to an Anastasia? A Minerva to a Catharine? A Cecilia Metella to the Queen patroness of Sacred Harmony? A Coriolanus, a Brutus, a Horatio, to a Clement, a Sebastian, or a Polycarp? Let Catholics then take up such works as these; they will not only improve their minds in classical and early ecclesiastical history, but will keep alive their dormant faith and enkindle the ardor of their love. We recommend these books, especially on their intrinsic literary merits, as works of a superior order of their class, for Father Fastré has not only combined therein the historical research of a profound and zealous antiquarian, but has presented the results of his labors in smooth and elegant diction, and in the form and with the charm of a most interesting series of novelettes. We congratulate the Messrs. Cunningham for their discriminative judgment in presenting them to the public, as well as for the neatness and taste displayed in the style of publication.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD TASTE IN FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, AND OTHER DETAILS. By Charles L. Eastlake, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Edited, with Notes, by Charles C. Perkins, M.A. First American, from Revised London Edition. Crown 8vo. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Eastlake, in his timely and judicious work on household taste, has performed a service to the public for which the friends of æsthetic development will liberally thank him. Sharing with Pugin and Ruskin a deep admiration of medieval art, he vigorously assails the ludicrous conventionalities respecting dress and furniture which at present exercise a dominant influence over the mass of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The doctrines which he teaches are easily formulated, and will be readily accepted, in application as well as in principle, by every unprejudiced thinker. He simply proclaims anew those canons of taste which were universally admitted up to the time when mechanical inventions made it possible for senseless tools to mimic the productions of honest and artistic handicraft. He tells us that the materials employed in any species of construction should be such as are naturally most adaptable to the purpose in view, and that their treatment should be in strict accordance with their peculiar properties; that every article of use or ornament should have its foundation in some well-defined and practical intention; that fitness, simplicity, and harmony, are the constituent elements of beauty, and that deceptions of all kinds are both ugly and odious. He counsels a profound regard for the principles of art, even in trifles; but he does not deny that genius sometimes transcends acknowledged rules.

The love of novelty and show, so characteristic of modern society, especially in this country, he considers one of the most fruitful causes of the bad taste and bad workmanship which are at present noticeable in every branch of artistic and mechanical production. He points out the impropriety of attempting pictorial effects in purely decorative art, and, in a manner wholly free from dogmatism, furnishes much useful advice in respect to household design. He leaves nothing untouched that concerns the æsthetic character of a modern abode. He begins with the exterior, and penetrates to the innermost recesses, offering valuable hints about the architecture, the furniture, the wall-paper, the carpet, the pictures, the plate, the cutlery, and even the dress of the inmates. Though remarkably enthusiastic, and fully conscious of the stability of the position which he assumes, he is never dictatorial, but always courteously suggestive, thus verifying in the treatment of his subject

the highly apposite title which he has chosen for his book. He is a confirmed medievalist; and he boldly proclaims the fact, taking care, however, to inform us that he is not blindly radical, but only anxious to revive and apply to the purposes of modern life that chaste, simple, and harmonious spirit of art which pervaded even the humblest manufacturers in the ages ignorantly called dark.

The editor of the American edition of *Hints on Household Taste* has discharged his duty in an admirable manner. His notes invariably serve to supplement or to illustrate the observations of the author, and have the double merit of being both brief and apposite.

The book is well and copiously illustrated; and all its mechanical features accord with the tone of its sentiments.

SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Boyle O'Rielly. Boston: Patrick Donahoe, 1874. Received through Eugene Cummiskey, 1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

It has seldom been our good fortune to discover a volume of verse in which the realistic and poetic elements were so powerfully and ably combined, as in the book before us. Mr. O'Rielly selects his themes from among scenes and characters which would naturally be supposed to be the least congenial to the muse of song, for Erato is not usually considered at home among Nantucket tars on New Bedford whaling-ships, in Australian penal colonies, or the after-dark pranks of shameless youngsters. The luxurious arcades and flowering groves of the tropics may, indeed, be for a time her abode, and she may not disdain to occasionally bathe in the sparkling waters of sunny Southern seas, but we will stake our character for penetration on the assertion that Mr. O'Rielly is a handsome Irishman from the vicinity of Blarney castle, for he has so completely fascinated her that she follows him with her most favoring smiles, wherever or whenever he bids her presence. She is beside him in the murderer's secluded shelter; she rides with him on the storm-winds that whistle around the Horn; she sits beside him in the agonizing cruise when the wounded amber whale drags his boat through the mighty Southern spray; she perches on an oil barrel on New Bedford's wharves, or peeps with him through the windows of a New England meeting-house. Wherever he lists, she lets him sing—sing *the tenderest of songs, in the manliest of tones.*

In his unique preface he tells us, in a few artlessly artful words, the story of his life and of his book, while the manly but touching passage which closes his dedication is just sufficient to show us how much nobility of the heart we may look for in his verses. The only defect that we have observed in the book is a superfluity of descriptive element, and an occasional absence of clearness in unravelling the thread of his stories; both these faults are particularly discernible in the principal poem, "The King of the Vasse." In "Hunted by Tigers," the reader is left in doubt whether the New Bedford preacher was really the converted scapegrace Nathan Beans, or whether old Sculpin was merely affected by the voice of conscience.

Mr. O'Rielly belongs to what we might term the Bret Harte school of poets, as regards style, though his thought and diction are less humorous, but in every other respect incomparably superior to that of the author of "The Heathen Chinee."

Mr. Donahoe deserves our best compliments for the handsome manner in which he publishes the book. "Ticknor & Fields," as we still love to call the old firm, must look to their laurels if Mr. Donahoe intends to keep up the reputation which this publication must win for him.

LASCINE. By an Oxford Man. New York: Appleton & Co., Publishers.

This book has a prepossessing appearance, and as its name is somewhat novel, more than one will be induced to read—and then be disappointed. Oxford men are generally good story-tellers, but "An Oxford Man" hardly seems to have even a small share of romantic or novel fire. His hobby seems to be the introduction of pet French or Latin phrases, which mar the effect of what little interest the book possesses. How Edward Lascine can be "calm and happy, *stranded high* on the rock," is too much for our comprehension. "The rise and fall of the organ," is a rather queer expression at best. The description of Lascine and Carley meeting at the station is about as unnatural a piece of narrative as we remember to have seen. Withal, *Lascine* is far from monotonous, and we can safely say, if it does little good, it will do no harm.

PRIMARY PHYSIOLOGY, ANATOMY, AND HYGIENE. Lambert. New York: William Wood & Co.

Where schools desire to introduce a work on hygiene and anatomy, we do not know of any superior to Dr. Lambert's. It is small—a great recommen-

dation—while the matter embraced is equal in extent and superior in treatment to most works we have seen on the subject.

THE ARK OF THE PEOPLE. By Plato Punchinello. Translated from the French, with a Preface by Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O.S.A. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 1873.

This is unquestionably a grand book, notwithstanding the literary idiosyncrasies of its author, displayed principally in the very harmless form of a not discernibly appropriate *nom de plume*, and in an *original* preface which is scarcely in keeping with the dignified tone and important subject-matter of the book.

The author represents the world at the present time as suffering from a deluge of errors and evils, afflicting every class of mankind; evils social, moral, and intellectual. The Church, the bark of Peter riding securely over this sea of iniquity, is the only refuge for faithful souls. She gives them safety by inculcating through the mouths of her consecrated pilots all the great truths which she has received from her divine builder and captain, Jesus Christ. What these errors and their conflicting truths are the author fully and ably demonstrates in the form of a series of colloquial entertainments, illustrating them from the facts of history and the experience of daily life. This method gives him the opportunity of touching upon almost every popular topic, philosophical, legal, moral, historical, and spiritual, and he has fully availed himself of the golden occasion.

The translation is well executed, and this first American edition is embellished with a Preface from the able and fluent pen of Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O.S.A., while the publishers deserve much commendation for the publication of a work which cannot fail to have a novel and beneficial effect.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, with a chronological table of American History, from its discovery in 1492, to the year 1873. Adapted for the use of schools in the United States. By M. J. Kerney, Esq. Enlarged and revised edition. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Kerney's Catechetical Series is so well known to teachers, that we deem it quite unnecessary to say anything at present in its favor. The little volume on American History is so familiar to us *that we unhesitatingly recommend it.* We think, however, that the additional matter introduced in this latest edition, which brings the subject up to the present time, is treated too concisely. The latest past decade of United States history is too pregnant with important events to be skimmed over in about *seven* little pages, while the comparatively unimportant war with Mexico requires at least thirteen, and the Revolutionary period twenty sheets. In the general questions on the State Constitutions, there is no reference to that of West Virginia, an important omission, we think, in view of what some persons consider the anomalous political origin of that State.

CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC, 1874. New York: Catholic Publication Society. Philadelphia: Cunningham & Son.

This is the latest issue of an annual which is now familiar to every Catholic household. Indeed, it is rapidly becoming one of the "indispensables." The table of contents presents the same useful and entertaining amount of good things which characterized previous numbers.

We think, however, that the "Wraith of Odin" would be fully justified in haunting the publishers in return for the disgraceful portrait (!) they have given of the late Archbishop of New Orleans.

GORDON LODGE; OR, RETRIBUTION. An autobiography. By Mrs. M. Agnes White, of West Virginia. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This is an exceedingly readable novelette, republished from the columns of the *Catholic Mirror*, where it first appeared as a serial. The style is easy and graceful, and the plot sufficiently interesting to engage the reader's attention throughout. The scene is laid principally in the British Isles, and the characters are well defined and of a lifelike cast.

The book is bound in the same ornate style which marks all the works emanating from its publishers.

WE have received a pamphlet from P. F. Cunningham & Son, containing a sermon by Very Rev. James O'Connor, D.D., delivered at the month's mind of Very Rev. Edward McMahon, and we are sure the friends of the late venerable pastor of St. Edward's Church, Philadelphia, will be thankful to the publishers for preserving in this form the eloquent sermon of the erudite Dr. O'Connor.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VI, No. 33.—JANUARY, 1874.

## SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITISM.

A BELIEF in the existence of a spiritual invisible world, distinct from the material scene which we behold, and having occasional relations with our temporary sensible abode, is coeval with time itself. Although qualified by varieties of conceptions, more or less clear and truthful, this most ancient belief has prevailed with every people, civilized or barbarous. The joys and terrors of the awful unseen region affect the dreams of infancy, and the grave decisions of experienced wise maturity; they are descried by mental vision in the dark dungeon of the forlorn captive, as well as amidst the vivid expansion of scientific reflection; they are spoken of in the deepest recesses of the mind, and by the startling voice of prophecy, echoing throughout thousands of generations. There the brave martyr Stephen, *looking up steadfastly saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God;* thence come intimations of judgment, like flashes from the storm cloud, driving the culprit Cain to seek a hiding-place for guilt and shame. With the regeneration of our fallen race, Christianity has purified this important impression from the perplexity and falsehood cast around it by malicious imposture; at the same time, giving it clear and precise formality, by its insertion amongst the things which the Divine Word commanded to be taught as necessary for observance and salvation. We know that religion is not surrounded by the slightest mist or shadow of speculation; it is now a decided, genuine authentic fact. It is freed from the slightest undulation of mutability, even of that kind which might be apprehended in a transition from one covenant to another; it has been imparted to us in the completeness and definite condition of eternal perfection. Such is the assurance afforded by the Apostle Paul, saying: "*God who at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by his Son.*" Accordingly we might expect that, in keeping with this character, religion would speak to us in the most exact manner concerning the

invisible world, that the nature of the subject will admit. We have not been disappointed. The heavens and earth are no longer walled asunder for those who by faith and grace know that it is their destiny to cast off the coil of mortality to put on immortality, and who, through the heaviest cloud hanging over a valley of tears, see, as far as intellectual vision can reach, into a region adequately depicted for every present purpose, as the place where *grief*, *mourning*, *death*, shall be no more. Although the word of infallible truth has assured us that neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God has prepared for those who love Him, still the clean of heart are sufficiently cheered to journey onwards through the defiles of hope, hearing it also said, that, ere long, "*they will see God face to face, and know him as He is.*" The most intense feeling cannot measure the extensive loss of that final good, yet it is known to be such as can cause weeping and gnashing of teeth, and can feed a consuming worm of regret that will never expire. The infinite chasm once made by sin has been filled up by the incarnation of the Divine Word: in it all flesh has seen the salvation of God; through it we pass along, not for an agonizing exercise of carnal senses, into shadowy spheres, but into an invisible world, congenial to our imperishable souls, wherein we *think by faith*, we *see by hope*, we *feel by charity*. We are not daunted by a darkness, impenetrable to mortal sight, veiling the portals of death, because, even towards the tomb we walk on a path cleared by Him, who made the grave of Lazarus smile with the joys of life. We do not fear extinction, nor have we alarm about prolonged existence, for he who refreshed the famished thousands in the inhospitable wilderness, feeds us unto life everlasting, with that which he calls "*the bread of life, the bread of God coming down from heaven.*" We have practical matter-of-fact experience of life in that world, inasmuch as our minds are exalted to the infinite essence, by adoration, by prayer, and by the contemplation of the divine attributes. We know those attributes through that revelation which is attested by the joyous submission of the loftiest intellects, by the unwavering adherence of the purest hearts, in every age and nation, and which has not met negation, except in the shuddering desperation of sordid depravity. We need not make compact with any dying debauched libertine, that he will return to conjure up convictions in the midnight of the grave: for He who descended from heaven, and hath ascended into heaven, has been in our midst: He has not left us orphans: He is still with us in his guiding spirit, communicating information to that degree that we can call on the Most High by the tender familiar name of Father. From the moment the Teacher of the poor said that the angels of little children see the face of the Divine Parent in heaven, the eye of faith has steadily gazed into the happy domain of pure spiritual life, bringing into communication with sublime thoughts and affectionate feelings, the spirits glowing in adoration around the eternal throne. That we may admire them, that we may seek their sympathy, that we may make them depositaries of our affections, we need not have their effulgence dimly refracted through the elements of our material residence, for with truth more illuminative than the noonday sun, we know from St. Paul, that in the Church: "*We are come to the company of many thousands of angels and to the spirits of the just made perfect.*" Those spirits are not strangers to us, whereas we know,

to use the expression of St. Paul, that, "*they are all ministering spirits sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation.*" This is not an abstruse theory; it is a familiar fact, and one actuating the daily habits and practices of the household of the faith. It is long ago that the Angel Gabriel was on the wing, not armed with flaming sword, but bearing a message of peace, not to the disputants of Athens, or the revellers of imperial Rome, but to the pure and holy Virgin of Nazareth. We need not have our memories alarmingly aroused by some electric shock in the midst of a sleep of 1900 years. No, from generation to generation, from day to day, from watch to watch, the Angelus bell sounds sweetly beneath the cross-crested spire, and at the first blush of morning, in the noontide song of busy life, and with the soft falling cloud of closing day, from millions of hearts streams back to the throne of our loving God, the grateful remembrance of that ministration, whilst the Catholic world at those hours exclaims: "*The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, . . .* and the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." Most delightfully was this acquaintance with ministering spirits continued when the midnight watch at Bethlehem heard the angelic choir:

When sudden blaze of song
Spread o'er the expanse of heaven,
In waves of light it thrilled along,
Th' angelic signal given;
Glory to God from yonder fire,
Burst out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir.

Like circles widening round,
Upon a clear blue river;
Orb after orb the wondrous sound,
Is echoed on forever:
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace.
And love towards men of love, salvation and release. —*Keble.*

This has not been forgotten in the eternal memory of the Church. For, whilst the tidings of exceeding great joy then uttered, are realized from generation to generation. in the clean oblation offered from the rising to the setting sun, the same song echoes through our sanctuaries in the chorus of ages.

So complete is our view of that invisible world, seeing *in part* through faith (as St. Paul expresseth the peculiar character of this insight, a view consistent with our present transitory condition), that we know, not only our *friends* ministering for our good, but also our *enemies* ministering for our trial, or for our punishment. Ages and ages past, we heard from Him, whose word we never doubted, about the devil, who is perfectly described by the Saviour in these words: "*He was a murderer from the beginning, and he stood not in the truth, because truth is not in him. He is a liar.*" We know exactly our position in relation to that evil one; therefore did St. Paul say long ago, that which has become our household language, namely: "*Put you on the armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers; against the rulers of the world of this darkness; against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.*" We have good reason to be on our guard, knowing what Satan did to Job, collecting fire in the air, and showering it down upon his herds and flocks, and consuming them; then raising winds and storms, wherewith he demolished the house where Job's family was assembled. No wavering doubt on our part gives that infernal spirit an invitation to make himself known by tossing chairs and tables about, and sticking the match-box to the ceiling. We have learned quite enough from St. Peter, saying: "*Be sober and watch; because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour.*" We are not at a loss to ascertain his power, which St. Paul defines as being,—

"*In signs and lying wonders. In all seduction of iniquity to them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. Therefore, God shall send them the operation of error to believe lying.*" Our knowledge on this point is so full, that we do not require any further information. All that is requisite has been told us beforehand, and such is our daily experience of current events, that if, in addition to faith, matter of fact evidence were desirable, we have such evidence set before us in illustration of the following announcement of our adorable Redeemer: "*If any man shall say to you: Lo, here is Christ, or there, do not believe him. For there shall rise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch as to deceive* (if possible) *even the elect. Behold I have told it to you beforehand.*" Thus the spiritual mysterious world is brought into the view of the Catholic mind; all its relations, influence, mingle with our intellectual and moral existence. There is darkness only on the material horizon, which is a boundary for our corporeal senses; just as we often see on a summer morning the mountain and the valley, the wood and lawn, for awhile, in one confused cloudy level, beneath the skies glowing with the beauties of the dawn, and promising how clear and distinct all will be, when the sun from the meridian will diffuse his glorious flood of light. The religious conduct of Catholic life is an expression of the certainty and uniformity of this vision in part. When pine-table philosophers and teapot prophets are snoring in bed, go to the vestibule of any Catholic church on a dark cold winter morning, and there you will see a number of simple, humble men and women; from them you will learn that it is not at all necessary to have recourse to old hats and three-legged stools to discover how near we are to an invisible world, and that in the Lord who made us, we still live and move and have our being. Observe how reverently, but how familiarly, that old man makes the sign of the cross, and thus briefly expresseth what the eloquence of Demosthenes could not describe, namely, the faith, the knowledge of his creation, his redemption, his sanctification by the one God in three divine persons. See how habitually he sprinkles himself with the blessed water, because he is consciously approaching a presence, before which the royal prophet exclaimed: "*Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.*" When he approaches the altar, the downcast eye, the silent tongue, his reverent and entranced aspect, answer the question of St. Paul, uttered from our sanctuary: "*The bread which we break, is it not a partaking of the body of the Lord?*" He kneels there not for uneasy inquiry, or anxious debate, but for an old-established duty, in the performance of which, "*they who eat the bread and drink the chalice show the death of the Lord until he come.*" He breathes some affectionate ejaculations, because, they who partake of the one bread are one body, and in this happy union he is holding intercourse with departed souls, commemorating the merits of some, and blending sighs of sympathy with others. A corpse happens to be laid near the sanctuary, and the cloud of incense floating over the bier of death is a grateful memento, that the gulf between time and eternity has been spanned over by the communion of saints. He returns to the local habitation of the body, fully persuaded, that, *here* he has not *a permanent city, a lasting dwelling*, and hence whatever he does, even to *eating and drinking*, is done for the

glory of God. By such instructions, by such associations, the Catholic mind and conduct is so formed and trained, that an angel preaching out of the heavens would not change his faith, much less could he be moved by those things which so frequently excite curiosity and consternation amongst people who have not the gift of faith.

Thus it happens that the great phenomenon of the present day, as it is called—*table moving*, *table talking*, *spirit rapping*, *spirit whistling*, &c., has for us no concern. Whichever way such things may be decided, Catholics remain unmoved. It is part of our creed that good and evil spirits mix themselves up in the affairs of men, and sometimes take even a visible part in them. The lives of the saints furnish abundant examples of both; our text-books of theology treat of such matters scientifically; our very catechisms do not fail to recognize them. And whilst we are forewarned by all this knowledge on the one hand, so that we can scarcely be said to be taken by surprise when we hear of any new manifestations of a principle with which we are already familiar, we are also forearmed on the other hand, by the most stringent laws, prohibiting us from seeking intercourse with evil spirits of our own free will, and by most efficacious remedies, guarding us against their mischievous attacks. Catholics have always believed that the fallen angels could take upon themselves divers forms and appearances, and could either visibly or invisibly, torment and harass the children of men; that sometimes power is given them to injure the body, sometimes to terrify the soul, and that they are always ready and eager to do evil. They have entertained this belief, because such was the teaching of the church, written in the Holy Scriptures, recorded by ecclesiastical history, enshrined in the rites and ceremonies of religion, and in the continual tradition of the faithful. Moreover, Catholics have always believed that this power of the evil spirits might be kept in check, or altogether destroyed by certain forms of prayer used for that purpose, or certain external objects having no power or value in themselves. but receiving a value and a power from the special blessing and consecration of the church, whereby they are separated from that class of inanimate objects to which they naturally belong, and become invested with a kind of sacred character. Hence Catholics have been used in all ages to sprinkle their dwellings with holy water, and to have them blessed by the prayers of the church, believing, as St. Chrysostom tells us, that, "evil spirits would not dare to enter within the precincts of a house sprinkled with water which the church had blessed." Our credulity has been reprobated and scorned through every mood and tense of spiteful unbelief. Well, we, the supposed dupes of old Roman agency, smiled pitifully at all the antagonism of the uncatholic world. Good reason we had to smile, as is plainly shown by the occurrences of the present day, when this same uncatholic world is eagerly swallowing the very same belief, only disfigured by numerous extravagances. That world, which would not submit to the teaching of a ministry established expressly "*to prevent our being tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine;*" which would not allow the Bible to be interpreted by the thought and action of the Church, embodied in the unbroken tradition of nineteen hundred years, has become *refreshed*, considerably *moved*, deeply *interested*, awfully *impressed*, seriously *exercised*, by the ministry and interpretation of the toes of Mrs. Nunks, the knuckles of Mr. Bunks, the uproarious conduct of the pots, pans, kettles, and saucepans of Miss

Sphinks; the smashing revelling of the brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, and snuffers of Rev. Eliakim Phelps, and last, not least, by the twitching muscles of Judge Edmonds' knee.

The atrocious outburst of "modern thought," has been mendaciously named "Spiritualism," in accordance with the tactics of its master and guide—the father of lies. It is worthy of consideration that Satan steadily adheres to the principle, Lucus a non lucendo, and masks all the denominations and developments of his Protestantism with delusive and contradictory titles. Hence, heathens and publicans assume Christian Catholic names; for instance, reading and lecture-rooms, where Christ and his spotless spouse are blasphemed and calumniated, are called churches; Elizabethan Tudor clubs are styled Episcopalians, although originated and commissioned by libidinous murderers of the Episcopacy; the foulest debauchees are Latter-day Saints; the blatant opponents of gospel truth, and of the bond of peace, jocosely assume the title, Evangelical Alliance, and so forth, through hundreds of diabolical agencies. It is much to be regretted that the conventionalism of infernal diplomacy, and the etiquette of Satan's court are regarded by professing Christians. Our adorable Lord and Master has given a very decisive rule on this subject, viz.: "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." In obedience to that mandate we speak about modern heathens according to the tenor of their iniquity, naming it Satanical Spiritism, in contradistinction to the spiritual life and action belonging to the body, whereof Jesus Christ is the head. It is not convenient at present to *interview* this demoniacal spiritism; in our next conversation we hope to give satisfactory account of this so-called *new* philosophy, which is really as ancient as the mission of Old Nick, who goeth about seeking whom he may mock, delude, and ensnare.

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## THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

### CHRISTMAS—AT MATINS.

*A solis ortus cardine.*

To-day, from the auroral pole
Unto the utmost bounds of earth,
To Christ the Prince, our song shall roll,
Who takes from Mary virgin birth.

Blest author of creation's state,
He comes in servile form arrayed,
With flesh our flesh to liberate,
Lest He should lose the souls He made.

Within the virgin-parent's heart
Flows now the stream of heavenly grace;
*God operates*, with mystic art,
*The secrets* that therein have place.

The chaste abode of her pure breast,
Thus suddenly becomes God's fane,—
Within her womb a child doth rest,
While she a virgin doth remain.

Now doth the heavenly babe appear,
Foretold by Gabriel's sacred word,
Whose unborn presence owning near
The unborn Baptist joyful stirred.

Some scanty straw forms His poor bed,
The manger He does not despise:
He with a little milk is fed,
By whom no birdling hungry flies.

The angels thrill with heavenly mirth;
Anon their strains exultant fall,
Telling the shepherds of His birth,
Shepherd and Maker of us all.

'hee, O Jesus, glory be,
ho art from virgin-mother born;
er and Paraclete with Thee,
praised while endless time rolls on.

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'HRISTMAS—AT VESPERS.

*Jesu Redemptor omnium.*

s, who didst for all atone,
ou, who before the primal dawn,
glory equal to his own,
ast from the Supreme Father born.

Father's light and splendor Thou,
e hope of all for evermore,
, Lord, the humble prayers which now
roughout the world thy servants pour.

ember, who hast all things made,
at Thou didst take our flesh of old,
le in the Virgin's chaste womb laid,
d thence wast born in human mould.

doth this solemn day attest,
ithin the cycle of each year,
solely from Thy Father's breast,
save the world Thou camest here.

'hee the stars, the earth, the seas,
d everything the heavens beneath,
ch this thy new salvation frees,
lvation's newest song now breathe.

we, from off whose souls away
y sacred blood laves sin's alloy,
this Thy gladsome natal day,
y to this hymn of tribute joy.

'hee, O Jesus, glory be,
ho wast from virgin-mother born;
er and Paraclete with Thee,
praised while endless time rolls on.

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.Y INNOCENTS—AT MATINS.

*Audit tyrannus anxius.*

doth the anxious tyrant hear,
King of Monarchs to be near,
comes to rule o'er Israel's name,
ight of David's royal claim.

furiously the order 's given,
satellites are forthward driven;
this successor with the sword,
every cradle float in blood.

at doth such wickedness avail?
d, thy crime its end doth fail.
e from mid such deaths forlorn,
infant Christ is safely borne.

Jesus, to Thee be glory done,
Thou, Mary's maid-begotten Son,
With Father and with Paraclete,
Let endless ages e'er repeat.

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THE HOLY INNOCENTS—AT VESPERS.

*Salvete flores martyrum.*

Flowerets of martyrdom, all hail!
Whom in the very dawn of light,
Like opening roses 'neath the gale,
Christ's persecutor struck with blight.

First victims of the Saviour's choice,
The immolator's tender lambs,
E'en at the altar ye rejoice,
Playful amid your crowns and palms.

To Thee, O Jesus, glory be,
Who wast from virgin-mother born;
Father and Paraclete with Thee,
Be praised while endless time rolls on.

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EPIPHANY—AT LAUDS.

*O sola magnarum urbium.*

Of all earth's cities thou 'rt the gem,
Since He, life's Lord, O Bethlehem,
From heaven descending, now is on
Thy circuit's plain incarnate born.

'Tis He! whose star with conquering beams
Of light and beauty richly gleams
Upon the sun's revolving way,
And tells earth of His natal day.

Their path, upon its glorious wake,
The treasure-bearing Magi take,
And, prostrate at His feet, unfold
Their incense, myrrh, and regal gold.

The gold and fragrant Sabaen scents,
His kingly Godhead's rich portents;
The myrrh foretells in mystic trust,
Of mortal man's sepulchral dust.

Glory to Thee, O Jesus blest,
Who art to Gentiles manifest.
With Father and with Paraclete,
Let endless a[illegible] e'er repeat.

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EPIPHANY—AT VESPERS.

*Crudelis Herodes Deum.*

O cruel Herod, whence thy fear,
Lest Christ the Ruler should appear?
He will not seize on earthly crowns,
Who doth bestow celestial thrones.

The Magi come, their dubious way
Lit by the bright star's guiding ray;
With light the world's true Light they seek,
Their gifts the infant God bespeak.

The heavenly Lamb touched Jordan's tide,
Its waves baptismal sanctified;
And He who never knew sin's stains,
In laving us hath borne its pains.

A newer sort of power discern,
The water-jars now ruddy turn,
Whose draughts submissive, at God's sign,
Their nature change to flowing wine.

Glory to Thee, O Jesus blest,
Who art to Gentiles manifest,
With Father and with Paracleto,
Let rolling ages e'er repeat.

ADVENT AND CHRISTMASTIDE —AT COMPLIN.

*Alma Redemptoris.*

Dear Mother of our Redeemer Lord,
Heaven's e'er open portal,
Star of the sea! with succoring light,
Illume our pathway mortal.

Thou, who to wondering nature bore,
While e'er a maid remaining,
Thy Maker, our fallen state
Support, with grace sustaining.

Who did'st this blissful news receive,
At Gabriel's salutation,
Unto us guilty sinners show
Thy sweet commiseration.

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## THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DINNER; OR, THE TAYLORS AND O'FLAHERTYS.

THOSE who are united under a common roof form in some sort one family; and it may therefore be truly termed a shameful sight when such, in the words of the well-known lines, "fall out and chide and fight." Such shameful sights were, however, of daily occurrence at 14 — Street whenever the second floor and the attics, inhabited respectively by the Taylors and O'Flahertys, came into collision. On which side the fault lay it would be hard to say; certain it is that from the first moment that the two families had become known to each other, there had been a continual smouldering sort of animosity going on between them, breaking out on the smallest provocation into open hostilities.

Mr. Flaherty and Mr. Taylor had differences about a smoky chimney; their wives quarrelled regularly every washing-day in the little lean-to used as a laundry by all the inmates of number 14; and as to their children, it would be difficult to find out what did *not* afford them grounds for dissension rather than what did.

Both families were Catholics; they met together every Sunday at chapel, their little ones every day at school; but these frequent opportunities of intercourse only seemed to add fuel to the flame.

The other inmates of number 14 kept a good deal to themselves; as people say, the first floor held their heads high, as befitted the inhabitants of furnished apartments. The landlord lived in the kitchen, and, probably from being very lame, was not much given to going about, except when the rents fell due. The young man in the back parlor was employed on a daily paper, worked all night and slept all day; and the little old lady in the front parlor, of whom more anon, was stiff and rheumatic, and seldom went out, except occasionally to chapel, and on a Saturday to market. The coast was left comparatively clear, as if to form a skirm-

ishing-ground for the two hostile parties, whose voices were, with rare intervals, to be heard throughout the day raised in objurgation, vituperation, and in everything, in short, which is unpleasant, unneighborly, and unchristian.

Things seemed nearly to have reached their climax upon a certain 24th of December. Mrs. Flaherty, who had a fair share of feminine curiosity in her disposition, had been made exceedingly indignant by hearing a great bustle underneath her, and a pattering of feet up and down, all tending to or from the same quarter. Her domestic concerns would not allow her to investigate matters as closely as she would have wished; but she placed her daughter Kate, a peculiarly sharp little damsel of nine years old, as a sort of sentinel, at door and window alternately, to report progress. First Kate announced the interesting fact that Eliza Taylor, a girl about her own age, was running out with nothing on but her bonnet.

"She's going to the butcher's opposite, mother, I know," she opined; sagaciously drawing the obvious inference, "and she's gone to fetch the suet for the pudding."

Then the Taylor boys, who had been out from very early morning, came back laden with boughs of dark green holly plentifully sprinkled with red berries.

"They've been miles away in the country, I am sure; only look at their muddy boots," cried the keen-eyed observer at the window.

"I daresay they have been stealing from some gentleman's farm. I only hope they may be taken up for it; that I do, the young rascals," was Mrs. O'Flaherty's amiable rejoinder.

In extenuation of Mrs. O'Flaherty, it should be mentioned that the Master Taylors were just then objects of her peculiar detestation, from their dog Wasp having the day before set upon and nearly murdered her little white kitten; whilst, in justice to the boys themselves, it is necessary to state that they were honest, well-conducted fellows enough, and that Tom the eldest worked for a gentleman who had a house some way out of town, who had given him a particular permission to gather as much holly and evergreen as he chose in his grounds.

A little later, Mrs. Taylor herself went out with a huge covered basket on her arm, and came back with it so full that she could hardly carry it upstairs, affirmed the Argus-eyed Kate. "I watched her to the grocer's round the corner, mother: she has been for raisins, currants, and peel; and they are all for the pudding too."

"Ain't we going to have a pudding to-morrow?" asked curly-haired Conny O'Flaherty, who had been in fancy tasting his neighbor's pudding all the morning, and had thereby got to think a pudding in reality for his own particular eating would be no bad thing.

Mrs. O'Flaherty boxed Conny's ears; a conclusive answer in the negative apparently, for he set up directly a prolonged howl.

Poor Mrs. O'Flaherty! People who pass their lives in a couple of garrets with a certain, and that always a large number of children, and a small and uncertain weekly income, sometimes have not that complete control of their tempers that ladies and gentlemen who have whole houses to themselves, nurseries for the younger branches of their families, and money in their pockets or at their banker's, are always supposed to possess.

Mrs. O'Flaherty was very fond of Conny and all his brothers and sisters, and she boxed his ears rather from affection than from anything else. Rather a queer mode of proceeding, you will say; but Mrs. O'Flaherty was a queer wo-

man, so what could you expect! The truth was, the poor soul was very much vexed that her children ran a poor chance of a pudding on the morrow. Her husband had been out of work the great part of autumn; and it was all they could do to keep their heads above water, and pay for rent, bread, and firing, without indulging in any superfluities whatever. Matters were not mended by Mr. O'Flaherty's return about noon, after only half a day's work, and consequently half a day's wages. Mrs. O'Flaherty counted her little money over and over again, as if she thought it would multiply in the process, and ended by a burst of tears, as she declared that she had never been so short on any Christmas-eve before, and wished that she had never left old Ireland, where she lived in plenty at her uncle's, who could have brought up a hundred of such people as the Taylors, grand as they thought themselves.

Whenever Mrs. O'Flaherty talked about her uncle and his property, her husband generally grew silent, and for the most part took refuge in his pipe. The more excited she was, the greater and richer this uncle always appeared to be. Mr. O'Flaherty, knowing that this was what doctors are pleased to call a gentle hallucination, never contradicted it. "It amuses her, and it does no hurt to me," he would say, as he puffed away; but if he had not been a very quiet sort of man, I fear he might have been tempted at such times to take refuge at the tavern across the way.

The children were very much pleased a little later in the day by the arrival of a ticket on a public kitchen in the neighborhood for a plum-pudding, which a charitable lady, knowing how many little mouths there were in the attics, kindly sent in. Mrs. O'Flaherty was not in a humor to *be pleased* with anything just then. "The O'Flahertys were none of your whining beggars, and had never been obliged to charity for their Christmas dinner before," she said; and she would actually have prevented little Kate's going to fetch the pudding, if her husband had not interposed.

"Arn't you ashamed of your pride, Ellen," he said, more sternly than he was used to speak, "which would stand in the way of letting your poor children break their fast on the blessed Christmas-day itself? If we are poor, let us do as the poor do, and take what is given us with thankfulness. I wish with all my heart that I had been able to set you down to-morrow to a dinner of my own earning; but it is not the will of God, and He knows what is best for us."

Tim O'Flaherty was a good, patient man; but even he could not resist a feeling of envy as he watched by the failing light his neighbor John Taylor make his way up the street, his carpenter's wallet on his shoulder, his hands in his pockets, whistling as he walked in a way that plainly showed that he at least made sure of his Christmas dinner.

The second floor had not been more charitably disposed towards the attics that Christmas-eve than the attics had been towards them; and this was less excusable, as the Taylors were prosperous and prospering, and therefore free from the thousand little anxieties which oppressed the poor O'Flahertys. Mrs. Taylor was a particularly tidy woman—her husband laughingly said she ought to have been an old maid—and the sight of Mrs. O'Flaherty going about in pattens, and dirtying her stairs, as she called them, with the said pattens, after she had made the whole place so clean you could eat your dinner off it, to use her own phrase, was sufficient to upset her for the day. In addition to this grave offence, this same afternoon the O'Flaherty

children, finding the domestic atmosphere slightly troubled, and the outdoor atmosphere not sufficiently promising to allure them abroad, kept up an energetic game of ball in the passage and on the stairs; and Mrs. Taylor revenged herself by cutting remarks whenever she actually came in contact with the criminals, and in keeping up a running commentary on the various delinquencies of the whole O'Flaherty family, in which she was admirably seconded by her little daughters, beginning with Tim O'Flaherty's pipe (the odor of which was just then very perceptible, being wafted down the common chimney by some unfriendly current) and ending with little Conny's ragged corduroys; and the subject was by no means exhausted when the arrival of Taylor necessarily turned the course of conversation into other channels.

The Taylor family retired early to rest. The hard-working mother was glad to get the little ones out of the way as soon as possible. Several of the elders of the party cherished the laudable project of getting up for the first Mass, and therefore followed in the wake of the younger. Mrs. Taylor herself was not much behind them; but though she sought her pillow betimes, balmy sleep was long a stranger to her eyelids. To tell the truth, the pudding, audibly simmering over the fire, was on her mind, and banished repose. At last she too sank to rest, and deep silence brooded over the second floor. She woke with a sudden start. Whether she had slept minutes or hours, she had no idea; but this she knew, that the whole room was full of thick, suffocating smoke. She put out her hand instinctively: it touched the thin partition which divided theirs from the next apartment. It was red-hot. The back room where the girls slept was evidently on fire. She snatched up the infant from the cradle at her side, and roused her husband with no gentle shake.

"Get up, John!" she exclaimed; "the place is on fire! You take little Will in the crib; I have baby safe. And now for the others."

Armed with a strength which in a calmer moment she would never have thought herself capable of exerting, the poor mother flew out of the room, and had made her way into the next through flames and smoke. All the bed-hangings and light draperies were in a blaze; and the three frightened girls, the eldest holding a younger child in her arms, were huddled together in a corner, watching the progress of destruction, and apparently too much terrified to move. It was all Bella Taylor's fault, the pretty, almost grown-up eldest daughter, who was an indoor worker at a fashionable milliner's, and had come home—a rare event—to sleep, and spend the ensuing Christmas-day. She was addicted to the dangerous practice of reading in bed, her candle caught the curtain, and she woke up to find all around her a perfect mass of red-hot flame.

How Mrs. Taylor got the children safely down stairs, she could never tell. At the bottom the other inmates of number 14 were clustered together, wildly vociferating, but doing nothing.

The O'Flahertys had run down in a body at the first alarm. It was not really late, and even the little ones had been allowed to crawl about and fall asleep on the floor, whilst their mother was still at the work which from want of management had been put off to that untimely hour.

Whilst the less anxious part of the crowd were talking all at once, and looking out for the expected fire-engines, Mrs. Taylor fell to counting her chicks, like a motherly hen as she was—the girls, then the lads (they had slept below, and

had come up with the lame little landlord at the first alarm). Little Will, there he was fast asleep in Bell's arms, bless him; baby she was still clasping tightly against her beating heart; and Emily, "Father, you have Em of course?"

"What! little Emily? Not I, Poll," said Taylor, still drowsily rubbing his eyes, with a confused stare; "I thought she was with the girls. You told me to take Will; but I heard him calling out in the next room, so I felt sure they were both there."

"Yes, Will was, father; but I did not know it was any harm," cried Harriet, bursting into tears; "he coaxed me so to let him sleep in our room to-night, when I undressed him, because he knew Bella was coming home, and she always tells him pretty stories directly he wakes in the morning; so I just popped Em into the crib, and put him with us."

"God help me! and I left my child to burn!" cried poor Taylor. He would have rushed up stairs at once, though the smoke was curling downwards, almost filling the passage where they stood; but his wife, whose energies seemed completely exhausted, seized him by the sleeve, and fell down by his side in strong convulsions.

"What is the use of trying to get up stairs? the whole place is in a blaze by this time," cried the rest of the spectators; "and the poor little thing a cinder," added the most plain-spoken amongst them.

There was one, however, who resolved to make the attempt; it was the warmhearted Tim O'Flaherty. Without a thought of self, he made a sudden dash athwart the darkness visible. All held their breath, speechless, till in an incredibly short space he reappeared, holding out at arm's length a living, screaming child, the little Emily, the youngest but one, and perhaps for *that reason* the dearest of all; for mothers are apt to make a peculiar pet of those tiny creatures whose noses have been so lately put out of joint, to use a common phrase. Poor O'Flaherty was in considerably worse case than the child; he fainted away directly he had placed his little burden in her father's arms; and it was afterwards discovered that, besides a severe strain, he was slightly burned in one or two places. The excitement consequent on the rescue was raised to a height by the sight of the fire-engine clattering down the street, with its due complement of gallant attendants. Their efforts, added, it must be allowed, to a violent driving shower, which came down in torrents at this opportune moment, prevented the flames from spreading beyond the unfortunate second floor; of that, do what they would, nothing remained but the bare walls. The firemen were slightly disappointed. "This here I call scarcely worth turning out for," observed one ardent spirit to his mate, though the sentiment found but a faint response in the opinion of the landlord and lodgers of number 14. It was evidently highly gratifying to the men to find that their services were urgently demanded at an oil-factory at no great distance, whither they betook themselves will all speed.

But the neighbors outside did not seem disposed to go home at once. In spite of the heavy rain, they still stood gossiping on the sloppy pavement, some going away for a few minutes, and then coming back with the most contradictory reports. For instance, that O'Flaherty, who had been taken into the doctor's shop opposite, was going from one fit into another, and hollering like mad when Mr. Bliss attempted to dress his arm; or, on the contrary, that he had just taken some sleeping-stuff, and had dropped off asleep as quiet as a lamb; with all sorts of stories, equally

differing from one another, as to each member of the Taylor family, who with their mother had been taken in under the friendly protection of a neighbor. It was quite a diversion of ideas when a sharp little boy in the crowd (no other than Conny O'Flaherty himself) called the attention of the rest to a woman who was, he declared, standing on the highest point of the roof, and holding on to the chimneys.

He was laughed at at first, but he was right nevertheless; and he was right again when he exclaimed a minute or two afterwards: "Why, it's mother! Look, she's waving her hand!"

Every one began to wonder how it was they had not missed Mrs. O'Flaherty before, and every one said they thought she must have been with her husband, or in the street, or somewhere where it was plain she had never been. The truth was, upon the first alarm of fire, the poor woman had scrambled up into a loft in the roof of the house to look after what she always declared were most valuable papers; amongst others, the last will and testament of her much-vaunted uncle, bequeathing her all his earthly possessions, which, by the way, only amounted to a couple of cows and half a dozen measly pigs, the poor man having died under a distress for rent. She did not dare to venture down again, for the flames from the room beneath had already made the attic-floor red-hot; so, perhaps, to perch herself upon the tiles was the wisest thing she could have done. Curiously enough, the firemen had never noticed her; and there she still clung, in certainly rather a dangerous position, too giddy and worn-out to retrace her steps, and feeling her grasp gradually relaxing in proportion to her failing strength.

After the storm of rain, the wind had risen, and the whole stack of chimneys were rocking in the gale, in a manner which threatened their destruction, together with that of poor Mrs. O'Flaherty, much after the "down comes the cradle, the baby, and all" fashion. People screamed, and called out; the poor woman could not hear; and if she did, she was in no state to take their advice, whatever it might have been.

But all at once some one was seen to be busying himself in tying ladders together, and next to be placing them against the front of the house. It was Taylor. He climbed up them nimbly, and was on a level with the parapet in a few minutes more. Here he had nothing against which to support himself, and, quite unaided, he had to keep his footing firm as he advanced towards the trembling creature he wished to save.

If Taylor had not possessed a strong head and great presence of mind, it would have been all over with both of them. If he had betrayed the slightest symptom of agitation, if his outstretched arm had trembled, he would never have been able to have induced Mrs. O'Flaherty to trust herself to his care. As it was, she gave herself up to him as unresistingly as a child; and as soon as he had brought her down in safety, and had reached the lowest step of the ladder, he was greeted by a hearty and prolonged burst of cheering from the admiring spectators, which their anxiety for the success of the enterprise had till then restrained. Many amongst them wanted to shake hands with Taylor; but he got out of the crowd as soon as he could, muttering, in a rather husky voice, that he had done nothing but his duty, nor scarcely that, if the thing was looked at right. The woman's husband had saved his child that very night; and was it likely he was going to see her dashed to pieces under his very

eyes?—that was just all he had to say.

The crowd had no further excitement that night. All the inmates of number 14 were allowed to take possession of their respective quarters in peace, with the exception of the Taylors, who were literally burned out. The O'Flahertys managed, in spite of the broken staircase, to effect a settlement in the attics, which, however, proved to be in anything but a comfortable state, being half-flooded in water, either from the fire-engines or the subsequent drenching rain.

The first Mass, nevertheless, brought all the Taylors and O'Flahertys together again. Even little Emily was there. *She* had quite forgotten all about last night's adventures, though she had been made to kneel by the crib and say a Hail Mary in thanksgiving; but she had no objection at all to being carried home in Tim O'Flaherty's arms; for, of course, the two families walked back together afterwards. And not only did they walk back together, but they dined together, in no bigger a room too than Mrs. Grace's little parlor; and how they all managed to get into it must remain to the end of time an insoluble mystery. Mrs. Grace —whether this was her Christian or surname is likewise another of those riddles that no mortal has yet been able to fathom—was one of those useful sort of people who keep very quiet till they are wanted, and then expand, not like an oyster, but something much more warmhearted, genial, and Christian.

And they dined upon—what do you think? Why, upon Taylor's piece of beef, which, by great good luck, had been put into the larder down stairs, and upon the O'Flahertys' charity plum-pudding, which, far from being what people call as cold as charity, was hot and fruity, and quite delicious.

Mrs. Grace contributed nothing but coffee, which was handed round afterwards in a fashion which Mrs. Taylor pronounced highly genteel, and she set down her hostess at once as having been formerly a confidential housekeeper in some very high family; and it seems probable that she was right.

Mrs. O'Flaherty's spirits rose with the occasion; she actually danced an Irish jig with her eldest son; and Taylor roused himself sufficiently from his habitual taciturnity to contribute a favorite song of his native country to the general amusement.

Little Emily sat as grave as a judge on Tim O'Flaherty's knee all the while, pulling his whiskers by way of variety, and munching nuts and apples as her ordinary pastime.

Every one of the party was thinking how differently they were spending their Christmas-day from the manner in which they had expected only a few hours ago, and how strange it was that they should have been brought together; and though they did not say so, they all felt there was what is called something providential about it; and of this, at least, they all were sure, that the great feud between the Taylors and the O'Flahertys had come to an end forever.

## A CHURCH OF THE PERIOD.

It is, perhaps, a genuine piece of Thompson's news to inform the public, especially that portion of it that reads the Catholic Record, that there was lately held in this country the sixth periodical convention of religious nondescripts known as the Evangelical Alliance. We use the term "periodical" because the convention is not at all regular, but irregularly spasmodic in its convocation. Whenever "the sects" get a little unruly, or show unusually alarming symptoms of theological or liturgical "biliousness," or whenever that terrible bugaboo, the Church of Rome, makes any unusual stir, then this great show, which combines in an eminent degree the properties of a quack doctor's decorated patent-medicine wagon, and a brilliant circus caravansary, moves forth with all the pomp and circumstance which the occasion seems to require, in order to play the double part of a cureall and a menagerie to the colicky and tender minds of those religious infants of a larger growth, who fatten on milk (not undefiled) from the breasts of that great nursing mother of religious systems, the Reformation. The year 1873 was deemed by those who observed the signs of the times and of the air, as a most favorable period for holding a session of this great council. The Pope had just declared himself infallible; and though, as if by a just visitation of heaven for his sacrilegious and unwarrantable presumption, his temporal sceptre had been snatched from him and put into the hands of that most Christian king and godly ruler, Victor Emanuel, of Italy, whose very name was a significant prestige of victory with God on his side; what though that prayerful old warrior, Kaiser Wilhelm, and his saintly chancellor, Prince Bismarck, who always "finds time to go to church," no matter what cares of statesmanship intervene, were successfully engaged in crushing out in the major part of Europe every vestige of popery; what though that honest, upright, and God-fearing man, Castelar, was, by the aid of the Bible societies and free press, setting Spain all right in the same direction; what though the council of the little republic of Switzerland was likewise making it progressive in the religious as well as the political order; what though, in a word, no pent-up Utica contracted Protestant powers, but both boundless continents seemed to be theirs, still there was no knowing what the tiaraed old fox at the Vatican, surrounded by his jesuitical advisers, and that infamous Antonelli, might be concocting by their "laying low" policy. Besides, everyday experience, as well as the lessons of history, go very far to prove that "Popery" is very much like a fly on the wall; stealthily you set your hand to catch him, first moving it very slowly with curved sinews downward, then with one fell swoop as you near the goal, and then exultingly open your palm to find him stinging you on the ear. Then again, the Church of Rome was making very rapid development in America, and as it was probable that all the "lazy monks" and weakminded nuns, who had been turned out of Europe to make their living like other people, finding that that living could not be very well made on the watery portions of the globe, it was very reasonable to suppose that they would swarm like locusts on the cities and plains

of free and glorious America, to the great jeopardy of those unappreciatively valuable institutions—a free press, free pulpits, free Bible, free thought, free love, free suffrage, and free things and doings generally. Therefore, the self-anointed sentinels of Evangelism rose quickly from the four quarters of the globe at the call of the trumpet, and betook themselves, as fast as the material progress of the nineteenth century would permit, to the ramparts of Sion, the key and the lookout to said Sion being decided by the experienced leaders of these valiant hosts of modern Israel to be the city of New York, which is over against Manhattan Island. So hither they came a countless host. To describe them in detail were an impossible feat; suffice it to say that there was any number of the regular descendants of Luther and Calvin, genuine Protestant spirits to the manor born, and thoroughly dyed in the Evangelical wool. There were besides, large numbers of French, German, Swiss, Italian, and Spanish "converts," who had been snatched like brands from the burning of Romish superstition. Here too was one who deserved to be particularized, as he was a great catch, the Rev. Naryan Sheshadri, of Bombay, India, a converted Brahmin, as himself declared, and whose flowing garb and turban was a visible speculation to Yankee eyes, second only to the ethereal idea of his conversion. He had been wandering tiger-like in his savage state about his native jungles, when his path was crossed by an agent of the Y. M. C. A., who, shaking an open Bible at his head, succeeded in effectually taming him, and leading him off quietly, to be one of the prime sights in this religious spectacle. The only distinguished individuals who did not come were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Reinkins, who was probably *too old* a Catholic to be caught with the toasted cheese of the Evangelical trap; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Döllinger, who, having simply but firmly protested against Papal infallibility, was content with the laurels that heroic action had won; and the third, who was unfortunately absent, was that rare religious exotic of the species century plant, Père Hyacinthe, whose apology was that he had married a wife, and therefore prayed to be held excused. Moreover, the reverend père had just become a "father" in a duplex sense, and the responsibilities of the nursery engendered by the advent of Hyacinthe *fils* were of such an overweening character as to throw the Alliance quite in the shade as far as he was concerned. Hither, however, did come two individuals, upon whom even the Rev. Sheshadri's turban and the pointed caps of all the converted Catholics of the "old" school could not put an extinguisher. These were the Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, and George David Cummins, assistant bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Kentucky. Now be it plainly understood that there was nothing about the personality of these two men which made them objects of attraction. Individually, they were in every aspect pigmies in comparison with the other members of the convention. The great fact of their simple presence in such a place was what caused such a flutter about the former, while the latter would have crossed the stage of the Alliance's existence completely unnoticed if he had not with rare tact kept his powder of argument dry, and his guns of action undischarged, until the theological battle had completely ceased and its smoke died away, when he suddenly opened from his ambuscade such a bombardment along the lines, as to shake all the religious hills with his thunder riven, and this was how it happened.

The records of the convention are silent as to the presence of that religious acrobat, Father Chinique, but he certainly was "dodging about."

It is very well known that that aristocratic body corporate, the Church of England, by law established, has always, figuratively speaking, shown a stiff lip towards Evangelicalism. The spirit of insane fanaticism which had conceived the latter, was of too rugged and democratic a character to be ever entirely congenial with the spirit of satanic worldliness which had given birth to the former. Even the unanimity with which they had for three hundred years made common warfare against the Church of Rome, had not been able to bind them in other respects in the bonds of sympathy and cordial friendship. To be sure, the gap, like Mercutio's wound,

> Was not as deep as a well
> Nor as wide as a church-door,
> But 'twas enough;

enough to make it a capital sin in the eyes of the larger portion of the Episcopalians (who are almost like the Catholics, you know), that two such dignitaries of their Church should not only fraternize with all the hybrids of the sects, but should even break bread and take wine with them; in other words, should receive communion with the other members of the Alliance; consequently, among the various other agreements to disagree which resulted from the conference came these two.

The Very Reverend Dean ere he departed for home was confronted by one Tozer, a full-blooded African, a missionary bishop *in partibus* of the "high" branch of the Episcopal Church, but whose influence over the "infidels" seems to have been very slim, for either he had thrown up his Episcopal commission, or else was on "a leave of absence," having probably informed the gentle savages under his control that his health, being somewhat impaired, his physicians imperatively required that he should make a summer voyage to America, and they, of course, generously made up a purse, or drew on the home missionary fund to waft him securely and comfortably on his peregrinations. Curiosity, of course, induced him to take a bird's-eye view of the Alliance, and when he witnessed the "low" proceedings of the Dean and Dr. Cummins, his "high" spirit grew wrothey "higher" within him, and as his Church had the advantage of being by law established, he immediately cited the Dean before the ecclesiastical tribunals of his country. All of which the Dean seems to have borne very meekly, probably because he was merely "biding his time."

The Bishop of Kentucky, however, was not to be disposed of so easily. The Yankee branch of the Episcopal Church, long since severed from the parent English stock and transplanted to this glorious soil, did not happen to be by law established. Not that God had anything to do with its establishment, but the spirit of that religious freedom, which breatheth where it will, and which is supposed to be so peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of church systems, finds its most invigorating force in free America; consequently, although there is supposed to be some common regimen of discipline here, yet, really, the only thing that could be done to affect the Bishop was to apply the plaster of remonstrance and a few doses of the milk-and-water compound of expostulation. The effect, however, was not a happy one. The Bishop's American blood fired up; his low church blood, commingling therewith, grew active. He did just what precedents, political and ecclesiastical, had taught him to do, resented the insult, threw off the mask of sub-

mission to religious authority, shook the dust from off his feet, and determined to reform his church or rather to make a new one after his own heart and according to the pattern admired by the Alliance, for which purpose he called a convocation of all the "lame ducks," secular and clerical, who, professedly, were members of the church from which he had seceded, drew up a gum elastic formula of belief, which was practically a formula of disbelief in everything except the individual views of its adopters, and which presented about as much Christianity in its promulgations as could be stuffed in the eye of a needle. The Bishop did not apply for a patent for his church from the United States government, in accordance with regulations deemed necessary to protect all human inventions, probably because he foresaw that there was so little of originality about it that the grant would be indignantly refused (unless the Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington, had backed up the application), for it is a remarkable fact that though Protestantism in all its phases has been for three hundred years reforming the Church, yet it seems to be no nearer the goal at present than when it first started out on its mission. The bold stroke of Bishop Cummins, however, was the suggestion that another bishop should be appointed, to assist him in the onerous work of carrying on this new reform, and here we find from the records of the convocation, that the Bishop resorted to a very child-like dodge, quite in accordance with the supposed simplicity of the Episcopal character. In order to excite the curiosity of the audience, he first, having adroitly succeeded in getting them to declare another bishop necessary, informed them that he knew *a* man who was the man for the place, and after setting *his disciples* on the *qui vive* by his prolonged efforts in the "guess-again" style, finally proclaimed boldly as his choice, Dr. Cheney, of Chicago. There is an old proverb that he who would rule well must have first learned to obey well, and Dr. Cheney's fitness for administering the Episcopal authority may be guessed at when measured by the above proverbial standard, from the fact that his continual infractions of that authority, as a simple presbyter of his church, had embroiled him in a succession of ecclesiastical lawsuits, and won for him from his fellow-churchmen the soubriquet, which by the simple change of a vowel in his name conveyed the delicate cognomen of "Broken Chiny," though many of his co-religionists had expressed long before as their private opinion that he was somewhat "cracked."

Perhaps one of the reasons which led to his selection was the fact, that having himself so often tasted the tempting sweetness of the fruit of disobedience, would induce him to be lenient with those under him whose weakness might lead them the same way. However that may be, the congregation and the candidate alike seemed taken by surprise; the former were, as might be expected, delighted, the latter undecided. He prayed the permission of the company to consult not the Holy Ghost, with whom he probably had a very slim acquaintance, but his Chicago congregation, with whom he was sufficiently acquainted to know that being flattered by the selection of their pastor over the venerable Dr. Tyng, they would undoubtedly ratify his nomination. So with all the humility appropriate for such an august occasion, he went off shedding a few joyous "crocodiles," and singing to the movement of a brilliant *presto* on the organ, "I won't be a bishop." But the crocodiles had all been wiped away, and the presto changed to "a double-

quick," when, by sheer force of compulsion, his congregation, following the example of the early Christians of St. Ambrose's days and the determined populace of Hildebrand's later period, when the former was elevated to the See of Milan, and the latter to the Pontificate by the determined acclamations of the people, did also in their turn decide where and what was the duty of this new light which was about to be set in an Episcopal candlestick. Then ordinary means of communication were all too slow to restrain the fiery zeal of this Chicago apostle panting to enter the extended vineyard of, we were going to say, the Lord. Then the lightning was brought into use, and the following characteristic message flashed over the wires:

"Accepted. Telegraph me when the consecration takes place."

Good for Cheney. Evidently this new church possesses all the fire of Young America, all the elastic independence of the period, and the place, having as its first step upset the old exploded theory of the spiritual regeneration in baptism, it next turns its attention to the Episcopacy, which it declares to be by no means a source of communication with the Holy Spirit, but merely a useful development of the order of religious discipline, and then with all the hotheaded inconsistency of youth and early success, proceeds to create an Episcopacy by a sort of machine process, which turns off bishops like hot cakes off a griddle, and the sole ostensible object of which is declared to be that, by having an Episcopacy it may be able to compete with the high church in the right to possess the title of "Episcopalian," and —for *this* rose would *not* smell as sweet by any other name in the olefactory organs of the fashionables, and by this cognomen alone could it hope to succeed in winning from the ranks of the other branches all dissatisfied spirits, who don't think the broad branch sufficiently broad to form an ark of safety for the doves flying forth from the "high" and ritualistic branches, and which are therefore unable to find a safe spot for their feet; their worldly instincts utterly forbidding them to join the low church or the Evangelicals. Then again, the necessity for a multiplication of bishops is apparent, from the fact, that in consequence of the many shades of opinion likely to display themselves when this new church waxes strong in the sunlight of a free gospel, a bishop for every shade of doctrinal opinion will have the happy effect of preventing "a split," since if any unruly member or minister doesn't like the advice or orders of one prelate, he can go to another, and thus preserve the unity of diversity in the spirit of peace.

We left Mr. Cheney coming out of consultation, after having sought light very properly from below rather than above, though we imagine that the consultation business was conducted pretty much on the same plan as that adopted by two rival candidates who had long been in quest of a Protestant crozier, and whom a vacancy in a large and important diocese, the name of which begins with *P* and ends with *a*, offered the prospect of having their hopes crowned with a mitre. But, alas, the convention was divided. Ballot after ballot was taken, ineffectually, till at last a conference was sought for between the two aspirants. Retiring to the vestry of the church in which the election was being held, they looked one at the other in a seriocomic manner, and then, with a knowing wink, said, "Let us pray." After remaining a few moments on their "benders," they rose simultaneously, exclaiming, "Let's toss up!" and the result was that, returning to the convention, the un-

lucky "tail" man informed the assembled multitude that, after duly invoking the counsel of the Holy Spirit, he deemed it for the best interests of the Church that his dear brother should be their unanimous choice. The suggestion was adopted amid the waving of handkerchiefs and delicate clappings of kid-gloved hands, while the retiring candidate was honored some years later with a bishopric among the Indians, which enabled him to live in first-class style as a gentleman of leisure amid the haunts of civilization, while a free pass furnished by the Pennsylvania Railroad gave him the opportunity of taking a summer tour over the Plains to look after the spiritual interests of large herds of buffaloes. But we are digressing.

Sunday, December 15th, having been fixed for the consecration of Bishop Cheney, that important ceremony was performed by Bishop Cummins. But here a difficulty arose, which was adroitly gotten over. The rubrics prescribe the presence of three bishops at a consecration. Our Church of the Period possessed in its limited expanse but one—Cummins. He, however, arguing by a species of mathematical comparison, invited four ministers to act as substitutes for the two required bishops—evidently under the idea that two of the former were equal to one of the latter; while from the fact that one of these ministers, or rather one of the semi-bishops, bore the suggestive name of Feltwell, we may safely conclude that the tendencies of the prelatical bumps were thoroughly examined, and we also have no doubt that the situation was so new and startling to the new prelate, as to cause him, when the mitre was placed on his head, to feel like a hobbledehoy with his first high hat.

Thus we have endeavored to *sketch, in* brief, the origin of this latest claimant for ecclesiastical honors, the Reformed Episcopal Church of America.

We are quite fearful that our readers will feel disappointed because we have not given a loud cough, looked wise, and treated them to a lengthy, philosophical dissertation upon the nature and consequences of this "new departure" in Protestantism, but we can only ask, as a far abler writer than ourselves has already asked on a similar theme, "Suffer me to be merry on a merry subject." Ridicule seems to be the only weapon for use against this new Church. There is no use in wasting the pearls of philosophy or fine-strung sentiment on an unworthy subject. There is no field for very profound thinking here. There is no originality, nothing new or startling, in this new movement. It is simply another wave in the tide of natural results flowing from the so-called Reformation. The only singularity in connection with it is, that it should have been the main offshoot of an Alliance which, to all ordinary observers, had less concern with the Episcopal Church, and was less likely to affect it, than any other Protestant denomination. The Evangelical Alliance was a true exponent of Protestantism in this one respect, that it took for the keynote of its principles, that in religious matters

We are all jolly fellows together,

its favorite psalm-chant, *ecce quam bonum et jucundum habitare fratres in unum;* and though the different sects, like the different strands of the beard of Aaron, might at times get a little tangled, still the ointment of this "love-feast," compounded of all sorts of incongruous sentiments, would have the effect, like the unction on the high priest's beard, of making their system look smooth and shiny. Thus it preached unity in

diversity, but unfortunately the diversity got the better of the unity. Thus, too, it preached simplicity in incongruity, with a decided advantage on the side of incongruity; and the first offspring of this laboring mountain is Dr. Cummins's church, which we have designated as "A Church of the Period," but which, from its consequences to Episcopalianism, might be more aptly styled the Church of the *full stop.*

That is said to be a wise child that knows its own father, but the family resemblance between parent and child here is so strong, that if we were asked to describe in symmetrical language the classical symmetry of this terrible infant's countenance, or if our judgment were appealed to to define if it did not bear on its face all that it claimed to be with its lips, we should have to reply as the country maid did to the clown in the 3d scene, 3d act, of Shakspeare's "As You Like It:"

*Touchstone.* Doth my simple features content you?
*Audrey.* Your features! Lord warrant us, what features?

One lesson we do learn, however, from the lines of its countenance; that with the gradual falling off the various members of the body ecclesiastic of the Episcopal Church, we may safely order the stonecutter to prepare its monument, and engrave thereon that inscription so expressive of the celestial tendencies of departed spirits,

"GONE UP."

First, mortification set in on the left little finger of low churchism, then paralysis on the right hand of high churchism, then a sprain took possession of the right limb of ritualism, while a dangerous protuberance appeared on the left heel of broad churchism, and now, by the latest intelligence, we learn that the head shows signs of defection, for the foreign mails inform us with anxiety that "Her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, has partaken of bread and wine in the free Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland." There is some hope yet, however, for if her most gracious Majesty will only advance a little further, and receive the most holy communion in the Roman Catholic Church, the head of the late Episcopal Church will soon be as sound as we believe her heart to have ever been.

There is sometimes good in things evil, so we Catholics may derive with profit a lesson from the religious agitations around us. We can learn therefrom, and by our example of true Catholicity teach our separated brethren the folly of the doctrine of free will, unrestrained by grace in religious belief, for this is, after all, the essence of Protestant doctrine.

The unbelieving world may prate about "Old Catholics" and "Anglican Catholics," "Ultramontanes," and "Gallicans," but we of the household of faith could, in the language of the latest encyclical of our Holy Father, Pius IX, "afford to laugh at those new heretics who call themselves Old Catholics by the abuse of the name, which would be truly ridiculous if it were not that so many monstrous errors of that sect against the chief principles of the Catholic faith, so many sacrileges in Divine worship and in the administration of sacraments, so many gravest scandals, so great a havoc of souls redeemed in the blood of Christ, did not rather draw abundant tears from our eyes." . . . For we know full well that THE Catholic Church is *one* universal, not national, that true Catholics are neither *old* nor *new*, but ever the same, neither *ultra*montane nor *cis*montane, but *super*montane. SUPER MONTEM PETRI.

# THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TWO MARYS BECOME ACQUAINTED.

DREARILY enough did time roll on at Fairview for the poor Maria Flohrberg. There is nothing more offensive than the affected politeness of a vulgar woman; and, since the quarrel with her husband, Mrs. Montague had been scrupulously polite to the poor German, the latter being fully conscious, that this outward civility was only assumed as a mask. The gentle little girl, who was her younger pupil, was still tractable as ever, but her sister was insufferable in her conceit; looked down in the pride of her wealth and her beauty on the poor, plain Fraulein, and would fly off into a tempest of rage if the timid little governess perchance attempted to pluck up a little courage, and exert the authority she was well aware she ought to possess.

One fine May evening, when the birds seemed to sing more cheerily than usual, and the white and pink hawthorn filled the hedges with its fragrance, the young ladies having joined their parents at dessert, poor Fraulein, with a heart unusually heavy, turned her steps to the adjoining village; she had had to encounter much that day, from the determined opposition of her elder pupil, and the open impertinence of Wilson; and with spirits thoroughly depressed, she seated herself on the trunk of a tree, and opened her sketchbook; but no, it was all in vain; Fraulein could not sketch that night; hot tears fell down her face, and blistered the drawing-paper, for she was thinking of dear Coblentz, of the good Frau, of the old veteran, her father, and then of the *O'Donnells*; but girlish voices are near her; she felt, rather than saw, that some person was peering over her shoulder and endeavoring to catch a glimpse of her sketchbook, and the next moment Bertha Mainwaring's merry laugh awakened an echo in the field, and she exclaimed,

"Look up, Fraulein Flohrberg, and thank me for bringing an O'Donnell to see you."

And Maria raised her eyes, still wet with the tears she had shed, and gazed on a lovely face, shaded by a wealth of golden curls.

"We were coming to Fairview on purpose to see *you*, Fraulein, though not sorry to have met you by the way," said Margaret Mainwaring; "we have heard you speak with such warmth of General O'Donnell, and are quite sure you will be glad to see a member of his family."

Fraulein sprang to her feet as Margaret spoke, fixed her large, honest eyes on the face of Mary—who grasped her warmly by the hand—and then burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"It is all so foolish, quite silly of me," said the poor Fraulein, after a few moments' silent weeping, "but you know, kind words melt me so to the very heart; and I hear very few of them. Mr. Montague is kind, and so is Miss Alice, but no one else in that large house, and I was just thinking of my poor father, he is *so* ill, and I felt so low-spirited, when you good young ladies came to me."

"Well then, Fraulein, you see we are not all savages; Bertha and I will stroll on to Fairview, and you and Miss O'Donnell shall enjoy a little chat together."

Good Maria Flohrberg looked with undisguised admiration on

the tall, elegant girl, who passed her arm so familiarly within her own, and heaped upon her question after question, about the General and his lady, and gazed long and earnestly on a small miniature of the General's wife, which Maria took from her neck, and exclaimed,

"Oh, that you could see Innismore, Fraulein, with the hills and mountains frowning down so grandly on that dear old castle; and then, low down in a peaceful valley, in dear old Ireland, rises that noble edifice of the O'Donnells; its walls o'ergrown with ivy, and shaded over by trees centuries in their growth."

"But poor people cannot go to other countries unless to seek their bread," said Fraulein. "But you are very happy, you know not what it is to be poor. Rich people *can* be happy."

"Happy!" ejaculated Mary, in an accent of surprise. "Alas, no; there never was a greater mistake than to suppose that wealth is *sure* to bring happiness. *I happy*," she murmured to herself, and had Fraulein's large gray eyes been raised to the girl's face, she would have seen two big drops gathering on the eyelids. But they have been talking of Coblentz, as well as Innismore, and were really quite sorry when they entered the hall at Fairview, "for," whispered Fraulein, "I must say farewell now; I am asked but very rarely to meet the family in the library."

"I shall tell Mrs. Montague I came to see *you*," said Mary; "you will not be long alone, Fraulein, so only goodbye for the present."

The next moment the young ladies were ushered into the library, in which the family were seated, and Mrs. Montague advanced to meet the stranger, but Mary started and uttered involuntarily an exclamation of surprise, for there before her, in the person of the wealthy Mrs. Montague, appeared the counterpart, as to feature, of all she yet remembered of her poor, distracted, miserable mother.

Mary hastened to account for her surprise, by remarking that Mrs. Montague had struck her as being extremely like a person she had formerly known, and then requested to be shown the way to Fraulein's room, as she wished to talk with her of mutual friends at Coblentz.

"A strange young person, that," muttered Mrs. Montague, as Mary left the room. "What on earth can she, an Irish girl, by birth, have to say or do with this governess of ours."

"Oh, you forget," replied her elder daughter, "that General O'Donnell, to whom Fraulein referred you, is the uncle of this young lady; of course we may expect that they will become very intimate friends."

"Miss O'Donnell makes her choice, then, and keeps to it whichever it may be," replied her mother, "let that choice be either to visit us or the governess, one or the other; but I don't approve of this sort of behavior."

The young lady walked to the window as her mother spoke, but a hand was gently placed on her mother's shoulder, and a voice exclaimed,—

"Catherine, Catherine, remember when I married you, and raised you to a position of opulence and luxury, you held a place in society inferior to that occupied by this poor German, whom you so seek to humiliate."

"Thank you, sir," replied the angry wife, "you are never so well pleased as when taunting me with the past; of course I owe you a great many thanks, I can't tell how many, for releasing me from the slavery in which I lived, when companion to Miss Stubbs; but I cannot, for my part, imagine why

you are so interested about this German girl; you have always been bad enough where governesses are concerned, but more annoying about this person than any who have preceded her."

It is doubtful how the altercation would have ended, had not Mary at that moment entered the room, and advancing to Mrs. Montague, inquired, in the name of Mrs. Mainwaring, if they would all spend the next evening at Dover Court, and bring Fraulein with them.

Mrs. Montague immediately declined the invitation, and, had she not been kept in awe by her husband's presence, would, undoubtedly, have found some cause as to why Maria Flohrberg could not come.

On the following evening then, the worthy lady was left by her lord to mope away her ill humor by herself, and Mr. Montague undertook to escort his eldest daughter and Fraulein to Squire Mainwaring's residence.

I wonder what was the secret which already drew so closely together these two Marys, for their dispositions were so very dissimilar that one scarcely could imagine they would become bosom friends; Mary O'Donnell, full of life, daring, and impetuous, yet calm and clear-headed. Maria Flohrberg, reserved and grave, a little phlegmatic if you will, timid and nervous; they were as opposite in character, as they were unlike in person; the one possessing the dangerous gift of beauty, the other,—shall we not own it?—plain and homely enough, a true German countenance, but far from ugly, for there was a sweet expression in our friend Flohrberg's countenance, which made you forget how wanting she was in those charms which her sex are apt to prize so far above their worth.

The evening wore away pleas*antly* enough; the Mainwarings, pleased with Fraulein, and above all the young barrister, who drew her out of her reserve, talked pleasantly to her of Coblentz, and would not let her speak French, merely because he liked to hear what he called her pretty broken English. Ah, Herbert Mainwaring, you little thought how far you would, ere long, be implicated in behalf of this poor harmless Maria.

And before Mr. Montague left Dover Court, it was arranged that his friend and his family should dine with him the following week at his town residence, in Harley Street; Squire Mainwaring also having decided on spending the following two months in the metropolis.

The time that intervened might have passed away pleasantly enough for Fraulein, for she had learned to regard, almost with indifference, the supercilious morning visits of the ill-educated Mrs. Montague, but she not unfrequently winced under the flying shafts of Miss Millicent, who, tolerably well read, and a clever girl into the bargain, soon found out poor Fraulein's weak points, in the matter of general information, and never failed to let her know in what they consisted, evincing a malignant pleasure when she saw that pale cheek become flushed, or, perhaps, the eyes fill with tears, as the knowledge of her own shortcomings was thus cruelly placed before her.

On one of these mornings that she had been thus subjected to the torture, because Miss Millicent had found her guilty of an error in English geography, the poor harassed Maria, at the first favorable opportunity sought Mr. Montague, when alone, and thus opened the conversation, in her broken English.

"I wish to see you, Mein herr, to tell you that I must go away to Coblentz at once."

"At once, Fraulein, I hope not. What is the matter?"

"Sir, your daughter has corrected me of a mistake in your English geography; see now, I made a great mistake as to where is placed one of your towns; this is serious," added Maria, holding out both hands as she spoke; "except music, and drawing, and my own language, I fear I am of no use here; and I would wish to go."

"But you will not go, Fraulein, for *I* wish you to stop. You fulfil your duties truly and conscientiously, and I like you the better for the candor with which you have now acted. Never mind the English studies at all, Fraulein; and make yourself quite comfortable. Your case resembles that of most of the ladies who come here as foreign governesses; you cannot be expected to know the geography of this country as well as your own, so goodbye, Fraulein, think no more of it, it is of no consequence; the education of my eldest daughter is already nearly finished."

As he spoke thus he warmly grasped poor Fraulein's hand, and the goodnatured gentleman left Fairview on his way to the mill.

But his kind words had not served to calm the poor Fraulein, she felt inexpressibly mortified that the unamiable Miss Millicent had witnessed her error, and yet, poor soul, with what a good will had she pored over those English books; how had she overloaded her poor memory with the names of towns and counties, and traced them on the map, and studied that hard English grammar, quite as hard to her, poor thing, as her guttural difficult German is to any of us, and how had midnight often found her studying still, and she had then sought her pillow with a throbbing head, and sometimes eyes suffused with tears; and how that spiteful Wilson had told her mistress that "it was to be hoped that *person* wouldn't set the house on fire any night, she kept monstrous late hours, it was a shame to burn the candles so late, that's what it was."

And Mrs. Montague *agreed* that it was, and was glad Wilson had seen the light beneath the crevice of the door; and before very long she should tell Fraulein to go to bed at earlier hours, indeed.

And so the loss of a few inches of candle at luxurious Fairview was a matter for consideration in the mind of its captious mistress.

But to return to Maria Flohrberg; all these wakeful nights, all her late hours, all her mental struggles, were almost useless, if she were to be thus cruelly mortified and—oh, what she would give to pillow her throbbing head on the breast of that dear old Frau, to talk to her poor sick father, to be away at Coblentz, and yet—

"I am very selfish," she murmurs to herself, "for of how great use was the twelve pounds I sent them last quarter; what *would* they have done without it? and I had still a little left for my own use." And this thought, you see, comforted poor Fraulein in her sorrow, and at last, though she still wept, her tears sprang from quite another source—tears such as make angels rejoice when they see them shed by poor human nature, for they were full of peace, and hope, and resignation; and she thought of how the Holy of Holies had humbled himself, and kneeling down with bowed head and clasped hands, she murmured, "It is good for *me* to be humbled."

And that night Maria worked even harder than ever; she had sat by her chamber window watching the pale May moon casting its silvery radiance over hill and dale, while heavily in the distance lowered the factories and giant buildings of the great trading city. She had gazed on the star-lit vault of heaven, and thought of the surpass-

ing love of him who hath made this world so lovely; and later, had drawn her books to her side, studied hard with a cheerful, hopeful spirit, and then, long after the clock of Fairview had struck the hour of midnight, laid her head upon the pillow, her last thoughts of God, her first the next morning—a prayer for humility and patience.

## Chapter VII.

### CLOUDS GATHERING.

It so happened that there was only a lapse of a few days between the arrival of the Montagues and the Mainwarings at their respective town houses; the latter gentleman, oldfashioned in all his tastes, keeping to Cavendish Square, and his friend in Harley Street.

To the great annoyance of Mrs. Montague, Mary O'Donnell became a constant visitor to Fraulein, but she knew the young lady's connections were wealthy people, and as vulgarized minds so frequently pay court to wealth and position, and Mrs. Montague was one of this class, she gulped down her objections to the happy evenings Fraulein so frequently passed, and preserved an exterior of politeness to Mary. Furthermore, she was one of those whom we term matchmakers, and had looked on Herbert Mainwaring as an eligible match for her eldest daughter, and fancied Mary was in the way, so for another reason the presence of the girl annoyed her; never, however, was there a greater mistake, as Mary's mind was quite on other thoughts intent than views matrimonial.

"What on earth is the matter with Fraulein, to-day?" said Mrs. Montague to her husband and eldest daughter. "Alice tells me she has been in tears ever since she received a letter from Germany by the morning post. I suspect they have been writing to her for money. I know why she dresses so shabbily; that she is a positive discredit to the house; as well as why she asked for a portion of her next quarter's salary, in advance, a month ago. A pretty thing, indeed, to fret her employers in this way by her tears and melancholy face. What are her relations to us, I should like to know?"

"In the name of common humanity do cease," said her husband. "Her father is old and sick, and she is absent from him; pray do not deny her the luxury of grief."

At that moment the door opened, and little Alice entered the room; she was the bearer of a message from Maria Flohrberg; she was very unwell, so unwell that she could not give the usual instructions in music and French to Alice, nor could she give Miss Montague her daily German lesson; she was very sorry, but hoped in a few hours she should be better.

"Oh! dear, oh! dear," muttered the unfeeling woman, "all sorts of trouble in the house, and I am scolded if I dare complain."

Thus speaking, Mrs. Montague left the room, and vented out with her favorite maid the anger she had been compelled to repress in the company of her husband.

The whole of that day Fraulein kept her room; she had had a distressing letter from Germany; her father was threatened, sick and ill as he was, with arrest for a small debt, the mother wrote; why? lest the removal should occasion his sudden death, and be a yet greater shock to her child.

"What shall I do?" said she, as with clasped hands she paced up and down her chamber, after having dismissed Alice to her mother with the message we have alluded to. "I have only TWO pounds of the FOUR I asked for in advance, and have but one article of value in my possession." As she thus spoke, she took from her neck a small gold chain, to which

was suspended the miniature of Mrs. O'Donnell, for the General's wife was very fond of Maria and had given her this miniature as a keepsake. It was, also, really valuable in its way, the miniature being set with good pearls.

At this miniature Maria gazed earnestly and lovingly till tears found their vent, and then dashing them aside, she said, "I wonder what they would lend me, if I took this miniature to one of those money-lenders they call pawnbrokers here? If I could get three pounds I could then send five to Coblentz, and this would stop my poor father from being taken to prison." She paused awhile, and then added, "yes, I *will* do this, they are all going to the theatre this evening, and I can then take it without being seen, should I feel well enough to go out."

Towards four o'clock, Mary O'Donnell called, and was grieved to find the poor Fraulein with traces of recent tears in her swollen eyes, and her temples still throbbing with pain.

Maria Flohrberg said nothing to her friend, save that she had received a letter from Germany, telling her of the dangerous illness of her father. "Quite sufficient reason to make an affectionate daughter unhappy," thought Mary, and nothing more passed on that subject. But sorry indeed was Maria to find that she was about to lose her kind young friend, a letter having arrived that morning, requesting her to return at once to Innismore, in consequence of the sudden and alarming illness of Mrs. O'Donnell. This visit, then, to Maria, would be her last, as she was to leave London early next morning.

The Montagues were going to visit one of the smaller theatres on that evening, and Alice was to accompany them, therefore Fraulein's time was quite her own, she could do as she pleased.

Accordingly, a little after seven, her head somewhat better, for her spirits had been rallied by the visit of her friend, she prepared to execute her painful errand, walking some part of the way home with Mary, and bidding her farewell at the top of Regent Street. She was hastening onwards, with a quick and hurried step, crossing the road, slippery with a recent summer shower, when she stumbled, and would have fallen to the ground had not a strong arm broken the fall, and a well-known voice, in her own language, expressed a hope that she was not hurt.

"Mein herr Von Sulper, is it really you," she exclaimed. "Are you, then, in England? Ah, how glad I am to see you here."

There then ensued a few very hurried words of explanation between them, the gentleman informing her that he was hastening to return by the next steamer to Germany, and that if the General was still at Coblentz, he should visit him, and take to him any message she desired. "But," said he, "you are in grief; are you not happy, Fraulein?"

"Could she be happy when far away from those she loved, who were now dying, and perhaps"—here Maria hesitated, she felt as if she should be choked, did she utter the words, "in prison."

"Perhaps what? Fraulein Flohrberg, do not fear telling me your sorrow, though you have only seen me twice as the General's friend."

"Oh! is it not very horrible?" replied Maria, hurriedly, "they cannot pay a very small debt, and my mother fears my father will be taken to prison, so I am going to see if I can get three pounds for a little trinket I have with me, in order to send them the money."

"Three pounds; is *that* all," replied the gentleman. "See, Fraulein, here is ten pounds for you; take it without any demur. I am

glad I have met with, and been able to help a friend of the General's; and now I have only time to say goodbye," he added, looking at his watch, as he spoke, "the vessel will shortly sail from St. Katherine's dock, I shall scarcely be in time."

With a warm pressure of the hand, her kindhearted countryman left her, and Maria returned home, her head relieved of its pain, for the kind gift was a far more beneficial restorer than any medicine would have been, and her heart felt unusually light.

On her return, she divested herself of her bonnet and mantle in the room used by herself and her pupils for the purpose of study, and carried her writing desk to her own apartment, in order to be sure of not being interrupted, and, meeting Wilson on the staircase, she informed her that, not yet feeling well, she should remain in her own room, and go to bed at a very early hour. She then went to her own apartment and indited a few hurried and affectionate lines to her parents; she then put the letter in the desk, along with the ten sovereigns, resolving on going out early the following day, when she should take her accustomed walk with Alice, and pay the money, as was her custom, into the hands of an agent for a banking house at Coblentz, from whom her father received her remittances, paid to him in the money of his own country.

She was standing at the chamber window, thinking over her meeting with Herr Von Sulper, when, to her surprise, she saw Mary crossing the Square in the direction of the house. She hastened down stairs to open the door herself, full of joy at seeing her again, and Mary, on entering the room, showed her a small basket of fine peaches, saying,—

"I thought you would like them, Maria, so I bought them, and hurried back at once, and I think I can spend another half hour with you, and yet be in time to make my preparations for my journey."

Maria thanked the kindhearted girl very warmly, and they both parted with many tears, for there was, at least, much doubt as to whether they would meet again.

After the departure of her friend, she returned thanks to God for the signal blessing she had that night received, and, in a few moments, was buried in a profound and peaceful slumber. She was, almost, the only person who slept at all tranquilly on the night in question.

Mrs. Montague had but just entered the private box they engaged when she whispered to her daughter,—

"I declare, Millicent, I have left my diamond bracelet on the toilet table; I was going to put it on, and changed my mind; I feel uneasy."

"Oh, never mind, don't be alarmed," replied Millicent; "perhaps you replaced it in the jewel-case and forgot it, and even if you did not, Wilson is very careful, and no one else will enter the room."

Mrs. Montague, however, fretted and fumed all the evening, about her bracelet, and immediately on her arrival home, hurried to her room. One glance at the toilet table was sufficient; the bracelet was not there.

"My bracelet, Wilson, I hope you have put it safely away. I forgot and left it on the table."

"Dear me, ma'am, I trust not," said Wilson, "for I have not seen it; but take it easy, ma'am," she added, "and just open your jewel-case, for it is most likely you'll find it there."

"Not so, I tell you, Wilson," replied her mistress, with excessive agitation, and at the same time opening the case. "See, now; oh! heavens! what has become of my beautiful bracelet? Who has dared remove it from the table?"

"Oh! pray, ma'am, do not make yourself so uncomfortable till we have thoroughly searched the place," said Wilson, now hastily removing the costly scents and essences, which lay scattered around, till the table itself was finally removed; but, alas! the expensive bauble was nowhere to be found.

In the greatest consternation, Mrs. Montague hurried to her husband, and informed him of her loss. She was for instituting a thorough search, there and then; calling together all the servants. But Mr. Montague insisted on perfect quiet till the morning, comforting her by telling her that he would then give information to the police. The half-distracted woman then yielded assent to his proposal, bid Wilson say nothing to any one, and, in a terrible ill-humor, submitted to let her hair be arranged for the night.

Wilson was scolded oftener than usual, but then, Wilson was such a sweet-tempered woman, one who would kiss the hand that struck her; and, of course, to-night she made great allowances for her mistress's harshness, for the loss,—if lost the bracelet really was,—was indeed no slight one.

After a few moments' silence she remarked, "A strange idea has just occurred to me, ma'am. Fraulein has been out to-night, and yet she has been very ill all day; couldn't give the young ladies their lessons, that seems odd, doesn't it?"

"Good heavens, woman, what are you driving at?" said Mrs. Montague, whose suspicions had as yet been levelled at no one particular person in her household.

"Well, I really can scarce tell myself, ma'am, only it does seem odd, now doesn't it?" replied the waiting woman.

"I think the whole affair is odd, and something much worse than odd," replied the mistress; "however, there must be a thorough search in the morning."

A little more than twenty minutes had elapsed after Herr Von Sulper had quitted Maria Flohrberg; he had forgotten a small parcel he had left at the hotel, and hastened back for it. On his return, he saw standing, a few paces from a pawnbroker's shop, a woman whose dress attracted his attention, for it was somewhat particular, in so far as the shawl and bonnet were neither of them such as were then worn.

"Is it possible I did not give Fraulein Flohrberg enough," he said, for he felt convinced it was her he beheld, and he walked towards her, exclaiming "Ah, I did not expect to meet you again." But at that moment the female paused, and threw up her veil, as if with the intention of closely examining something in her hand. "I do not know you, sir," said the woman; he apologized, and walked on.

"I could swear to that face amidst a thousand," he said to himself; "it was not Fraulein, but the dress is exactly the same."

No, the low forehead, with a scar in the centre, and the dark eyebrows almost meeting each other, rendered it a face, when once seen, not soon to be forgotten. The dress was exactly like that of Maria, made of black silk; the bonnet pink; the shawl,—a remarkable one from its showy colors,—a white middle, with a green and pink border; such as were worn twenty years since.

The gentleman went on his way wondering, for the parties were, of course, not the same, but ere he left the spot, he paused, and saw that the woman turned down one of those shabby streets which run from Oxford Street in the direction of Golden Square.

On the following morning Mrs. Montague met her husband, at breakfast, with an air of grave importance on her face, which she in-

variably assumed when she considered she had made a discovery, and she then mentioned what Wilson had told her of the absence of Fraulein on the previous evening.

George Montague looked very anxious and uneasy, but made no reply. He had already sent to the police station, and ere the breakfast cloth was removed two officers were in the house.

By this time the news of the robbery had reached Maria's ears; she heard that the servants had been called together, that they were going to be searched; her heart beat violently, as if with the knowledge of some impending evil; yet, she was innocent; but she wrote a few lines which she gave to Alice, to carry to her father, expressive of a wish, under the unpleasant circumstances which had taken place, herself to pass through the same unpleasant ordeal.

Really distressed, Mr. Montague came to her room, assuring her that there was no occasion for her to subject herself to such a mortification; but she was resolute.

The housekeeper, good Mrs. Somers, after having submitted to the same ordeal, came to Fraulein; of course, the missing bracelet was not about her person; the police officer then examined the young lady's bureau, trunks, and closets, subjecting every article in Maria's chamber, as also the study, to a minute examination; then her desk was searched, and therein was discovered twelve pounds, the money poor Fraulein had intended to have changed for an order for her father, to be made payable at the Coblentz banking-house.

The house and every individual therein had at last been minutely searched, and the officer returned to the library, in which the family were seated.

"What are the circumstances of the German governess you have in your house?" he inquired. "She has twelve pounds in her desk, I see."

"Her family are miserably poor," exclaimed Mrs. Montague, before her husband could reply; "it is impossible she can honestly have such a sum in her possession, for she asked for an advance of four pounds of her salary a month since."

Mr. Montague felt very anxious, but said, "I am convinced this poor young lady's character is beyond suspicion. I make no doubt she will be able to explain how she came by this money."

The police officer remained for a few moments buried in reflection; then he said,—

"We shall endeavor to ascertain if the bracelet has been pledged, by making inquiries at the various pawnbrokers' shops; meanwhile, can you ascertain if any of the household left home during the time you were absent last night."

"Fraulein was absent, if no one else was," said Mrs. Montague. "My maid, Wilson, told me this; and what makes it more strange is, that the whole day she had complained of illness, so that she could not give my daughters their lessons as usual."

The officer's face grew a shade more serious, as the lady spoke; he mused again, and then said,—

"She has money in her possession for which you cannot account, and she was away from home at the very time she was complaining of illness. Is it your wish to give her in charge on suspicion of being concerned in the theft; or, of having actually committed the robbery herself?"

"I do not feel myself justified in taking such a step at the present moment," said Mr. Montague, now seriously uncomfortable. "I will, at least, wait till some information has been gathered. I fear the jewel may have been pledged; you will soon ascertain if it be so or not."

"You will, however, allow me to go and make inquiries as to how the lady became possessed of the gold she has in her desk," said the officer, rising to leave the room.

"I have a great aversion to your doing so, a *very* great aversion," replied Mr. Montague, "still, if you think it advisable, do it, but with as much delicacy as possible."

As the officer ascended the noble staircase, of white marble, with its balustrades of bronze, he met the innocent and unsuspecting Maria Flohrberg, who, regretting the lapse of time occasioned by the search of the police officer, was now hastening to change the unfortunate gold which was making her an object of suspicion, so that the letter containing the order for payment might be transmitted to Coblentz without delay.

She was about to pass the man, but an inexpressible something in his countenance, above all, his turning to follow her, attracted her attention, and she inquired if he wished to ask any questions of her.

"Yes, Miss," replied the officer. "I must go with you again to your room, if you please."

With a heart beating wildly, and limbs trembling beneath her, innocent though she was, Fraulein followed him to the study. He commenced as follows:

"You must pardon me, Miss, for I am only doing my duty, but I am obliged to ask you to tell me how you got the money I saw in your desk this morning."

"My God! is it possible I am suspected of theft?" exclaimed Fraulein, her face turning ashy pale. "I will tell you then; I met a German gentleman, in the street, last night, and he lent me that money. I am now going to a banker's, to change it for an order on a foreign banker, who will pay it over to my father."

"Well, Miss, I am sorry to appear rude," answered the officer, "but, as I said just now, Miss, duty must be my excuse; perhaps you'll tell me the name and address of the gentleman as you say gave you the money?"

"His name is Von Sulper; but I cannot tell you his address," replied Fraulein; "he was a German friend of mine. I met him by accident at the top of Regent Street, and he was then very quick going to the steamer which was to leave St. Katherine's dock last night."

"Humph," said the man, shaking his head, as if doubting, as he really did, the truth of poor Fraulein's assertion. "Howsomever, it will be necessary to account better than this, Miss, for having that money, or you may get yourself into trouble. Now take it easy, Miss," he added, "sit down and take off your things, for you must on no account leave home with that money till this case be made quite clear. Sorry, very sorry to offend you, Miss, but you know I must do my duty."

Thus speaking, the officer left her room, and Maria remained a prey to her own agonized reflections; now, sitting with clasped hands and streaming eyes, thinking of those she loved at Coblentz; then, pacing the room, in all the agonies of the wildest despair, with tearless eyes and blanched lips, and burning with indignation at the very idea of this most shameful suspicion under which she labored.

But another and widely different scene was being enacted in the dining-room. The officer communicated his suspicions to the Montagues, and thought it looked a bad case for the young lady. "She was going out," he said, "to make away with the very gold of the possession of which she could give no very clear account." He begged Mr. Montague not to allow her to leave the house, and added, that "himself and two of his men

would, at once, visit all the pawnbroker's and jeweller's shops in the immediate neighborhood, when he hoped to discover the missing trinket."

Mr. Montague was much distressed, for though it did look queer,—poor Maria's story of a German friend meeting her in the street, and giving her money,—yet his own experience told him that strange things did sometimes occur, and that a strange concatenation of circumstances sometimes made the most innocent persons appear guilty; he could not bring himself to believe that the open honest countenance of the Fraulein Flohrberg was otherwise than the index of as honest a mind, and the poor gentleman felt such shame at the idea of meeting her, whilst there was yet the slightest chance that she was innocent, however appearances might seem against her, that he kept himself closely confined to his own room.

As to poor little Alice, she was scolded by her mother because she was in tears and grief that dear Fraulein should be thought "no better than a thief." Millicent was indifferent, and Mrs. Montague's cold, stony eyes, seemed to gleam more brightly than ever with a cruel light, as much as to say, "Was not I quite correct? You see the officer is of my opinion."

Things were in this position, when Margaret Mainwaring's well-known knock was heard at the hall door. She was accompanied by Bertha, and had called to inquire after Fraulein's health.

For a few moments the young ladies could not understand what was the matter; scorn, when she spoke of her friend, was so visible in Mrs. Montague's face, the tears of Alice, and confusion of Mr. Montague, were all enigmas which she could not solve. The angry woman was the first to disclose the painful truth, for, interrupting her husband, who, with no small pain, was trying to put things in a favorable light for Maria, she burst in with,—

"It is of no use for you to tell Margaret the story in that fashion, George; Fraulein, I feel convinced, has stolen the bracelet, and no one else."

"Fraulein stolen a *bracelet*, Madam! For heaven's sake, think seriously of the nature of the words you utter. It is morally impossible she should have been guilty of such a crime."

"We shall see, we shall see, Miss," exclaimed the irritated woman. "Everything is against her—there is nothing in her favor—and if you have any proper feeling, you'll not see her again till this affair is cleared up."

"Mr. Montague," said Margaret, turning away, her dark-blue eyes sparkling with indignation, "I should wish to see my dear Mary's friend, at once. This is an atrocious calumny, I feel convinced. Bertha, will you go home, or shall we visit dear Maria Flohrberg together?"

"Oh, I will go with you, certainly," exclaimed the warm-hearted Bertha; "we may be some little comfort too, at such a time of trial."

Can there be anything more dreadful than to be wrongfully accused of a very grievous crime? This was the thought of the two young ladies, as silently, and with tears in their eyes, their gentle hearts aching with sorrow, they passed by windows of stained glass, and along spacious galleries, till they arrived at Fraulein's room. There she was, poor thing, all alone in her misery, no tears in her eyes, and looking the very image of despair.

She bounded towards her friends as they entered the room, and joyfully received their warm embrace. "*You* do not think me guilty, then," she exclaimed.

"Guilty, my own dear Maria," exclaimed Margaret, "*guilty*. Such a thought could never enter our minds for a moment; but, let me implore you, as calmly as you can, to tell us the particulars of this horrible charge, and then we'll return home, and talk the matter over with papa and Herbert, and get you out of this horrid house."

Broken by many more ejaculations in the German language, she narrated to her friends the whole tale of her sorrows; showed them the letter she had received the previous day, and, drawing from her bosom the miniature of the General's wife, told them, with a blushing face, the intention she had, when she left home on the previous evening, of raising money upon her little souvenir, till she could redeem it; then described her strange meeting with Herr Von Sulper, the present he had made her, and her return home shortly before Mary paid her second visit; and finished by telling them how the officer had stopped her on her journey to the house at which she was about to get the money changed into an order on the Coblentz banker.

"My father! My poor father! What will he do? This gold is mine, and yet they dare tell me I am not to use it," exclaimed Maria. "What shall I do?"

"Never mind about the money, darling," said Margaret, "that is the least part of this sad business; they *must* give it you ultimately, and I'll go home and bring dear papa to see you; but first of all I'll ask him to lend you the ten pounds, and see that it is sent off all right to Coblentz, and as soon as this matter is settled we will all come and see you."

Maria then bade her friends farewell, her poor mind easier as far as her father was concerned; but she relapsed again into her former state of nervous agitation as soon as she found herself alone.

(To be continued.)

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## IN THE CHURCH THERE EXISTS A DIVINE MEANS FOR THE COMMUNICATION AND PRESERVATION OF TRUTH.

THROUGH the confidence which we have in the good sense of our readers, we are sure that, whilst they admit the necessity of the existence of true religion in every age of the world, they are equally convinced that God cannot be satisfied with any sort of worshippers, such as the accidents of human ignorance or malice might cast near his altar. In agreement with the attribute of sanctity, the Lord is (as Scripture says) jealous of the honor of his name, and accordingly has preserved a large and distinguished body of men who held the sacred deposit of his will, and manifested his glory by the purity of their adoration. This principle is self-evident, and the consequent fact we have shown in the proofs of the unchangeableness of religion and the perpetuity of the Church. Now, it becomes our duty to inquire after the means provided in the execution of heaven's will for the maintenance of religion, pure, holy, and undefiled, in the absence of visible and miraculous interference such as had been witnessed by the patriarchs and prophets. As it is obviously the will of God that all

men, rich and poor, humble and elevated, ignorant and learned, should be saved, it is indispensable that true religion be conspicuous as "a city placed on a mountain." The institution of religion, and the obligation imposed on us of showing ourselves, through its means, to be the humble servants of our Creator, would be inconsistent with the mercy and justice of heaven, if, at the same time, we had not a certain established means to convey unto us the *one uniform* and *saving faith.* We have, then, only to examine into the means appointed, so that we may with sincerity and security follow the direction of the Supreme Ruler.

It being manifest from the sacred writings that there will be to the end of the world a perpetual warfare between truth and error; that error, having frequently on its side talent, power, eloquence, and various artifices of seduction, the danger of being misled must be very great. How is it that men engaged in such a variety of occupations, often ignorant, deprived of adequate opportunities for acquiring information, can come to the accurate knowledge of truth amidst so many disputes and conflicts of opinion which prevail in the world? This can be effected only through some means provided by the Lord of Truth—a means simple, easy, and within the reach of all men—otherwise a great number must necessarily be mistaken. Many would adhere to truth, as it were by chance, without the meritorious motive of its full appreciation. Hence, the question occurs, What means exist under the providence of God whereby man, involved in ignorance, error, and disputation, may be led into the paths of truth? Let us glance at some of those means suggested occasionally, and which have in some instances received the sanction of human judgment. If each person had an immediate revelation, a particular inspiration, there is no doubt that we never could make a mistake about the truth. But it is perfectly manifest that Providence has not established such an order of instruction. On the contrary, we are expressly cautioned against pretences of such private illumination in the Prophecy of Jeremias 23: "*Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Hearken not to the words of the prophets that prophecy to you, and deceive you; they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord.*" In Ezechiel a curse is pronounced on "*the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit and see nothing,*" 13. Shall we then have recourse to such persons' private interpretation of the Scripture? This cannot be, for St. Peter expressly assures us that "*no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation.*" Several passages of Scripture which appear very plain, are understood differently by persons of the very best abilities. Multitudes of men cannot read, and are on that account incapable of enjoying such means of information. The experience of ages has shown that there is no error however monstrous which has not been maintained by the authority of some text of Scripture, distorted according to the fancy of the enthusiast or the obstinacy of the proud. There are many persons who suppose that the proper means of religious guidance is found if the Holy Spirit be invoked, when he will, by an interior light, show each individual trusting in him the proper sense of the Scriptures. Suppose that all who believe in such a means seek it according to their principle, why is it that there occurs such an endless diversity of doctrine amongst the partisans of this particular spirit? Most assuredly they cannot be all right, whilst the dogmas they teach are directly opposed.

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it been the will of God to establish in his Church a tribunal of pastors and teachers, perpetual and always visible, and endowed it with the proper understanding of his law; had he promised to this tribunal the assistance of his Spirit, so as to enable it to decide supremely and unerringly on all controversies that may arise with respect to faith in the Church; had he at the same time commanded the faithful to refer all disputed points to this august and sacred tribunal, and to receive its decisions with the deference and submission due to an authority delegated by the Deity; had God in his goodness vouchsafed to his servants this great provision, which alone could forever put an end to all disagreement on the score of religion, it would be the greatest blessing to mankind. It would remove all doubts, and reconcile all parties. Men of science should joyfully submit, because in subjection to the order of the Supreme Lord there could be no derogation to their importance. The uninformed would in this act of submission find compensation for their want of knowledge, being quite on a level with the most learned. All persons would find the convenience and happiness of being able to rest with confidence on the decisions of a tribunal which, speaking with a warrant of supreme authority, with a right to declare what is revealed, would afford security against all perplexity and error. After a review of all other means which might be suggested as adequate to unite us in the consistency and purity of faith, this alone appears efficacious for the attainment of that desirable object. Without it we cannot be united; under its control we cannot fail to enjoy safety and peace; therefore we may expect to find that it has been established by our Heavenly Father.

We proceed now to examine whether it can be proved that the

Almighty has actually established this tribunal, so necessary, so essential for the religious harmony and happiness of mankind. St. Paul assures us that such is the case. In his epistle to the Hebrews, he says: "*God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the Fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days, hath spoken to us by his Son.*" If, then, in the lapse of ages there are variety of times and diverse instruments of instruction, still it is God who speaks, so that every present moment is coincident with the first instant dated by religion, and that which comes last of all is still the voice of God, uttered by the Son by whom the world was made. When the Lord first spoke to the Fathers in the absence of all written documents, the long lives of the patriarchs afforded a sufficient security for all that were anxious to know the truth then handed down from father to son. Coming to a later period, we are clearly informed of the means adopted by Almighty God under the written law. The mysteries of religion and the precepts of the covenant were no longer left to the bare memory of man. The Lord wrote with his own hand upon two tables of stone the principal precepts of religion and society, and dictated the rest to Moses. What was the next step? Did Moses order all the scribes who could be found to make copies of those laws and distribute them among the people, with a statement that the new Scriptures contained all that God had taught? Was a code of laws, compiled in the form of history, poetry, and prophecy, without order or method, put into the hands of the people, with an assurance that they might explain it for themselves without a danger of error? No; but in compliance with the order received from heaven, the Jewish leader formed an assembly of seventy elders, to whom was imparted the spirit which already qualified Moses for the guidance of the people. In the 17th chapter of Deuteronomy the people of Israel are commanded to go to the high priest for the final decision of all their doubts and dissensions: "*If thou perceive that the judgment with thee be hard and doubtful, thou shalt come to the Priests of the Levitical stock, and to the judge that shall be at that time, and thou shalt ask of them, who shall show thee the truth of the judgment, And thou shalt do whatsoever they that are presidents of the place which our Lord shall choose shall say and teach thee, according to his law, and thou shalt follow their sentence; neither shalt thou decline to the right hand, nor to the left hand, But he that shall be proud, refusing to obey the commandments of the Priest which at that time ministereth to our Lord thy God, and the decree of the judge, that man shall die.*" Here the people are commanded to obey a tribunal under pain of death. No condition is affixed. Obedience is required as long as it shall teach the law, and there is an assurance implied that the truth of the law will be taught, because the people are commanded to submit under pain of death, which would not be reasonable if truth and justice were not secured. We have presented to us in the Book of Numbers 16, a remarkable instance of the severity of God's judgment towards those who schismatically revolted against the lawfully ordained ministers of his word. Core, Dathan, and Abiron, and other leading men of the synagogue, refused to submit to the authority of Moses and Aaron, on the plea that all the people are holy, and that therefore the peculiar office of the priests gave them no superiority over others. Such was their private interpretation of the law, in oppo-

sition to their divinely appointed teachers. What was the consequences? No sooner did they sacrilegiously attempt to exercise the priestly office to which they were not ordained, than the "*earth broke asunder under their feet, and opening her mouth, devoured them with their tents and all their substance; and they went down alive into hell.*" Throughout the history of the ancient covenant abundant evidence proves the existence of this tribunal divinely instituted and sustained for teaching the truth of religion. Thus the Prophet Ezechiel, who foresaw during the captivity the re-establishment of his nation, recounts amongst the offices which the priests should again fulfil, this instruction of the people: "*They shall teach my people the difference between holy and profane, and when there shall be a controversy they shall stand in my judgments and shall judge,*" 44. In the Book of Esdras 2 we are told: "*The Levites caused the people to understand the law . . . and they read in the book of the law of God distinctly and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. . . . Then all the people made great joy because they had understood the words that they had taught them.*"

It is therefore perfectly evident, from the brief view which we have taken of the earliest days of religion, that the Lord established in the Church of perpetual duration exactly such a means of learning the truth, of adhering to one faith, of adoring our God, of being sanctified by the same sacramental grace, as we reasonably expected to find. We see a succession of witnesses scattered through the regulations and history of the Mosaic dispensation, assuring us that the Lord of life raised up in his Church a living, teaching, unerring standard of orthodoxy to guide mankind into the way of salvation, and most particularly the poor and illiterate who cannot read. The high priest and the Levite, the guardians of the ark, and bearers of the censers, were set apart by the decrees of heaven, not merely to shed the blood of oxen, to ignite the pile upon which the holocaust was placed. Moreover, they were to *teach* the people the difference between holy and profane things; to *judge*, not indeed by their own opinions, by their own interpretation, but *standing* in the very judgments of the Almighty. They were to cause the people to rejoice in a full comprehension of their duties, and the prospect of salvation and reward, by communicating to them a perfect understanding of the law. So divinely constituted was that tribunal, so safe and unchangeable in matters of faith, that we receive a character of its authority and unerring veracity from the lips of our Divine Saviour, who said to his disciples: "Upon the chair of Moses have sitten the scribes and Pharisees; all things therefore whatever they shall say to you observe and do."

# AT THE MOUTH OF THE PIT.

A STORY.

"I'M sorry for you, Ted Fittock, but it can't be helped. I don't care for you enough to be a good wife to you."

"There's some one else in the way, maybe. If Charlie Arkwright asked you now"—

The girl to whom this speech was made, in a half-persuading, half-threatening tone, hung her head for a moment ere she answered falteringly:

"You have no right to question me. Charlie has never spoken a word of love to me."

"I know that," said the man, with a short laugh. Then, more gently, "Come, Maggie, don't be hard on me. Ever since we were both a foot high we've been together—playing, walking, singing, working, and what not; don't let's part now we're man and woman instead of boy and girl. I've got a home to offer, and"—

"It's no use talking, Ted; it can't be, I tell you. I love some one else better."

"And that one is Charlie Arkwright, eh?"

"Yes, it *is* Charlie Arkwright, then!" answered Maggie defiantly, looking her suitor full in the face.

"I'm sorry for that, for I doubt if you'll ever see him again."

This was said slowly and deliberately, with something approaching to a sneer, and the expression on the girl's face changed instantaneously to one of anxiety and alarm.

"What do you mean?" she asked; "has any accident happened to him?"

"Not that I know of."

"Why should I not see him again?—tell me, Ted Fittock." Then a look of horror came into her face. "You do not mean—you dare not venture to—to hurt him!"

"I suppose he can look after himself; he'll have to if he comes across me;" and with a contraction of his brows, Ted Fittock turned abruptly and walked rapidly away, leaving Maggie Searle at her cottage-door, looking wistfully and doubtingly after his retreating form.

The sun had long set when this conversation took place, but there was a ruddy light in the sky which glowed with a smoky crimson, and the night air throbbed with the hum of men and the measured beat of machinery. Countless fires illumined the sky, and shot up their fierce flames high into the heavy air. Night and day alike, the hum of work and the throb of engines continued, for beneath the ground, through the round of the clock, men grimy and muscular toiled incessantly, hewing, digging, and carting by dismal lamplight.

Maggie Searle and Ted Fittock lived in a country where the roads, houses, and even trees, are covered with a fine black powder, where the landscape is marred by tramways and unsightly sheds, and where the male population earns its living underground in the deep-sunk coal-mines. All the men were miners, from Maggie's father (who had raised himself to the position of foreman) down to the little urchin of ten, who watched below, or pushed the laden trucks along the tramways.

It was in the midst of this scenery, and with these surroundings, that Maggie Searle had grown from girlhood to womanhood. The "Pride of the village" the rough men called her, as they looked upon

her fair face and her graceful form. In her presence quarrels were hushed and oaths died away in confused mutterings, for hardly the worst or the roughest of the bad and rough men who divided their time between the mines, their beds, and the public-house, but respected Maggie, and envied the man who might gain her for his bride.

The chances of winning so great a prize were considered tolerably equally divided between Ted Fittock and Charlie Arkwright; but which of the two would in the end be favored was a moot question with the gossips, for Maggie, to tell the truth, was something of a coquette, and if she inclined to Charlie one day, it was Ted who was most favored the next.

Neither had ventured to ask the important question, till Ted Fittock, in the conversation whose termination commences this story, had broached the subject nearest to his heart only to meet with a refusal, and to learn that the girl he loved had already given her affections to his rival.

Wistfully Maggie looked after her rejected suitor as he walked angrily away from her, for his speech had filled her with a vague alarm, and had her pride permitted, she would have followed to beg an explanation of his words. "I doubt if you will ever see him again," he had said. Was it only an idle threat, a cowardly attempt to frighten her, or had the words a significance which she could not yet comprehend?

Uneasy and disquieted, she entered the cottage, where her father sat smoking his evening pipe.

"Father," said she, "will Ted Fittock be down in the pit to-night?"

"Yes, lassie. Why do you ask?"

"And Charlie Arkwright as well?"

"Certainly."

"Then Heaven grant there's no mischief between them!" she murmured to herself, as one terrible meaning to the words of the man she had refused forced itself into her mind.

* * * * *

Early the next morning, ere any but the earliest of early risers had left their beds, there was a loud and sudden report, as of a tremendous explosion; the earth shook and trembled, and all with one accord rushed to their doors, knowing but too well what the sound betokened. Over one of the mouths of the coal-mine hung a dense black cloud of smoke, and to the scene of the disaster ran in terror wives, mothers, and sisters, whose nearest and dearest had left them well and strong a few hours before, but who were now, for all they knew, lying blackened, charred, and unrecognizable in that terrible pit.

Misery and despair in every form gathered round the pit's mouth—shrieking some, in silent agony others; while, clustered together, a small knot of miners stood arranging plans for proceeding to the assistance of those in the pit, preparing without hesitation to risk their own lives on the chance of rescuing their comrades. Noble, heroic men, with whom personal danger counted as nothing when there were men's lives to be saved.

Suddenly arose a cry of joy. The women whose lamentations had been the loudest ceased to wail, those whose eyes had been blinded with silent tears fixed their gaze on the pit's mouth, while from the men rose a hearty cheer, for a signal had been given from the bottom that men were there alive and waiting to be drawn to the surface.

Immediately the windlass was put in motion. Round, round it went, reeling in the chain slowly, O, so slowly! to the eager anxious crowd pressing near, hoping to recognize husband or father amongst those the bucket was bringing from

out the mine. "Would it never come?" they cried, as with eager eyes they watched for its appearance. At last it reached the surface, filled with miners, while others clung to the chains—miners with scorched clothing, with pallid faces, and with a story on their lips of others waiting below, dreading a second explosion every moment. Down went the bucket again, while the rescued men were surrounded by their friends. Wives wept on their husbands' breasts for joy, while half-distraught women prayed piteously for tidings of their loved ones still in danger.

Amongst the crowd, pale but tearless, moved Maggie Searle. She, with the rest, had earnestly scanned the features of the rescued men, but had failed to discover amongst them either of the two in whom she was most interested.

Timidly she laid a detaining hand on the arm of a rough burly man hurrying past her, whose face and dress told her he was one of those who had been rescued from the jaws of death. "Ted Fittock and Charlie Arkwright—were they both in the pit?" she asked. Yes, he had seen them not long before the explosion, he answered, and hurried on homewards.

Again and again the bucket rose to the surface, and each time Maggie pressed near to scan the faces of the men snatched from destruction, but neither time did she discover either of those she sought. The bucket descended for the last time, and Maggie scarcely dared draw breath, so great was her excitement. Around her on every side she heard the terrible story of the pit on fire, of the suffocating vapor, and of another explosion being imminent. When, after a lapse of time which seemed unbearable to the waiting expectant girl, the signal was given from below of another yet alive in the terrible mine, she could have screamed aloud. Now it would be that she would see the faces of the rival suitors for her hand, or never again.

As the bucket rose her breath came fast, and her limbs trembled, so great was her agitation. It reached the surface, but it contained one man only, and he, turning his head towards the crowd, revealed the features of Ted Fittock. Instinctively Maggie Searle ran to meet him, and clasped her hands upon his arm. Not to greet him, not to congratulate him on his deliverance, but to ask for news of the other—of that missing man, his rival.

"Where is Charlie? where is he?" she cried vehemently.

Fittock looked at her for a minute without replying; and then, turning sulkily away, asked mutteringly why she applied to him.

"He was there, he was down in the mine," she continued with increased earnestness; "tell me where he is. Is he safe? you have not—have not—left him in the pit!"

Ted Fittock shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and hesitated ere he replied in a nervous, faltering voice, "Yes, he is down there still."

"Down still!" echoed Maggie, "and you stand here to tell me so! Are you a man and leave a fellow-creature to a horrible death? O Ted, Ted! if you ever loved me, for pity's sake go back and rescue him."

"It can't be done," he answered, turning shortly on his heel, as if desiring to end the conversation. But Maggie Searle followed, pursuing him with words and entreaties, all without avail—sulkily, uneasily, and at last angrily he answered her; and then the poor girl turned, miserable and despairing, to a knot of miners conversing together, told them her story, and implored their aid in rescuing the man she loved from a horrible death.

In reply one of them pointed sadly and silently to the shaft, whence volumes of thick black smoke were rising, showing but too plainly that all access to the mine was cut off. Even while she waited, gazing on the smoke with dull, vacant, heavy-eyed despair, came a second explosion, and the bright flames darted up from the pit's mouth, setting fire to the woodwork, and destroying the last faint vestige of hope Maggie had nourished in her heart for the deliverance of Charlie Arkwright from the mine. No words can tell the utter wretchedness of that day to Maggie Searle, drawn out as it appeared by grief to twice its proper length. It was hard, terribly hard, to bear the weight of sorrow pressing on her heart, and as she laid herself upon her bed that night, in the recklessness of misery she prayed that ere the morning she might join Charlie Arkwright.

Two more such days and nights told severely on her health, and when the fourth morning dawned, Maggie Searle lay on her bed unconscious and flushed, struck down by fever, and brought to the verge of the grave.

For weeks she remained in a most precarious state, but at last came signs of tedious gradual recovery.

During her illness Ted Fittock hung about the house, avoiding all intercourse with his companions, and returning sullen answers when compelled to reply to questions put to him by those who wondered at his absence from work, and still more at the change that had come over him since the colliery explosion; and ere Maggie recovered, rumors, whispered at first, but louder expressed afterwards, passed from mouth to mouth which concerned him not a little, hinting as they did at a crime committed by him, and that crime the murder of Charlie Arkwright.

No one knew where the report originated, but slowly and surely the story spread abroad that Ted Fittock had prevented his rival from entering the bucket, and had left him to perish in the pit when an outstretched hand would have saved him from a terrible death; and as the story got wind and obtained credence, Fittock was shunned and looked at askance by his former comrades. If he noticed the alteration in their behavior he heeded it not, but continued as heretofore loitering idly round the cottage where Maggie lay ill, his whole mind and heart, as it appeared, centred in her.

It was a great day for him when Maggie Searle first came out to breathe as much fresh air as the coal-pits would allow her; but Maggie shrank from him and shuddered, as timidly he approached her, and welcomed her back to health. He would not perceive the repugnance with which she looked upon him, but recklessly poured forth a second time his tale of love, beseeching her to be his wife. She shuddered again as she heard his speech, and indignantly she bade him leave her; but though there was decision in her tone, he would not take this reply.

"I have no longer Charlie Arkwright for a rival," he urged, and would have added more, but Maggie turned upon him with flashing eyes.

"*You!*" she cried, "*you* dare say that to me! You, who are guilty of his death; you, who murdered him as surely by leaving him to perish in the mine as if you had shot him from behind a hedge!"

Fittock listened amazed, as one who did not hear aright.

"Maggie, Maggie, for mercy's sake tell me what you mean! I do not understand, I cannot follow you."

Then Maggie Searle told him what rumor said; reminded him

that he and Charles Arkwright had been the only two remaining in the pit, and that he alone had come up from it. She quoted his own words to him, "I doubt if you will ever see him again," and then her feelings overpowering her, she turned from him to sob bitterly for the dead man.

Fittock listened, strangely calm, to her narration; when she concluded there was an expression of pain and sorrow on his face, but not the anguish of a guilty man.

"You believe this?" he said. "You believe that Arkwright's death lies at my door?"

She only answered him with sobs; and he continued, "You have spoken truly; I can never be your husband, for if you loved me ever so little you would not think me capable of that crime. I have been wicked, I have sinned; but ere the month is out you shall alter the evil opinion you have formed of me." And then, without waiting for a reply, he left her; and, rough miner that he was, and criminal as he was suspected of being, there was a natural dignity in his face and manner that made Maggie Searle feel that she had wrongfully accused him.

The next day and the next passed by, and Ted Fittock was missing. A fortnight elapsed and he had not returned, and the gossips and rumor-spreaders declared he had fled from the scene of his crime, tormented by a guilty conscience, or possibly dreading the hand of justice would be laid upon him; but Maggie Searle refused to credit these reports, and waited expectantly. At the end of three weeks the scandal-mongers were confounded, for Fittock returned, but not alone; for walking by his side in the full glare of a noonday sun was the supposed dead man, Charlie Arkwright himself.

Eager friendly faces welcomed and questioned them, brawny hands were stretched forth to greet them, but with few words they passed through a wondering crowd, who hardly could persuade themselves it was not a spirit they saw in Charles Arkwright's form, and made their way to the cottage where Maggie and her father resided.

With a cry of joy the young girl threw her arms around the man she loved restored to her from the grave, and sobbed her welcome.

"I have cleared my character," said Ted Fittock gravely; and stooping, he picked from the ground a little piece of ribbon which had bound Maggie's hair, but which had fallen unheeded in her sudden happiness. Fervently he pressed it to his lips, and then hid it carefully in his dress. So occupied with each other were the two lovers, that neither noticed him; but when they came to look for him he was gone. He had stolen from the house unperceived. One or two had seen him skulking along under the shelter of the hedge and making for the open country, but never after that day was he seen again by Maggie, or his old companions.

In due time came Charles Arkwright's explanation. He and Ted Fittock had quarrelled respecting Maggie, each claiming the right to speak of her as his probable wife, and insisting upon the other abstaining from attempted intimacy. Words ran high, till Fittock had suggested as a fair course that they should draw lots, the loser to leave Marley for three months, giving the other the opportunity during that time to persuade Maggie Searle to become his wife. To this, after some demur, Charles Arkwright had agreed. They had drawn lots and he had lost. At once, not trusting himself to bid adieu to any of his friends, least of all to Maggie, he had quitted the place, going first down into the pit to collect some tools belonging to him, and then had stolen away in

the darkness to walk to a neighboring county, where he sought and easily obtained employment.

So far, it was his own story he related; the remainder had been told him by Fittock himself.

Left in possession of the field, he had, as the reader knows, lost no time in declaring his love to Maggie Searle, On being refused by reason of her preference for his rival, he had gone to work in the pit, and had been the last rescued when the explosion occurred. Maggie's alarm and anxiety for Charlie Arkwright's safety had suggested to him a scheme by which he might make her his bride.

He told her her lover was in the pit, without hope of rescue, trusting that she, believing the one dead, might be inclined the more favorably to the survivor, but little dreaming of the foundation he was laying for an accusation of murder against himself. No sooner, however, did he learn from Maggie of the crime rumor had attached to his name than he started, on foot, to search for Charles Arkwright, never resting till he had discovered him, and brought him back to refute the charge brought against him.

His love had tempted him to a dishonorable action, but he repented, and made amends by restoring his rival to the girl they both loved.

Not many weeks after Charles Arkwright's return, the dearest wish of his life was gratified, and Maggie stood by his side, at the altar, radiant and happy, to promise to "love, honor, and obey," and to return home to live with him, his loved and loving wife, till the great destroyer should lay his hand upon one or other and part them—though but for awhile.

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## RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

In every century there has arisen some question, which, by reason of its intrinsic importance, or immediate influence upon society, has been styled the problem of the age. Our century, although differing in many respects from all others, has not been an exception to this seeming law of history. Not a few long-standing grievances have been redressed; knotty political intricacies severed, and brilliant scientific triumphs achieved; yet as important as was the abolition of slavery, the disestablishment of the Irish church, the laying of transmarine cables, or the cutting of Suez, the problem of this age is the adjustment of the oft-debated educational question. Much has been said and many works written upon the subject. It has afforded a noble theme for such orators as Lacordaire and Archbishop Hughes; and a trying task for the skill of such eminent statesmen as Gladstone and Thiers. There is no better proof of the vital importance of education than the active part taken in its discussion by men of every religious persuasion and political shade. In fact few questions affect so directly the welfare of a nation, and assuredly in this country there is none of greater moment as regards the well-being and permanence of our institutions.

In the last century the immortal Washington declared that the proper training of youth was the *pillar* of society; and in our own Bishop Dupanloup assures us that "it and it alone forms the greatness of a nation, maintains its splendor, and prevents its decay." But it may be argued that intellectual discipline, without the co-operation of any

religious element, will produce these great and inestimable results. This we deny, and in justification of our denial we have merely to recur to history. Did polite literature, for instance, save the most refined nations of antiquity? Listen to the poets of Greece and Rome bewailing the degradation of their countrymen, and sighing for a purer and loftier virtue than any their religion could inspire. Did the eloquence of the orator? The noblest appeals to duty, the most patriotic harangues, palled alike upon a degenerate race. Did the wisdom of the legislator? All the sagacity of Solon and Lycurgus could but retard the downfall of their country. In fine did philosophy? Its schools were often the sinks of vice and gross immorality. No wonder then that the Grecian states declined and went down into a night that knew no morrow.

The Romans, it is true, once added to the speculative wisdom of the Greeks an almost heroic practice of virtue, but they too were swept by a torrent of vice into the common tomb of nations, and but a few broken columns remain to tell the traveller what was once the seat of a world-wide empire.

Separate religion from education and you shall have taken the most effective means of insuring proximate dissoluteness and ultimate ruin. Even the author of Lothair recognizes that "without religion the world must soon become a scene of desolation." Intellectual culture can, therefore, attain at most but an ephemeral triumph. It has never saved an empire, nor poured a quickening stream through the veins of a superannuated nation. This inefficiency can be accounted for only by the absence of that pure and sublime faith whose influence tamed the rude nomads of the north, and raised them from a savage state to the loftiest heights of Christian civilization.

Some writers have attempted to define the term education as the development of the mental faculties. This may be a very scientific view of head-culture, but as a definition of education it is very defective and unphilosophical; defective, because it embraces only part; and unphilosophical, because it substitutes the secondary for the essential. We maintain that instruction is but a part of education, of which religion is the parent-stem. If we consult the masters of thought, and those who shape the destinies of nations, we will be surprised to see how unanimously they hold moral training paramount to mere intellectual culture, and how strongly they insist on making the latter always subservient to the former. The better to substantiate this assertion we will give a few quotations, selecting only from Protestant authors. According to Milton, "the sole end of education is to fit man to perform skilfully, justly, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, in peace and war." "The hard and invaluable part of education," says Locke, "is virtue. This is the solid and substantial good, which the teacher should never cease to inculcate, till the young man places his strength, his glory, and his pleasure in it." "We shall never know," says Sir Walter Scott, "our real calling or destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything else as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." And Lord Derby, "Religion is not a thing apart from education, but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people." And Guizot, "Popular education to be truly good and socially useful must be fundamentally religious." Thus the essential element of education, the pith and marrow, so to speak, is religion. To exclude it from the

oom is a crying injustice to
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society. It is not one por-
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ety itself. Catiline, the pol-
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rench revolution, the most
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s in which the classic prin-
of *philosophers* were pro-
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ocities of 1793? And who
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worn to unify Italy or lay it
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ion; to consider Christian-
ity as a thing of the past, and a legion of isms as the regenerators of the future; men who revel in wild chimeras by night, and seek to realize their mad dreams by day. The frightful excesses to which irreligion leads so struck one of the revolutionists of 1793 that, while yet dripping with blood, he mounted to the pediment of a temple and with a pencil wrote this memorable inscription: "*The French Republic recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being.*" And a few hours before ascending the scaffold to suffer the just penalty of his enormities, he cried out to his countrymen: "The Republic can only be established upon the eternal basis of morality." Robespierre proclaimed the truth. The only safety for a commonwealth, the only source of greatness and prosperity for a nation, as well as tranquillity and happiness for a people, is religion. When men reject its heavenly guidance, duty becomes as void of meaning as *honor* to a *Credit Mobilier Congressman.* The most sacred obligations dwindle into mere optional practices, and the moral code itself soon becomes little more than the bugbear of the weak-minded.

Religion is the companion of liberty in all its battles and triumphs: the cradle of its infancy, the divine source of its claims; it is the safeguard of morality, and morality is the best security of law, as well as the surest pledge of freedom.

If further proof of the immoral tendency of science separated from religion were needed, we could silently point to the nameless abominations of the communists, and such other vile and degraded fraternities. We could dwell on the cold-blooded murders that startle society from time to time, and fill so many hearts with grief and shame; the scarcely concealed corruption of public men; those monopolizing speculations and wilful insolvencies,

so ruinous to society; and above all, to those shocking atrocities so frequent in unbelieving countries, the legal dissolution of the matrimonial tie, and the wanton tampering with life in its very bud. These humiliating facts are sufficient to convince any impartial mind that without religion there can be no social virture, no morality, no true and lasting happiness.

Here we meet the question: When should these salutary doctrines be inculcated? As well might it be asked when shall the builder lay the foundation for his edifice, or the farmer sow his seed? If religious principles be not laid broad and deep in childhood, there is great danger that the superstructure will topple and fall.

Youth has been called the seed-time of life, and reason proves the same rule to hold good in mental as well as material husbandry.

"What you sow, that you shall reap." Men do not expect to gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles. Yet by a strange inconsistency some would expect virtuous youths from godless schools. But the order of nature cannot be reversed; *like generates like.* In childhood the mind is simple and docile, the soul pure and candid, and the heart may easily be cast into any mould. It is highly important for parents and educators to bear in mind that first impressions are the last forgotten. The pious child may, in after years, be led astray by the force of passion or bad example, but, at least, when the fire of youth has cooled with advancing age, there is great probability that he will return to virtue and piety. With great truth the poet has said:

"Take care in youth to form the heart and mind,
For as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined."

One of the greatest thinkers of our age, thoroughly convinced of the importance of early moral training, would have the air of the school-room impregnated with religion. "It is necessary," says Guizot, "that natural education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate all its parts." It would be well if some of our liberal-minded Catholic parents, whose children are being educated in the godless public schools, would read and maturely weigh the words of this illustrious statesman and historian.

To-day, more than ever, we need a thorough religious education. The enemies of Christianity are now making war on its dogmas more generally and craftily than at any former period. These attacks for being wilily concealed are the more pernicious. They disguise their designs under the appearance of devotion to progressive ideas, hatred of superstition and intolerance, all the better to instil the slow but deadly poison.

The press teems with books and journals in which doctrines subversive of religion and morality are so elegantly set forth that the unguarded are apt to be deceived by the fascination of the false charms, and to mistake a most hideous and dangerous object for the very type of beauty. Nothing is omitted. The passions are fed and the morbid sensibilities pandered to; firmness in the cause of truth is called obstinacy, and strength of soul a refractory blindness. The discipline of the Church, when not branded as sheer mummery, is held up as hostile to personal freedom, and her dogmas, with a few exceptions, treated as opinions that may be received or rejected with indifference. Nor is this irreligious tendency confined to literary publications, it finds numerous advocates among men of scientific pursuits. The anatomist has dissected the human frame, but failing to find that immaterial substance, the soul, denies

its existence. The geologist, after investigating the earth, tells us that he has overwhelming evidence that it is a mere accidental accumulation of atoms. The astronomer flatters himself that he has discovered laws which dispense with the necessity of admitting that the heavenly bodies were once launched into space by a divine hand that still guides them in their courses. In a word, they conclude that nothing exists but matter; that God is a myth, and the soul a dream.

What, then, must be done to save society from the ruin that threatens it? to stem the tide that bids fair to sweep away, eventually, civilization itself? There is one remedy, and *but* one. The rising generation must be brought up in a religious atmosphere. If we Christianize our youth, we are sure of having a virtuous people. Let us then infuse good morals by the most powerful of all means, Christian education; let the air of the class-room be impregnated with the life-giving aroma of Christianity, and we shall soon check the torrent of infidelity, avert impending evils, and prepare for the golden days of our republic.

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## MIDNIGHT BELLS RINGING FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1874.

HARK! how the chime of merry bells
Proclaims the new-born year!
What magic in their music dwells,
To wake the slumbering tear!
It seems as though a thousand strings
Were vocal in my heart,
Breathing of long-forgotten things,
In which I once had part:

Of festivals and birthdays kept,
And Christmas rife with glee,
When those who long in dust have slept,
Shared joys and hopes with me;
And song, and tale, and frolic mirth,
Beguiled our wint'ry hours,
And holy affection round the hearth
Knit heart to heart with flowers.

The old year's dead, and passed away;
A checkered robe it wore,
Of mingled tints, some dark, some gay,
Like years that went before.
And ah! how many wishes vain,
With days and nights of thought,
Are linked to that prolonged chain
Another year hath wrought?

Awaken, slumberer, from thy sleep!
Count not on things of time!
Up, up, and mount the starry steep,
Supernal regions climb!
Let not another year depart
Without some hopeful tears,—
Some golden fruits laid up in heart,
For the eternal years.

## A SOUVENIR OF THE AUTUMN OF 1841.

TOWARDS the close of September, 1841, the lovely banks of the lake Tremezzina glowed in all the beauty of their usual fertility, in the fulness of nature's choicest gifts. Every one said that the banks of the lake, one of the loveliest of Italy, had never been so smiling or so fertile.

Every bank, the whole surrounding plains, the sides of every sloping hill, were still in full verdure; nearly every mountain was covered with luxuriant vineyards, with the pale olive, the tall and shady nut, and thick woods of chestnuts. The vines, rising in long rows, suspended in garlands on the heights and plains, promised an abundant harvest; the twining tendrils were laden with ruby-colored grapes, which the full summer sun had ripened earlier than the usual time; and the laborer's heart rejoiced at the rich prospect of so rich a harvest.

At break of day the inhabitants of all the villages went forth in merry groups, singing their mountain songs, and carrying with them not only their instruments of labor, but barrels, wooden baskets, pails, and whatever vessels they could collect, happy in the thought that these would hardly suffice to carry away the rich harvest. Men and women, old and young, had gone out, leaving the villages deserted. Some old dame or still older grandsire alone remained in charge of their dwellings, and around these were to be seen some twenty or thirty little ones, rolling on the ground in the midst of hens and chickens, and watched in their gambols by the faithful house-dog.

The gatherers collected in groups of three or four around each vine, dropping the large bunches into their baskets, and singing in loud clear voices beneath the bright autumnal sun. Children ran about as blithe and nimble as young goats, slily hiding themselves under the thickest branches, and peeping out from among the leaves with their round fat faces all stained with the juice. The baskets filled, the women carried them on their heads to the gates of the field, where they were emptied into large pails and drawn by oxen up the mountain roads, or borne in deep wooden baskets on the shoulders of the hardy mountaineers. I have seen more than one old man of seventy carrying this burden, and seeming hardly to feel its weight in the gladness of his heart. At noonday the bells of the different churches rang out the Angelus, as it were with a voice of gratitude and thanksgiving. All was life and animation, and no sight could be brighter or more beautiful.

But towards the close of this happy day, all at once a small but thick black cloud rose behind the crest of the mountain, and slowly rested on its summit. Towards evening it gradually increased in density, as one black cloud rolled slowly over another. The villagers in the field and the fishermen on the lake pointed them out to each other with surprise and an uncertain feeling of dread. During the early evening this group of clouds remained motionless and threatening, contrasting in their heavy darkness with the pure serenity of the surrounding sky. Late in the evening the tired villagers returned to their homes, but before going to rest each family met before the door and devoutly repeated their Rosary, some from time to time turning their eyes towards the mountain to see if that cloud had

broken or dissipated. It was still there, black and threatening. Suddenly the aged recalled the terrible storms that they had heard of in their youth, and all thought of the unfinished harvest.

The following day was Sunday, but no bright sun appeared to cheer this lovely country. The sky was covered with thick clouds during the whole day, and it seemed as if nature, full of sadness and alarm, was anticipating some great shock. The country-people wandered slowly along the narrow roads and on the shores of the lake, looking at the sky, and shaking their heads gloomily as the air became heavy and oppressive beneath the lowering clouds. In the village churches and in the grass-grown graveyards they were waiting for vespers; many prayed; many kneeling on the ground, their heads bowed down, and, oppressed by the heaviness of the atmosphere, thought only of coming misfortune.

All at once the wind descended from the mountain and spread over the plains; the storm came on; one vivid flash struck a large oak which had seen more than one century; and the rain began to fall in large drops. Mothers pressed their little ones closer to their bosoms, the old men prayed aloud, and from the sheds was heard the melancholy lowing of the oxen. As evening came on, the storm increased, the mountains disappeared amid the heavy rain which fell in ceaseless torrents, and darkness added to the universal terror. From the mountain heights, the gorges, and the old beds of streams, the water precipitated itself with increasing force, carrying with it uprooted trees, stones, and earth, and numbers of impetuous torrents were opened all at once in the bosom of the mountains.

The streams swelled suddenly, and the sides of the mountains were soon cleared of all vegetation; the earth itself, the long work of toil of hundreds of poor families, was swept away, leaving only the hard bare rock.

At last this torrent of waters carried away the frail bridges which had been thrown across the mountain gorges; in one short hour whole plains became lakes, and everything was destroyed which obstructed the waters' path. Those only who have been witnesses of such scenes can form an idea of the desolation and terror which was spread around.

But the most dreadful sight appeared when the waters, after having passed over the upper lands, came down with the rapidity of almost a mile a minute, and spread themselves over the country bordering on the lake; the arches of the bridges, high stone walls, inclosures, all gave way before the impetuous torrent of waters.

The fury of the wind had detached part of the roofs from many of even the strongly built houses, and the rain penetrating rapidly, the inhabitants sought shelter in the lower rooms; but here the danger was greater still,—the flood from without, bursting open the doors in many places, poured into the rooms.

At midnight desolation and dismay had spread on all sides. The church-bells rang aloud, and the villagers came out to lend help where the danger was greatest. Women, leading their little ones by the hand, or with their infants in their arms, fled on all sides, seeking a refuge from the flood; the old and infirm called aloud for pity and guidance; all fled, not daring to look back, fearing to see the overthrow of their desolated abodes. Many fled to the churches, but when these in their turn were flooded, or the roads which led to them were become streams, then these poor creatures knocked loudly at the doors of the few

villas which, being situated higher up the mountain, had escaped. All opened readily, and received in numbers the poor half-clad people, trembling with cold and fright.

The courageous mountaineers helped with all their power to turn aside the torrents, and risked their lives in saving those who had not escaped in time; bareheaded, in the midst of the pouring waters, some crossed the inundated plains, and carried out those who had been left behind in the houses. In the midst of this scene were heard the cries of those who called for help, the lamentations of women and children, the loud voices of those who were trying to put order into the confusion which prevailed on all sides, and the distant echo of the thunder, which had not yet ceased.

This terrible scene lasted the whole night. No such calamity had ever been heard of before in this part of the country; it was not *one* storm, it was the bursting of *many*,—a second deluge, which ravaged not Lario alone and its neighboring mountains and hills, but which was felt more or less all over Lombardy; and not only was Northern Italy visited with inundations, but nearly the whole of the south of France. It was a common calamity, which put the charity of mankind to the test.

I will not dwell longer on the heartrending scenes of that night; but I shall never forget the touching story which I heard the next day from a poor woman of one of the mountain hamlets, one of the many sufferers in this visitation.

The following morning broke clear and bright, but its beauty only served to increase the sorrow which was felt by all at the sight of the ruin and desolation which was spread on all sides of the country, so smiling and fertile only two days before. The air was cool and serene, and the distant hills looked more beautiful than ever; but the villages and hamlets, the houses and the whole surrounding country, presented a scene of misery which can hardly be described. Through the valleys and down the sides of the mountains hundreds of swollen streams still poured and rushed on into the lake, carrying with them broken furniture, large branches and trunks of trees, and other remains of the destruction they had caused.

The poor people were to be seen striving to save what they could; some few children, stooping over the sides of the mountain torrents, were picking out from among the stones and sand the soiled bunches of grapes which only a few hours before had been the source of so much joy. These poor creatures were houseless and destitute, having lost nearly all they possessed. It was a sad sight, and one which moved the heart to pity. I visited Griante, San Lorenzo, and Tremezzo, one after the other; I ascended the mountain to Viano, to the church of Sant' Aboudio, to those few scattered huts called *mezzagra*—all were nearly in ruins. On my return towards the banks of the lake I came upon a group of country-people standing round a poor woman who was crying and lamenting bitterly; she was about sixty years of age, but tall and upright, her hair was long and still black as jet, and her head was covered with a red-cotton handkerchief, the ends of which hung down over her shoulders. She wore the usual dress of the mountaineers—a white-cotton jacket, coming down below the hips, a blue and white petticoat, with a pair of high heeled wooden shoes. In the expression of her pale, wan face, grief, anger, and desperation might be read; a strange convulsive smile was on her lips, and large tears rolled down her faded cheeks; with her head erect, and raising her bare arm,

while she pointed to the mountain with her finger, she looked the picture of some old sibyl.

"See," she said in the energetic and figurative language of the inhabitants of the mountains, "see that white mass there by the hill's side, which looks like some huge stone by the way, or some fragment torn from the rock, who would think that on that spot twenty poor creatures are left homeless, and the Lord who reigns above has willed that all they had in the world should have been swept away in one night? His eye is on all, but even He, merciful and just though He be, even He wearies of evil which ceases not; He sends to each one his share of punishment, to us to-day, to-morrow it will be the turn of some other; we all deserve His wrath, it is our sins which provoke Him to anger. Do you think that God sleeps? did He close His eyes yesterday? Even the thunder was not sent in vain, it was His voice which spoke!"

Here the old woman turned quickly round on hearing the voice of a child, who came running up to her and clung to her side.

"Poor innocent!" she said, "thou camest into this world in an unlucky hour; this is the youngest of my ten children, and you all—*you* know what it is to have children and not to have bread to give them. O Lord, we are sinful, but Thou art just!"

Here some among the crowd approached the poor woman, trying to comfort her with kind and soothing words, but she waved them off.

"Go," she said, "you too have your sorrows, your wounded spirits to heal; I, a poor old woman, have seen perhaps the last of my misfortunes; but you—have you not still mothers, wives, children? Though it was not *now*, your turn will come; do penance while there is time, because He who reigns above does not give warning of His coming—high and low, rich and poor, all alike; did not the deluge drown the whole world?"

At these words, which the old woman spoke as if she were inspired, the crowd looked at each other with a mixture of fear and compassion; but she shook her head, and wiping the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand, she said,

"I have seen many troubles, and I know that in this world we all ought to say, 'God's will be done,' but all my sorrows are nothing to those of last night. O Lady of help! O Madonna del Soccorso! Eternal rest to those poor babes!"

So saying, she made the sign of the cross, and joined her hands as if in prayer.

"Good woman," said I, greatly moved, "heaven will comfort you under your trials. Tell me your sorrows; if I cannot help, I can at least pray with you."

"Do you not know, then?—O holy Virgin!"

"But the afflictions of this night have been so many, that nearly all have cause for tears."

"But the whole country knows mine."

One or two of the bystanders then began to speak.

"Silence," she said, with a wild and angry look, "you who did nothing for us! I myself saw them; I see them now." And lowering her voice almost to a whisper, yet so distinct that all could hear: "Yesterday no one knew what they were doing; all were running backwards and forwards like lost sheep; not one could read the sentence which was written above; I too was forgetful, I too forgot my sins; but 'he who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind.' My poor old man! you all know him, and call him 'fool'—and it is true that since that affair with the carabineers he is often more fool than sane—yesterday he went out at sunrise, and

sat down on the stone at the door-post, every minute looking up and down, listening to every breath of wind. 'There is some dire misfortune coming on,' said he; 'go to the mountain, Gertrude, and call out to our two lads to bring down the cows; send Donato into the village to warn Pietro and Tonio not to stay playing in the churchyard, nor to wander off down to Lenno. Annunziata alone is absent. If you see any one from Belvedro bid them tell her to come up here with her two little ones. So we shall all be united; and if we are to die we shall die together.' I answered him only by indifference, muttering that he knew not what he said. Soon after he mounted the hill where a trunk of a tree was lying, struck last summer by lightning. Pushing it with his whole strength, it rolled forward, and rested at the huge stone by the door of our poor hut. Then, without once looking behind him, he went on slowly mounting upwards, following the bed of the torrent, till he came to the spot where the old cross stands. I think I see him now, calling loudly to our poor boys, but they were too far off to hear his voice. He returned, making strange gestures in the air, and again seated himself by the door.

"Two hours had not passed before the rain began. Pietro, Tonio, and Donato came to their poor home. Battista, Andrea, and Annunziata were still wanting; and my poor man had no peace all day. Evening came, and Donato lit the lamp before the Madonna. We were all close together; none of us spoke. The waters came pouring on, for God sent them. One loud peal of thunder shook our hut. We thought not of our fields, our harvest—the torrent was destroying all. Donato began to scream aloud. I could hardly hold him in my trembling arms. The flood had come in upon us by the door and window; the wind rattled over the roof, as if each moment it would be carried away, and the voice of the thunder drowned my children's cries. Our old man sat mute and still on his wooden stool, bent down, his elbows on his knees, and his head buried in his hands. We all trembled, but he sat there motionless. Battista began to say the Rosary, and we to answer. Suddenly he got up, staring with glazed eyes at the water which had spread over the whole floor. 'Hush,' said he; 'what is the use of your prayers? Do you not see that the water is the color of blood?'—O, that night, that night! We looked at him in silence. Donato alone wept—the old man put his finger on his lips. 'Silence! who cries? The sins of the father are visited on the children!' His eyes still glared at the water, which got higher each moment. At last, shaking from head to foot, he staggered, and fell full-length to the ground!"

We were all touched to the soul by the old woman's tale; but she no longer wept, and seemed to have gained courage in telling her sorrows. Coming nearer to me, she continued,

"It was one in the morning. The storm increased in fury, and it seemed as if all was over with us. Then between each peal of thunder we heard the bells of the village churches in the distance. Each stroke filled us with fresh dread, for it told us that other unfortunate beings were in greater peril than ourselves. Tonio and Pietro could no longer remain quiet, but rushed out through the open door. At that moment I thought of my Nunziata, of her little ones; and bidding my two girls look after their father, and get him to bed if possible, I too went out, and, alone in that terrible night, under the deluge of rain, I set out for Belvedro, walking sometimes with the water above

my knees, and stumbling over the heaps of stones and earth. By the vivid flashes of lightning I saw nearly the whole of Mezzagra inundated, and even in that moment of terror I saw too, as by a miracle of the Lord, that our hut had been saved from ruin by that tree thrown there by my old man. It had turned aside the torrent, and left it standing, when so many others had been swept away. Was it not an inspiration from Heaven?"

"And were you not terrified to go out alone in such an awful night!" said one among the group around her.

"Am I not a mother? and for us mothers is there not the Madonna above? Listen well. I hardly knew where I was, where I went; I ran down in desperation towards the house of my child; I met people hurrying to and fro, saving all they could save from the fury of the flood; at every step I had to climb over walls thrown down, wade through the waters, my heart fainting within me at the sight of this chastisement of God. Passing by Bolzanijo, I came upon the Piazza of Belvedro, when I saw a man running down the road opposite me. Under each arm he carried a child; he ran with all his speed so as to cross the Piazza before the torrent overtook him, when, O holy saints! he falls on his knees. He gets up; on he comes, looking behind him to see whether the torrent is gaining on him; all now seems lost. I see by the constant and vivid flashes of lightning that he has fallen again over a mound of stones and earth; the water surrounds him, is far above his knees; again he rises, but, O my God! the children are gone. He utters a cry which might have been heard beyond the lake; by another vivid flash I see him struggling in the water, which now reaches to his waist. One poor babe he seizes by the hair; but the torrent is too powerful, and those two poor innocent souls are fled together to their Maker. Others now come to the poor man's help; they draw him, more dead than alive, out of the water, and lay him down there—at my feet. Then I knew that it was Bernardo, the husband of my Nunziata, and that those poor babes were the children of my children!"

The old woman was silent, and looked round upon each one of us; then, as if worn out by the effort she had made, began to cry bitterly.

"And the unhappy mother?" I asked.

"They bore her up to her father's house, almost beside herself," said one of the bystanders.

"And who knows where the bodies of those two babes are? This morning we have carried away the earth, stones, and fallen rock, and searched in every place, but have not found them."

"The Lord wanted them in heaven," said another with stoical indifference; "one more or one less, what matters? the poor have always too many children."

Meanwhile I thought of those words of the old man's—

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children!"

The woman refused almost with disdain to accept the money I offered her; she seemed as if proud of her great sorrow; she pointed to her mountain dwelling, saying,

"We can die up there as we have lived," and went her way sadly.

The next morning I ascended to the heights of Mezzagra; I could not resist the wish I felt to visit Gertrude's cottage; the road wound round the mountain by a narrow path cut out of the rock. Before the door was a small open space; on one side were the ruins of what had been a stone wall; on the other remained a few roots only of a thick hedge. In front of the hut sat Gertrude, leaning over a fire

which she had made to cook their wretched meal—the remains of a loaf of bread boiled in water and seasoned with salt. Before the door on his wooden stool the old man was sitting in his usual posture, his elbows on his knees, and his bald head resting between his bony and withered fingers. At his feet an unhappy creature sat crouching, who though exposed to the full rays of the sun was trembling all over. I knew that this was Annunziata, the poor childless mother. None of the family took any notice of my approach. Gertrude was almost hidden by the cloud of black smoke which rose from the fire, and sat slowly stirring the contents of the large iron pot. I went up to the old man, and said some words of sympathy and kindness. He slowly raised his head and fixed his red and swollen eyes on my face, trying by broken and incoherent words to make me understand the greatness of his sorrow. His poor child, who never raised her eyes from the ground, held a rosary in her hand, and without moving her lips, without giving any other sign of life, slowly let the beads slip through her fingers. Gertrude meanwhile had taken the pot from the fire, and was serving out the contents to her two youngest boys, who began to eat ravenously. Going up to one of them, I put a piece of money into his hand and quietly left the unfortunate group.

The same evening, while walking with the curé of Belvedro, I spoke to him of my meeting with the old woman of Mezzagra, the visit I had made, and the effect which the touching scene had made on me.

"I will explain the whole mystery," said he: "it is a sad tale, which happened some years ago. That old man was formerly the scapegrace of the village, idle and headstrong, always getting into troubles out of which it was difficult to extricate him. At last he fell into the company of a gang of men who led him into all kinds of evil—poaching and smuggling, the worst of all, not so much for the risk, but because they lead these poor fellows into daring acts pleasing to their natural courage, and into constant skirmishes with the police, which often end in bloodshed and even death.

"One night, he and three other men, laden with contraband goods, left their village, and came noiselessly down to the lake. Hidden in one of its small inlets was a boat waiting for them, and in it the woman you met yesterday was sitting, the oars in her hands ready to start; no sooner, however, had the men approached the water's-edge, when three soldiers who had been prowling about the spot for several days appeared from behind a projecting rock; the men were just nearing the boat when the soldiers came on them. Throwing down his burden, one of the smugglers, in order to give time to his companions, turned boldly round and fired.

"This was the signal for the attack. Our mountaineer threw the goods he carried behind a hedge, and firing his musket, one of the soldiers fell to the ground close by him bathed in his blood; the smuggler sprang forwards to the boat, when a ball struck him in the arm, and he fell into the lake, striking his head violently against the boat's stern. It was then that his brave wife, strengthened by the sight of her husband's peril, leant over the side and succeeded in catching hold of the drowning man, and dragging him in: to seize the oars and push out with her strong arm far into the lake was the work of a moment; the other three men were taken. The courageous woman who had thus bravely saved her husband's life managed to keep him concealed

until the affair had blown over, and fortunately for him the soldier who had been wounded recovered.

"Five or six years passed by and the story ceased to be spoken of; it was only lately that I became aware of the facts. But the poor man was no longer the same; the blow he received on the head when he fell brought on disease of the brain and left his reason troubled; the idea that he had killed the soldier whom he saw weltering in his blood, added to the fear of eternal condemnation, has embittered his subsequent life, and made him an object of pity to all the inhabitants of the village; nor has it ever been possible for us to make him believe that the soldier still lives. Surrounded by his many children, he is treated by them with that reverence which the uncultivated but honest minds of the poor usually feel for those who are bereft of reason."

So spoke the good priest: meanwhile, the sun had set gloriously behind the mountains, lately the scene of so much desolation and ruin.

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## SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand,
  Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of summer,
  Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
  For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
  A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
  To eat your hard-earned bread:
Sow, while the earth is broken,
  For the hungry must be fed.

Sow; while the seeds are lying
  In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
  They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
  Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
  And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
  Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
  Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
  Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
  Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
  You have sown to-day in tears.

## CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

To our limited understandings it sometimes seems that Nature delights in curious freaks; but when we come to analyze her apparent vagaries they resolve themselves into mere instances of the working of simple laws.

Echoes are reflections of sounds; a flat surface like a blank wall is to sound what a looking-glass is to light. A sounding-board placed over a speaker's head catches the sounds that would otherwise be dispersed in the space above him, and reflects them down upon the audience beneath. The voice is echoed, but we do not hear both the direct and reflected sound because the interval between them is too short. The reflecting surface must be at some distance to allow an appreciable time to elapse for the sound to travel to it and come back again to the ear. The travelling rate of sound in air is about 1100 feet a second, and reflected sound travels at the same speed as direct; hence by noticing the time which elapses between a sound and its echo we may estimate how far off the echoing surface is situated.

Of remarkable echoes many are known. There is the celebrated one in the Gap of Dunloe, where the sounds are reflected again and again, so that when a trumpet is blown at the proper place the return notes reach the ear in succession after one, two, three, or more reflections from the adjacent cliffs, and thus die away in the sweetest cadences. Alpine travellers, too, tell of wonderful warblings of echoes in the Swiss mountains. The rolling and pealing of thunder is due to echoes of the primary clap, which are generated in the clouds. A curious echo occurs at the London Colosseum. Mr. Wheatstone found that a syllable pronounced close to the upper part of the wall of this structure was repeated a great many times. A single exclamation sounded like a peal of laughter, and the tearing of a sheet of paper like the patter of hail.

We have said that sound travels through the air at the rate of about 1100 feet a second; but this speed depends upon the elasticity and density of the air; and as the elasticity depends upon temperature, it follows that sound travels differently, according as the weather is warm or cold. At freezing temperature its rate is 1090 feet a second; at 80° Fahrenheit, it is 1140 feet. So that sound travels slower in winter than in summer. Its velocity through other substances than air is also very different. Through hydrogen gas it is 4160 feet a second, and through water a little greater than this. Iron conveys it at nearly four times this speed.

In travelling through space, sound diminishes in intensity, and, like light and other actions, it does this in proportion to the square of the distance traversed. A man two yards from a bell only hears one-fourth of the sound that reaches an ear distant one yard. A man three yards off only catches one-ninth of it; another four yards distant a sixteenth, and so on. The reason of this rapid rate of diminution, and of this invariable proportion, is obvious. If a certain sound will fill a sphere one yard in diameter with a certain intensity, that same sound, dispersed through a sphere six yards in diameter, and therefore spreading over thirty-six times as much space, will be, as it were, diluted to a thirty-sixth of its strength.

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w all about tubes; so the heads
: been isolated from solid sup-
s, and carried by suspending
ns. No matter. The mouth of
figure has been made hollow,
trumpet bell has been placed
; the sound has been led by a
: to some concealed orifice di-
ly in front of this bell-mouth,
being as it were injected there-
, has been thrown out again to-
ls the astonished audience, who
: thus been made to believe that
talking has been the result of
e highly ingenious mechanism
ained within the image. Nev-
eless, successful attempts have
ı made to imitate the human
e by mechanical instruments.
he last century, the Academy
ciences at St. Petersburg pro-
:d as a prize subject an inquiry
the nature of the vowel sounds
and the construction of an instrument for artificially imitating them. The question was solved by M. Kratzenstein, who showed that all the vowels could be pronounced by blowing through a reed into tubes or chambers of various forms. At about the same time a Viennese mechanician, M. Kempelen, made a series of elaborate experiments which led to the construction of a machine that could be made to utter not merely vocal sounds, but words and even some few complete sentences, such as *opera*, *astronomy*, *Constantinopolis*, *vous êtes mon ami*, *Romanorum imperator semper Augustus*, *&c.*

Sound is produced by certain vibrations or pulsations communicated to the atmosphere. When we pluck a harpstring we set it quivering, and cause it to give to the adjacent air a rapid succession of blows: the number of these blows in a second depending upon the length and tension of the string. If the string only gave one push to the air we should hear but one noise or blow: but as in vibrating it gives a rapid succession of pushes, we experience a rapid succession of noises, and these resolve themselves into a continuous sound.

Noises may become musical if only they succeed each other at equal intervals of time and with sufficient rapidity. If a watch could be caused to tick a hundred times in a second, the ticks would lose their individuality and blend into a musical tone. If the flapping of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate the bird would make music in its flight. The humming-bird does this, and so do thousands of insects whose wings vibrate with great rapidity. The highness or lowness, what we call the pitch, of a sound, depends upon the rapidity with which these pulses fall upon the air. When they come at the rate of fifty or sixty a second we have a deep

growling bass sound; when at the rate of from twenty to thirty thousand in the same interval, the sound is a piercing treble. The human ear becomes deaf to such high sounds as result from these extremely rapid pulsations. It seems that the tympanic membrane is incapable of receiving and communicating more than about 20,000 blows in a second. But the limit varies with different persons; the squeak of a bat, the chirrup of the house-sparrow, the sound of a cricket are unheard by some people who possess a sensitive ear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence.

Since the pitch of a sound depends upon the number of pulsations reaching the ear in a given time—suppose that we run towards a source of sound, what is the consequence? Evidently the vibrations are crowded upon the ear more quickly than they would be if we stood still, and conversely, if we run away from a sound they come upon us more slowly. Hence arises the curious phenomenon, that in the first case the sound is sharpened, and in the second case flattened by our motion. This may be observed at any railway station during the passage of a rapid train. As the engine approaches, the sonorous waves emitted by the whistle are virtually shortened, a greater number of them being crowded into the ear in a given time. As it retreats the sonorous waves are virtually lengthened. The consequence is, that in approaching the whistle sounds a higher note, and in retreating a lower note, than if the train were stationary.

Although a plucked string, or a string otherwise made to vibrate, produces sound by beating the air, it must be observed that a string is too small a thing of itself to set in motion such a mass of air as is necessary to fill a room with sound. Hence to make strings available for musical instruments they have to be so connected with larger surfaces as to set them in vibratory motion. These surfaces we call sound-boards, and in every stringed instrument the most important feature is this sonorous medium. The quality of this part of a piano, harp, violin, or lute, determines the entire goodness of the instrument. The sound-board must be able to take up and give out to perfection every vibration that every string offers to it, or it will not do its duty properly, and the instrument, of which it is almost body and soul, will be a bad one.

The high value set upon venerable violins is not entirely fanciful. The molecular changes that age works in the nature of the wood they are made of have an important influence over their sounding qualities. The very act of playing has a beneficial effect; apparently constraining the molecules of the wood, which in the first instance were refractory, to conform at last to the requirements of the vibrating strings.

When a string, or a column of air in a pipe, is put in vibration, it not only vibrates as a whole, but it subdivides itself into proportional parts, each of which has its own time of vibration, and gives forth its own sound. These supplementary sounds are called harmonics; and it is the mingling of these with the fundamental note produced by the vibration of the whole string or air-column that determines the quality of the emitted tone, or what we, following the French, call the *timbre*. A violin and a clarinet may give forth the same note; yet their sounds will be quite different in tone, because the auxiliary vibrations accompanying the fundamental note in each are different.

Vibrations imparted to the air are frequently taken up by solid

bodies at a distance. When music is being played, it is not uncommon to hear the lamp-glasses or other sounding bodies in the room join in the concert. In those cases the glass picks out from the general clamor that particular set of vibrations which it is capable of taking up, and rings in harmony with the note producing them whenever that note is sounded. A sounding tuning-fork will thus excite a silent one to play with it. Two pendulum-clocks fixed to the same wall, or two watches lying on the same table, will take the same rate of going, through this sympathetic communication of vibrations; and what is more remarkable, if one clock be set going and the other not, the ticks of the moving clock, transmitted through the wall, will start its neighbor.

It is in consequence of this property that the sound of a particular organ-pipe will sometimes break a particular window-pane, and that a powerful voice can crack a wineglass by singing near it. The story goes that the Swiss muleteers tie up their bells at certain places, lest the tinkle should bring an avalanche down.

But the most beautiful instances of sympathy in sound are afforded by the phenomena of musical or sensitive flames. To Professor Leconte belongs the honor of first calling attention to these curiosities. The Professor was assisting at a musical party one evening, and he says, "Soon after the music commenced, I observed that the flames of a fishtail gas-burner exhibited pulsations which were exactly synchronous with the audible beats. This phenomenon was very striking to every one in the room, and especially so when the strong notes of the violoncello came in. It was exceedingly interesting to observe how perfectly even the trills of this instrument were reflected on the sheet of flame. *A deaf man might have seen the harmony.*" By experiment, he found that the vibrations were not due to the shaking of the walls and floor of the room, but were communicated directly from the music to the flame. This interesting subject has been followed up extensively. It has been found that those flames only are sensitive which are on the point of flaring, or roaring, as some would term it. A common fishtail burner, just at the point of fluttering, but still giving out a clear sheet of flame, is thrown into a state of commotion, spurting out quivering tongues, when a whistle is blown in its neighborhood. A bat's-wing jet behaves in a similar manner, throwing forth its tongues whenever an anvil is struck with a hammer. Professor Tyndall makes flames almost dance to music. He places a long rod-like flame and a short one side by side; upon blowing a whistle, the long flame becomes short, forked, and brilliant, and the short one long and smoky. The most marvellous flame exhibited at his lecture on this subject was a long thin one, twenty-four inches high. The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduced the height of this flame to seven inches. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it became violently agitated, and emitted a loud roar. The creaking of a boot set it in commotion; so did the crumpling of a piece of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress. The patter of a raindrop startled it. At every tick of a watch held near it, down it fell. The twitter of a distant sparrow, or the chirp of a cricket, produced the same effect. When Professor Tyndall recited Spenser's verse, commencing, "Her ivory forehead full of bounty beams," the flame seemed to show its appreciation of the language; it noticed some sounds with a slight nod, to others it bowed more distinctly, and to certain others, again, it made a profound

obeisance. To the performance of a musical box, the flame behaved like a sentient being. Jets of smoke are acted upon like flames, and so are jets of water, under certain conditions.

The loud noises which caves and rocky inclosures give forth when low sounds are uttered in them are well known. Bunsen has noticed that when one of the steam jets of Iceland breaks out near the mouth of a cavern, a thunder-like sound is produced. When a hollow shell is placed close to the ear, a low, murmuring noise is heard, which little children readily believe is the rolling of the sea. These phenomena are the effects of resonance, and resonance is the reinforcement of one sound by echoes of itself. If we speak into the mouth of a hollow tube the sound vibrations of the air pour down the tube to the bottom; striking against this, they are reflected, and turn back again; on their way back they meet others going down, and, union giving strength, they reinforce each other, and a doubled sound issues from the tube; it may be that several reflections conspire to reinforce the original sound several times, and then for a light whisper we have a loud roar.

The channel of the ear itself is a resonant cavity. Every one is familiar with the experiment of holding a poker by two strings, one in each hand, thrusting the fingers in the ears, and striking the poker against some hard substance. A sound is experienced by this means which is as deep and sonorous as a cathedral bell. It is due to the reinforcement of the vibrations of the poker in the hollow cavity of the ear. When we blow gently across a closed tube, such as the pipe of a key, the gentle fluttering of our breath is so reinforced by the resonance of the cavity that a whistle is produced. An organ-pipe gives forth its powerful note on the same principle; the prime source of the sound is only a gentle puff of wind blown against a sharp edge; this produces a flutter in the air, and some particular pulse of this fluttering is converted into a musical sound by the resonance of the associated column of air. If a tuning-fork be sounded and held in front of the slit near the bottom of an organ-pipe, the pipe will resound as if it had been blown into. But the pipe and the fork must yield the same note, or the former will not "speak." Any cavity will not fully resound to any sound; it is only when the note the pipe would give if blown into is the same as that given by the fork, that the resonance is perfect.

But while sound will augment sound, the opposite is likewise the case; sound will destroy sound. As this curiosity brings us to silence, it shall be the last mentioned here.

Sound consists in waves or pulses travelling through the air. Now a wave consists of an elevation and a depression. Suppose that two waves come together. If elevation meet elevation they augment each other, and a double elevation is the consequence; if depression meet depression, the effect is similar; we have a depression of double the depth. But if elevation meet depression, what follows? Clearly they destroy each other, and the result is, nothing. So it follows, that when two sounds meet in such a manner that the elevations of the waves of one meet the depressions of the waves of the other, silence is produced. Just the same thing occurs in the case of light, which is also a wave motion. An optician (we do not mean a spectacle and telescope maker, but a scientific student of optics) can make two rays of light so clash that darkness is the result. In an ordinary tuning-fork the vibrations of one prong do really, to a considerable extent,

destroy those of the other. Any one may convince himself of this by sounding a fork and then placing a cardboard tube over one prong,—of course without bringing tube and prong into contact. The emitted sound will be stronger than when both prongs were exposed. The actual silencing of one prong by another may thus be heard: sound a fork and hold it to the ear; slowly turn it round, and you will hear the sound continually die out and revive again. The points of silence are easily discovered; they are in the directions of the corners of the prongs. It is here that elevation—of the waves generated by one prong—meets depression—of the waves generated by the other prong. One kills the other, and we have silence.

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## MISSAL PAINTING.

We have most of us seen, in the library of some friend curious in literary treasures, some of those beautiful painted manuscripts which are called *illuminated*. This work was one of those carried on in the monasteries of the Christian world between the first century and the introduction of printing, and was chiefly bestowed upon copies of the Holy Scriptures, missals, and other religious books. Upon these the artist taxed the utmost power of his skill and industry, and with such success that modern science and modern taste are left behind by the brilliant coloring and artistic beauty of some of these designs.

But the art of illuminating did not originate with Christianity, for the rolls of Egyptian papyri, within sixteen centuries before Christ, are decorated with rude drawings representing scenes of the Egyptian mythology, and some of them are elaborately painted and gilded. The Romans, too, are supposed to have had some knowledge of the art of illuminating manuscripts; but it was not till Christianity arose that it attained to perfection. The rolled MSS. were probably never decorated in this manner; none of those dug up from Herculaneum and Pompeii have any traces of it; but as soon as books assumed their present form, early in the second century, these decorations began to be made. That the art had made some progress in the time of St. Jerome (the fourth century) may be inferred from his complaints of its abuse, the pages of books being filled up by capitals of enormous size. Gold and silver inks were used, and the vellum written upon was stained with rose color or purple, to throw out the gold and silver letters. Some of the MSS. of this period were written in silver on a lilac ground, the name of God being in gold; but this magnificent form of copying was devoted chiefly to the four Gospels and other Scriptures. It was not till the seventh century that the initial letter sprung up; in the most ancient MSS. it is not different from the text.

It is interesting to find that about the same time a style of art arose

in Ireland of an entirely original character. Her monasteries were numerous and renowned, and the inmates sent forth from them taught Christianity to Scotland, and to the Saxons the art of illuminating. Dagæus, abbot of Iniskeltra, was an illuminator, and lived in the early part of the sixth century.

Up to the twelfth century the great point in these MSS. was the initial letter, and the coloring was very rich. The initial letters by degrees became larger and larger, and at last their tails reached the whole length of the page. Then they were carried round three sides of the page, and the name of *Gothic bracket* was given to this style of ornament; the Gothic bracket finally embraced the whole page, and was called the *Border*, into which were introduced foliage, flowers, and animals, with miniatures also.

But printing arose, and from that time this beautiful art began to decline. The earliest printed books were, however, illuminated, spaces being left by the printer, as formerly by the copyist, for these decorations. The ornamented initial letters, and borders printed at top and bottom of each page, seen in books printed even as late as the beginning of the present century, are a remains of this beautiful art.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF THE MOST REV. MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, D.D., Seventh Archbishop of Baltimore. By Rev. J. Lancaster Spalding, S.T.L. New York: Catholic Publication Society. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1873. Received from P. F. Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia.

In the absence of any grand Catholic history of the Church in the United States, the lives of its gifted children, whether of the episcopacy, clergy, or laity, which from time to time come forth, must possess a double value, not only as biographies of their subjects, but as historical chapters of the periods in which they flourished. Of these none as yet cover a more brilliant era than the life of Dr. Spalding. Happy in the excellence of his biography, he is still happier in being made to justly serve as the exemplifier, the towering figure of a most brilliant era of our American Church. His life unites in close union the rural simplicity, the childlike spirit of the Colonial Church, with the splendid pageantry, the glorious achievements of our growing faith, impatient of restraint, running *forth, ut gigas in via*, to the conquest of the continent. From the beautiful pastoral service in the little chapel, dignified with the title of Bardstown Cathedral, to the splendors of the second plenary council of Baltimore, is a long visionary stride, but it serves to mark not only the progress of our ecclesiastical development, but also the energy, the zeal, the holiness of the men whose efforts have effected such wondrous works,—men of whom Archbishop Spalding is a noble type. Being by blood, birth, and spirit a thorough American, he is an excellent exponent of the dignified and quiet, but determined energy, combined with a practical holiness of life, which is the best check to the wild and vagabond spirit of enterprise which rules the American in secular concerns. The spirit of such a prelate must eventually mould our hierarchate, without, however, at all affecting the thoroughness of its Catholicity. We need never fear any detriment to the unity of the American Church, with its visible head at Rome, while its bishops display such laudable devotion to the Central See which has formed so bright a feature in all their lives, but especially in that of Dr Spalding. The best proof of this is the acts of the second

plenary council, which outstripped all its predecessors in its endeavor to get nearer in conformity to the regimen of the Roman See, and in the magnificent stand taken by our prelates at the Ecumenical Council, with Archbishop Spalding as their standard-bearer, in defence of the grand dogma of papal infallibility. This is further evinced, in the fact that almost all the bishops of Europe have regarded the decrees of the Baltimore council as throwing a new light on teachings of doctrine and systems of discipline, which would naturally be deemed more perfect than those of the Church in America, while all the prelates present at the Vatican council justly regarded the Archbishop of Baltimore as the most redoubtable champion of the prerogatives of Peter. We need hardly urge the perusal of this volume, in addition to what we have already said so repeatedly, on the duty of American Catholics supporting a national Catholic literature. Surely, such a book as this recommends itself. We will therefore simply state that it was compiled from the deceased prelate's own papers, and by one who had the best opportunity of knowing his life and character. It, moreover, contains a fine portrait of its subject, and is altogether a handsome volume.

THE LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church; Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. By a Member of the Order of Mercy; Authoress of the Life of Catharine McCauley; Angel Dreams; Glimpses of Pleasant Homes; Happy Hours of Childhood; By the Seaside, &c. New York: P. O'Shea, 27 Barclay Street, 1874.

It is, perhaps, a gratifying incident that at a time when those who have thrown off, and utterly denied the Church's authority, are so busily engaged in forming a nominal scheme of ecclesiastical polity, by the creation of pseudo-bishops, who have neither the delegated power of the Holy Spirit, nor even the natural characteristics requisite for enforcing ordinary discipline, much less of performing the episcopal functions, that the Church should be able to hold up to the inspection of the world so many living models of a true and perfect episcopacy. God, wonderful in the works of his saints, is equally wonderful in their adaptability for the times in which he raises them. This is peculiarly the case with the glorious St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths. The close of the eighteenth century witnessed an almost complete transformation in the state of the world. The French Revolution, with its attendant train of infidelity, communism, libertinism, and all sorts of vices and errors, had completely overrun Europe, overturning thrones, elevating the lower classes to spheres of life and duty for which they were constitutionally and mentally unfitted. Pride, with its satanic attendants, pantheism, rationalism, and as if to complete what these left undone, Jansenism, was, by its rigidity, drawing into a vortex of doubt; the minds of even the just were denying the existence of God and overthrowing his worship. In a word, the world was beholding the commencement of an era, when hell seemed to be vomiting forth its multiform vileness over the face of the earth; when lo! God, who always makes use of the weak and humble things of this world to confound the proud and strong, raised up St. Alphonsus, who, by his knowledge of the world, could cope with the things of the world; by his religious foundations, could give a new order to the Church which would prove an oasis of holiness in a desert of wickedness; by his rare theological learning, could confute the new order of heresies in their very inception; by his missionary labors and touching devotional works, could draw the hearts of men to repentance; who, by the perfection of his rule, could check the rampant spirit of insubordination; who, by the sweetness of his spirit, could soften the hardened spirit of modern pharisaism; who, in a word, by his multitudinous and indefatigable labors, propped the house of the Lord, while his spirit shone within like the brilliant flame of the sanctuary, and who thus revived, in the midst of an age of materialism and utilitarianism, the true and higher practicability of medievalism. To American readers especially it will prove a most suggestive thought, that this saintly spirit of the bygone ages was illuminating the Eastern world while the guns were thundering from Bunker Hill, and had not yet departed from earth when the surrendered sword of Cornwallis was the gauge of our charter of National independence.

Many lives of this remarkable man have been given to the American public, but they were mostly translations of unexpurgated foreign biographies, penned in a spirit unsuited for the tastes of our people. We therefore hail this volume as a real addition to our literature, and trust that its tone will recommend it to that notice which will serve to make the

name of its subject a household word and his spirit a vivifying inspiration at every American hearthstone. Perhaps the best suggestion that we can offer in furtherance of this object, is to remind our readers that the authoress of the book is the same graceful writer who gave us the charming biography of Mother Catharine McCauley, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy. The book, besides being published in good style, is embellished with a handsome steel-plate portrait of the Saint.

THE GLORIES OF MARY. Translated from the original of St. Alphonsus Mary De Liguori. By Rev. Robert Coffin, C.S.S.R. Second Edition, revised. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher, 1873.

We have received this new edition of the best known of all St. Alphonsus's devotional works, a book so familiar to Catholic readers that we need make no further comments upon it.

THE BARON OF HERTZ—A TALE OF THE ANABAPTISTS. P. O'Shea, New York.

Herein we have another addition to the many readable tales which have lately appeared. Mr. O'Shea deserves credit for this new book, but should be more critical in his revision of translations. *The Anabaptists* is equal to the average translations, but we can see no reason why those who undertake such work should not be made to alter the text to suit the idioms of the tongue into which the work is translated. The story is cleverly written, and takes in a large share of local history, which will render it interesting to those who desire an inside view of the faith and disbelief of dissenters. The first chapter, if read through, will insure the careful and united attention of the reader till the end of the story.

THE REAL PRESENCE. By Rev. P. Tissot, S.J. New York: P. O'Shea, 1873.

Father Tissot has done a good work. We thank him for his valuable little book, which will certainly do a great amount of good. Devoid of all pedantry, the reverend writer must face all who read, to say of the doctrine he defends—'tis so.

WE have received from the publishers, Messrs. West & Lee, Worcester, Mass., specimens of their new card-game of "Avilude, or the Game of Birds," which is the first of a series of similar games, designed as a pleasing medium of imparting instruction in natural history.

"Avilude" possesses quite as much interest as any of the games played with ordinary playing-cards, while the information to be had about birds from the thirty-two beautiful pictures, with the corresponding descriptions printed on the cards, renders the game highly useful to both young and old. We have no hesitation in strongly recommending this game to our readers as one not only harmless, but exceedingly entertaining and instructive.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VI, No. 34.—FEBRUARY, 1874.

## CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

THE mellowing beams of a September sun were tinting the landscape around Old Point Comfort on a balmy day among the good old ante-rebellion times, when that aristocratic old watering-place was the fashionable resort of the *élite* of Southern society, at least second to if not equal with its sister resort for those who prefer the exhilarating air of the mountains to a dive in old ocean's briny billows—that paradise of politicians and pseudo knights-errant, White Sulphur Springs; days when the Rip Raps or the Soldiers' Home were the most distant points which the republican ruler of our great nation would ever dare to think of exchanging as a summer substitute for the White House.

On the day referred to, however, all the gay butterflies of fashion had winged their homeward flight; only those whose duties permitted them to remain and enjoy the lovely views from that charming spot, in one of the loveliest phases of nature, were yet remaining, but among these few only one represents humanity in the mental picture of the outspread scene before us, and he an aged man, tall and dignified, the fire of intellect flashing from beneath his eyes, as yet undimmed by time of their volcanic lustre, the compressed lip evincing the mingled characteristics of kindly courtesy and impartial firmness; the tall, spare frame betokening a delicate physique, preserved almost in pristine vigor by systematically temperate habits; all indicated a man born to command among his fellow-men by swaying the golden sceptre of gentle firmness. Not one of the then visitors at the Point but could have told his name and station, as he sat absorbed in the apparently pleasing duty of completing a large manuscript. The man was Roger Brooke Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and moved, perhaps, by the inspiration of surrounding nature going down so brilliantly to her wintry tomb, he, too, descending the path of life, his venerable ashen locks coruscating in the mellowed hues of honor, fame,

dignity, and all that constitutes the nobility of man, was penning, in his recreative leisure, his own biography. He very well knew that his personal career was a part of his country's history, and that as such, some hand must sooner or later undertake the work of its literary compilation. He knew, too, in the artless sincerity of his nature, that he alone, being the best judge, and having the most intuitive knowledge of the motives which had been the mainsprings of his long and eventful career, as well as the best recorder of those actions, would be lightening the labor of the future historian and biographer by himself furnishing the materials therefor, and so with that entire happy disregard of the opinions of his fellow-men as to the propriety of the action, which within due limits always distinguished him in the affairs of life, he was now, in the autumn of that life, penning the story of its springtime, unfortunately for himself, perhaps, that its golden summer and its variegated autumn were to be sketched by less abler hands when the winter of hostile discontent had closed around his tomb; for he could not know, then, that the greatest event of his life, the action on which men's minds would most earnestly dwell with conflicting sentiments of praise and blame, was not his official incumbency of two responsible positions as a cabinet officer of General Jackson, but an event which indirectly shook his country, and, through her throes, the world at large, almost to its very foundations; an event as yet far, far in the remote future of a prolonged existence, which even now made him seem like the ripened fruit ready to fall naturally to the ground; although it was ordained, in the order of Providence, that he, like Simeon of old, should linger out his fourscore years, and not depart until he had, by his famous Dred Scott decision, proved unwittingly one of heaven's principal instruments in redeeming his country from a cause of contention, which had proved the thorn of her political existence, and had tortured, without hope of relief, the heads of the wisest and bravest of her sons, to little purpose, through long generations.

Unfortunately then, we say, that the biography, commenced that bright September day of 1854, runs no further than the commencement of its author's public career. Yet the childhood and youth of great men are, for strikingly obvious reasons, neither the least interesting nor the least important eras of their lives, for if the child be father to the man, then surely the story of his early years may be looked upon as the simple chart to the complicated phases of his manhood.

We have that portion of Mr. Taney's life before us, and will briefly consider it. His father, Michael Taney, was originally descended, in all probability, if we may judge from the name, of Welsh ancestry; but the memory of man running not that far back, we only know that he was descended from the early Roman Catholic settlers of Maryland, and himself was a well-to-do landholder and possessed of a large number of slaves.

The plantation was in Calvert County, on the Patuxent River, about twenty miles from its mouth. The ancestors of the Chief Justice on his father's side were all Roman Catholics, and suffered all the disabilities which the Catholic colonists of Maryland were obliged to undergo under the reign of William and Mary, the principal of which disabilities was the deprivation of a good education. So young Michael Taney, after getting his elementary tuition at home and from the occasional secret instructions of the priest, was, after the fashion of the times, sent off to St. Omer's and

Bruges, the noted Jesuit colleges of France. He returned home, however, before the Revolution, and, his father being dead, married Monica, daughter of Roger Brooke, a wealthy farmer on Battle Creek, which stream ran at an angle into the Patuxent near Michael Taney's house, the two families, the Taneys and Brookes, living nearly opposite, the one on the river shore, the other on the creek. The Brooke family seem to have possessed quite a fancy for astrology, for the ancestry of Mrs. Taney has been preserved to this day, with a curious precision of entry of time, date of birth, and the position of the planets at the auspicious moment of the several entrances of the members of the family upon the stage of existence. What their religion was is uncertain, but Roger Brooke was certainly a Roman Catholic. The offspring of Michael Taney and Monica Brooke was four sons and three daughters. The third child and second son, Roger Brooke Taney, was born March 17th, 1777. His education was received in the county schools, being first sent, when eight years old, to a school with "a queer teacher," whose only volumes of elementary lore were the Bible and Dillworth's Spelling-book. The condition of the people in the vicinity was very illiterate, and the principal reminiscence of Mr. Taney's experience at this seat of learning was the very small part he took in barring the teacher out of the school-house, as the surest means of bringing him to terms on the question of anticipating the commencement of the Christmas holidays. Thence he was sent to another school, the teacher of which imagined himself to be a disembodied spirit, and who finally drowned himself, while laboring under this hallucination, by attempting to walk across the river. After a short period of private tuition, young Taney was sent to Dickinson College, where he became an assiduous and successful student, notwithstanding the fact that he was under the charge of another "queer" teacher, who wrote rhymed geographies and acrostics on his own name, which he compelled the boys to commit to memory and recite in a "sing-song style," and here the future Chief Justice graduated with high honors in 1795, delivering, on that occasion, the valedictory

On his return home, he spent a year in rest and in the indulgence of fox-hunting and similar sports incidental to the locality. He began in 1796 the study of law at Annapolis, in the office of Jeremiah Townley Chase, one of the judges of the General Court of Maryland, and was admitted to the bar in 1799. His first case was tried in the Mayor's Court at Annapolis, and caused him much embarrassment — a feeling which no subsequent success could ever entirely overcome, and which sprang most probably from his constitutional sensibility and melancholy, though the latter defect he seems to have conquered by his constant external geniality, just as his natural quickness of temper was so completely subdued, that in the most trying events of his checkered public career he always preserved the calmest judicial frame of mind, such slight indications as a flush on the cheek alone telling of the struggle within. Indeed, we have heard of but one instance in his life wherein he seems even justly to have evinced anything which might have been considered as resentment, and that was against the late Hon. William H. Seward in return for the rather too graphical picture the late sage of Auburn drew in the Senate Chamber after the inauguration of 1857, when he represented the Chief Justice and James Buchanan as whispering into each other's ears on the inauguration platform of the capitol of Washing-

ton, the plan of action which the coming "Dred" decision would enable the white cravat statesman of Wheatland to carry out in his administration. Mr. Taney is reported to have said years after that if Seward had been elected President in place of Mr. Lincoln, he, as Chief Justice, would have refused to administer the oath of office to him.

Business not being very brisk with the young attorney, he was through his father's influence induced to stand for the legislature, to which he was elected, and in the intervals of the session gave himself up exclusively to those rural excursions and poetic dreamings to which his romantic nature seems to have led him, and as a slight instance of which characteristic we may mention his life-long fondness for flowers. He ran a second time for the legislature; but being at that time a John Adams Federalist, he was one of the lesser victims of the great political revolution of 1800. He therefore took up his residence at Frederick, then a great legal centre for young members of the bar. It was now for the first time that he seems to have manfully overcome his natural timidity, and set himself in earnest to his profession. His studies were of a miscellaneous nature; but the exigencies of the times and the nature of the legal training of those days both combined to produce a better class of technical pleaders than the bar can present in our day; and, though strange to say, Mr. Taney had little or no practical office experience as a student, yet by dint of persevering industry he became especially noted for his aptitude in the forms of pleading. His business soon became sufficiently lucrative to enable him to marry, and his choice was Miss Ellen Key, sister of Francis S. Key, afterwards the author of *the Star-Spangled Banner*. Their union was productive of a lifetime of unalloyed happiness, resulting from the congeniality of their tastes and inclinations, while their mutual devotedness to each other was remarkable. The almost chivalrous love which, up to the time of his mother's death, he seems ever to have displayed toward her, was, during all the long years of his married life, shared by Mr. Taney with his wife. He affiliated, too, with society in all its relations, although his tastes seem naturally to have inclined him to a retired life; but the spirit of self-conquest prevailed in this as in all the other duties of his life, and rendered him always the most hospitable of hosts or the most genial of guests. Several offices of importance and trust were conferred upon him during his residence in Frederick. He was appointed one of the trustees of its academy and director of the bank, and performed all the functions of those positions with marked energy and ability. He also defended successfully General Wilkinson in his trial for complicity in Burr's conspiracy, and refused all fees for his services. He was defeated as a candidate for the House of Representatives, but afterwards elected to the Maryland Senate, where he served with distinction. He also fully defended Mr. Gruber, an abolition minister, who had crossed the State line and preached a "fire-eating" sermon to the slaves. Nor is this by any means the only instance in which he acted with the happiest professional victories in defence of criminal slaves or "abolitionists." In the trial of causes he always advised amicable adjustment, if possible; and so great was his reputation for skill and prudence in his profession, that he argued in the Court of Appeals cases from every county. His courtesy to the bar and deference to the bench were of the most marked character, and his kindness to the younger and strug-

gling members of the bar are equally beautiful traits in his character. No wonder then that we soon find him removed to the larger sphere of action involved in the practice of the Baltimore bar, where we find him for many subsequent years completing the legal and ethical reputation which he had founded at Frederick, and where, among the many well-known and brilliant legal lights of the Monumental City, he shone second to none, and in fact soon became known as the leader of its bar, and afterwards received the appointment of Attorney-General of Maryland.

The second great political reaction against the recuperating forces of Federalism had carried Andrew Jackson triumphantly into the Presidency, and, after the dissolution of his "kitchen cabinet," in looking about him for a new body of advisers, the name of Mr. Taney was suggested to him as most suitable for the position of Attorney-General of the United States. They were total strangers to each other, but Mr. Taney, although originally a straight-out Federalist and opposed to the war of 1812, had, after its declaration, warmly supported it, and was known to strongly sympathize with the doctrine and policy of the Hero of New Orleans. The appointment was therefore tendered to him and accepted. So earnestly indeed did he lean towards the policy of Jackson's inaugural address that the warmest friends of Mr. Taney do not pretend to deny that his selection for the cabinet was due to the fact that he was in sentiment a man after Jackson's own heart, and in the trial of his service he indeed proved himself such. The great struggle between the President and the United States Bank was close at hand. That struggle it was well known would be waged to the bitterest end on both sides. The act of Congress rechartering the bank was passed, and Jackson of course vetoed it. The veto message was the work of Mr. Taney, who in opposition to the institution was personally as determined as the President himself. Despite of the hostility brought to bear on General Jackson in consequence of this measure he was triumphantly re-elected, and with his re-election came the nullification excitement. The address of the President to the people of South Carolina was written, however, without Mr. Taney's aid or knowledge, and when he had read it in print he even repudiated some of its principles. We may mention here, however, in passing, that the Farewell Address of the President on his retirement from office was the production of Mr. Taney's pen.

The limitation of the existence of the United States Bank was now approaching, and General Jackson, in pursuance of his plans for the extreme measure of removing the government deposits therefrom, counted principally upon Mr. Taney's assistance. Mr. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, who had at first promised his support, at the last moment withdrew it, and was dismissed by the President, who appointed Mr. Taney in his stead. The Senate was not in session at the time, and Jackson perfectly understood that it would refuse to confirm the appointment if it were sitting, so in order to give Mr. Taney ample opportunity to carry out this vital measure, he did not, on the reassembling of both houses of Congress, send in the name of the acting head of the treasury for confirmation of the appointment made during the recess, but held it over until the close of the session, when it was of course indignantly rejected, but Jackson cared naught for that, since the work for which Mr. Taney had been named had been accomplished by him as Sec-

retary *ad interim*. Of the legality of this cardinal measure Mr. Taney seems to have had no scruples, either as a measure or as to his own power, or that of the President, to carry it out. Indeed he went so far as to favor the retirement of General Cass and Mr. McLean from the cabinet, saying it were better to encounter their hostility outside than in the council chamber.

After the removal of the deposits the Senate, in May, 1834, called upon Mr. Taney as Secretary of the Treasury for a report on the finances, believing from the memorials of distress that were sent up to Congress that the government would soon be without adequate revenue. It was also hoped that the report of the Secretary would show the revenue to be in such ruin that, in order to relieve himself from the indignation of the people, the President would be compelled to restore the deposits to the bank, and as a consequence the charter would be renewed.

By the middle of June the report was sent in and was a disappointment, as it showed instead of a financial decline an increase in every branch of the revenue, and proved that Mr. Taney had not made an overestimate of the plethoric condition of the treasury, and it at the same time vindicated his own administration of the financial department of the government. Upon his forced retirement from its control, he was greeted by the friends of the administration all over the country with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of their approbation, in the shape of public dinners and letters of congratulation. He was escorted into Baltimore by a public procession, his carriage being drawn by four gray horses. In one of the above-mentioned public dinners given at Elkton he replied with great force to an attack made upon him by Daniel Webster. The reply was severe but dignified, and we note it as one of the few instances in which he resented such attacks on his policy.

As the crowning reward for his services, he was nominated as associate judge of the Supreme Bench, and although his nomination was warmly supported by Chief Justice Marshall, he was, nevertheless, for obvious reasons, rejected by the Senate. Chief Justice Marshall, however, dying in the summer of 1835, Mr. Taney was named as his successor, and in the following December, the political complexion of the Senate being changed, he was confirmed, though not without a bitter opposition led on by those illustrious leaders, Clay and Webster. His reputation as a lawyer being, as far as the general public was concerned, merely local, it is probably no disparagement for us to add that he was not generally supposed to be fully competent as regards legal and judicial attainments for so exalted a position—an impression, however, which his distinguished career upon the bench has long since removed, for Mr. Taney, as a jurist, is admitted by even his most inveterate opponents to have made for himself an eviable reputation.

His judicial administration is said to have been a reaction against the later tendencies of his predecessor, Chief Justice Marshall, by which tendencies we suppose is meant a leaning towards the Federalist view of centralization of power in the government, as evinced in his decisions and opinions, though even Mr. Taney showed at times a leaning in the same direction. His influence on the workings of the Federal government is clearly shown by an analysis of his leading opinions on the many important questions which came before him, and in the high esteem held for his opinions by the great lights of the judiciary.

The great turning-point, however, in his career was the celebrated Dred Scott decision, which, with Mrs. Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, had the most potent effect —the one in the political, the other in the social mind—in aiding the cause of the abolitionists. The time at which it was rendered, just after the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan, was a period when party spirit on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line was ready at the slightest fanning to blaze up in a most heated contest. Firmly and fearlessly Mr. Taney gave the opinion of the court, which opinion, no matter how we may regard it in a prejudiced political point of view, has never been denied the support of able legal reasoning in its preparation, as well as the most honest sincerity in its author's deductions. The great question involved in the case was, *Whether it be competent for the Congress of the United States, directly or indirectly, to exclude slavery from the territories of the Union?*

The Supreme Court decided that it is not. This was the opinion of six judges out of the eight who composed the court; Justices McLean and Curtis dissented. The Chief Justice delivered the opinion of the court, though the other five judges concurring each gave separate opinions.

That decision has long since been wiped from the national statutes in the best blood of both North and South. Mr. Clay had averted the test of its principles by gage of battle years before in his Missouri Compromise Bill; yet long before Mr. Senator Douglas had nullified that instrument, the intuitive sense of the nation throughout all sections had felt that slavery was doomed. To say that Mr. Taney endeavored, through sectional prejudice, by his decision to avert that doom, is best disproven by the fact that a radical peaceful change in the constitutional law of the land, or the throes of the fiercest of civil strifes could alone upset it; and from this fact, too, we can afford to find the highest compliment to his honesty, his firmness, and his ability in daring to expound the law as he sincerely believed it to be the law. Happily, however, the fearful contests of politics and arms evolved by the slavery question are ended, and in the language of fair Alice Lee, of Woodstock, to her father, the irrascibly loyal old cavalier, Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, when he reproved her with her supposed sympathy for her Roundhead lover and kinsfolks, we must say: "Accursed be those civil commotions! Not only do they destroy men's bodies, but they pervert their souls; and the brave, the noble, the generous, become suspicious, harsh, and mean."

We pass over as briefly as possible the remaining years of Mr. Taney's career, intermingled as they necessarily were with the terrible era of the Great Rebellion. It was but a short time after the Dred Scott decision that the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin had treated with a contempt, amounting to nullification, the process of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the State legislature supported the State court after the judgment of Mr. Taney had been pronounced in March, 1859, in an opinion which defines so clearly the line of jurisdiction between Federal and State sovereignty, that it has been termed "the bulwark of the United States Constitution." This, however, did not have any effect on the peaceable settlement of the mooted question of State sovereignty as regards the Southern States in their relation to the Union; but during the long and bloody contest ensuing, Mr. Taney, who had in all his judicial career steadfastly held aloof from politics, managed with rare tact to keep his ermine undraggled in the slough of

discord. Occasions, of course, were not few when, as the highest judicial officer of the government, he was obliged to express opinions upon the startling legal questions which the exigencies of the times raised before him. His decisions were, as is well known, not usually in accord with the opinions prevailing among the co-ordinate branches of the government; but they were in accord with what he believed sound jurisprudence and the fundamental law of the land. We will enumerate but two of these cases, the first being the question of levying a tax upon the salaries of the judges of the Supreme Court, which he resisted, with the concisest and ablest arguments, and the second, the opinion given on the right of suspending the writ of habeas corpus in the case of Merryman, imprisoned by military authority in Fort McHenry. To the Chief Justice's honor it must be said, that in all the trying struggles of those bitter years, he bore himself so blamelessly, that his strongest political enemies have never impugned the sincerity of his judgment, even where they knew his prejudices had the strongest field for exerting their influence.

It has been well said to be a delicate task to portray the beauty of the private life of Mr. Taney. His legal and judicial worth has been embellished with the unqualified praise of the master spirits of his profession, but who shall lift the veil of social privacy to show the beauty of his domestic life. His personal virtues could not be concealed. So nice was his sense of honor that he refused, while Secretary of the Treasury, to receive a present of two small boxes of fine cigars sent to him anonymously by one of the revenue officials, and although he did not discover until after his retirement from that office the name of the donor, yet he persisted in paying for them, or else to be permitted to return them, as the packages were still unbroken. The courtesy, the deference, the impartial bias of his cultivated mind, sensitive in the highest degree as such minds usually are to all the lights and shades of life, were all a part of the man, and sprang not from a mere cultivation of the purely moral phase of his humanity, but from the dictation of his faith perfectly obeyed. Judge Taney was a Roman Catholic, not one of our modern namby-pamby Catholics, who are ashamed to be known as possessing any decided religious principles, but one who bore in his heart brightly burning the "faith of our fathers," which shed its life-giving warmth and animation over all his actions, even the minutest. "His religion was always before him," says one of his biographers; and thus it should be with every honest son of the Church. We venture the assertion that it was the unostentatious display of his sincere piety which so moved all men to revere, love, and trust him with a peculiar affection and confidence. This it was that electrified his brilliant talents, this it was that made him the most dutiful of sons, the tenderest of husbands, the kindest and best of fathers, the gentlest and truest of friends. "The humblest received his kindness, while the greatest were charmed with his courtesy." He in early life manumitted all the slaves he had inherited, and the old ones he supported by monthly allowances till he died; and the servants of his family could hardly understand his kindness when they contrasted it with the treatment of other people's servants. In 1860, Mr. Conway Robinson asked the Chief Justice for his photograph in his judicial robe, to be presented to two of the judges of the Queen's Bench in England. Mr. Taney accordingly had some large-size likenesses taken for the judges, and at the

same time had two from the same negative put into gilt frames for his old negro servant-woman, and his negro man-servant. At the bottom of one picture was written "To Martha Hill, as a mark of my esteem. R. B. Taney, February 14th, 1860, Washington;" on the other, "To Madison Franklin, as a mark of my esteem. R. B. Taney, February 14th, 1860." We have the testimony of that venerable Jesuit, Father John McElroy, that he has seen the Chief Justice standing often at the outer door leading to the confessional in a crowd of penitents, the majority of them *colored*, waiting his turn for admission, and when the father himself proposed to hear him in advance, he refused to accept any deviation from the order of entering.

One morning, while the judges of the Supreme Court were all boarding in the same house at Washington, Mr. Justice Daniel of that bench happened just before the hour for going to court to open the door of the room of the Chief Justice, and found him on his knees at prayer. He withdrew instantly, much mortified that he had forgotten to rap before entering. He therefore made an apology as soon as possible, which the Chief Justice accepted, with the remark that it was his custom before he began the duties of the day to seek divine guidance through prayer. This incident reminds us forcibly of a quaint old picture in a quaint old volume of Coke upon Littleton in our possession, in which that sublime jurist and saintly scholar of the olden time is represented in the curious-shaped judicial robes of his day, kneeling, with eyes and hands suspended in prayer above his books of study, while on a ribbon issuing from his mouth is the legend, written in ancient French, *Ung Dieu et ung roy.* This picture and the incident of the Chief Justice just narrated, are beautiful exemplars of that unity of spirit between prayer and learning, love of God and of country, which marked the characters of old-time Christians, so beautifully, but alas so rarely perpetuated in the simple and beautiful character of the true Christian of our own day. It is this charming trait in Judge Taney's character which prompts us to exhibit him to the vain and foolish generation of our own day. The chief justiceship, long vacant by the death of the robust statesman and learned lawyer who was his successor, has caused the attention of the people to be directed towards the shadowy forms who were once its incumbents. The world, while speculating on the probable occupant who is next to fill it, regards his predecessors simply for the purpose of expatiating on the memories of their defects as well as their social or professional merits, but we Catholics of America single out from the list Mr. Taney, because he is the exalted exemplar not merely of a worldly wisdom, but of what many more if not all of our Catholic American men might be in the eyes of the world, if like him they would let the light of their faith, guiding their every step in life, so shine before their brethren of a worldly generation, that they, seeing their good works, would glorify our common Father in heaven.

On the 12th of October, 1864, crowned with the honors of eighty-seven years, Roger B. Taney departed to the grave, his last yearning hope resting on the mercy of his crucified Redeemer, his last lingering glance fixed on the star of Emancipation just rising from the chaos of national discord to shine for evermore above his native State. He knew not whether its coming were for weal or woe. The things of time were for him no more; but the Star of Christian Faith that had been a guide to his feet through the dubious paths of life, shone

now with no clouded splendor, but dimmed with its effulgent beams, as it rested above the heavenly portal, all the paler orbs of earthly glory gleaming in the firmament of time; so, too, will it shine for all who, like to him, read "life's lessons all aright" by the light of its quenchless radiance.

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## THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

On an autumnal evening, in a narrow, obscure, but picturesque street of the old town of Antwerp, more than three hundred years ago, a blacksmith's forge was throwing out bright, sudden flashes of light, which cast at intervals a ruddy glow on the faces of the workmen, whose strong Flemish arms were making the anvil ring with their sturdy blows. The scene was an animated one; the noise and the warmth within the precincts of the forge presenting a marked contrast to the gloom of the ill-lighted and unfrequented street, where a drizzling rain was beginning to fall.

Attracted by the influence of the light within, some idlers had assembled at the entrance of this swarthy region, under the shelter of its projecting roof, and, as far as the noise would permit, carried on a desultory conversation with the men who were at work.

Amongst this group was a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, accompanied by her maid, her fair face and sunny hair just visible under the black hood and mantilla, worn in the Spanish fashion, prevalent at that period in the Low Countries. She stood at the door, hesitating to advance and reluctant to withdraw. As the sparks flew from the anvil, like rockets on a birthday night, and a bright flickering light illuminated for an instant the whole interior of the forge, she cast a hasty glance into its inmost recesses. Having done so once or twice, she at last put down her veil, and, making a sign to her companion, was moving away. At that instant an old man, one of the most inveterate gossipmongers of the town, happened to be entering. Her first impulse was to wrap her mantilla more closely around her, and to avoid his notice; but on second thoughts she turned back, and asked him:

"Has Quintin Matsys been here to-day?"

"Quintin Matsys, maiden? Yes, indeed, he was here this morning. I happened to be passing this way as the town-clock was striking eleven, and, observing that a crowd had gathered round the door of the forge, I stopped to inquire what was the matter; and I heard that Quintin Matsys had been taken ill, and fainted, after spending some hours at work at the anvil."

"Again!" ejaculated the maiden, wringing her hands. "It is but two days ago that he was carried home in a dead swoon."

"Of course he was; and how should it be otherwise? The stripling is too weak for this sort of work. He will kill himself; there can be no doubt of it. Dr. Armen has said so ever since last Michaelmas, when he sickened with the ague. But the lad is obstinate. It is always the same story. He must needs support his mother. Much good it will do her to have him

lying in the churchyard. He is making his way there as fast as he can, for he is like the steward in the Gospel: he cannot work, and to beg he is ashamed. But whither are you hurrying, Mistress Geneviève Claes? Let me hold an umbrella over your head, and escort you home. Is it true that your father has invited to Antwerp Master von Daxis, of Haarlem, and that he is to exhibit in the town-hall his great picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus?' O, you are not going straight home! You have a call to make on your way? It is a wet evening for young damsels to be visiting about the town. Perhaps I may look in on your father in an hour or two, when the rain has abated."

Geneviève had glided out of sight whilst her companion was still speaking. With hurried steps she hastened down a narrow little street at the back of the forge. Gretchen, her maid, had great trouble to keep up with her. The rain was beating against their faces; but there were tears as well as drops of rain on the young girl's cheeks. The words of the old man had deeply affected her. The mother of the blacksmith had been her nurse, and the little low house behind the forge the home of her childhood. Her father, Hans Claes, a painter of some reputation, who had risen by means of his talents from an obscure station in life, was noted in his native town of Antwerp as well for his eccentricities as for his passionate devotion to his art. He had lost his wife soon after the birth of his little girl, and had consigned the latter to the care of Madame Matsys, the blacksmith's wife, whilst, through great hardships and poverty, he had pursued his studies at Rome and at Bologna.

Quintin Matsys was the foster-brother of Geneviève Claes. They had been playmates in infancy and companions in childhood. The forge had been a kind of fairy world to the two children, and Geneviève, who since her father's return from Italy had dwelt under his roof, often timidly made her way to the favorite haunt of her earlier days, and still thought the sparks very beautiful as they flew upward in fiery spangles, and the sound of the hammer as it fell on the anvil pleasant music to the ears, and the face of Quintin Matsys, her old playfellow, with his fair hair and ruddy complexion besooted and begrimed by the labors of the forge, the handsomest she had ever set eyes on.

She never shook off those old impressions. They had become part and parcel of her nature. She had for some time suspected that those she so dearly loved were in poverty. Old Matsys, Quintin's father, had been dead about a year, and since then his son had had to work far harder than he had ever done before. Indeed, he worked hard for the first time in his life; for he had always been of a delicate constitution, and his strong and loving father was wont to take the hammer out of his hands on hot summer days, and to send him to walk in the green fields on the margin of the Scheld, where he often met Geneviève and her maid Gretchen, and watched by her side the bright red sunset-clouds fading away into the gray hues of twilight, and the barges gliding lazily along the sluggish stream, even as they had been used, when children, to watch the sparks dying in the embers, or the panting of the ever-sounding, ever-restless bellows.

He had never known what it is to toil with aching limbs, to labor with sinking strength, until that tender, fatherly heart had ceased to beat in the strong frame, and the hands which had so long worked for others were mouldering in the grave. But if Quintin was weak in body, he was not faint-hearted. Patiently and manfully he strove

to make up by energy of will for the physical strength which he lacked. Day after day he worked at the anvil in that forge where he had been so happy as a child, till the light seemed to grow lurid in his eyes, and the sound of the hammer's strokes reverberated through his brain with a maddening force.

At last his shrunken, wasted arm sought in vain to wield the heavy sledge; the hectic spot on his cheeks assumed a deeper hue, and he fainted away at his work, as the old man had told Geneviève. Now, with his eyes mournfully closed, he was lying on a low trestle-bed in his mother's little chamber, and a feeling of despair was creeping into his heart, as when the first chill of an ague-fit invades a sick man's frame. Poverty was staring him in the face; no, not poverty,—that he had always known and never dreaded,—but want and starvation in their sternest form.

Geneviève had suspected that it was even so, and pondered deeply on the means of relieving, without wounding, those she was so devotedly attached to. Her father was a parsimonious man, and though he furnished her with whatever was necessary for her support and proper appearance amongst those in her own rank of life, she had seldom any money at her own disposal. If she wanted to buy a new kirtle, or to give an alms, she had to make her request at a well-chosen moment; when, for instance, Hans Claes had just put the finishing touch to a picture purchased by the town-councillors, or received an order for an altar-piece in his favorite style.

She had now hoarded a small sum out of her own expenditure, and had been watching for an opportunity of giving it to Quintin for his mother's use. She thought it would be easier to make him accept it in this way, and had gone to the forge in the hope of seeing him privately, and making her little offering in such a manner as would insure his not refusing it. But having been disappointed in her expectation, she resolved, at all events, to satisfy herself, by a visit at their house, that he and his mother were not actually in want, and, if possible, to press upon one of them, for the sake of the other, the small purse which she held tightly grasped in her hand.

When she had knocked at the door, and Madame Matsys had opened it, and exclaimed, "Here is Geneviève Claes!" her son started up, and held out his hand to her with an attempt at a smile.

"You are ill," she said, placing her cold hand, wet with the rain, in his burning one. "What ails you, Quintin?"

"I believe the work is too hard for me just at present," he answered; "but in a short time I daresay I shall be stronger."

"The truth is—" began Madame Matsys.

"Don't talk nonsense, mother," interrupted her son.

"How do you know what I was going to say? The truth is, that—"

"No, it is not the truth."

"The fact is, Geneviève—"

"No, it is not the fact."

"Geneviève knows as well as I do—"

"She knows nothing at all about it."

"He is breaking his heart, Geneviève, because he has not strength to go on working at the forge, and that he foresees I shall have to go to the almshouse."

"No such thing, mother; you don't know what you are talking about. Just open the window, will you, and let in the fresh air;—there, now I breathe better. I thought you never meant to come and see us again, Geneviève. My mother has been fretting sadly at your staying away."

"But, Quintin, you said—"

"Aye, I know what you are going to say. The day you told me of your father's writing in his Missal that he would never give you in marriage to any one but a painter, I was so vexed, so angry, that I was fool enough to exclaim that if that was true we had better not meet again, as I could not bear to see you, and think that I was never to be your husband. Well, I have found out since that there is something still more difficult to bear—never to see you at all; not for days together to hear the sound of your voice. I am afraid it makes me hate your father when I think of this cruel fancy of his."

"O, that is dreadful, Quintin. I shall not love you any more if you hate my father."

"But it is very wrong of him to have written such words as those in a book, and a holy book too."

"Yes; in the beautiful Missal painted by the monks of Bruges, which he values as the apple of his eye; and this makes me so afraid that he will never change his mind."

"That book ought to be burnt, pictures and all."

"I should like very much to throw it into the fire, only it would be a sin; and then, you know, it would not prevent his keeping to his resolution."

"People have no business to make such resolutions."

"Well, I don't think they should. It is very hard upon a girl who does not care at all for pictures to be obliged to marry a painter; but, Quintin, you must not hate my father for all that. Promise me not to hate him."

"Geneviève, as long as I thought I might have married you, if it had not been for his mania about paintings and painters, I could hardly keep down the bitter, angry thoughts that were ever rising in my mind. But perhaps, just because of those thoughts, Almighty God has humbled me by taking away my strength and making us poor. I used to talk of supporting a wife by my labor, and now I am become a burden on my mother in her old age. O, it is a great and bitter trial!"

He covered his face with his hands, and tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Quintin, suppose it were God's will that we should never marry?" said Geneviève earnestly, as if her very soul was looking out of her clear, calm blue eyes.

"Well, and if it were so, how would it mend the matter?" he answered, sorrowfully and half-reproachfully.

"Why, you know, we could not be angry with him."

The young man reverently looked up to heaven, and in a low voice said, "No."

"God is so good, and he loves us so much," continued Geneviève, leaning her head against the back of the chair on which he was sitting.

"I know it," Quintin answered in a subdued manner; "I know he is good. Did he not make you, Geneviève? He must be very good himself to have made any one so good as you. I have always felt that." After a pause he added, "Now, Geneviève, I will tell you a thought that has come into my head, even whilst we have been talking; I think it must have been my good angel inspired it. To-morrow, you know, is the festival of Our Lady of Antwerp. Numbers of sick people come and pray at her altar, and many of them are often cured. I will go with the rest and get the Archbishop's blessing, and the picture which he gives to all the members of the Confraternity. You have always been a great hand at praying, Geneviève; I am sure your prayers will be heard; and then, as the priest told us last Sunday, when he was preaching about the Confraternity, when two or three are agreed to ask something

of God, he gives it to them. And you and my mother and I, we make three, besides all the other people who will be praying too."

"But, dear Quintin, if God should think it better for you not to get strong again at present, you will be patient, won't you?"

A cloud passed over the young man's face.

"It is not for my own sake," he somewhat bitterly said, "that I want my strength. It is easy to speak of patience."

"O, Quintin!" exclaimed Geneviève, her eyes filling with tears, "do you think I do not feel for you?"

"I know you do, dearest; forgive my hasty words. But if you will think of all that is involved in the word health,"—he glanced at his mother, who was crossing the room with feeble footsteps,—"you would indeed pity and excuse me. But don't weep so bitterly, dear love; I think Our Lady will do something for me to-morrow."

Geneviève wiped her eyes, kissed Madame Matsys, forced into her hand the little green purse which she had held concealed in her own during her whole visit, silenced her with another kiss on the lips when she tried to remonstrate, and glided out of the house, followed by the son's loving glance and the mother's murmured blessing.

On the following day the sun shone forth brightly, gilding with its autumnal rays the quaint picturesque buildings of the old Flemish city. Its inhabitants were stirring at an early hour, and crowds from the neighboring villages kept flocking in at the gates, dressed in their best Sunday clothes. Many a peal from church and convent tower gladdened the air with silvery tones whilst the procession formed in the principal streets. From every window and over every doorway hung rich carpets of rare tapestry, and damask silks of gorgeous colors, decking and adorning the grim, sober old town in a bright and fanciful attire.

The Church of Our Lady of Antwerp was soon filled to overflowing. There were reserved seats in front of the altar for the members of the Confraternity, and for the infirm and sick persons who were joining in the devotions with the hope of obtaining relief. Quintin was amongst them, and looked flushed and excited. His mother and Geneviève, who occupied seats in another part of the church, kept watching him with anxiety. Geneviève could scarcely endure the sight of his eager countenance, fixed with feverish intensity on the preacher about to begin his sermon.

When mention was made in the discourse of the answers to prayer which had often been vouchsafed on such occasions, his eyes flashed with joy, and his whole face brightened up; but when the priest spoke of resignation, of denials sometimes sent in mercy, and patience under disappointment, his lips quivered, and his countenance became dejected. At last Geneviève could no longer bear to watch the wild, varying expression of the face she loved. Bowing down her head, she poured forth silent supplications—pure, ardent, and unselfish as those of a guardian-angel for his human charge. She had no hopes of happiness for herself:

> "Hers was no fond imaginative dream,
> Gilding the future with illusive beam."

Sorrow seemed before her whichever way she looked; and her father's decree, to which it never occurred to her that it would be possible to offer any opposition, so strict at that period was considered the duty of filial obedience, robbed the future of all glad anticipations. One sentence of the sermon she carried away with her, and laid it up in her heart: "Every prayer is heard," the preacher had said, "even though it may remain ap-

parently unanswered." Once more she bowed her head in intense supplication. When she raised it again, the Archbishop was distributing little pictures to those who knelt in rows before the altar. An instant afterwards Quintin rose and left the church. She followed him with her eyes, but soon lost sight of him in the crowd.

The evening came, and the sun, which had shone brilliantly all day, was now sinking peacefully to rest in a bank of purple clouds. The flat level plain which surrounds Antwerp was studded with groups of country people, slowly wending their way home through the green misty meadows or alongside the banks of the "lazy Scheld;" little children running to and fro gathering daisies, and singing songs about cows and buttercups. The streets had become solitary; the churches were shut up; the sound of footsteps on the uneven pavement less and less frequent. Peace and stillness reigned over the old city, so full of animation a few hours before.

Geneviève Claes sat at her window looking at Gretchen walking down the street. She had sent her on an errand which she would fain have performed herself. Since her return from church she had been watching for an opportunity to go and inquire after Quintin's health; but her father had kept her closely occupied in his studio preparing colors and cleaning his brushes, which was one of her habitual tasks; and now he had ordered her not to go abroad that day, for he expected his friend, Master von Daxis, from Haarlem, and Geneviève must be at home to receive him and attend to all the duties of hospitality. Her heart sank within her, for she foresaw what this meant; but it was better not to let Quintin expect to see her that evening and disappoint him at last; so she dispatched Gretchen to say she was detained at home, to ask how he did, and give her love to Madame Matsys.

The lamp was not yet lighted in the blacksmith's house. His mother sat at the window as Geneviève had done; but not to look out into the street, only to catch the last rays of light wherewith to finish mending her son's stockings. Now and then she turned towards him, and noticed that his much-loved face was looking still paler and more wan than usual, except when the hectic flush of fever brought a fitful color into his thin cheeks. Dark shadows were passing that evening over his countenance, even as the clouds were swiftly careering across the sky, which had suddenly become stormy.

"Mother," exclaimed Quintin, raising himself from his couch after a long silence, and leaning on his elbow,—"mother, just look out and see if it is raining."

At that moment Gretchen knocked at the door. He sprung to his feet, but fell back disappointed when he saw that it was only Gretchen.

"My mistress," said the handmaid, "sends her love to you, Madame Matsys, and these preserves, which she bade me say are of her own making, and begs to know if your son is less ailing than when she called on you last night. She cannot leave home this evening, as my master is expecting company."

"Company!" ejaculated Quintin faintly.

"Yes; company from Haarlem. The worthy Master von Daxis, head of the school of painting in that city. He is bringing to Antwerp his famous picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus,' which is to be exhibited in the town-hall, and to carry off the prize, too, it is supposed. What answer shall I take back to my mistress? I am afraid you are no better, sir," she added, as the young man leant back on his

couch with a face as pale as ashes and a quivering lip.

"Tell Geneviève to pray for us," said Madame Matsys, in a sorrowful voice.

"What is the use of praying?" exclaimed her son with bitterness; and when the door had closed upon Gretchen he broke forth, in passionate lamentations, "I have prayed for days; prayed through long, sleepless nights; prayed to be saved from starvation, beggary, disgrace; prayed that this poor weak arm might be strengthened to work. Look at it, mother, how wasted it is—weaker than ever to-night. I have never felt so ill as to-day. That is all the answer that my prayers and yours and hers have received. And yet I had so hoped, so trusted, that for Geneviève's sake they would have been heard! If ever there was a good little soul on earth—"

"Of course she is," chimed in his mother. "The best creature that ever breathed, and the prettiest into the bargain. It is a shame and a sin that her father should compel her to marry that old hideous Von Daxis just because the man can hold a painting-brush between his fingers."

"O, mother, do not talk of that; you torture me—you drive me wild! My head is burning, and I lie here and think and think till my brain seems on fire."

"Nay, but that will never do, my boy," said a rough, good-humored voice at his elbow.

"Dr. Armen! is that you? O, sir, *you* can do nothing for me; and the Blessed Virgin will not help me."

"And cannot you do something to help yourself, my boy? Why are you lying there, idling away your time?"

"Doctor, this is cruel. God and my mother know that I would give away half my life for the strength to do a day's work."

"Nobody wants half your life, or any part of it either. But there must be an end of this doing-nothing system; it is enough to give you a brain fever."

"But when a man cannot so much as lift a hammer?"

"And who wants you to lift a hammer, you booby? Has the Almighty made nothing in this world but blacksmiths and hammers? Sit up. What, too weak to stand! Not such a very weak pulse, though—nothing but exhaustion from fretting, I suspect. Come, mother, prop him up with pillows, and bring that candle here. Now, what will you do? Anything but lie there, thinking?"

"He has not closed his eyes for several nights," said Madame Matsys.

"I should not wonder at all. More shame for him. What have we got here—a picture?"

"Ah! when that picture was put into my hand this morning, I did hope—"

"Never mind what you hoped this morning. Here is a sheet of paper and a pencil; copy for me, directly, those figures and that queer little bit of landscape in the background."

"I have never in my life held a pencil, sir."

"What does that signify? Do as I bid you. Try."

A faint smile passed over the young man's face.

"It is a new sort of physic you are prescribing for me, sir."

"Ah, there are more medicines in this world, my boy, than are found in chemists' shops, or than wiser heads than yours have ever heard of. I shall call again in two or three hours, and if you have not followed my prescription, I shall never come near you again."

So saying, the little doctor departed, and Quintin set about examining the picture he was desired to copy. It was a stiff and some-

angular reproduction of the
of some great master, and re-
ted the figure of our Lord as
od at the door of St. Peter's
healing all manner of dis-
persons. Quintin gazed upon
and steadily, and then be-
s task. His fingers felt very
id awkward at first, but grad-
ie grasped the pencil in a
manner, and as he proceeded
iole soul was absorbed in his
yment. The burning flush
cheeks subsided; a calmer
ssion stole over his face.
he had completed the prin-
figure, and saw that it was
ilike the original,—that there
en something more noble and
easy in the attitude of the
e had drawn than in that of
odcut engraving,—a look of
re beamed in his eyes. He
l it over and over again; and
he sketched the face of a
girl just restored to health,
azing on our Lord with en-
ed gratitude, he made the
es like to those of Geneviève,
gave them her expression.
a strange kind of joy rose in
eart and quieted his brain.
e was very weak, and as the
on his spirits subsided he
sleepy; his head fell back on
llow; and when the Doctor
ed he was lying fast asleep,
is pencil in his hand and the
ig before him.

Dr. Armen gave a glance at
aper, a broad smile spread
is good-natured face.

um!" he said to himself, "I
I see my way to a still more
ious medicine for this com-
ed case than even my pre-
ion of to-night has furnished.
ty grains of bodily repose, and
my of intellectual employ-
mixed up with as many
s of happiness; if that recipe
not succeed, let me never be
again a good physician. Let
sleep on as many hours as
possible, good mother," he said, taking leave of Madame Matsys; "and when he wakes tell him the Doctor has stolen away his drawing."

Geneviève was presiding the next morning at the substantial Flemish breakfast, to which her father and Master von Daxis were doing ample justice. Though she answered very prettily when spoken to, she did not appear much inclined to converse. Once only she answered a question with considerable energy. Their guest inquired if she cared for paintings.

"No, sir," Geneviève replied; "I don't like them at all."

"I hope, fair maiden," he rejoined, "that this dislike does not extend to painters?"

"My father is a painter, sir," she replied, with a deep blush.

"But for that circumstance you would, perhaps, have answered in the affirmative," exclaimed Von Daxis, laughing. "It is strange how seldom talents and tastes are hereditary."

"That is quite true, sir," she eagerly observed. "I never could draw at all."

"What a blessing for your husband, Mistress Geneviève! His clothes will then have a chance of being properly mended, and his dinner properly cooked."

Geneviève bit her lip, and, for the first time, wished herself endowed with the genius of an Elizabeth Sirani.

Dr. Armen was at this moment announced. He was a favorite both with Hans Claes and with his daughter. After he had seated himself at the breakfast-table, he drew from his pocket a thick roll of paper.

"Look at this, sirs," he said, addressing the two painters; "you both well know what talent is; there are no two better judges of design than Master Claes and Master von Daxis. The sketches which you

see before you are the performance of a man who never, till yesterday, had held a pencil in his hand, or drawn a line upon paper. What say you, good sirs, to the promise of genius such a first attempt holds forth? What think you of it, my masters?"

Hans Claes put on his spectacles, and his friend looked over his shoulder. On their grim faces stole a look of wonder, and then they turned to each other and smiled.

"Can you give me your word of honor, Dr. Armen," said Hans Claes, "that the person who made this copy had never before attempted to draw?"

"I can take my oath of it, Master Claes."

"But hold!" exclaimed the Haarlem painter; "'tis not altogether a copy, I suspect. Look at that face, Master Claes. Who is it like, should you say?"

"Why, it strikes me that it is a likeness, and a good one too, of my daughter; the expression of the eyes has been hit off to the life. Dr. Armen, listen to me!" cried Hans Claes, striking the table with his fist. "If you warrant me that the man who has made those sketches be an honest fellow, though he should be ever so poor,—yea, though he should be begging his bread,—I will take him into my school; I will teach him myself; I will provide for his wants; and if in time he arrives at being what he should be with such a master (though I say it that should not),—why, if he cares to have her, I will give him that girl there for a wife. I beg your pardon, Master von Daxis; there was nothing agreed upon, you know, between us; and this man, whose first attempt I hold in my hand, will prove, please God, an honor to the good town of Antwerp, and to his master, Hans Claes."

Geneviève turned her eyes reproachfully on Dr. Armen. He was looking so provokingly pleased, as if he could hardly contain his joy. It was unkind of him, she thought, not to feel for a poor girl who was made the sport and the victim of her father's fanatical passion for his art.

"Is that really a promise, Master Claes?" the Doctor said: "for, mind you, this incipient limner, who is as worthy a fellow as ever breathed, is, as it happens, a friend of mine, and as sure as my name is Armen, I will keep you to your word."

"I give you my hand upon it, Doctor. Master von Daxis, you know I made you no promise."

"And if you had, good Master Claes, I would release you from it. Your daughter hates paintings and painters, and it is a shame to force her inclinations. If I were you—"

"If you were me, Master von Daxis, you would consult your child's best interests by bestowing her hand on one who will share with her an honored name. To be the wife of a great painter is more glorious by far than to wed a monarch. And now let me know the name of your friend, who will be to-morrow my pupil, and, if he wraps not his talent in a napkin, one day my son-in-law."

Dr. Armen smiled, and played with his teaspoon. Without raising his eyes, he said,

"Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith."

Hans Claes made an exclamation of surprise; Geneviève clasped her hands together, and looked at her father with an imploring countenance.

"The world will one day hear of the Blacksmith of Antwerp," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "Fetch the boy here. His mother, too,—she nursed that child of mine for many a long year. We have neglected her too much. Aye, indeed, you may smile, Mistress Geneviève. —you may kiss your old father and

hang about his neck: but mind, girl, if Quintin Matsys is ever to be thy husband, he must be also an eminent painter. And hark ye, one thing more I have to say: there must be no love-making in the school—no cleaning of brushes or preparing of colors there, to distract the youth from his studies."

Geneviève looked very humble and submissive; and when Quintin Matsys entered the house from which he had been so long excluded, still walking feebly, and leaning on the Doctor's arm, but with a look of returning health in his face, she tried very hard not to smile or to cry; but when she kissed his mother, try as hard as she would, she did both. Later in the day, too, when Master von Daxis maliciously reminded her that she hated paintings and painters, she laughed outright; but when Quintin Matsys whispered to her, "I will never say again, 'What is the use of praying?'" then her tears fell fast.

The little Confraternity picture was framed and hung up in the room of the Blacksmith of Antwerp when he married; and every year, with his wife Geneviève, he went on the day of the Procession to return thanks at Our Lady's altar, where he once thought he had prayed in vain.

"The painter Quintin Matsys was born in the year 1450, in the town of Antwerp. He has been known by the name of 'The Blacksmith of Antwerp,' on account of his having exercised that arduous profession until he was twenty years of age. A long and dangerous illness reduced his strength so much that he became unable to earn his own livelihood and to support his mother. He complained of this to those who came to visit him. It is related, that at an annual religious procession, which used to take place in his native town, for lepers and other sick persons, little woodcut engravings were distributed to the members of the Confraternity, and that to the circumstance of one of these happening to fall into his hands he owed the discovery of his talent for drawing. Somebody advised him to try and copy it, in order to while away the time. He did so, and succeeded so well that he pursued the study of design, and became in time an eminent painter. Some writers state that it was his attachment to a girl whose father was determined that she should only marry a painter which induced him to exchange the hammer for the pencil. The young person in question returned his affection, and in order to marry her he devoted himself to the art in which he became so great a proficient." [These two accounts have been thrown together, and form the groundwork of this little story.] "One of Quintin Matsys's best pictures is the 'Descent from the Cross,' in the church of Our Lady at Antwerp. He painted it for the Joiners' Guild. It was chiefly in sacred subjects that he excelled."—*From the "Lives of Flemish Painters," by F. G. Descamp, Professor of Design at Rouen in* 1753.

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## SONNET.

All is the same as when I was a child;
But who shall tell the difference to me!
Dear to me then the bud, the bloom, the tree,
And sweet—how sweet!—the woodland tangle wild,
Where, lying hid, my airy towers I piled,
And crowned me king with flowers and revelry,
While Nature's darling self upon me smiled.
But now—ah, woe! that such a thing should be—
This lovely prospect—wood, hill, stream, and tower—
With purest joy to fill my idle hour,
And bid my heart like its free birdlets sing,
Has lost, forever lost, its olden power.
Then, questionless, I drank at Nature's spring;
Now, mental yearning agony doth bring.

## SPIRITISM.

THE assemblage of marvellous events to which the name of spiritualism has been given by its abettors, more properly designated satanical spiritism, groups together not only the prodigies which astonished and deluded the ancient heathens, but it adds some seeming novelties peculiar to the latter generations of impiety and infidelity. It desires to bring those into connection with the divination, which was a singular part of the religious rites among the pagans, of which Cicero treated in two entire books, and the indefatigable Fabricius has collected a hundred species in his "Ancient Library." This iniquity was ordained to foretell future events, or to discover hidden things, sometimes by impure and cruel mediums; always, however, with very futile means, and accompanied with absurd and ridiculous rites. The notorious founder and teacher of spiritism displayed its ritual when, in serpent's guise, he *protested* against the authority and teaching of the divine word in the garden of Eden. Satan has not changed his Protestant system; he varies merely his strategy in the war against God and his anointed; so that the modern tricks of table-rapping, spirit writing, drawing, whistling, &c., are identical in principle with the unearthly manifestations and magic of the earliest ages. Since the fatal hour when Satan taught Eve to read and interpret the word of God according to her own private judgment, divination prevailed amongst all nations. It reigned especially in the time of Moses, as appears from his writings. So far from admitting among his ceremonies such a wicked and ridiculous rite, the inspired legislator forbade it with repeated and salutary laws, and ordained that events and oracles should be sought from God alone, disposer of all things. This diabolism was in use not only among the Cimbrians, Gauls, Germans, and other barbarous nations, as Diodorus and Tacitus inform us, but even amongst the most cultivated nations. Hence Plato himself in his "Phedrus," and Xenophon in the "Cyropedia," speak approvingly of it; and it is notorious with what pomp and solemnity this impious and ludicrous art was revered in Rome, after it was imported from Etrusia by a college of augurs. Some, through the grossest ignorance, were persuaded of its efficacy, whilst others, amongst whom was Cicero, laughed at it; and yet they availed themselves of it to turn at will, with this political imposture, the minds of the citizens and soldiers.

This recent outburst of curiosity concerning spiritual manifestations, this craving for them, and readiness to accept them, was to have been expected. At all times there are whole classes of men who succeed in completely excluding the supernatural from their minds, and to whose vision it is never reflected from the field of human action. In modern times, literature, generally, has been characterized by this utter dismissal of the supernatural. The world, according to modern thought, was only a machine wound up once for all by its Author, and requiring no further application of that power, which seemed to have spent itself, so to speak, in the act of creation; or, at any rate, its interference was limited to a remote period. This way of viewing things is, however, too much at variance with the instincts of mankind to be permanent. Its teaching is in

defiance of the most imperious assertions of the conscience, and the most earnest longings of the heart. The great bulk of the human race feel, what few can put into words, that an order of things so vast as we behold around us cannot have ascended to man to stop there, that there must be beings transcending him, and that a supernatural system exists to account for this stupendous material creation. If these anticipations and convictions have been checked, they are sure at some time to reassert their rights with a force not to be withstood. Nor is it to be wondered at, if the EVIL ONE seizes a moment so favorable for the triumph of superstition, and the thwarting of the purposes of heaven. We know what results came forth after the materialism originated by Epicurus had prevailed, and what wild forms of error swept across the pagan horizon; how the leaders of the *modern thought* of that epoch had no sooner relegated the supernatural into the *intermundia* invented by their master, than the people caught at the most hideous rites of iniquity, at the worship of Osiris and Isis, the Eleusinian mysteries, the Thesmophori, Cabiri, and others mentioned by Clement of Alexandria. And again, at a later period, they fondly embraced the widespreading Gnostic and Manichean delusions with which the spirit of Antichrist sought to combat the Author of all good. We are living at this day in a similar state of things, for, whilst the parallel is complete between the materialism and superstition of the two epochs, it also holds between the rise of the Church, and the amazing energy with which of late years she has addressed herself all over the world, as if for the final struggle.

The modern manifestation of spiritual agency, or of a belief in it, in the heart of skepticism, had already, as is well known, presented itself in the early days of the French Revolution, when the pretensions of Mesmer and Cagliostro startled all Europe, and afforded many baffling objects of inquiry for the French commission conducted by Bailly and our Franklin. Since then, the question of animal magnetism, occupying a kind of debatable ground between the natural and the spiritual, had dragged on a sort of intermittent activity, till again it became, about the year 1840, for a few years, a fashionable subject of inquiry, when, at length, the Father of Lies improved the occasion by introducing incidents of a description new to this generation, and suited to those who will not hear the Church, and, consequently, are ever ready to be captivated by satanical imposture. A detailed history of those events would be out of place, but we will notice so much of them as may be sufficient to form a judgment in harmony with reason, religion, and common sense. The information afforded by the most conspicuous exponents of the so-called new philosophy, in this country, united with the experience which we may quote from other sources, assure us that spiritism is a compound of delirium, imposture, and diabolism.

Judge Edmonds, of New York, has published an elaborate treatise on this subject. He informs us that, when his attention was first called to the subject of spiritual intercourse, he was laboring under great depression of spirits, so much, that he occupied all his leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. Now, we must say, a good adviser would have suggested the proper consideration about death, in which an instructed Christian discovers a motive for salutary resignation to the divine will, a rest from toil, and the resurrection and the life. Alas! he tells us that, in the course of

his life he had heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject of death and futurity, that he hardly knew what to believe. This was the necessary consequence of hearing the masters of itching ears, who "understand not what they say, nor whereof they affirm." If Mr. Edmonds had turned from those miserable counterfeiters of religion, to an honest reading of the Bible, he would have learned that a ministry had been appointed by the Lord to obviate such evil influences, and to secure that "we be no more children tossed to and fro by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive." Instead of applying such remedies as common sense, and the instructions of holy Church would prescribe for the relief of despondency, the dupe of Protestantism had recourse to the schools of knockings, rappings, &c., conducted by the tricksters of Satan. During four months this sapient judge devoted at least two evenings in the week to the teachings of tables, broomsticks, pots, pans, and kettles! No wonder that his brains should be so addled that, like the bogus Evangelical Alliance, he saw everything topsy-turvy—"the dog jumps over the moon, and the dish runs after the spoon." The distinguished gentleman tells us that he was awfully impressed when a chair moved up and down the room; above all, "when a table brush was taken from the shelf, and put into the hands of several persons, and taken out again, and their hair brushed with it." Strange, indeed, is the progress of *modern science*, and truly foggy the enlightenment of *modern thought*, when it becomes consoling to turn away from the apostolic "teaching of the things Christ commanded to be observed," and to yield to the inspiration of a dirty hair-brush. Dirty, indeed, the brush must have been, after brushing the shaggy heads of the greasy loafers who attend such meetings! Mr. Edmonds pretends to have received the most "*novel*," "*astounding*," and "*extraordinary*" information, yet all that he can communicate is reduced to those specimens of teachings which he gives. For instance: "Once it was asked of the spirit who was communing, 'Your condition being one of happiness, to what do you owe it?' And it was answered, 'To my love and kindness.'" On one occasion, when speaking of the religion of Christ, it was said: "It is, that God is love." Most assuredly we must be indignant at the silly and blasphemous audacity attempting to gain credit for the hair-brush philosophy, by the announcement of a new revelation, in the repetition of a fundamental truth proclaimed by the first breath of the Church, saying, in the words of St. John, "God is love."

The impiety of spiritism extended to Europe, and very naturally flourished in England, that Pantheon of irreligion and immorality, whence we receive characteristic information. Prominent amongst the favorites is a Mr. Gillson, minister of the Elizabethan Institute, dubbed "the church by law established." Being persuaded, as he says, that he was surrounded by devils, and having first solemnly assured us that table-moving and table-talking are the results of satanical agency, the wise parson seizes a table, and extracts the following information: "Where are Satan's headquarters? Are they in England?" There was a slight movement. "Are they in France?" A violent movement. "Are they in Spain?" Similar agitation. "Are they in Rome?" The table literally seemed frantic! Of course Mr. Gillson became frantic with joy, the question about the Pope being settled to his satisfaction, on the infallible authority of the devil. From the same source,

and with equal veracity, it is learned that what is taught in Mr. Gillson's Sunday-school is true, and that spirits now tormented in hell would not be so punished had they attended his ministrations. So the well-informed parson might fairly erect a signboard with this inscription: "Truth taught, by Parson Gillson. Reference—the Devil, the Father of Lies."

The customary manner of evoking spirits appears to be as follows: Six or seven persons sit round a table with their hands placed on it. In about twenty minutes, if the attempt is becoming successful, the table begins to throb and vibrate. The movement is a peculiar species of thrill; presently it begins to creak, then to move in a circular direction, or tip on one side. One of the operators addresses the spirits, supposed to be now present, and arranges how many tips shall stand for, "yes," "no," and so forth; or requests that by means of tips made on a repetition of the letters of the alphabet, a communication may be given by the unseen power. Sometimes the hand of one of the assistants will be taken possession of by the spirits. It is first agitated violently, and if the person holds a pencil, the hand is moved backwards and forwards, round and round, or in long curves and waves, till at last it settles itself, and writes legible words and sentences. A reliable witness declares that he has seen the table when not touched by any person, move up and rub itself carressingly against people; jump and bound like a joyous animal, start forward and fall back with violence. We have been told about a medium who would lay one hand on a small table, and with the other play a waltz on the piano. The table jerked in perfect time to the music. Another case related is, that of a man who, at one end of a room, placed his fingers on a small table, desiring audibly that it should move to the other end, making so many turns before terminating its journey, which command the table punctually obeyed. The late Senator Talmadge gave the following occurrence as evidence of the importance and value of that which he called a philosophy supplementary to the deficiencies of the Bible. "At a meeting," said Mr. Talmadge, "the spirit of Calhoun directed me to bring three bells and a guitar. The bells were of different sizes. He directed a drawer to be put under a square table. I put under the table a bureau drawer bottom side (*sic*) up, and the bells were placed on the drawer. Numerous raps were made as if beating time to a march. The bells continued to ring and to chime. The time of the march was slow and solemn. The most fastidious ear could not detect any discrepancy in it." This much and no more, was the value of an operation sufficient to satisfy the stupid infidels who blandly accept of satanical buffooneries in lieu of the glad tidings of salvation.

Although the devil is quite competent and willing to produce lying wonders by means of old hickory sticks, pine-tables, greasy brushes, dusty drawers, rusty saucepans, &c., the honor and emoluments of the new philosophy have been divided with him by tricksters who were able to perpetrate iniquity independently, through the action of natural forces. It has been satisfactorily proved by reliable scientists that table-moving may be referred to involuntary muscular action, and that a natural explanation can be given for many of the phenomena, often assigned to a preternatural agency. This, like many other discoveries amongst the mysteries of nature, might have remained in its proper character, an amusement for the curious, and a principle for the scientific; but it attracted the at-

tention of impostors, with the hope of making it a mask for delusion. Accordingly we notice feats of legerdemain competing with the prodigies of Beelzebub. A Mrs. Norman Culver, a connection of the notorious Fox family of Rochester, enlightens this department of the new philosophy: "For about two years (says Mrs. Culver), I was a very sincere believer in the rappings, but some things which I saw when I was visiting the girls at Rochester, made me suspect that they were deceiving. I made a proposition to Catherine to assist her; circumstances obliged her to accept this proposal, and she revealed to me the secret. The raps are produced by the toes. After a week's practice I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my feet in hot water, and it would then be easier work to rap; she said that she sometimes had to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found the heating of my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier." Some persons innocently thought that they could easily control the trickery of those kind of women, and accordingly the feet were held in such a way that there could not be any motion of the toes. At first it was not suspected, as was afterwards discovered, that the arrangement of female apparel affords peculiar facilities for invisible rapping, especially when a pair of castanets are skilfully placed under the clothing. A string of horsehair, not easily perceptible, being attached to a small instrument, composed of a tightly stretched parchment and a hammer of whalebone, will produce knocking and rapping in any part of the room, quite sufficient to astonish the noodles who will pay attention to such wonders. Considerable perplexity is caused by the fact that answers are given by mediums who know nothing of the questioner, and have no natural means of knowing what answer is expected or desired. From a variety of experiments the imposture of several mediums has been exposed, and the phenomenon of answering naturally explained, in cases where Satan did not condescend to co-operate. "Catherine told me," says Mrs. Culver, "how to manage to answer the questions. She said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet; that it was necessary to watch the countenance and motions of the person, and that in such a way they could nearly always guess right." The person asking the question really gives the answer also, either by a look of anxious expectancy, or by the more material sign of a lingering of the finger or pointer, at the moment he is touching the letter which is to form the word that is in his mind. When inquirers have been on their guard they always had the answers they choose to have. It mattered not how false, how absurd, how fantastic the thought which crossed the mind, whatever was determined that the mediums should declare, they did declare. Thus, a gentleman who resolved to entrap the impostor, began by asking in his mind for the name of a real person, a relative of his family. He passed the pointer equally along the alphabet without once lingering until after he had passed the letter I, with which the name of his relative began. Finding that he could not have the real name, he thought he might make the raps answer where he pleased. He chose N; at that letter, because he gave the requisite indications, the raps came. He then determined that Nelly should be spelt as the name of his relative, and Nelly was spelt. Another gentleman asked for an interview with a person whose name he thought of. He mentally asked for one of the

ıides, goddesses of ancient
n poetry and heathenism,
ınked in the mythology of
thousand years ago as aven-
f murder. He was instantly
d of the presence of the per-
was thinking of. What was
ult of the conversation with
ccommodating spirit? She
x years ago, aged twenty-five,
ɜ seven children! He after-
requested to have her called
ınd asked to what sect she
ed when in life. The answer
ew!

ether satanical magic or sim-
ight of hand comes under ob-
ion, we can detect in spiritism
lusion and futility which in-
ly mark unnatural and im-
operations. Throughout the
ous rhapsodies published by
satellites of Lucifer, there is
nt declaration that all is said
one through a most benevo-
isposition towards mankind,
ıe inhabitants of spirit-land
ost anxious to shed consola-
ove, and light over the whole
family. But it is only in
houses, with trumpery ma-
y, and the trickery of certain
and biped donkeys, hirsute
ınclean, that this fictitious
olence can be elicited; more-
at a certain price of hard
A gentleman said to Mr.
nds that he would like to be
t at some spiritual manifes-
s, and he was coolly informed
ıere are circles where money
rged. The gentleman inno-
inquired, "Is money
ed?" "Yes;" was the dry,
Street answer. At best, the
eturn for the money would
ıave the illustrious dead car-
ed; to recognize John Cal-
as piper and bellman, in
land; Henry Clay perorat-
ith a broomstick, and big
al Scott doing the mounte-
n a clothes-basket. If those
ınders of the *new philosophy* were not a set of cheating, disreputable loafers, they would act in keeping with their philanthropic jargon; instead of requiring people to go a hunting after spirits under tables and in empty drawers, at the risk of having shins broken by galloping chairs, and some most precious hairs torn out by crumb-brushes, this, too, at the expense of the pocket, they would provide material aid; spare the pockets; entertain with good dinner and supper all visitors, and we warrant there will be many to improve and chat with. It is quite proper to ask for this manifestation of the eatables, whereas in Edmonds's book the spirit of Swedenborg is reported to have said, "*We eat and drink of the fruits and vegetables of the countries where we reside.*" What a close-fisted, niggardly set they are, asking people to pay for peeping through mahogany tables, instead of inviting, for instance, the anti-evangelical alliance to put their legs under the table for good feeding, and thus keep that precious circle from meanly sponging on our simple folk. If only a small percentage of the benefits claimed for the *new philosophy* would be granted, an occasional dollar might be expended with great advantage. We are told that the *medium* absolutism is such that you have merely to will it, and the rapt soul of the patient is instantly removed from all the noisome influence of men and things. The diviner part of his nature becomes paramount, his moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and the great light of majestic intellect rules over all. Is he cold, you warm him; is he warm, you refresh him with cooling zephyrs. You gently breathe over all his pains, and immediately they disappear; you convert his tears into smiles, and his grief into joy; you transform water into any liquid he may desire. "I have done more," says a Mr. Alfred Filassier,

"I have presented an entranced person with an empty glass, from which she has drank and performed the ordinary movements of deglutition, and her thirst has been assuaged. With nothing, I have satisfied her hunger! and with nothing I have served splendid dinners!" Surely this transcends Mr. Miffin's breakfast on *a mild segar and the morning air*, which feat adorns the story of "Little Dorrit." If the senses are no longer necessary for sight or hearing, even the appetite may be appeased with thin air, the poor, the maimed, the hungry, might rejoice. It is very clear that the inability of Satan to surpass the limits of profitless snares and delusions, certifies to the true character of spiritism in all its relations. However the manifestations claimed by the jugglers of the *new philosophy* may actually correspond with their pretensions, we do not hesitate in ascribing them to diabolical agency; since, if spirits are their agents, it is obvious that they are engaged in occupations different from those of pure intelligences standing in the presence of an infinitely wise, holy, and omnipotent Being. How different from the employments imputed to the spirits of just men made perfect! Whether the various phenomena related have had a reality or not, all spiritist experiments are equally criminal, since they attempt to tamper with things outside the divinely prescribed course of human duty as well as human experience. They are equally contradictory to our moral sense and dangerous to our understanding, and its discipline, for good or evil purposes, which men may themselves control, or else give up to the abuses of the most pernicious weaknesses and impiety. The only astonishment we ever had is that any persons reputed intelligent and honest, could yield to proceedings so useless and absurd, utterly beneath reason and common sense, impious and ridiculous, debasing the intellect, demoralizing every honest sentiment, periling the soul, reducing all things human and divine to the paltry standard of pigmies and automata, instead of holding to one worthy of men, and which belongs to and is the privilege of earth, in its legitimate relations with heaven.

Whatever may be the case as regards the simple movement of tables, which, betimes, may be physical, if it only does not take place by command of the will, the other effects so surprising can only be attributed to an intelligent cause, but by no means to the powers of nature. For, do persons themselves propose the questions to a wooden or marble table, or expect answers from it? Not at all. There is no one so mad. A general persuasion has prevailed that the case concerns spirits, by whom the tables are moved, and who are therefore called *rapping spirits*. Now, these spirits cannot be called good spirits; it would assuredly be blasphemous to assert that angels, or the just made perfect, enjoying eternal felicity, interfere in the ludicrous amusements of men, comply with their vain wish, and gratify their silly curiosity. It would also be utterly impious to say that God, who *hates divination*, and has strictly forbidden it, allows the inhabitants of heaven to be subservient to it. The spirits working the *lying wonders* of these latter days must, therefore, be called the evil spirits, accursed forever, who are continually laying snares for men; and all persons who invoke them or hold any commerce with them render them real worship, and are guilty of the crime of divination, forbidden by the Lord as a horrible abomination, ruinous to the soul in time and eternity.

# O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

## Chapter IX.

KEN IDENTITY. THE COMMIT- OF FRAULEIN. A FRIEND IN D.

nay be readily imagined that passed a day miserable h; a day, a night, too, we add, for though the kind- d Mainwarings visited her, tempted to cheer her up, still ery thought of the dark sus- that rested upon her, made iserable.

ire Mainwaring had imme- y yielded to his daughter's st, and advanced the money sent on to Coblentz, so firm is conviction of the innocence or Fraulein; and unable to meeting the Montagues, he arrowly escaped a quarrel, so iant did he feel at the evident ition of Mrs. Montague to l Maria as the culprit, so that aving them to pay a short o the former, he said,

have always understood it to axiom of English law, that a n is not to be considered till a jury of his countrymen l have declared him to be so; e case is reversed here, Mr. igue, Mrs. Montague having y, in my hearing, pronounced oor young lady, neither more ss than a common thief."

worthy gentleman had told ein to come straight to his immediately on her char- being cleared; how little did nk where and when he should neet Maria Flohrberg!

evening was already far ad- l when the officers returned, [r. Montague found, from one at the countenances of the before either of them spoke, that they had important intelligence to communicate.

"We have found the bracelet, sir," exclaimed the detective; "it has been pledged for the sum of twenty-five pounds, at Mr. Stevens', one of the pawnbrokers in Oxford Street."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Montague, and a cold chill crept through his frame, as he inquired in what name the trinket had been pledged.

"In that of Maria Flohrberg," replied the man, placing the duplicate in Mr. Montague's hand, as he spoke. "It was pledged at a few minutes before eight, last evening, by a foreigner; Mr. Stevens himself took it in; the person who presented it spoke French. He said her veil was down, but she was of fair complexion, with brown hair; and one of his young men could describe the dress she wore; the shawl and bonnet struck him as looking particular, they being both old-fashioned."

Alas! poor Fraulein, here was evidence against thee sufficient to shake even George Montague's faith in thy innocence. For a few moments he was perfectly silent, and the officer forbore to speak, for he saw that he was deeply moved, and even his cruel wife held her peace, for once forbearing to give open vent to the triumph she felt at her assertion of her belief in the delinquencies of poor Fraulein proving correct.

"You, of course, give this person in charge, sir?" said the officer, after he had for some time maintained a respectful silence.

"Where will she be conveyed to?" said George Montague, in a hoarse whisper.

"To the Marylebone police station," replied the officer; "she will have to pass the night there."

"She will pass the night in my house," said Mr. Montague, "and if you have any fear of her making her escape, I am perfectly willing that yourself and your man should remain here. My belief in the lady's innocence is shaken, but I cannot yet condemn her as guilty."

"Stop *here!* Mr. Montague," exclaimed his wife. "You surely are not in earnest, when you remember of what a crime this young person is believed to be guilty."

"I have expressed my desire, madam, I shall not allow the unfortunate girl to be removed to-night," said George Montague, leaving the room to shut himself up in his own study, miserable enough, for black as things appeared against Maria—though the bracelet having been pledged in her name, appeared perfectly conclusive of her guilt—he had still great difficulty in imagining such to be the case, in conjunction with the honest-looking face, the simplicity and candor of the young German.

Did Maria rest on this her last night in that elegant mansion? Ah, no; rest when she knew she was there under a species of imprisonment, suspected guilty of a crime, the very thought of which made her shudder! How could she? Every hour was counted by her, poor soul, as it winged its flight; the only alleviation to her deep misery being the consciousness that good Squire Mainwaring had sent the money to her poor father.

Breakfast was served up in her room by the housekeeper, who sympathized with her like her master, but simply put the small tray, containing chocolate and toast, upon the table, and then left the room without saying a word. She could not eat the food; it seemed as if it would choke her, but she took a small cup of chocolate, and then pushed the tray aside, knelt down again, as she had done once before that morning, and prayed, oh, *how* fervently, that the good God would clear away from her character this horrible suspicion. Maria was still upon her knees, her cold hands clasped in prayer, and tears trickling through her fingers, when she thought she heard the sound of a strange footstep in the gallery without. Her hour was come, she felt it intuitively, and as she pressed her hand upon her heart, for it beat wildly, she heard a knock at the door. She felt assured the officer was without, and, rising from her knees gave him admittance.

"Mein Herr," the alarmed girl exclaimed, "you cannot want *me*. Why are you here again?"

"I am sorry to say I *do* want you, Miss," said the officer. "We have found the bracelet; it has been pledged in your name, and I am obliged to take you, Miss, before the magistrate."

"My God, what sorcery is this?" exclaimed Fraulein, leaping from her seat, pale as a marble statue, and with trembling limbs she tottered across the room. "What do you mean? It is false; it is a lie; it is a calumny," she repeated in the vehemence of her emotion, "that is not true; I say no, I *will* hear *nothing* on this subject; bring Mr. Montague to me, he is a good gentleman, and will believe me."

"But, Miss, you must come with me at once," urged the officer; "it is all true; the bracelet was pledged in your name; you must come to the magistrate, Miss, and not be angry with me, for I *must* do my duty. Mr. Montague cannot see you, Miss, but I wish to do all in my power for you. Will you go quietly, like a lady now? and my man shall fetch a cab for you and me; or, will you choose to walk? for you must come, that is certain."

Again did the excited Fraulein pour forth in a storm of exclamations, in her native tongue, assertions of her innocence, but they were lost upon the officer, who, of course, understood not a word of the language. At last a new idea seemed to seize upon the poor girl's mind; the magistrate would be a gentleman, he might give that credit to her story which was denied her now.

"I will go; I will ride," she said, and then, with an air of assumed calmness, she put on her shawl and bonnet, over which she tied a thick lace veil, drawing the latter closely over her face.

Meanwhile the officer had opened the door, and whispering to his companion without, had dispatched him for a cab; and in a few moments, bowed down with grief and unmerited humiliation, poor Maria Flohrberg left the home of her employers.

The magistrate was busily employed hearing the cases brought before him that day, and Maria found herself hurried into a densely crowded court, surrounded by those unfortunate beings whose very countenances bore evidence to the evil nature of the life they pursued. And more than two hours passed, ere she heard her name called by one of the officers of the court.

Overpowered with shame, and trembling like an aspen leaf, she turned to the spot pointed out by the man who had accompanied her hither, and heard him depose to the circumstances attendant on the late robbery.

Then a man, unknown to Fraulein, stepped forwards; he was the pawnbroker, Stevens.

"I took the bracelet, in question," he said, "from a female similar in height and dress like the prisoner at the bar. I can swear to that shawl, for two of my young men were amusing themselves by noticing that it was very old-fashioned, and asking each other how much they would lend on it were it ever brought to us as a pledge. The person, too, had fair hair, spoke in French, and gave the name of Maria Flohrberg, when giving the bracelet in pledge."

"Dare you say you ever saw my face before. That is not true, I swear it," exclaimed Maria, in a voice which rang through the whole court, and throwing back her veil as she spoke, she confronted the man whose evidence thus unhesitatingly given, signed, as it were, her deathblow.

"It certainly must have been the same person," said the pawnbroker, after he had unflinchingly met that agonized gazé; "she was a foreigner, I am sure; the hair, and height, and dress are the same I can swear, but she kept her veil down when in my shop."

"And at what time, to the best of your remembrance, was this bracelet pledged?" asked the magistrate.

"At ten, or, perhaps, five minutes to eight," replied Stevens. "My men were employed in preparing to close for the night when the prisoner entered the shop, so that I know I am exact as to time."

"What do you say, my God, what do you say!" exclaimed Maria. "I was in the house with my friend, Miss O'Donnell, when you say I was in your shop."

At this moment Fraulein heard the rustle of female attire; her heart beat more violently than ever. Mary, dear Mary, had some wondrous chance brought her back to save her from a prison and from shame? But no, it was no loving, tender friend, who had come to prove an *alibi* for Fraulein, but the woman Wilson, who stepped forwards, and deposed, on oath, to having met the Fraulein Flohrberg on the staircase, dressed in the bonnet and shawl she now wore, at

a little after eight on the evening in question.

Again Maria would have spoken, but she heard the name of Montague, the name of the prosecutor. Oh! no, it could not be; his wife might, but he, so good and just, he would surely not persecute to death one who was innocent as herself.

"Mr. Montague declines to prosecute, your worship," said the officer.

"But he *must* do so," said the magistrate, "the case is no light one, and I shall commit the prisoner for trial; she can give no satisfactory account as to the money she had in her possession either."

A piercing shriek burst from Maria's lips, as these words sounded in her ears; but at that moment an officer of the court stepped forwards, saying,

"There is a gentleman present, your worship, who will stand bail to any amount you wish, so convinced is he of the innocence of the prisoner."

Squire Mainwaring now stepped forwards, and thus addressed the magistrate. "A lady, visiting my house, but unfortunately absent at present, can, I am convinced, swear to her being in company with the prisoner at the house in Harley Street, at the very time she is believed to be in the shop in Oxford Street. We shall also be able to procure the name and address of the person whom Fraulein Flohrberg declares to have met on the evening of the robbery, at about twenty minutes to eight o'clock. I will enter into bail to any amount your worship may please to name, so convinced am I of the innocence of this poor young lady."

Mr. Mainwaring felt sure that the magistrate's view of the case was against Fraulein, and large as was the amount of bail required for the due appearance of Maria, to take her trial at the appointed time, he gladly entered into his own recognizances, and then hurried the poor Fraulein from the scene of the morning's trial.

Faint, sick, covered with shame and mortification, the unhappy Fraulein was assisted into a cab by the kind-hearted Squire, whose hand, I am bound to own as a faithful chronicler, she pressed to her lips in the excess of her gratitude; and the eyes of the good Mr. Mainwaring became humid, as he felt the hot tears fall on that same old withered hand of his. He ordered the cab to drive straight to his own substantial, well-appointed house, in Cavendish Square, and found his wife and daughters eagerly looking out for his arrival.

Poor dear persecuted Fraulein, how kindly did those good souls care for her, and try to extract the thorn which had entered so deeply into her heart; and not attempting to hide the truth of the bitterness of the humiliation she was called on to suffer, reminded her only of One, who, for the example of his followers, submitted to be falsely accused, though the Lord of heaven and earth.

Mary O'Donnell's answer to the barrister's letter was anxiously looked for, for on her evidence, principally, must the acquittal of Fraulein depend, when the trial should come on; her own mind, indeed, appeared a perfect chaos of bewilderment and confusion. Her explanation was lucid enough as to her meeting with Herr Von Sulper, her return home, the way she had employed herself when there, and the second visit of Mary, but she knew nothing about the exact time at which Mary had paid that second visit; it might be eight, it might be later, she said; her only chance of safety clearly rested with her friend.

That some person had worn Maria's garments, there could be no doubt; and who should that be but the woman Wilson, whose height, and the color of whose hair was similar to her own.

Maria remembered she had left her shawl in the study, also her veil and bonnet. It was self-evident that, in the time that intervened after the return home of Fraulein, the woman Wilson, confident that she should not be discovered, had used Fraulein's garments, and admitting herself to the house with a key, had not been seen to return, whilst Maria had been met by herself, she positively swore, *after* the hour of eight.

Everything, it was clear, would rest upon Mary's evidence, and that of the Herr Von Sulper, whom the barrister declared he would write to at once, directing his letter to the gentleman at whose house General O'Donnell had lived while at Coblentz, and advising him that his evidence would be necessary at the approaching trial, not only as to the point of time, but also to swear to his having given the unfortunate girl the money, part of which was assumed to be a portion of the proceeds of the stolen property.

"Now cheer up, Fraulein," said the clever young barrister, "the case is quite clear, and we will get you honorably through; but, above all things, when you come into court, try and keep yourself perfectly calm."

Poor Fraulein was full of gratitude to her kind friends, but ere she left them for the night, she said, "I have a favor to ask;" then blushing deeply, she added, "they say *I* took this bracelet; do not keep me here in this house; let me have some small room by myself, till they all shall say I never stole it"

The Mainwarings respected the feeling which induced Fraulein to make this request, and the next day they engaged, for her use, two neat apartments in Hampstead Road, until the trial should be over.

## Chapter X.

### MARY AT INNISMORE. DEATH AMIDST THE MOUNTAINS. THE CLOISTER.

A LOVELY summer evening was that on which Mary O'Donnell again beheld the old tower of Innismore rising above the valley in which the castle was situated, whilst in all their sublime grandeur frowned the heather-clad mountains; the sun was just setting, and its last rays shed a golden light on the fertile and luxuriantly wooded valley, now buried in such calm repose. The building was raised some two hundred years since, on the site of a very ancient structure, one tower of which still remained. The rays of the sun glittered cheerily on the white granite walls of the edifice, and though the sudden illness of Mrs. O'Donnell was the cause of Mary's summons hither, still she felt that pleasure we all experience on our return homewards.

Old Conelly, a trusty and faithful servitor of the family, was the first to bid her welcome, with his, "Isn't it well plazed we all are to see your purty face again, Miss Mary, for the misthress has been looking afther ye since long forenint the sun set the evening, and its sorra ill she is, but—"

The old man was interrupted by the lightfooted Bridget, who hastened forwards to conduct Mary to her mistress's room, and led the way through a staircase of carved oak, to the rooms occupied by her mother, as she was wont to call the good lady of Innismore.

Mrs. O'Donnell was, indeed, very ill; still the physician hoped the crisis was past; and the arrival of the affectionate girl, whom she loved as if she were her own, called up a smile on the wan and suffering face.

Mr. O'Donnell was seated by the bedside, his usually good-humored, pleasant countenance, all the worse

for the nights and days of anxiety he had lately passed, and he, too, pressed a fatherly kiss on the fair young forehead of the daughter of his adoption.

"Now, darling mother," said Mary, pillowing the invalid's yet throbbing head upon her gentle bosom, "you must have no one to nurse you but me, and you must soon get well again under my care; and when you can listen, I have much to tell you of your English friends."

But Mrs. O'Donnell thought she could listen then, and so before the moon had shed its pale rays over yonder mountain, at the foot of which the castle rose, much had been told of home scenes and home friends in England, and almost one of the first named, on account of her connection with General O'Donnell, was the unfortunate Maria Flohrberg.

"But what can Margaret have written to me about so soon," said Mary to herself, as the very next morning, on taking her place again in her dear old sitting-room to do the honors of the breakfast-table, she perceived a letter there bearing the London postmark. It contained a few brief lines; told her of the scene that had taken place at the Montagues, the loss of the bracelet, the suspicion that had fallen on Fraulein, and ended with telling her that she should write again on the following day.

In no small anxiety did Mary watch for the second epistle. She received it in due course, but *this* time it was in the handwriting of the barrister.

We need not, of course, repeat its contents, with the nature of which the reader is already acquainted; everything was explained, and the concluding lines were as follows:

"The trial will come on probably in about six weeks from the present time, and you, my dear Miss O'Donnell, will be subpœnaed as one of our principal witnesses, for we expect much to hear from you, that you were with Fraulein at the very time in which it is stated she pledged the bracelet. If, as we hope and believe, you can state this on your oath, your evidence alone will be amply sufficient for the acquittal of poor Maria Flohrberg."

This epistle caused no small uneasiness at Innismore, for Mrs. O'Donnell was very ill, but still she might be quite recovered long before the time specified; and to relieve, at once, the minds of her friends from all doubt, Mary wrote as follows:

"INNISMORE.

"DEAR SIR: I can say, on my oath, that Maria Flohrberg and myself were chatting together, in her chamber, from a quarter before till a quarter after eight, the evening previous to my leaving home. I had been with her for an hour, earlier in the evening; we went out together at a little before seven; I parted from her at the top of Regent Street, and a very little later, thought that being faint and ill, a few peaches might be an acceptable offering; I purchased them, and returned almost immediately, but Maria had arrived home before me; she had just finished a short note. She also told me the reason *why* she had been out at all that evening, and of the fortunate termination of her trouble. I can swear to the time, because not only did the church clock chime the three-quarters after seven, but the timepiece in Maria's room pointed to the same hour. I shall be quite ready, my dear sir, whenever you call upon me," continued Mary. "From what I have heard, I think giving one's evidence in a court of justice must be a most painful task, and a species of torture I could willingly dispense with; but I hope to come off with credit, and trust that you will find me a very clear-headed witness. Give my best love to your mother and sisters, not forgetting our poor Fraulein. I was much shocked at the contents of the note I have just received. Yours very truly,

"MARY O'DONNELL."

Slowly but surely Mrs. O'Donnell recovered from an illness which

ight her almost to the
he grave; but a naturally
constitution had enabled
iumph over it, and the
solicitude of Mary was at
owned with success, by
; her friend again occupy
tomed place in the library,
dinary apartments of In-

fair September evening,
week before the time
subpœna that morning
on her told her she must
don, to give her evidence
proaching trial of Maria
, Mary was seated alone
rary with Mrs. O'Donnell;
had just risen; every
the room was seen as
in the full light of mid-
its mild soft rays fell full
le face of the yet scarcely
ent Mrs. O'Donnell. Mary
aloud till the sun had set,
ow speaking of a subject
er heart, the approaching
fear, for she *did* fear, her
in a court of justice, when
e of the evening, hitherto
urbed, was broken by a
itive voice warbling the
simple words, some little
off; the voice sometimes
close at hand, then again
way in a painful feeble
, as it were, among the
ills.

l life was ever full of sorrow:
joy, it knew no morrow;
l, my love would end in woe,
e deepest grief this heart could

rere torture far beyond belief,
love for me could work such grief:
hese rocks and glens may sigh
he livelong day, at eve mayhap to

red for, not one tear to lave
re wretched Ailey finds a grave.
false; my child, she knows not I
near, yet all alone to die."

ad sat with folded hands
d lips, bending forwards,
atch each word that fell
lips of the songstress; at
had paid but little atten-
tion, but suddenly a chord was touched which had long since ceased to vibrate in her affectionate heart; she had heard that air to which the words were sung in far other scenes, on the waters of the broad Atlantic; far, far away in a penal settlement; again in this the land of her nativity; but ever, ever amid sorrow and suffering. The voice, too, was not unlike; and yet the lips of her of whom she thought had long since been closed in death; yet, again the strain is borne on the evening air, and the name of Ailey falls upon her ear, the remaining words feebly dying away as if sung at a considerable distance.

She had sat, as it were, speechless, transfixed; but suddenly she bounded from her seat, "Mother, I come, I come," shrieked the girl, and Mrs. O'Donnell (ah! well she knew who had sung those words) saw but the flutter of her white robe as she rushed through the open window into the valley beyond.

And still fell on her affrighted ear those words, uttered in that heart-thrilling tone, "My mother, my mother," as Mary rushed through valley and glen, round by the hillside and beneath the overhanging rocks in her wild despairing search.

Mrs. O'Donnell tottered to the bell rope, and bid the affrighted servants hasten in all directions in search of their young mistress.

The distracted Mary had already searched fruitlessly for the mother whom she was convinced still lived, and was now aided in her search by the servants. A horrible fear took possession of her soul; what if she had perished by falling into one of the many pieces of water which abounded in that fertile spot.

Suddenly a thought struck her, and in a rich deep voice she sang the last line of the ballad. Her idea was a happy one; the wanderer then feared not that she should be repelled, for, lo, again,

but very feebly, oh! so feebly, as if it were the last effort of expiring nature, fell upon the air, the words,

"Am watching near, but all alone to die."

For one moment Mary stood irresolute; but yes, the voice must surely come from beneath that overhanging rock, and the girl awakes the echoes amidst the distant mountains with the heart-stirring words, "Mother, mother!"

Onward she flies till she reaches that friendly rock; she *feels*, she *knows* she will surely find the dying wanderer there.

Look down, ye holy angels, and rejoice, for the soul of the outcast has made its peace with God, and she is not to be denied one long and last embrace from the dear one from whom she had so long been severed.

The moon shone forth in unusual splendor, not the smallest fleecy cloud passing over its disk to mar its brilliancy; the parent and child are alone; the warm arms of Mary cradle the dying mother; the head, already damp with the dews of death, reposes on her gentle bosom; and hot tears fall on that cold face, every feature of which has, in the long lapse of years, been fondly treasured in the heart of the loving child.

"Ah! mother, mother! they told me you were dead, long, long years since," sighed Mary; "oh, why was this?"

"My love, for thee, Mavourneen; my love for thee," feebly gasped the dying woman; "to see thee made a lady, to spare thee coming under thy mother's ban, I made thee think that I was dead; and now, glory be to God," said the dying woman raising her attenuated hands to heaven, "I can kiss and bless thee, my own heart's treasure, before I die, and Ailey is content; that air thou didst remember Mavourneen, and the blessed Mary hath heard my prayer."

The sacredness of the scene was respected by the servants, but Conelly stepped forwards.

"His mistress wished," he said, "the dying woman to be brought to the Castle; she had already sent for the services of the parish priest; couldn't they carry her to Innismore."

But no, it might not be, for Ailey could not bear removal; but close, quite close at hand, much nearer than the Castle, was the cottage of Bridget's mother, and thither they carried Ailey, and the priest was soon at his post, to strengthen the dying one with the last sacraments of the church. She lingered through the night, but ere the sun had gilded with its golden rays the tall summit of the mountains, the soul of Ailey had passed to its rest, her head pillowed on the shoulder of her child.

Why is it that the outpouring of parental love, so often returns in so thin a stream from the heart of the child? Why is it that so often it is found so strong in its descent, so weak and feeble in its upward current? But not so was it with Mary.

It was well for her after peace of mind, that her dying mother, in the few hours which she spent with her newly found child, dropped no word by which she made known to Mary the stern repulse she had met from Mrs. O'Donnell, in the vain effort she had made to see her child; if she had, it were difficult to say whether or no Mary could again have borne to reside at Innismore. Still, humanly speaking, Mrs. O'Donnell could not be blamed for having kept the unfortunate Ailey so strictly to the performance of her promise; she naturally dreaded lest the child whom she had adopted should become by contact with its unfortunate, weak, and erring mother, a sharer in that mother's misery.

A few days later, then, the remains of poor Ailey were conveyed

to their rest in the churchyard of Innismore, and it was, perhaps, well for Mary that she should be denied the power of brooding over the death of her mother, and dwelling on the miseries which had preceded it, by her almost immediate departure for London. Yet there was one visit to be paid first, for Mary's resolution, made long since, scarce needed the last overwhelming trial to render it firmer than it had previously been.

Not far from Innismore was an humble Convent of Carmelite Nuns, with whom Mary had been educated, and now, pale and tearful, clad in robes of deepest mourning, she sought the Prioress, in order to inquire if she could be admitted into the house, on her return from London.

"Mrs. O'Donnell then is dead, my dear child," was the first remark of the nun, who knew the secret of Mary's birth, and that the name of O'Donnell did not belong to her in her own right, and who had heard of the death of her mother, when Mary was first a pupil in the convent school.

With much surprise then did she listen to the story unfolded to her by Mary, who added,

"You may well understand that Innismore is no longer a place in which I can bear to dwell, associated as it will ever be with such painful remembrances. I have now to visit London, summoned thither as witness in a criminal court, and would wish *not* to visit Innismore, but to come here on my return to Ireland instead. I have the consent of my benefactors for so doing."

"God has led you to himself by the path of suffering, my child," said the gentle nun, "and if it be his will, that after the ordinary term of noviciate has expired, you should make your profession amongst us, your wounded heart may yet taste a peace which you have not known in the world. Come with me, Mary, the community even now are at recreation; some you will remember; of course the lapse of six years will have wrought a change; others have been removed by the hand of death, a visitation, as you know, terribly felt in a community which is a little world in itself; and you will also recognize some new faces amongst our novices and younger nuns; they will gladly welcome their new sister."

As the nun spoke thus, she passed from the reception-room into the gallery without, down a spacious staircase, and through the quiet cloisters, paved with marble, till she reached the gardens, where the chief part of the community had adjourned.

The appearance of a beloved Superior was the signal for the nuns to join her, and Mary, their former docile, clever pupil, was warmly welcomed by those who of old had been her preceptresses, whilst the younger nuns, to whom she was a stranger, came forward to tender her their kindly salute.

With a full heart and tears welling into her eyes, Mary looked upon the quiet group; here, she thought to herself, is quietude and peace, where the soul may at last find rest; she knew, too, the histories of some amongst the sisterhood; how two or three were daughters of noble families, who had been reared in the lap of luxury, but who felt a void within their hearts which the world could not satisfy; who felt themselves called, as it were, to serve God in religious seclusion, and by cutting asunder human ties, did but anticipate that severance which, sooner or later, the hand of death would effect. Others there were, too, whose hearts, like her own, had ached under the pressure of earthly sorrow, or who, perchance, had found this life one arduous struggle; who, delicately reared, had only poverty for their inheri-

ance; these latter sisters had, mayhap, sought religion with a less perfect intention, but there they were nevertheless; and even as when two children make to some fond parent an offering of affection, the one, mayhap, a lovely rose, the other, some wild wayside flower, yet both are accepted with love, so, may we hope, that the great Father of all would reject none of these, his children, whether they bring him hearts full of love, but untried with worldly care, or, whether they are those who have tried the world, and, whom the world has sorely tried, too, and who seek the cloister's calm and quiet shade with aching hearts, hearts which long for rest and peace, hearts which trouble, and sorrow, and disappointment, and wreck of earthly hope, or, perchance, the death of some dear one, on whom their affections were too firmly fixed,—for, "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also"—hath led the soul to God.

(To be continued.)

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## IN EXITU ISRAEL.

*Out of the land of Egypt*
God's children rejoicing went,
From the house of alien bondage,
The land of their banishment.

*Out of the land of Egypt,*
The ancient prophecies run;
The words of God the Father,
"I have called my only Son."

*Out of the land of Egypt,*
We too have rejoicing come;
Led by our infant captain,
Back to our native home.

*Out of the land of Egypt,*
Oh! let us never return
Unto the courts of Herod;—
None for the flesh-pots yearn.

*Out of the land of Egypt,*
Led by Faith's guiding ray,
We, as the Eastern sages,
Go home another way.

*Out of the land of Egypt,*
Safe from the coming wrath,
May we find a peace ne'er-ending,
In our heavenly Nazareth.

VIGIL OF THE EPIPHANY, 1874.

# BROTHER PHILIP, SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

### A DEPARTED BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND.

THE number of great men is not such that their memory should be allowed to drop into obscurity with their mortal remains, as these are hidden beneath the only covering earth offers the prince or the pauper.

If the humility of such men has led them to remain unknown amid the multitude of good works which proclaimed their existence, justice requires that we should draw their names from the seclusion which would in a certain sense belie the declaration of Him who has promised that the memory of the just shall be held in eternal benediction. Show us a man who has labored in a good cause from the hour in which premature grace has opened the eyes of his intelligence to the grandeur of his vocation; place this man in the lowest as well as in the highest offices; present him in these various positions, ever true to his higher nature, undeviating, even for an hour, in the struggle with the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life; let him be the representative of the church in her grandest battle, during half a century; at the same time while he has sought to be unknown, let him be shown as the bosom friend of the Holy Father, the recipient of honors from monarchical as well as republican governments; let this man be known to his friends as one who never knew how to falter, and to his enemies, if he had any, because of the work he represented, as one who never suffered defeat; and, having brought to our mind the man in whom all these traits are combined, let us say with the writer, such was the humble, learned, indefatigable Brother Philip, late Superior of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

It has been well said by the great tribune of the metropolis, in speaking of the Sister of Charity, that "she has no name," save that which she has borrowed, the better to show the specific nature of her life; so Brother Philip is known to us only as the humble religious without a name, but that which he has immortalized, and a fame that time but increases and study will make stronger.

Brother Philip was born in Gachat (Loire), on the 1st of November, 1792. He was therefore at his death about the same age as the present gloriously reigning Pope Pius IX. He saw the light in days which beheld the Church a victim to the insatiate rage of exultant ruffianism, when Catholicity among Frenchmen was a passport to the guillotine, and where blasphemy was the stepping-stone to momentary glory.

With his friends from America Brother Philip loved to speak of those days when he had to go, like the Christians of old, in the darkness of the night, while tyranny slept, only to awaken refreshed for new excesses, and then receive the word of life,—Christian instruction, from the venerable pastor whose love for little children overcame the desire he had to grasp the martyr's crown.

Under such circumstances did the future Superior-General prepare to do battle for the cause of God, and learn to despise the false cry of an age that proclaims the liberty of libertinism, while forbidding the freedom of those who

seek to announce the truth which makes men free.

Libanius, the orator, pronounced the emperors happy who lived in the days when the golden-mouthed Chrysostom sent forth his measured utterances. Without flattery it may be said that the Order was blessed, that during so many years was directed by the counsels of Brother Philip, and led on to its present high standard through the observance of those wise maxims he so frequently and so urgently repeated, in season and out of season, to his attached confrères and willing subjects.

After edifying his native village during seventeen years, he entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers on the 6th of November, 1809.

At this early age he gave evidence of the master mind he was to manifest. The evil one was not idle, and so far did he prevail upon the young athlete, that in a moment of discouragement he was about to escape from the novitiate, when a warning voice and a cheering word brought back the future Superior-General.

Old Brothers, it is said, occasionally recalled this episode to their dear Brother Philip, and the latter always gracefully acknowledged his momentary faltering, and thanked his good friends whose prayers, he said, must have saved his vocation.

It required but a few years for the energy, zeal, learning, and piety of Brother Philip to bring him to a forward position in the estimation of the Institute of which he was a member. Accordingly, while he was yet but thirty years of age, we find him elected a delegate to the General Chapter of the order held in 1822, thirteen years after he had entered the Institute.

To religious who know the care with which such delegates are selected, and the number from among which they are to be chosen, this early public recognition of Brother Philip's worth as a man, a religious, and a scholar, all of which are considered in selecting a delegate, must afford the fullest evidence of the prominent place he had attained, not only in the estimation of his superiors, but likewise among his equals and inferiors.

At the General Chapter of 1822, he represented his district, being then Director, we believe, of the important community of St. Nicholas in Paris. Eight years after, another convention of the order having been called, the choice of the delegates, among whom was Brother Philip, fell upon the still youthful Director, and he was elected Second Assistant to the Superior-General, there being at that time four Brothers bearing the burdens of that position.

Had there been any undue valuation placed upon the talents of Brother Philip, he was now in a position to be more fully known than at any previous time. Placed under the immediate notice of the Superior-General, brought into direct communication with thousands of his Brothers, many of whom were his seniors in years and in religion, so far from losing the confidence so early given, he gained upon the affections of all, and even the few who doubted his experience admitted the wisdom of the choice that had selected him for so important a position. He continued in this during seven years, when the sixteenth General Chapter was held, in which Brother Philip was continued in office for a term of ten years.

Brother Anaclet, then Superior-General, having died the following year (1838), another Chapter was called, and the prayers of the entire Order were offered that a worthy successor might be given to a man all had loved. Their supplication received a propitious response, and

the Brothers throughout the world rejoiced that their new Superior was the justly renowned Brother Philip, in whom all had so much confidence, and whose comparative youthful manhood rendered likely to live for many years, to serve an Institute he had so long honored.

Let the reader recall the historical tragedies that have passed on the stage of French history since that time; let him recall the constant and unvarying battle of revolutionism against truth and church or education, and hence form some idea of the anxieties, the responsibilities of such a position as that of Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, a body of men whose principles, objects, and constitutions are diametrically opposed to the machinations, the designs, and the aspirations of the enemies of Christian education.

It is not necessary to speak of the immense labor entailed in such a position, from the numerous letters, grave questions, and urgent communications received, all of which have to pass under the immediate supervision and receive the personal attention of the Superior-General.

One would imagine that to do even a portion of this work would be sufficient to occupy his whole time. Yet he found leisure to write a large number of works; he brought the systems of instruction used in the Institute to the highest point of perfection, and did all this without neglecting any of those duties more directly coupled with his position.

He had always manifested a great interest in the cause of the canonization of the great servant of God, John Baptist de La Salle, founder of the order of Christian Brothers. So zealously did he labor, that two years after his election, the decree was promulgated, declaring de La Salle VENERABLE, and permitting further proceedings in the case.

During his generalship the order took unexpected and unusual extension. Brothers were sent by him to America. They were likewise sent to the French colonies, even to China; also to all the most important other portions of the world. Before his time they had been principally confined to France. Hence Americans should not forget one who has done so much and such valuable service in the cause of Catholicity, by introducing a body whose success has been so remarkable.

Perhaps the action of the General Chapter of 1838 will best illustrate the confidence placed in the new Superior. Having examined various letters, memorials, and communications, the body adjourned, leaving the arrangement of such matters, as in these various papers needed attention, to the wisdom of the newly elected helmsman.

There were many characteristic traits in Brother Philip which may be interesting to know.

Naturally he was not very communicative, but it has been universally remarked, that upon the arrival of strangers, he would always do them the satisfaction of asking many questions about the countries whence they had come. Repeatedly he would take occasion to meet them, asking if all their wants were supplied, and doing all in his power to make his visitors feel that while away from their country they were still "at home."

He always professed the greatest interest in his American provinces, and never failed, especially during the last years of his life, to send some little souvenir at New Year's to his dear children across the waters.

Some years after his election he commenced the publication of a series of works on religious subjects, since translated into several modern

languages, and largely read by members of religious orders, of men and of women. As far as we can recollect, the following list comprises most of his works known in this country:

1. "Meditations," being a synopsis of subjects classified under different headings, for each day in the year, according to the Sundays' gospels.

2. "Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels," a work of much research, and one greatly recommended by learned ecclesiastics in Europe. It is written for advanced classes in schools and colleges, but also suited to the uses of pastors in parochial instruction.

3. "Thoughts of the Venerable de La Salle," a collection of the letters and instructions left by the holy founder, to which are added a large number of circular letters, sent at different times by his predecessors. After these come about twenty short treatises on various subjects, from the pen of Brother Philip himself.

4. "Motives of Encouragement," a work dealing with, and refuting such objections, and removing such difficulties as young religious teachers encounter.

5. "The Particular Examen." This perhaps is one of the most useful works he has written. It is a large volume, and treats exhaustively of the virtues religious should practice, and the defects they should avoid. A feature of the work is the opening and the closing of each subject by copious and appropriate quotations of Scripture. This book has had, and still has, very extensive sale outside of the Order, among the various religious orders in France and America, not to mention Germany. In this work will also be found a numerous collection of subjects on the duties of Christian teachers—a feature not found in any other similar work with which we are acquainted.

6. "The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." In this, as in all his works on special subjects, the learned Superior opens with a CONSIDERATION, continued by an APPLICATION of the subject, closing the treatment with a prayer full of unction, this being followed by a *résumé* of the whole, to be used in meditating.

We must be excused for not furnishing extracts from these and the following works, as it would lead us beyond the limits of an article, and would not do the works anything like justice.

7. "The Eucharist, and the Sacred Heart." This work will probably give most pleasure to the members of female communities, though the next work on our list may be equally acceptable.

8. "Meditations on the Most Blessed Virgin." The CATHOLIC RECORD, in reviewing this work, was pleased to say:

"We notice with undisguised pleasure, as a most promising omen for the new incumbent of the metropolitan see, that one of his first approbations should be affixed to a work on the most Blessed Virgin, issued in his own Archdiocese, whose crest bears the fitting inscription, 'Auspice Maria.'

"It is divided according to the festivals of the year; also according to the subjects embraced, from 'Mary predestined to be the Mother of God' to 'The Assumption of Mary.' Next come meditations on 'Her Virtues,' followed by others on 'Her Greatness and Patronage,' concluding with fifteen meditations on 'Devotion to Mary.'

"There is an almost entire absence of any allusion to the much-used field of the miraculous, the author preferring, it would seem, to found his reasoning on certain accepted and dogmatic principles, building on these principles a beautiful superstructure of devotional reasoning, still devoid, as we re-

mark, of anything purely assumed. To pastors whose month of May exercises call for instruction for their flocks, we know not any work more to be commended. The treatment of the subjects will be found in keeping with the middle and higher class of intelligence, while it will not fail to greatly edify even the most illiterate."

9. "Meditations on the Religious Life." This is the largest of Brother Philip's works, is in two volumes, and embraces every subject connected with the religious state. It is not yet translated into English, but we hope it will soon appear in its new dress.

The Censor, in giving his opinion on the above work to the venerable Archbishop of Tours, says: "What gives these Meditations a special character of strength and unction, is the clear and simple style constantly nourished and heightened by texts of Scripture interwoven, and thus made mutually explanatory. All in these Meditations bear the impress of the spirit of God and of consummate experience. We believe this work cannot be too much recommended to those who seek religious perfection, and those who have charge of the conduct of others."

"We desire," says the Archbishop, "that this book should be largely distributed."

10. "Meditations on St. Joseph." This will afford great edification to all who rejoice in the honor lately conferred on the Guardian of Mary, in making him the protector of the Universal Church, and thus honoring, in this age of unbelief, him who in his relations to Mary gave great evidence that blessed was he, because without seeing he did believe in the innocence of his chaste spouse.

11. "The Last Ends." Brother Philip, like all experienced in the ways of God, knew that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" hence the above was one of the first books he issued. It is replete with the profoundest conviction of eternal truth, and cannot fail to make a deep impression upon the earnest reader.

These are the works that suggest themselves to our memory. There are some others, we believe.

While thus engaged he was not unmindful, as we have said, of the duties of his position proper.

The Institute kept on progressing, and was in the full growth of its prosperity, when the late Franco-Prussian war came in to make sad havoc in many homes.

Enemies of religion claim that Catholicity, and the religious life in particular, is opposed to patriotism; they say that a good monk *must* be a bad citizen.

The conduct of Brother Philip is the best illustration of the falsity of their assertions.

Several hundred aged Brothers, already on the retired list, having been asked by the venerable Superior what they could do for their country in her hour of need, generously offered to become "hearty again," and to teach classes while the younger members, under marshals appointed by their general, Philip, went out on the battle-fields, or hastened to the hospitals and ambulances to succor friend and foe. While parties fought among themselves as to who was to blame for the war and its disasters, Brother Philip resolved to do his share in removing or assuaging these horrors. The subjoined letter should be written in letters of gold, and if the French government wishes to erect him a monument, no better epitaph could be placed over this patriotic religious than this magnificent letter:

"PARIS, August 15th, 1870.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE:

"Notwithstanding the labors of the scholastic year, made yet more fatiguing by the excessive heat of these summer

months, our Brothers wish to avail themselves of the time of vacation in order to pay a new tribute of devotion to their country.

"Consequently, Monsieur le Ministre, I now place at your disposal all the free establishments we possess, such as those in Passy, Saint-Omer, Thionville, Dijon, Beauvais, Dreux, Lille, Rheims, Lyon, Chambery, Le Puy, Béziers, Toulouse, Marseilles, Avignon, Rodez, Nantes, Quimper, Tours, Orleans, Moulins, Clermont, Our Mother House, Oudinot Street, Paris, &c.; and, as far as we are concerned, the houses and parish schools directed by us throughout the whole empire, to be converted into ambulances.

"All the Brothers who conduct these free and public establishments, offer to take care of the sick and wounded who may be given them in charge.

"The soldiers love our Brothers, and our Brothers love them; a great number of them having been brought up in our schools, will be happy to receive care and attention inspired by the zeal and devotion of their former masters.

"The members of my council, our Brothers, visitors, and myself, forgetting our fatigue and the many years we have devoted to the education of the working classes, will make it our duty to superintend this service, and to encourage our Brothers in that act of charity and devotion.

"In these dispositions, I have the honor to be, &c."

The history of the Brothers during this fearful struggle, may be compiled from the numerous letters received by the Superior-General and his companions. We republish a couple.

The following is a letter addressed to the *Armorique* of St. Brieuc:

"We beg you to permit us, through your columns, in the name of the Saint Brieuc Company of Firemen, to express publicly our thanks to the Institute of the Christian Brothers, for the kindly welcome they gave to a portion of our company during their stay in Paris.

"Each one of us can bear witness to the kind attention he uniformly received from the Brothers with whom we were brought in contact; and, above all, do we cherish the grateful remembrance of their venerable and most gifted Superior-General, Brother Philip, who, from our arrival till our departure, ceased not to load us with the most delicate and thoughtful attentions.

"With our thanks, Mr. Editor, you will also please accept our respectful consideration.

"A. GUEPIN,
"Capt. St. Brieuc Firemen.
"LEUDUGER FORTMOREL,
"Surgeon St. Brieuc Firemen."

A work recently published, with the inviting title, "The Brothers of the Christian Schools during the war of 1870–71," thus describes how Brother Philip received soldiers in his own house in Paris:

"The Dinan men, and a squad from St. Brieuc, are conducted to the Faubourg St. Germain, to the Mother House of the Brothers, in Oudinot Street.

"On entering the establishment, our brave Bretons are received by a venerable old man, with a smiling aspect, a mild yet penetrating look; this man, one of the most popular in Paris, is Brother Philip, the same who had placed his school and his Brothers at the country's service.

"He wishes to welcome in person and do the honors of his house to these worthy sons of dear and noble Brittany. Some of them may have been his pupils forty or fifty years ago; most of them have attended the Brothers' schools; to him they are all sons and friends. 'Make yourselves at home here,' said he, 'and consider this as your own; the Brothers are all the servants of the country's servants. How many are you?' he added. 'Two hundred.' 'Perhaps they are too numerous,' said one of the Brothers present, with an inquiring glance at his Superior. 'They are not too numerous,' said Brother Philip; 'our novices, who are not fatigued, can go and sleep at the Brothers' house in Passy.'

"And he himself conducted his new guests to a vast dormitory, where, in a little time, two hundred good beds were prepared. The Brothers had, moreover, the considerate kindness to place in the dormitory a sufficient number of tables covered with writing paper, pens, and inkstands, as if to invite every fireman to write home to his family.

"The officers were lodged in little rooms very plainly furnished, indeed, but exquisitely neat and clean.

"Provisions were the next thing to be thought of. It was no easy matter to procure them, none of the men knowing the city well enough to make the necessary purchases promptly and economically. The Superior-General helped them out of their dilemma by taking charge of all such matters, with the most disinterested kindness.

"In accordance with the desire of the officers, it was he who presided at their table, addressing to each some kind and patriotic words, making plain to all the inalienable rights of justice, which not only consecrates generous actions and laudable devotedness, but which, sooner or later, try and chastise prevaricating nations who are forgetful of their destiny.

"During the four days that the firemen from the Cotes-du-Nord passed in the Brothers' house, Oudinot Street, they were treated with the kindest attention.

"When they took leave of those who had extended to them such cordial and generous hospitality, tears of gratitude were seen in many an eye. When wishing them a safe journey home, Brother Philip gave to each a medal of the Blessed Virgin, hanging from a little tricolor badge. That precious medal was brought home by our Bretons to their families, and was seen shining on their breasts as they returned to their noble country."

Perhaps while Brother Philip showed himself so patriotic, his Brothers had failed to inspire patriotism in the children. One incident will suffice to prove that they were taught to be patriotic. At the close of the term, while the Brothers were talking to their children in several cities about what they should have for premiums, small gatherings were noticed immediately after, and in a few minutes the boys said: "Brother, what are you going to do during vacation?" "Take care of our sick soldiers," was the response. "Then," replied these brave lads, "save our premium-money to buy refreshments and medicines for our fathers and brothers."

So many and such distinguished services were not sufficient to save the Brothers from the fury of the Commune. Indeed, they were among the first to be selected as victims. At this juncture Brother Philip, who belonged to the whole Institute, and not merely to Paris, was obliged by his council to leave the capital. On his return he was saddened to see the devastation that had been perpetrated. He thus wrote on the subject:

"PARIS, 9th June.

"I cannot express what my feelings are at the sight of this unfortunate city, which has its finest monuments and vast numbers of its houses reduced to heaps of ruins. Neither can I describe my emotions on crossing the threshold of our mother house, where I found only Brothers waiting to welcome me with tears of mingled sorrow and happiness. With what inexpressible joy I saw again that dear Brother Calixtus, who had been a prisoner in my place, and our dear Brothers Baudime and Facile, who had so courageously shared his danger and his affliction.

"As it was the hour for benediction, we went to prostrate ourselves at the feet of our divine Saviour,

receive his gracious blessing, and to thank him with our whole hearts for the providential aid he had granted us. After benediction the hymn *Ecce quam bonum* was chanted. How my heart swelled with joy and gratitude on hearing, under such circumstances, those admirable words of the prophet!

"Yes, the scene was a sublime one, and more akin to heaven than earth.

"I afterwards tried to address our dear Brothers, thus joyfully reunited, but so great was my emotion that I could only say a few words of congratulation and encouragement, and tell them how much our Brothers in the provinces were interested in them, and how charitably they had everywhere welcomed their brethren who had been forced to fly from Paris."

It was during those terrible days that Brother Philip consented to receive a decoration he had repeatedly refused.

From the time of Louis Philippe, the various governments that succeeded each other in France offered the Cross of Honor to the venerable Superior-General, but the worthy old man always avoided receiving this mark of public esteem. But when defeat had fallen upon the arms of his country, and when hundreds of sick and dying soldiers needed to be encouraged in the humiliation of their country, then did Brother Philip consent to receive the decoration of the Cross of Honor, won by his heroic devotedness to the health and happiness of his country's cause.

It was Dr. Ricord, physician-in-chief, who had the privilege of honoring himself by publicly honoring the illustrious and patriotic Brother Philip.

At the close of the war, the Brothers returned to their wonted avocations, and one of Brother Philip's first labors was to prepare matter for, and call together the General Chapter of the Institute. Here his humility caused him to seek, in the place of age and infirmity, a relief from the burden of the Superior-Generalship.

But the members, instructed by their constituents, and advised by the chief bishops of France, declared that though they had to carry him in an armchair, he should remain Superior.

Yielding to their appeal, he continued in office, and shortly after the close of the Chapter, had the inexpressible consolation of being invited to Rome to receive the decree from the Holy Father declaring that the venerable Jean Baptiste de La Salle had practiced in an heroic degree the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity towards God and his neighbor, as also the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance, and their dependents. His interview with the Holy Father, previous to the ceremony, is interesting. The following synopsis we take from a French journal:

"The Holy Father on leaving his private apartments, casting a glance over the various parties who had called upon him, said in a loud voice to the Cardinals and prelates: 'There is Brother Philip. He is here to assist at the triumph of the founder of his company, the venerable de La Salle.'

"Approaching the good Brother, he gave his hand to be kissed, after which an interesting conversation ensued.

"Before dismissing his visitors he said some words to them in general, which terminated by this expression: 'I bless all these good people, and once more Brother Philip.'"

On All Saints' Day, as Mgr. Bartolini commenced the reading of the decree mentioned above, Brother Philip knelt. The Holy Father perceiving this, said to the lector: "Do not leave Brother Philip kneeling; that brave old man must

be very fatigued." And he was allowed to take a more convenient posture.

The Pope always seems to have delighted in honoring Brother Philip. After returning from the ceremony, the Superior-General noticed in the entrance of his temporary residence some baskets containing all sorts of pastry. Having inquired about them, the servant informed him they were a gift of the Holy Father. The Pope had said to his servants: "The Brothers are to have a little feast, and I must add to its joys."

Some years ago, at a general meeting of prelates from all parts of the world, and of the Superiors of religious orders, the Holy Father, availing himself of the Scriptural coincidence, said in the hearing of the Assembly: "Well, Philip, where shall we find bread for all this multitude?" "Holy Father," responded the Brother, "here is wherewith to feed them for three days," and he presented the gift of his Institute.

It was feared by many who knew the delicate state of his health that this trip to Rome would be of serious injury. Their anticipations were soon realized. Shortly after his return he was taken ill, and in a few days became sick beyond hope of recovery. Telegrams were received in this country, and the Brothers throughout the provinces begged for a prolongation of his days. It was of no avail.

As a learned prelate remarked to a friend of the writer: "Brother Philip's crowning glory was given him in Rome lately. He has worked enough; why seek to deprive him longer of his reward?"

This great benefactor of youth, the father rather than the Superior of his Brothers, died on the 7th of January, after receiving the last rites of religion from the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and a special blessing, by telegraph, from the Pope, and having spent sixty-four years and some months in the Institute, of whose Councils he had been nearly sixty years a member, and whose interests he fostered as Superior-General during nearly forty.

His obsequies took place in the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, and were honored by the presence of the Cardinal Archbishops of Paris and Rouen, the Archbishops of Nimes and Sura, and Mons. Buffet, President of the National Assembly.

May the blessing this new Jacob bestowed upon all his children, a short time before his death, rest upon them, and enable them to become, as he was, true children of La Salle.

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## GUILDS AND BENEFICIAL SOCIETIES.

"We are born to do benefits."
SHAKSPEARE.

BENEFICIAL societies, which are so abundant in these days, are generally considered as an outgrowth of modern life, suggested by the wants of a people under new circumstances. That these societies under a multitude of names do exist in this country, and in almost every (perhaps, every) country in Europe, is evident, because they proclaim their existence by a publication of the calls for their meetings, and a notice of the election of officers. It is not impossible that there are many who seek to conceal their existence, while they

pursue with more or less directness, the object proposed in their organization.

Very few of these societies were mentioned in any papers fifty years ago, and hence it may be supposed that they are of modern creation.

The origin of some particular societies, most of those called "beneficial," is certainly modern. But as they profess to provide for wants that must have existed in distant times, it would be a matter of astonishment, if those wants so common to both periods, should not have suggested similar meliorative plans in other centuries.

Of those associations which are called "secret societies," we cannot be supposed to possess knowledge sufficiently intimate to enable us to institute a comparison between them, and the ordinary "benevolent society" of recent birth. These secret societies are not generally of ancient origin. The Masonic institution, indeed, claims to have an origin at a remote period

"On the tent plains of Shinar, truth's mystical clime."

But the Odd Fellows' society is of this century's growth. And then the "Grangers." They are of a still later date, rising almost with the last tobacco or wheat crop, and pressing forward to a consideration which numbers always claim in a country where the ballot-box is free for use or abuse. That party—for it is now coming to be a party—must have a species of triumph as Knownothingism did, before breaking to pieces. It may have a little longer life, because some of the measures (it does not seem to have any principles) present something like reality, and are not opposed to the character of our government, though, like Knownothingism, it may attempt to do negatively what the constitution forbids affirmatively.

We refer to these societies because they exist among us, but they are not of the kind that are usually denominated "beneficial societies."

What are "beneficial societies?"

Generally, they are composed of persons who deposit in the treasury of the society, a certain amount of money as an initiation fee, and pay the regular dues. And these members are permitted to draw from the funds, a certain weekly amount in case of sickness, or, in case of death, a sum is granted for the funeral expenses.

Some of these societies have beside the fiscal benefits, a certain object which is to be attained. Take, for example, the Temperance beneficial societies, which seem to enlarge their chance of augmenting their fund, and to diminish the probability of claims upon it, by pledging each member to total abstinence from all stimulating drink.

The Temperance beneficial societies now flourishing under the Catholics, are doing much more and gaining larger favors, than those whose existence is placed among the Protestants. The Catholic temperance societies have generally, so far as we have observed, confined their labors to the objects set forth in the declaration of ends. They have promoted temperance; they have encouraged economy among members; they have strengthened and multiplied social ties; they have illustrated to themselves and the world, the universally beneficial influence of the Catholic Church; they proclaim their objects and they exhibit their means. Wherever they have been established, with the concurrence of the clergy, their great utility is acknowledged. But it is not the object to laud this branch of beneficial associations.

It is the wants of society that suggest these beneficial associa-

tions. Society itself, communities, towns, counties, states, nations, are results of weakness seeking defence; and these local or general beneficial sodalities, are but local and special expedients for individual requirements. Some make similarity of pursuit a requirement of membership, and the Tailors' Beneficial Society, the Master Engineers' Association, the Fishermen's Company, while they involve the general principle of aid, denote also the direction which that aid shall take. And as the claims of the individual members of any one of these beneficial societies may, in a time of a general depression of business, equal the amount which the particular society may be able to dispense, it follows, that a suffering man, who is not a member of the confraternity, may perish in his sufferings, before the specially devoted fund of a benevolent society would be donated to his comfort.

The result of that (one result at least), is to lead men of other trades or occupations to unite, so that they may assist to administer a fund, and, if necessary, to partake of its benefits.

We may not shut our eyes to a great truth, that when these "benevolent associations" are not under direct spiritual watchfulness, they are apt to drift into political machines, and to perish with the first success or failure of a movement outside their avowed object.

The multitude of societies that are found in our cities and small towns, have led to the inquiry with which we commenced the article, viz., "Are these benevolent societies the result of circumstances which we cannot control?" Are they new in social history, or are they continuances or renewals of associations that existed long ago?

Only one or two, perhaps only one, of the many associations that distinguish the period—we do not mean that any one association distinguishes the age (the age is marked by the all-pervading benevolent association), but only one claims an origin very distant in time and location. But a hasty look into the middle or dark ages, as people love to call the period in which the light of religion was allowed "to enlighten the Gentiles," will show that resort was had in "old times" to these same benevolent societies, with a view of alleviating individual misery, by the contributions of means from those who acknowledge the possibility that they too might need the aid which they were providing.

Certainly the social interests of man were highly appreciated by the Anglo-Saxons, and at a very early day we find them providing for their preservation. Hickes, in his Dissertation, gives some account of these benevolent societies, their origin and object, and his information is derived from the manuscripts of the compacts and rules existing in some parts of England.

These benevolent societies were in the early days called "Guilds," or "Guild Scipes." The first one mentioned was formed in Exeter, and was composed of eighteen members. The bishop and canons acceded to the guild. The instrument declared that the society was undertaken in mutual fraternity. The proposed objects of the union were that each family should, every year at Easter, pay one penny, and on the death of every member of the guild, should pay one penny, whether man or woman, for the soul's *scot*. The canons of Exeter were to have the "soul's scot," and perform the necessary rites. This guild-scipe closely resembles the ordinary existing beneficial society. The last provision shows that the Catholic religion mingled in and influenced the measures of the old guilds, as the provision for prayer

for dead members is eminently Catholic.

These guilds multiplied, as they were found to work beneficially for the members, and through them to the community generally, and they appear to have had the full sanction of the church.

The second guild mentioned by Hickes was at Exeter, and purports to have been made for "God's love and the soul's need of the members." They held their meetings three times a year, viz., at Michaelmas, midwinter, and at the holiday after Easter. Members attending were bound to bring a contribution of meal, malt, and honey, in quantities proportioned to their civil rank. A mass priest was to say a mass for the living friends, and another to say a mass for their dead friends, and every brother two psalms.

At the death of every member six psalms were to be chanted, and contributions were levied for any extraordinary misfortune, such as a fire, murder, &c. And fines were enforced for neglect in the payment of dues. And by way of insuring courtesy, it was ordered that if any member "misgreet" another, he was to pay thirty pence. The following is the beautiful close of the compact: "We pray for the love of God that every man hold this meeting rightly, as we have rightly agreed it should be. May God assist us in this!"

But mention is made of another guild or beneficial society, established in Cambridge, which seems to have imposed upon its members certain obligations not mentioned in the charters of those in Exeter to which we have just referred.

There was an oath required as well on entering the society as claiming recognition, and pecuniary assistance was assured to a member thus claiming, provided that with his right to claim was established the necessity for claiming. And if he died his remains were to be conveyed to whatever place he had indicated. The guild was to assist in the burying by paying a portion of the cost, half the food at the interment, and every individual was to pay twopence for alms, and arrangements were made also for further contributions.

But here is a provision that certainly goes beyond any that we notice in modern beneficial societies, or any of the guilds that we have referred to. Here it follows:

"If any killed one of the guild, eight pounds were to be the compensation, and if the homicide did not pay it, all of the guild were to avenge their member, and to support the consequences. If one did it, all were to bear alike. If any of the guild killed any other person, and was in distress, and had to pay for the wrong, and the slain was a 'twelve-kind' person, every one of the guild must help with half a mark. If the slain be a Ceorl, let each pay two ora—or one ora if he be a Welshman."

It would seem by that that a Welshman was not of much consequence.

Rules are given as to what must be the mulcting for a guild's man that kills another wilfully or foolishly—he and his relations must abide the consequences, and pay eight pounds to the guild, or else be turned out.

There is another provision touching the homicide:

If any of the guild eat with a homicide, unless before the king, or the lord bishop, or the earldoman, he must pay a pound, unless, by two witnesses, he can prove that he did not know it.

There are regulations touching quarrels and bloodshed among the guild's men, which must be settled by money, and all the guild shall help pay it.

If any of the guild die or fall sick out of the district, let the guild

help him, and bring him home, as he wished, dead or alive! If he die at home and the guild neglect the burying, let a "syster of honey" be forfeited.

In this society, also as in one in Exeter, it is a great offence to "misgreet a brother"—to be settled by nothing less than a "syster of honey."

From these guilds, no doubt, came the guilds of trades, pursuits, and occupations in England, chiefly noticeable in London, where to be made a citizen of that great metropolis one must be a member of one of the guilds. The Duke of Wellington was, it is believed, a member of the worshipful "Fishmonger Company or Guild;" and only two years ago Lady Burdett Coutts had so far extended her truly marvellous charities, as to build a spacious market-house on a place in the lower and poorer part of London, which was wholly unable to purchase the ground and erect the building, and she added to the amount of her benefits by putting a good library in the upper part of the market-house, and furnishing a large hall therein for the meeting of the citizens. The city authorities of London, anxious to make a proper expression of gratitude for such a great favor, resolved to extend to Lady Coutts the freedom of the city, that is, make her a *citizen* of London, but they found that they could confer this honor upon no one that was not a member of one of the guilds; and it was found also that no woman had been made a "Guildsman" in London. So the ceremony of conferring citizenship upon that great and good lady was postponed till she was made a member of one of the guilds, which was soon done.

These trade guilds have existed for a long time in England. Whether they are continuations of the old guilds of Exeter and Cambridge, or were suggested by the peculiar social condition of tradesmen in London, at the time of their formation, it is difficult to say. Probably when they were formed little idea was entertained of their subsequent uses and importance.

Those who are or have been members of beneficial societies, wherever formed, will probably see in the constitution of those in Exeter and Cambridge something like that of which they have been members.

The beneficial societies of the present day (we speak only of those that are not of the class called secret societies) are not likely to lead to any of the evils which some persons have predicted from their variety and abundance. In that variety and that abundance lies the safety.

The Catholic beneficial societies have usually some special object—generally temperance. If that becomes a bond of union, little or no evil need be feared from the society, especially as in all cases the object is patent, and the church sanctions the association.

The multitude of societies and associations that abound in our city is greater than the most enthusiastic socialists could desire; it is beyond the means of supply, so that while the number of societies is kept up, and the full number of members is maintained on the roll, it is curious to notice that the whole number of these socialists—we use the term only as expressing membership in these societies—is not nearly equal to the number indicated by dividing the number contained on all the rolls by the number of societies, that is, if there are a hundred societies, and we suppose there are many hundred, and each society contains fifty members, there would seem to be five thousand members of these associations. But the fact is that as the people, rather numerous, are so much given to societies, that each enters half a dozen, with little

or no regard to their objects, provided they have O. P. directors and P. secretaries. These things do not manifest themselves to the world under ordinary circumstances, but when one of these society-loving persons chances to die, for even such persons die, the papers announce the solemn fact with the rather less solemn invitation of members of the I. O. A. D. and the society Y. M. C. S., the honorable fraternity of O. U. K., and association of A. S. S., of which the deceased was an ex-archon.

The obituary column of the daily papers, especially that of the *Ledger*, often contains calls of still more societies than we have hinted at above, to attend the funeral of some man or woman who has died in the possession of full membership with the almost innumerable societies that overlap each other in this city.

We conclude from these pluralities of membership that the country has little to fear from the plurality of societies, because, if the ladies' society of U. S. A. S. should ever contemplate the overthrow of the republic, and in secret conclave devise and complete the means, somebody present would feel that in her relation with three or four other societies, she had a greater interest to see the government protected than to see it overthrown by the society of U. S. A. S. So the country is safe.

But how the domestic combination is to be maintained is more difficult to see. The husband, perhaps, is a member of the A. M. S., and his wife is led off by a promise that she shall be made R. H. D. of the Q. M. S. A.; so she joins, and at length finds that the objects of the society are exactly opposed to those of her husband's association, home comforts are jeoparded at best, perhaps home-peace is destroyed.

Whatever relation modern benevolent societies bear to those of the Middle Ages, whether as lineal descendants or as imitators alone, it is certain that they differ in one respect. The modern associations admit women to their secret meetings; the ancient guilds were without that element of harmony and usefulness!!!

Society itself is a combination to prevent the strong from injuring the weak. These special associations are avowedly intended to apply the general principle in individual cases, and to secure the members from those miseries which circumstances beyond their control, or neglected means, might bring upon them. The multiplication of these combinations will interfere with beneficial operations in a social point of view, while the same almost marvellous multiplicity will prevent the injuries which many have predicted from this transfer of interest and allegiance from the state to the society.

We think it our duty to say, by way of explanation, that we approve of beneficial societies that bear upon them the impress of beneficence—the temperance societies, especially those that include in their plan the beneficial principle, that is, aid to members, not as alms, but as a right. We only mean to ridicule a little the multitude of small secret societies, whose titles, and the titles of whose multiplied officers, seem to exhaust the English alphabet. One benefit, however, does result from the existence of these associations: the advertising columns of some of the daily papers are crowded with notices of their meetings, and the advertising accounts of those papers must be wonderfully enriched thereby.

# DOCTOR DUBOIS.

A STORY.

Doctor Dubois had just finished a dinner which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial. He had turned his feet towards the fire—it was in the month of December—and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of genuine Beaune. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed; and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygeia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers—presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand—adorned his small fat feet. A black velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning gown fell in graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee. The evening paper had arrived. Fraught with interesting, because as yet unknown intelligence, it was waiting on the edge of the table to be opened. There might be news of a new war or of an unexpected peace; some miraculous rise or fall in the stocks might have taken place. The worthy Doctor had already thrice glanced at the damp parallelogram of folded paper; but it was his custom to tantalize himself agreeably before satisfying his curiosity. He dallied with the little stone-colored strips that held the journal in a cross, and bore his name and address, before he liberated it; and was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind, mingled with the crash of falling tiles and chimneypots, the dashing of shutters, and the loud splashing of the rain.

"Whew! peste!" ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder, "what a night! How fortunate it is that I am not called out. This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is in danger of a crisis. Nothing but a very desperate case could make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly I shall have one quiet evening this week."

The words were scarcely out of the Doctor's mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. A physiognomist would have been delighted with the sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair that took place on the Doctor's countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees; and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee; "you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are out, although I told him you are from home, twice. He says that his mother is dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. "Give me my coffee—tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed if she be dying—really dying—I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a young man, who, without waiting to be summoned, had en-

tered the room, but who had only caught the last words. "When duty is willingly performed, it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the Doctor, questioning Bobonne, with his eyebrows, to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly. Warm yourself by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth—who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen years of age—walked impatiently up and down the room, whilst Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great coat, half strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a carriage," said the youth.

"So much the better," quoth Doctor Dubois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see a man may still be sprightly at fifty."

The housekeeper followed her master to the door; and no old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him—buttoning his coat tighter, pulling his muffler higher over his chin, giving a tug to the brim of his hat—no one of the Doctor's bachelor friends who witnessed all this (and the occurrence was frequent) failed to envy the Doctor his excellent housekeeper. The youth saw nothing. He had gone downstairs three steps at a time, and was in the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out, thinking that he had been extraordinarily energetic, and wondering how much more decision of character was required to make a general of division or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, as the driver was endeavoring to make his drenched hacks step out briskly, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things; but the Doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

"You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half inquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the carriage. On getting out, the Doctor recognized the house as one of the largest in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The door was opened by an elderly serving-man, who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet—" exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, as they crossed the court under the hastily opened umbrella. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes—in one particular—in one particular only. I will explain all; but—it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the Doctor, sententiously.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there is any immediate danger. I think—yes, I am sure, that if we can prolong her life—but just a little—health will return; and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Doctor Dubois

ejaculated, as, after stamping his feet and shaking his hat, muffler and coat, and depositing his umbrella, he crossed a scarcely furnished hall, and entered at once upon a large apartment on the ground-floor, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two, beside the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first an old man—a very old man—sitting in a chair, with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-lustre eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult for a practiced eye to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the Doctor entered, made a graceful bow, and then sank back into his chair as if exhausted with fatigue.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth who had disturbed Doctor Dubois from his comfortable dessert. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin; but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance. At least so thought the Doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching as it were from those sickly features the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger. The old man near the fire-place, who had been looking eagerly over his shoulder, clasped his hands, and cast up a rapid glance to heaven. The servant, who still remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing, and crying. The person who seemed least interested in this good news was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she inquired at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride. "Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in danger. But this cannot be; or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont, and the dowager of Montsorrel. They would not let me be in danger of dying without paying me one visit. By the way, what cards have been left to day, Valerie?"

These words, most of which were rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the observant Doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further enlightenment from the answer of Valerie; who, glancing furtively at him and becoming very red, recited at random a list of names; some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.

"Will you step this way?" replied the young man who had brought him to that place, and who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair and a table covered with books. Other books, and a variety of papers, were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see;" Doctor Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder and nudity he could not but perceive, to eccentricity rather than to poverty.

"We must do what we can,"

eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to be otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de—de—"

"Jarante."

"Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of—what shall I say?—an insufficient supply of those necessaries of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history, then?"

"One incident I know. Every one read in the papers the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. I thought you had quitted here; and never dreamed that after that disaster—"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old house in the Faubourg St. Germain. Whenever I pass I see the shutters closed. I see no one come in or go out. I am not inquisitive. Indeed I have noticed these symptoms without even reflecting upon them. I had forgotten your name. I now understand that you have remained here ever since; living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed—that she is still rich, honored, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the Doctor: "but you do not know all."

"I know enough," was the reply, "to make me honor and respect you."

The story which the young man in the fulness of his heart now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Doctor Dubois had seen in the other room, was one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French revolution. He had gone to America, where he married the daughter of a Virginian planter, and settled down quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country. After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris; where, although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After eighteen hundred and thirty news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years of age. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth, who was going to the west in order to expend his superabundant activity in travel. An affection sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was that, some time after their arrival in America, they were married. But M. de Jarante had not entirely lost his wandering propensities. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law—which ended in the will being utterly set aside—the young couple travelled together in various directions. This lasted some years. Victor, the youth who related the story to the Doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to remain more stationary than before,

to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the Cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterwards returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, wrote home—frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way—and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time Madame de Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had reason to consider him to be dead. They asked his wife to give an account of his immense fortune. She refused, saying that it devolved upon her children. Then, to her surprise, they asked for proofs of her marriage. She had none to give. A trial took place; and, although some corroborative testimony was brought forward, it did not satisfy the law, and Madame de Jarante was not only deprived of her husband's fortune, but was called upon to give an account of many large sums she had spent. M. de Chesnel sacrificed all that remained to him to protect her. The house in which they lived had luckily been taken in his name. They sold the furniture piecemeal to enable them to live. Then it was that Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms of her mental disorder. She could not believe in the disaster that had overtaken her; and, to save her from complete insanity, her father and children found it necessary to commence the system of deception which they had ever afterwards been compelled to carry on. Victor gave many details of the extraordinary means they took for this purpose—always successfully. His mother invariably kept her room. Only within the last few weeks, however, had she shown signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not been called in, simply on account of their poverty.

"And what, may I now inquire," said the Doctor, deeply interested, "are the grounds of hopes of better times which you seem to entertain?"

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my father is not dead. He will return, there is no doubt, and restore us to our former position. All that I ask is that my mother's life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not entertain the same confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must be laid on presentiments of that kind. Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed to want for anything. You must borrow money of some friend."

"We have no friends," said the young man.

"Then I shall write a prescription," muttered the Doctor, as he seized pen and paper.

What he wrote was as follows:

MONSIEUR:

I am in want of money immediately; please send me three hundred francs by the bearer.

ALPHONSE DUBOIS.

"There," said he, getting up, "take that to its address to-morrow morning, and do not let me hear from you again until you have used what you receive. I will come again to-morrow evening."

So saying, the Doctor bustled away to escape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the court in so

great a hurry that he forgot to put up his umbrella.

In the evening Doctor Dubois returned to the house, and felt his heart warmed by the evidences of greater comfort he beheld. He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and succeeded eventually in restoring his patient's health. There was no change, however, in her mental condition. She still believed herself to be surrounded by wealth; only she thought her children were more attentive than before. The little comforts they now gave her excited not surprise but gratitude. The Doctor continued his visits and his loans! "You shall pay me all back with interest," he said, when Victor hesitated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked Bobonne, falling in with her master's humor.

One evening in the following summer, when the physician happened again to be making ready for a comfortable evening with his feet in the same slippers; with the usual plate of nuts and almonds before him and an uncorked bottle of Beaune, with which he took alternate draughts of Seltzer water; with the same black velvet skullcap thrust to the back of his head, and the same morning-gown thrown back in graceful folds. Bobonne had just come in with the coffee and the evening paper. The bell rang again. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed "Diable" and "Peste." It was Victor as before.

"Come," he exclaimed, "to save us from the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the Doctor, without moving. "What is the matter?"

"My father has returned."

Bobonne instantly understood the significance of these words, was the first to urge her master to be up and doing, and lost no time in handing him his hat.

Doctor Dubois learned, as he walked towards the house, that Monsieur de Jarante had suddenly appeared without giving any warning whatever. His wife became insensible on beholding him, and Victor had instantly rushed away for medical assistance. When they reached the house all danger seemed to have passed, and the returned traveller was listening with astonishment, anger, and contrition to the story of the sufferings of his family. For his own part, he had met with many perils and fatigues, which had disgusted him at last with a wandering life. He had been shipwrecked on a remote island, scalped, and escaped with his life only by a miracle. He admitted that he had been neglectful. His future life, however, should atone for the past.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune, and established the legality of his marriage, and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that happened to her, and might have returned into the society which had so readily cast her off; but, instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor; in which benevolent occupation she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fulness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never before known.

## THE DIVINE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

THE Christian religion, coming from God, must be uniform and unchangeable, preserving its original purity and integrity, and transmitting to the latest generation of mankind the truth of the one faith, and the opportunity for adoring one God in sincerity and truth. We know, and believe, that it has been revealed for the glory of God and for the benefit of man. Accordingly, the same will which inclined our Sovereign Benefactor to bestow this revelation on man, must induce him to preserve it divinely, identified with truth, eternally secure from alteration, and unchangeably agreeable to his ineffable sanctity. These propositions cannot be disputed; neither do they require proofs amongst the believers in revelation. Nevertheless, we gratified ourselves with a review of the Scripture testimonies, that show us what glorious things have been said of the Church, "*The City of God;*" all of which declare emphatically, that as there is only "*one Lord, there is one faith*" —so that if an angel from heaven should teach any other gospel than that which has been received from the beginning, he must be accursed. Thence we have been led to inquire about the means provided for the visible preservation of this holy system of religion, and for its diffusion amongst the servants, added daily by the Lord unto his saving fold. St. Paul answers our inquiry, stating that, "*God at sundry times, and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the Fathers by the Prophets, and last of all, in these days, hath spoken to us by his Son.*" Guided by this instruction of the apostle we have seen a tribunal erected in the Church, divinely authorized and divinely qualified for the work of teaching. We have traced its existence unto the time of Christ's public mission. Now, we will examine whether it has been continued under the gospel dispensation.

Open the books of the gospel and ask, what was Christ doing throughout the forty days that he remained on earth after his resurrection? What communication did he hold with his apostles? Was he merely conversing with them for their personal benefit? Most certainly not, else he need not remain in the midst of them. He might have communicated his graces privately, as he had often done with thousands of saints. He was acting in unison with that clemency which induced him to dwell visibly on earth for the fulfilment of ancient prophecy; he was then testifying to his apostles that he would not "*leave them orphans;*" he was cementing that grand construction of religious truth against which the impulse of error cannot prevail; he was then giving his last instructions concerning the kingdom of God — pointing out its struggles through a sinful world, and determining the method of its government; he was then delegating to their ministry that triumphant never-ceasing instruction, which, being preserved to the Church, has not allowed God, at any time, to be so overpowered that the spirit of darkness could overspread the entire world, and leave a Lord jealous of his worship without one pure adorer. Such was the termination of his mission; then it was that a divinely authorized tribunal succeeded him.

Certainly no one will deny that the power given to Christ in heaven and on earth is infallible for the execution of its designs, and that

it is a divine security to all who put their trust in it. Behold! it is this same power which is pledged; by its strength the Christian Church has been raised; by its commandments the Christian ministry has been instructed; by its suggestion the Christian truth shall ever be remembered. "*All power is given to me*," said Christ, "*in heaven and on earth; going, therefore, teach ye all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.*" Observe well the authority, the charge conferred! "*Go and teach.*" It comes to the ministry directly from the Divine Word—it subjects the whole human race to them for instruction. They speak no longer in their own persons, but in that of Christ, and they do so in consequence of his having all power in heaven and on earth. They speak no longer their own words or sentiments, but the things Christ commanded them to teach. No power on earth can impede their progress, can alter their course, can darken their passage unto the consummation of ages; because, Christ, *who is the way, the truth, and the life*, says he is with them. As we, even in these latter days, form a portion of the world, to be taught in the manner prescribed, it becomes our duty to avoid every voice of novelty, every theory or pretence of religion based on human principles. We turn away with distaste from those who, having nothing to teach, would endeavor to blind us by an improper excitement of human pride, flattering our weak judgment, telling us to search the Scriptures, to interpret, to assert our independence, by teaching ourselves. Thus, indeed, we would become more important, at least in presumption, than the apostles who taught not the results of their own inquiry, not what they judged best, but exactly that which had been imparted to them when collected in a body around their divine Master, or bowing under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost. Our belief in the manifest unfailing teaching of the Church makes us turn towards the apostles not of one day, or of one age, but to those who, in a body, in a ministry, are teaching unto the consummation of ages. We detect the arrogance of imbecile man—of that man who, by his prying curiosity, was ruined in Eden—when we hear a voice exclaiming, "*Search!*" We recognize the word by whom all things were made, when we hear the authoritative voice exclaiming, "*Teach!*" Accordingly, we look not merely at what has been written, but we listen to whatsoever has been commanded to be observed—we listen to the voice that gives full account of many things said and done by Christ, which, according to St. John, are not written in the Bible.

The legislation of Christ on this constitution of the Church is without parallel, even in his own ordinances. It is the masterpiece of law in the sacred volume, and places the authority of the Church, in matters of faith, in such legal pre-eminence that it cannot be questioned, or set aside. Observe the unsurpassed charter: 1st. The appointment and source of power, "*As the Father sent me, I send you.*" 2d. The knowledge requisite to discharge the duties, "*All things which I heard from the Father, I have made known to you.*" 3d. The office to be discharged, "*Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel.*" 4th. The subjects of their jurisdiction, "*Go ye and preach the gospel to every creature.*" 5th. The extent of territory subject to them, "*Go ye into all nations.*" 6th. The obedience to be paid to them, "*He that hears you hears me.*" 7th. The crime of not obeying them, "*He who despises you despises me.*" 8th. The rewards and penalties attached to their authority, "*Go ye and*

*preach, and he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be condemned.*" 9th. The security and certitude attached to their office, "*Lo, I am with you.*" 10th. The terms for tenure of their office, "*All days, even to the consummation of the world.*" 11th. The legislative bond of Christ to the ministry as a guarantee for the trust to be reposed in them, "*And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" 12th. The presence and the instruction of the Holy Ghost forever as a further security, "*I will send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, who will bring to your recollection all things whatsoever I have told you, and who will abide with you forever.*" Here, decidedly, as far as words can express it, is a clear legislative enactment of Christ appointing a permanent court on earth to the consummation of the world, where the Holy Ghost presides, and where he instructs men to preach and teach forever, with whom Christ is forever, who are to be heard, as men should hear himself, who have his authority as teachers, who are to teach every creature and all nations, and against the truth of whose ordinances the gates of hell shall not prevail. There is no language in the Scripture, stronger, clearer, more decided than this enactment; it is clear as the truth, life, death, and resurrection of Christ. I read it with the same evidence; I believe it with the same certainty.

The Saviour had already directed attention to the constitution of his Church, found in unerring teaching on the one hand, and obedient hearing on the other. In the 18th chapter of St. Mathew he says: "*If thy brother shall offend against thee go and rebuke him, between him and thee alone; and if he will not hear thee, take one or two more, and if he will not hear them, tell the Church, and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.*" Our Saviour here refers unto the Church the final decision on dissensions amongst neighbors, and that in cases where the ordinary means failed, and expressly commands obedience under the penalty of reprobation; therefore, there is a power in the Church to give a sentence beyond any other private or public authority, and that power is divine. It is divine because a disobedience to it classifies a man with the impious heathen and immoral publican. It is proper to remark the analogy between the precept here given by Christ and the ordinance described in the 17th chapter of Deuteronomy. There is discernible a perfect identity in the tribunal of all dispensations, though the penalty for disobedience is different, being, under the inferior Mosaic covenant, corporeal death; under the exalted covenant of redemption, owing to the magnitude of crime in rejecting greater grace, eternal reprobation. If the tribunal of the Church were not divinely truthful, how could Christ command a person to yield to its decision under such a penalty, even though he may have rejected all other authority upon the same point, with impunity and without a censure? When the Church speaks, there is heard the last decisive voice, therefore it must be of divine authority. Yes, such truly is the case, for Christ assures us that the visible proceedings of the Church regarding any particular subject are one and the same with the proceedings in heaven: "*Whatsoever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven.*" Now that there may not be any doubt concerning an identity of the power on earth and in heaven, Jesus Christ puts the matter beyond the reach of cavilling when he says (Luke 10th), addressing his ministry; "*He that heareth you heareth me, and he that des-*

*piseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me.*" How clear, decided, and emphatic this declaration of the identity of the authority of the Church on earth with that of God in heaven! Equally strong is the argument formed on this passage of holy writ, namely, "Whoever heareth Christ submits to a divine tribunal and cannot be led into error, but whoever heareth the Church, heareth Christ; therefore, whoever heareth the Church submits to a divine tribunal and cannot be led into error." May we expect anything clearer? Yes, the Saviour renders this point more decided when he says: "*As the Father sent me I also send you.*" Now there can be no doubt that the Father sent him with full divine authority to instruct mankind unerringly about faith and morals, with an obligation that he should be heard, believed, and obeyed. Hence his distinction, "*He spoke as one having authority, not as the Scribes and Pharisees.*" Therefore, the Church having the same authority and power as that which distinguished the humanity and earthly mission of Christ, we have therein instituted a divinely organized tribunal, which is unerring and unfailing like the authority of its adorable Founder. There are some persons inclined to think that the privilege so manifestly established by the plainest language of holy truth was bestowed only on the apostles, or perhaps limited to the apostolic age and primitive preaching. In a matter of such vital importance, we require something more than vain ungrounded assertions or surmises. There is not a text of Scripture, nor is there even a conjecture of reason to support this supposed limitation. In all the addresses made by the Saviour to his apostles, he avoids every expression indicating a merely personal power or temporary commission. On the contrary, he uses such words as declare a perpetual continuity, or he annexes their mission to his own, so that every one may understand that the office of the Master and the ministry, being the same, is in effect to last to the end of time. Thus, for example, in the passages just quoted, he establishes the mission of the apostles throughout all ages and nations on "*His own power*," and unites the respect due to their teaching word with the respect due to the Father who is in heaven. Now as the authority of Christ never fails, nor is the respect due to the Father ever dispensed with, it necessarily follows that the privilege once so established and united is of perpetual duration. Consequently the divine virtue in teaching once given to the Church in the persons of the apostles, must last as long as Christ is all-powerful, and as long as the Father is worthy of our respect. Judas may apostatize, Paul may die, even the heavens and earth will pass away, still the word of Christ will remain efficient for its purposes. Matthias will take the place of Judas, Timothy will succeed Paul, and so on through a succession of instruments the hand of omnipotence will sustain the Church true to its title, "The Pillar and Ground of Truth."

I may now confidently ask, would Christ have given such authority to his Church; would he have so plainly defined its jurisdiction; would He have obliged man, under the penalty of reprobation (such as befalls the heathen and publican), to be submissive and obedient to its decision, if he did not constitute it the certain and secure means for the constant and unchangeable teaching of the truths of religion?

If anything more should be required in proof of our proposition, we may receive a practical illustration from the preaching and authoritative action of the Apostles.

If we have any doubt regarding the proper signification of Christ's words, from whom can we expect an explanation, if not from the Apostles? We are about to receive information from the Apostles already in action, delivering to the people that instruction which is to be the daily enlightenment of the flock until the end of time. Turn to St. Paul doing towards the Ephesians that which the Lord ordered to be done forever by his ministry, namely, "teaching the things commanded to be observed;" and we find him plainly speaking of a divinely constituted tribunal such as we have mentioned. He declares, Eph. 4, that Christ appointed in his Church "*Apostles, and some Prophets, and other Evangelists, and others Pastors and Teachers.*" Here we observe the constituents of the Church ministry introduced by St. Paul. The Apostles were the only persons addressed by Christ on the subject of teaching and of administration; yet St. Paul sets before us some pastors and teachers, so that here we clearly perceive a succession to the Apostles. Let us ask, why are these given? Most certainly in order that we might confide in their authority, and in their teaching have a security for our faith. Yes; for St. Paul continues to say that this was done, "*for the work of the ministry.*" Let us further ask him, what is the work of the ministry? He answers, "*To prevent our being children, tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive.*" Nothing can be more conclusive than this testimony of the Apostle, assuring us that we are not left to our own searching, to the exertion of our own judgment, to the issue of our prayers for an inward spirit of interpretation. We have been placed by Christ under a ministry having in deposit the things Christ commanded to be observed, and by hearing not what this man thinks or what another man judges, but the doctrine handed down from pastor to pastor, we will avoid being deceived by wicked and crafty men. All this becomes, if possible, more forcibly established by the same apostle declaring that "*Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ.*" Let us ask how will the word be communicated? Certainly, by preachers. Yes, most certainly; for, St. Paul continues, "How shall they believe him of whom they have not heard?" "And how shall they hear without a preacher?" Rom. 10. Let us ask again, are we bound to believe the preachers? Yes; for Christ says (Mark 15): "*Preach the Gospel to every creature. . . . . he that believeth not shall be condemned.*" Here a difficulty arises. It is even proposed by St. Paul, who says, "*How shall they preach unless they be sent?*" May not some persons come in the way without being sent? Yes; such are mentioned in Scripture: "*I did not send prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. . . . Hearken not to such prophets, for they prophesy a lie unto you.*" Great, indeed, is the difficulty. On the one hand I am bound, under pain of reprobation, to believe the preachers; on the other hand, there may be preachers who will be liars! There is evidently a necessity for the existence of a visible divine authority to give a mission to preachers, whose very mission is a warrant that we will hear the truth. Nay, more; even after being sent, some persons may preach falsehood, as some attempted in the days of St. Paul. There is a necessity for a tribunal to instruct them in what is right—to condemn them when wrong—and this is precisely pointed out by St. Paul saying to the Hebrews, 13:

"*Obey your prelates, for they watch as being to render an account of your souls.*" And they are fitted for this office of watching, because, as he said, "*The Holy Ghost placed them bishops to rule the Church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood.*" Acts 20.

The reliance which the apostle of the Gentiles had upon the efficiency of a divinely appointed tribunal existing in the Church is clearly expressed, when he says to the Corinthians, 1, ch. 2: "*If any man seem to be contentious we have no such custom, nor the Church of God;*" and he prohibits all contentions, all divisions, all schisms, wishing all to be of one mind and one judgment. Without such a tribunal as we speak of, it would be absurd to expect any body of men to be of the same mind, the same judgment, and without divisions, contentions, and schisms. All this, however, St. Paul expressly required; therefore he taught that there was in the Church an unerring standard of orthodoxy—a perpetual, immovable centre of unity, an unfailing power to instruct the ignorant, to decide the doubtful, to control the passionate.

If there be anything plain, easy, and intelligible, where is it to be found, if not in the numerous passages just cited? We have not given them our own interpretation. We have not distorted them by any forced construction, and they certainly lead us to a conclusion wrought up in the language of St. Paul, that there is but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism; and therefore one true Church ruled by a ministry placed by the Holy Ghost, whereby we are saved from winds of error and snare of craftiness, and there we find the means established by Divine Providence for preserving uniform faith and worship in every age and nation.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RITUALE ROMANUM PAULI V. PONTIFICIS MAXIMI JUSSU EDITUM ET A BENEDICTO XIV. Auctum et castigatum cui Novissima accedit Benedictionum et Instructionum APPENDIX. Excudebat JOANNES MURPHY, Summi Pontificis, Atque Archiepiscopi Baltimorensis Typographus. Baltimori, 1873.

THE ROMAN RITUAL (A New and Complete Edition), with THE APPENDIX, approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and other ADDITIONS, suited to the wants and convenience of the Clergy of the United States. Ordered by the Tenth Prov. Council of Baltimore.

Some years ago, Messrs. Murphy & Co. received from our Holy Father, Pius IX, a gold medal in acknowledgment of their services as Catholic typographists, and by the accompanying letter or brief, they were at the same time awarded the honorable title, "PRINTERS TO THE POPE." The distinction may have sounded a little strange to our republican ears, and we are not quite certain that we did not indulge in a quiet little democratic smile at what we may have considered to be but an empty honor. We retract the suspicion, and change the smile into one of approbation, at what seems to be the best evidence on the part of these gentlemen to bear those honors deservedly, and as the foremost proof of which, we direct attention to the work before us.

To the prelates and clergy we need scarcely point out its beauties or its merits, though with regard to the latter, we will simply say that they seem to consist principally in the extraction from older editions of the various forms of benedictions of knights' accoutrements, forms of consecration of kings, and similar ceremonies, which are practically obsolete in our age and country, and in the substitution therefor of forms of ceremonial

for objects which the exigencies of modern times have rendered subjects of the Church's benediction, such as telegraphs and railways. But, independent of these advantages, this book possesses a value even to those among the laity who do not take an interest in ritualistic researches or practices. If such persons will take the trouble to look at the title-pages of our Latin missals, breviaries, and rituals, they will discover that they are all printed in Europe. This publication, therefore, possesses an intrinsically historical interest, from the fact that it is the first offering of the kind from the American Church and an American press. As a mere publication it is a triumph of typography, probably as yet unexcelled in America. The Baltimore *Daily Sun*, speaking of this work, calls it "a notable book;" and the *Catholic Review*, of Brooklyn, adds:

"American typography has just won a triumph—which we are glad to claim for the house of Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, printers to the Holy See and the Archbishop of Baltimore—in a beautiful and correct edition of the Roman Ritual, printed in two colors. It is, we believe, the first time any Catholic publisher in America has attempted the publication of a real rubricated edition of the complete Ritual. As an evidence of the enterprise displayed in bringing out this work, we may state that Messrs. Murphy were obliged to have cut, expressly for it, the music type. We can readily understand the difficulties in every department they had to contend with in the inexperience of workmen in this class of work, and it is much to the credit of American typography and publishing, that a book, in every way so commendable, has been brought out. Since forming our opinion of this edition, we have had the advantage of having it strengthened by that of an eminent clergyman of great experience in such matters."

We regret the absence of the woodcuts which adorn some of the other editions, not because they are an embellishment to the book, but because they are of great assistance in showing the proper manner of performing many of the ceremonies thus illustrated. These objections, if they amount to faults, are so slight as to be perhaps hardly worth noticing. In conclusion, therefore, while tendering the publishers our congratulations, we will merely mention the fact that its compilation was committed, by the Provincial Council which ordered it, to the late Most Reverend Archbishop Spalding, and that he was so fully satisfied with its literary execution, that he gave it his entire approbation, though it was reserved for his successor to commend it in its typographical completeness.

NORMANDY PICTURESQUE. By Henry Blackburne, author of "Art in the Mountains," "Travelling in Spain," "The Pyrenees," "Artists and Arabs," &c., with numerous illustrations. First American from second London edition. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

This is really a charming little traveller's sketch-book of a tour through out-of-the-way places in romantic old Normandy. The great mass of tourists have, as a usual thing, only an opportunity to view the principal places on the line of general travel. Yet these are not always the most noteworthy objects; but people who really want to know and study the habits and customs of the populations of the lands through which they are journeying, who wish to see the country as tradition has represented it, must do as Mr. Blackburne has done, with the veritable characteristic of the artist-life seek the byways of travel, and being willing to pay for the advantages they confer in the little romantic discomforts which the absence of the iron-horse engenders, pitch their metaphorical tents, and live for a few weeks in the *dolce far niente* style.

Normandy, however, is not so badly off in branch railroads, and good old gabled places of entertainment, as to require the tourist to carry his tent and wallet on his back. Nor is its principal watering-place, Trouville, entirely ignored by our travelling public; but to most persons such quaint and interesting old towns as Pont Audemar, Liseux, Caen, Coutance, Falaise, and other notable places in the province, are merely known as railway stations Yet a perusal of Mr. Blackburne's charming little "blue and gold" handbook, with its dainty contents both in the typographical and literary order, to say nothing of the quaint old woodcuts of quaint old places, and queer-looking people, will, while serving to while away a pleasant hour of literary travel to those who have never crossed the sea, at the same time provoke the regret of those who having enjoyed that advantage will be likely to exclaim, "Oh, pshaw! Why didn't we go there?" We have just one fault to find with this book—only one—and that a too common one with some writers, who not understanding what they are talking about, when discussing the religious practices of the people in Catholic countries, do not content themselves with

mere descriptions, but endeavor to render their accounts a little spicy by sprinkling them over with their own views and opinions. Mr. Blackburne is a little too liberal in this respect, and though hardly what we might call bigoted, is, nevertheless, a little too caustic in his comments.

ARTISTS AND ARABS; OR, SKETCHING IN SUNSHINE. By Henry Blackburne, author of "Normandy Picturesque," &c., &c., with numerous illustrations. Boston: James S. Osgood & Co. 1873.

"Green and gold," instead of the *azure et or*, is the only external difference between this and the above-named companion work by the same author. Herein, however, he takes us a little further from home, and to a still greater *terra incognita*. So we fly with him on the wings of thought, in his far winter flight across the Mediterranean to Algiers, and learn the advantages of winter studies in the South, and of sketching in the open air among semi-Oriental, and semi-European regions; where the great St. Augustine swayed, centuries ago, his episcopal crozier; where the far-famed Corsairs sailed forth in piratical enterprises of romantic daring, or where the renowned Abd-el-kader proved a *dux strenuus* against the magnificently equipped hosts of conquering France, but where now we suspect the eyes of fair Moorish houris form an attraction second only to the lovely climate and picturesque landscape.

Mr. Blackburne treats his theme with the united grace of the poet's pen and the artist's pencil, and the sprightly chattiness of the genial *compagnon du voyage* which mark all his works.

CATECHISM OF THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By R F. R. Pierik, S J. Translated and republished from *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Supplied at the office of *The Messenger*. Maryland: Woodstock Howard Co. 1873.

The very name of this book should insure it a rapid sale of many editions. The devotion of which it treats is rapidly becoming so general and so magnificently demonstrative that it may, in a certain sense, be called the standard of Christianity throughout the world in the combats of the Church in the present age.

Being no longer a private devotion, but one of the most prominent results of the Church's workings among the faithful, it has naturally attracted the attention of those outside the Church, who are, of course, anxious to know what is meant by its practice, and what is taught by its doctrine. There are many Catholics, we fear, who could not satisfactorily answer either of these questions for themselves, much less explain them to others, yet they are strictly bound in conscience to be able to do both, and the publication of this little book "uniting clearness and brevity with theological exactness," and cheap enough to be within the reach of all, removes any grounds of excuse for ignorance of the history and nature of the subject on which it treats, or for consequent failure to spread as much as possible this glorious devotion.

CATECHISM OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER. By a Missionary Priest. Supplied at the office of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Maryland: Woodstock Howard Co. 1873.

"The Apostleship of Prayer" is intimately connected with the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and this catechetical and exponential treatise is a companion work to the above. The contents are a republication from that excellent devotional magazine published in the interest of both devotions, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, from the press of the Jesuit Fathers, at Woodstock College.

CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED—A TREASURE FOR THE SICK. Practical instructions for the comfort of the sick and afflicted. Translated from the French by Anna T. Sadlier. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

This is a commendable little book, comprising prayers and meditation suitable for the sick and afflicted, compiled from high and approved sources. In addition to the soothing influence which it offers to the weary and heavy-laden, it affords excellent instruction, on points of which many Catholics are lamentably ignorant, such as the manner of praying for a departing soul, or the proper arrangements for the disposition of the dead previous to burial, formulæ of associations, of prayer for the dead, the souls in purgatory, and many similar themes. We cheerfully recommend it not only to those for whom it is intended, but also as suitable to worldlings in reflective moments, as well calculated to divert their thoughts in a most salutary direction.

The book is beautifully printed on tinted paper, with red edges, and neatly bound, being neither unduly sombre in contents or appearance. It bears the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Montreal, written very appropriately during the prevalence of the small-pox in that city in the winter and spring of 1872.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VI, No. 35.—MARCH, 1874.

## IS AMERICA A PROTESTANT COUNTRY?

"THIS is a Protestant country. We Catholics cannot act here with the freedom exercised among Europeans; we must be guarded in the expression of our views and circumspect in our actions. What will our Protestant fellow-citizens think of such and such things? They don't understand us, and in their ignorance will either ridicule us, or if we go too far in the expression of our religious opinions and in active demonstrations, they will ultimately seek to persecute us, therefore we must keep quiet, go on in the even tenor of our way, thankful that the glorious privilege of religious liberty and toleration, vouchsafed to us by the fact that we are American citizens, will allow us to worship God undisturbed. Some of these days perhaps the 'good time coming' will bear in its magic grasp, among other gifts inherent to its millennial character, the grace of faith to our benighted countrymen, and then when all America is Catholic, oh! how glorious will be its lot, how splendid its historical career. It's coming, depend upon it; the signs all point that way. Providence in its own good time will convert the entire land. The sceptre of faith is passing from the old nations of Europe, along with the star of empire floating from this political horizon. Both are becoming the inheritance of the rising people of the western world. But for the present we must be sober, and keep vigil, act judiciously, and cultivate the friendship of those outside the Church with whom fate obliges us to live; they will be so charmed with our 'liberality' that we will be actually hastening thereby the end for which we Catholics are all so hopefully longing."

Such is the specious, deceitful, and illogical reasoning which, enforced with a *devil-me-care* toss of the head, a sudden distension of the organs of pomposity, a wink of the eyes, and a crack of the fingers, daily greets our ears, conversationally, and hourly parades itself practically in the words and actions of that lovely race of bipeds known as "liberal" Catholics, a very quiet

and thoroughly tamed species of that portion of creation which we never hear mentioned, without our minds recurring to a certain comic picture which appeared in one of our periodicals during the great and exciting political contest of 1856, in which James Buchanan, John C. Fremont, and Millard Fillmore, the several candidates for the presidency, were represented as well-fed and well-behaved lions, exhibited in a cage at a menagerie to the admiring gaze of a crowd of spectators, while over the top of the cage appeared a label bearing in large letters the inscription, "DON'T DISTURB THE ANIMALS," a title which we think most appropriate for our liberal friends, since they have no souls, but live, and move, and have their being solely by the instinct of selfishness. We do not, however, feel at all disposed to follow, with regard to such people, the advice conveyed by the cited menagerie label, because we know that their seeming gentleness is the result of a laziness and spiritlessness resulting from their stomachs being well gorged with the pabulum of worldliness, and is but a mere cover for the ferocity of their brutal nature, which will undoubtedly display itself when their organs of sensitiveness are too keenly touched. We propose then to "stir up" the beasts, by endeavoring to demonstrate by a response to the question which forms the title of this paper the dangerous character which they really possess, and the impolicy of a too unquestioning acquiescence in the reports of their manager's show-bills, and that figuratively speaking they answer to the "horned unicorns," serpents, and other beasts, from which King David prayed to be delivered, and whose leader St. Peter designated under the form of a roaring lion going about seeking whom he could devour.

In the first place, then, we deny emphatically that there is any such thing as a Protestant country, either upon the earth, in the heavens above, in the waters under the earth, in any planet of the solar system, or in the unexplored regions of the moon. The only geographical section of creation where it can be presumptively supposed to exist, is just about half way between our present domiciles and our Chinese antipodes, within the bowels of the earth, and in the most torrid of zones. Protestantism is a heresy, and heresy under any form has, by the divine primal and fundamental law, the parent of all other laws, no standing anywhere. It is a bastard, and has only a bastard's rights, save where the right of might has given it a usurper's power. A baptized heretic is indeed endowed with certain privileges by virtue of the mere grace of Christianity conferred at the baptismal font, but he has no supernatural *rights* of which his heresy has not despoiled him. Where by sheer force of numbers Protestantism, like any other heresy, has obtained a foothold, it can and has exercised a tyrant's power, and by such means has moulded public sentiment according to its own perverted views, and abrogating laws, founded upon the fundamental principles of eternal truth, justice, and equity, has substituted therefore a system of discordant rules or codes of unprincipled enactments to suit its own prostituting aims. Such was the state of affairs in the days when, according to the sacred writers, two-thirds of the world was subjugated by Arianism. Such was the condition of mankind at the time of our Saviour's birth, when the whole world, departing from the theocratic legislation of Judaism, had plunged into the darkness of Paganism, and only a small portion of the earth could claim as its inhabitants "the ancient people of God." Such too

was the aspect of affairs in the Roman Empire under barbaric rule, in Germany under the Emperors who contested with the popes for the right of investiture, in France under the Huguenots, in England under the Tudors, in Ireland under everything in the guise of a government which has been able to prey on its national vitals. Such too is the case in modern Germany under a Bismarck, in Switzerland under the secret societies, in Poland under the schismatical rule of tyrannical Russia, in Italy under the deviltries of a Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, in Spain under a Castelar and the red republican clique, who have substituted themselves for the government of their "Most Catholic Majesties;" and finally, to a too considerable extent, in our own country, under the dominating influences of "ring-men" and pot-house politicians, who have supplanted the statesmen of the old colonial and Federalist schools, men whose statesmanship sprang from the innate nobility of their natures, and was cultivated amid the refining trials of honest indigence, and not acquired at other people's expense in hot-houses for the propagation of all the damnable heresies, moral, political, and social. Yet this accidental supremacy by no means confers upon the usurping schism any inherent rights, or sanctifies any of the erroneous laws of its own creation by which it falsely supports its claims.

We will probably be told that this is a severe doctrine, that it is practically the teaching of the Inquisition. Certainly it is a descending to first principles; there can surely be nothing wrong in that, especially when no Catholic at least will dare to say that it is a reduction to an absurdity. As regards it being a doctrine of the Inquisition, we can only reply in the most unhesitating language, Yes, it is. But what of it? The Inquisition was merely a tribunal, established by Catholic princes in Catholic times, for the trial and punishment of what was most justly held to be a gross violation of both natural right and statutory law, civil and canonical, namely, heresy. The abuses which grew up under the prestige of that institution were only such and probably not any worse than those which are incidental to all human concerns, but surely the fact that such abuses did arise, and especially that the Inquisition itself was suppressed by pontifical authority, for that very cause does not disprove the legitimacy of its institution any more than it proves the fact of a desire to see its re-establishment in modern times or in our own favored land. All that we do desire is, that civil rulers everywhere would recognize and enforce the immutable laws of truth, but if we descend to particularize those laws, we certainly do unhesitatingly say that neither the character of the times nor the people of the present age would justify any such accusation. What is always right is not necessarily always expedient, but where right, expediency, justice, and availability alike clamor for a certain action, surely the popular voice should not fail to sing in chorus, Amen, nor should the rulers, to whom is committed the performance of the duty, fail to heed the not uncertain sound. This was precisely the state of affairs at the time of the establishment of the Inquisition, and so the Inquisition was called into existence. It was not the condition of things when it was suppressed, hence its suppression. It is not now and probably never will be the condition of affairs again, hence the very shadowy form of the probability of its regeneration.

We might aptly illustrate this

by the citation of many remarkable examples from our civil and common law, in the shape of customs or statutes which were certainly founded in natural right, but the abrogation of which was decidedly no violation thereof. One of these springs up under our pen. The Feudal system, a most excellent institution in its day, which, notwithstanding the fact that all our common law of real estate is based upon its underlying principles, yet surely no one would for an instant assert the practicability or the advisability of its re-establishment. Therefore we say, if the doctrine we have laid down, with regard to the non-existence of any natural right for heresy be a doctrine of the Inquisition, why make the most of it. Any Diogenes searching with a lamp for treason therein would be rewarded by finding his labor lost.

But does not the right of discovery and conquest give a semblance of a claim to the supreme rights of Protestantism in America? No! No right based upon human doctrines can overshadow the higher law of natural right. But we will, for the sake of argument, graciously admit that in this instance it does; then let us see whether Protestantism fares any better for the temporary concession.

How beautifully lies the virgin continent in the lap of the sea, her upturned face reflecting in its unsullied beauty, through more than five thousand years, the primal smile that lit her Creator's countenance when he first looked upon her form and saw that it was good. No vagabond "discoverer" has as yet penetrated the labyrinth of the unexplored seas and raised the misty veil of doubt concealing her virgin form; no exploring speculator has as yet been able to traffic with her purity. For centuries, alone, face to face with God, she has lain in her slumber of beauty, the azure canopy of the star-studded firmament her protection. Around her aerial castle; as about the fairy abode of the sleeping princess in the ancient legend, the wild vines have run at random, the multifarious flora have alternately through myriad years silently donned and doffed their radiant coronals, the gayly-plumed generations of birds have flitted and chirped around her, the strange gaudy-robed and wild-eyed animals of the tropics, the fur-coated denizens of the snow-bound north-lands have roved and gambolled about her forest fastnesses. Save the weird music of their voices her ears have as yet heard no earthly sound unless it were the drowsy monotone of the embracing sea. But hark! What is that distant echo that startles her now, and wakens her as if by magic?

Te Deum Laudamus!
This glorious morn,
From the bosom of ocean
A world has been born;
And he who first kindled
The sun with his breath,
Has brought light from darkness
And life out of death.

Te Deum Laudamus!
Ye isles of the main,
Through ages of error
That slumbering have lain,
Lift up your glad voices,
The shadow that lay
Upon you his presence
Has turned into day.

Te Deum Laudamus!
Ye nations that lie
In the noontide of truth
From the dayspring on high;
Your songs of thanksgiving
To GOD the SUPREME
Pour forth without ceasing,
SALVATION'S the theme.

Whence come those touchingly weird and soothing strains that seem to thrill the silence with their echoes? They are the canticles of intermingled praise and joy sung by the intrepid pilgrim prelate Eric, Bishop of Garda, and his crew of Sacred Scalds, and daring but heaven-guided mariner priests, who have sailed from the ice-bound regions of the north, and come, not like their viking ancestry, with

schemes of plunder to scourge the seas and terrify all who sail thereon in ships, not to swoop down like fierce birds of prey, as did their Norsemen brethren upon England, France, and Ireland, but with faith for their polar star they have steered their course

> Where descends the Atlantic,
> The gigantic
> Storm wind of the equinox,

and rounding the verdant shores of what is now known as Martha's Vineyard, are sailing up the lucent waters of Narraganset Bay. Landing where now the fair sculptured form of the guardian Madonna, our Lady of the Isle, keeps watch and ward from the heights around the beautiful city of Newport, and its old round tower stands as a perpetual memorial of the hardy missioners' holy enterprise, they are the first to claim this nameless but fairest of all earth's daughters, this America of the future, as the spouse, the adopted daughter of his Church. They belong to her prehistoric story; their career is partly of record and partly of fable; but that they first wooed and won our continent to Christ is indisputable. How long they abode within her enchanted dominions no man has power even to guess; solemnly and mysteriously as they came they at length departed. Mingling, however, with their dying hymns, we catch the echo of other sacred tones, when a second band of mariner-monks, piloted by good St. Brendan, sailing from the consecrated turf of the Isle of Saints, have crossed the western seas and penetrated, bearing aloft before them the banner of the cross, into the very heart of those wide and trackless domains, even to where now fair Cincinnati sits—

> The Queen of the West
> In her garlands dressed,
> By the shores of the beautiful river.

These, too, depart like the shadows of things that were, and then the land, like a baptized babe, relapses into the sleep of spiritual and historical infancy, till her echoing shores startle her from her childhood's dreams to the activity of adolescence, as they send back in welcome the *Salva Regina* of Columbus's crew, sounding over the Caribbean waves. On they come, leaping ashore, a countless procession of gay-plumed martial cavaliers, with hosts of Franciscan and Dominican monks. Year after year these sons of sunny Spain, swelling the army of adventurers, place under the standard of the Cross the flowery tropics, just as their Norsemen and Irish brethren conquered a century before the northern and central portions of this western hemisphere. How grand the semi-historic and semi-religious panorama, telling, in its changing phases, the story of our country's colonization and sanctification; that now winds its pictured length before us. We see the Antilles and the Floridas peopled with Christian colonies of converted Indians and emigrant Spaniards. We see that glorious man, Bishop Las Casas, rebuking in its very inception the rapacity of worldly-minded adventurers, who would seek to fasten upon our country the curse of slavery. Prince and pioneer of true abolitionists, his voice sounds through the vista of time like the first bugle-call of our political freedom. We see a De Soto sailing up the southern end of that mighty river that girdles like a silver belt the centre of the continent—the Mississippi—while a Marquette, brave son of Catholic France, who too has begun to play a part in the redemption of our soil, breaks his way through the pathless forest of Illinois, and sails down the northern end of the mighty stream to greet his Spanish brother. We see a Vasco Nunez, followed by colonies of missionaries, exploring and civilizing with Christian energy and true progress the golden shores of California,

while the cactus-crowned Montezuma bows his haughty head in submission, and throws his eagle-blazoned shield and his Aztec pride in the dust at Cortez' feet, and the golden-armored Incas of Peru fling their marvellous treasures, and bend the knee in unwonted genuflections of homage before the Christian invader, who, scandalous as his life and barbarous as his cruelties may have been, was nevertheless in the mysterious dispensations of Providence the instrument of planting a Christianity that flourishes with pristine vigor and tropical luxuriance even after four centuries in that sunny distant land.

The scene again changes, this time to the more sterile lands of the Canadas, the pine forests of New England, and the rich and undulating territories of Northern and Western New York. Now the heroes of the picture are the chivalrous sons of *La Belle France*. There is that chivalrous crusader of modern times, Samuel de Champlain; behind him, bearing the beautiful standards of the cross and the gonfalons of Mary Immaculate, and the richly bedizened banner of the *fleur de lis*, come in processional pomp that glorious band of French soldier missionaries and holy women, who will make these sterile regions blossom with the lilies and roses of faith; wending, a solemn pageant, from their ships, they wind through the vista of the years, then disperse and populate the various fields of labor. The music of the military masses, where Champlain holds court with provincial regality, wake the echoes around the grand old faith-founded fortress of Quebec, while anon his pinnace glides like a white-winged dove, harbinger of the glad tidings of salvation, down the azure stream that bears his name, amid the verdant hills of green Vermont. Yonder, where the watch-fires of a new colony are struggling with the misty moonbeams, the solemn chant of the Church's litanies, the lispings of the rosary, and the exultant notes of the *Tantum ergo* are welling from the voices of a little band of pilgrims, who have caught the myriads of flitting fire-flies, strung them together, and entwined them in scintillating circles around the blessed sacrament, as they keep in its august presence the foundation of the new settlement, laid in Mary's name and honor, and hold sacred vigil through the birthnight of Montreal. While the Recollets and Sulpitians, the sons of Olier and the daughters of St. Vincent are initiating the red children of the frontier posts into the mysteries of religion, the glorious soldiers of Loyola are not idle. In the peaceful retreats of Mount Desert Island, by the shores of that beautiful lake whose pellucid waters mirror the firmament, and so appropriately bears the name of that august sacrament, whose awful purity shines transparent as a star to the eye of unclouded faith, gentle Isaac Jogues instructs the untutored and war-painted savage in the stupendous doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. In Northwestern Canada and amid the Canandaigua hills, where now the traveller reins his iron steed to revel amid the gorgeous labyrinths of Watkin's Glen, a Brebouf, a Lallment, a Daniel, and an almost countless host of other "black robes," give to the land the charter of salvation, and seal the Church's conquest with their lifeblood. While yonder daring priest, penetrating further than his brethren, is rewarded with the first sight of the world-renowned Falls of Niagara, whose waters, as they dash and foam along, will inseparably mingle with their chorus the name of their discoverer, Hennepin. Truly it needed no papal bull to make America the property of the Catholic Church. Where in all this varied picture figures

Protestantism and its "parsons"? When Eric of Garda rode the seas it was not yet dreamed of. When Columbus leaped ashore at San Salvador, it had not yet been generated, and America had taken her undisputed place among the nations ere it was born. In time, however, it too came down like a wolf on the American fold. The result of its presence can be found in the pictures painted by even its own historians, in the bloody contests for political supremacy in the colonies, in the thieveries of the Knickerbocker traders, in the treacheries and butcheries among the aborigines, in its own internal dissensions, which it displays always and everywhere, and displayed here in Puritanical laws, in hanging New England "witches," in the banishment of Quakers, and in the furtherance of every aim that it hoped would effectually destroy the glorious works of Catholicity already enumerated; such as the massacre of Rasle's colony of Catholic Indians at Norridgewock, and the oppression by the Episcopalians of Maryland of those very Catholics who had given them religious toleration. Beautiful specimen of Protestant gratitude and tolerance, political as well as religious!

The natural results of Protestantism bid fair to display themselves in a warring tyranny, when Baltimore and his band of American colonists, like missionaries of peace, stand between the hostile people and first set them the sublime example of religious toleration and liberty of conscience, a precious boon, of which Protestantism makes a boasting as vain as it is loud. The old drums that beat at Louisburg and the pennons of France drooping over the surrendered fortress of Quebec, proclaim the downfall of Catholic supremacy in America, at least politically. The same brave banners, borne by the troops of Louis XVI, waving amid the tricolor of the Colonists over the battle-fields of the Revolution, and the fleets of Rochambeau and D'Estaing prove, that to Catholic arms is colonial America most deeply indebted for the confirmation of that political freedom and pre-eminence which she first owed to the Catholics of Maryland. The grand Te Deums swelling up from the humble walls of old St. Joseph's Church at Philadelphia, where the Catholic and Protestant soldiers of the Revolution kneel side by side, announce to the heavens the heartfelt thanksgivings of a redeemed people, and to the listening earth proclaim that THE UNION is established on truly Catholic principles; a fact which obviates any necessity for the *formal* supremacy of the Church over the State, which the enemies of truth, forgetting the fact that to the JESUITS of Maryland they first owed all the political liberty they possess, would have us believe is the principle which is ever agitating the Catholic American bosom,—the supremacy of the Church to the utter subversion of the State. No, the Federal Constitution in guaranteeing to every man the exercise of the rights of conscience, practically acknowledges the supremacy of the Church. By the Catholic it, is exercised within the limits of the Church's dictation to his own political advantage; by the Protestant, whose own weak brain is the only authority, even ecclesiastical, which he acknowledges, it is enjoyed to his own spiritual and political damnation. To his spiritual destruction we need hardly show how at present; to his political, by all the countless social and political evils which the influence of Protestantism is spreading over our country, and which the counteracting influence of Catholicity alone saves from utter destruction. From the principal violation of this fundamental right in the establishment of schools, which no

honest Protestant or true Catholic durst support, is alone springing as from Pandora's box all the countless forms of obscenity and dishonesty, which, by weakening the high-toned sentiments of the people, are making our men and women, and even our children, "noonday demons," who are dragging us to national destruction.

The historians Bancroft and Prescott boldly affirm the great work which the Catholic Church did in the establishment of our country, and the equally powerful Parkman essays vainly to avoid the same confession, so humiliating to his Protestant pride. The Catholics of America hardly need an historian of their own faith while they can point the finger of reference to the story of these writers; but the work of our country's spiritual regeneration is recorded in letters of imperishable lustre on the shining tablets of the recording angel, who notes the good and evil deeds of men. Truly then, that celestial penman must fold his wings and bend his head in sorrow when he is obliged to tell, that glorious as the recital is, it would be a thousand times brighter were it not for the scandals among those Americans of the household of faith, who are recreant to their glorious mission. If we turn to the map of the United States we will discover that from the Atlantic to the Pacific, "from the iceberg to the palm," our mountains, and valleys, and streams, our political divisions, and our towns and cities bear in countless instances the names of their Catholic discoverers or settlers, or even in the midst of Protestant surroundings are placed under the patronage of saints or sacred characteristics, which the devotion of the early settlers prompted them to recognize. Everywhere, no longer in a mental picture but clearly to our gaze from countless steeples, the cross glistens like a forest goldened by the autumn sun. From countless cathedrals and churches, rivalling in splendor many of the Old World, well up hourly the organ's massive tones, and the chant of mingled prayer and praise. Everywhere, in the deep haunts of the city, in the squalid dens of vice and misery, in the stately and luxurious mansions of the rich, or in the cultivated plains or trackless forests of the country, mid summer's burning heats or autumn's rains, or winter's blinding snows, the faithful priest and devoted nun pursue their avocations of mercy and love, a spectacle of wonder and admiration to even the unbeliever. Hundreds of Catholic institutions of learning are training the intellectual cohorts of the American church. Earnest and devoted laymen are converting by their words or their saintly example thousands of their fellow-citizens; while, crowning all, looms up the vision of the assembled prelates of the American hierarchy in the plenary council of the old mother church of Baltimore, proclaiming in thunder tones that MARY CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN IS THE PATRONESS OF THESE UNITED STATES.

The approaching Centennial of American Independence will show that, marvellous as has been the political and material progress of our country, its spiritual regeneration, wrought by those earnest children of the Church who, in spite of social ostracism or open persecution, have stood and labored in solid phalanx, is ten thousand times more wonderful, while it will at the same time prove that what is known as the Protestant religion, is a negation of all religion, and has strewed the land with wrecked souls, with religious dissensions, with vice and immorality under every most horrible and repulsive form, in a word, has labored with a satanic pertinacity which bids fair to be ultimately successful in

the attainment of its real aim,—the destruction of our entire nation. This has been its end in Europe, why not here? If the United States shall live politically to celebrate the second centennial of their Federated birth, they will owe the honor solely and exclusively to the leaven of Catholicity, which has never ceased to ferment the mass of Protestantism. Yet all this result of the Church's work has been done in the face of and despite an opposing element far more fatal to its work than Protestantism; we mean liberal Catholicism and the worldly indifferentism of those creatures whom we pictured in the beginning as wild beasts in the menagerie, and who are a quadruplicated cross-breed between the social flunky, the intellectual toady, the political parasite, and the moral carrion-crow.

IF AMERICA BE A PROTESTANT COUNTRY, IT IS ONLY FOR THE WANT OF UNITY AND ENERGY AMONG US CATHOLIC UNITS WHO COMPOSE THE BODY OF THE AMERICAN FAITHFUL. It is only for that imbecility of character which is the special mark of too large a portion of our people, towards whom heaven has been by no means parsimonious in its mental or material or physical gifts—people who, in regard to all the higher aspirations and nobler aims of life, return stillborn to the kindred dust from which they sprung. Would that it had been, for then they would have had some excuse for the shameless indifference to all that is glorious in their faith. Especially is this true of some of our public men.

It has not been long since we heard a distinguished Catholic clergyman, whose life has been devoted to the training of young men, say, that many of his students had reached places of high honor and profit in the political arena, but that he had never yet been able to get a single one of them to act therein with the fearless independence of a Catholic, conscious of the dignity and nobility of his baptismal birthright, and we have seen the humiliating spectacle in our public legislative bodies, of Catholic members who displayed the shrewdest political ingenuity in securing a profitable place among the delegates, but who were struck as dumb and acted as backwards as Balaam's long-eared steed while anything detrimental or favorable to the interests of the Church was being discussed or voted on.

It is to palliate their own shame that these people prate in the style which forms the opening paragraph to this paper, but the whole statement is not only a shameless lie in itself, but a gross libel on our Protestant fellow-citizens. Protestantism as a system has been the object of our attack in this article, because it is essentially evil, but our Protestant fellow-citizens individually have too little regard for its vacillating hold to pay much heed to its grasp. Hence they have become indifferentists, whose only worship is paid at the shrine of that nondescript goddess, good-heartedness. They are "liberal" to a large degree, and they have not only a right but it is their duty to be so as far as regards Catholicity. While many of these false ideas of liberality do the work of infidelity and poison so many of our own people, yet the liberality of Protestants is on the whole of a superior order to that which infects weak-kneed Catholics. It makes them in many instances genial towards their Catholic fellow-citizens, and with their geniality comes a disposition to inquisitiveness. They begin to take a sort of general interest in the Church, they attend its services, they are delighted with its ceremonials, they are pleased with its open-air demonstrations, they search into its dogmas, they end by either becoming converts or else

friendly champions of the Church. Woe betide their eternal salvation if they look to the example or instructions of any of their liberal Catholic associates. Like the hearts entrapped by the tempting eyes of the fair maidens in Tom Moore's song, these frauds of Catholicity will lead them not to heaven, but "the other way, the other way." Is not this our daily experience? These Catholic liberalists stand on weak foundations both socially and religiously, and therefore seek to extenuate their conduct by preaching the "policy" doctrine. Yet there never was a persecution raised against the American Church that came directly from Protestants, but claimed as its true parents renegade Catholics, for they are the stuff of which traitors are made, and no drop of martyrs' blood was ever disgraced by coursing through their veins. It is not love or solicitude for the Church that rules their conduct, but shame lest the glorious name of Catholic should be a password for a social ostracism, which exists only in their own addled pates, for the truly high-toned Protestant respects, fears, and follows submissively the leadership of the fearless Catholic lady or gentleman. Equally false as we have shown is their grand argument that the toleration of Catholicism in our country is a privilege. No, it is a fundamental, an inalienable, and a divine right. No man gave it. Not even God can take it away, for he cannot destroy the essential rights which he through his Church has once conferred.

Equally false is their expressed desire for the reign of the Church anywhere on earth. They care nothing about the church, and they prove their indifference by the grossest violations of its most sacred ordinances.

In a word, they live, move, and have their being in self, its interests and its pleasures; self is their God, their first beginning and last end, their Alpha and Omega, and in self alone and the things of time do they find their reward. Their lives are a scandal to all around them, and their deaths likewise.

This is the average American Catholic of the liberal school. All Americans are more or less easy-going, as is proved by the political misrule to which they so tamely submit in comparison with their forefathers and great-grandmothers, who utterly refused to write on stamped paper, or drink tea that was taxed a cent to the pound, but our liberal American Catholic is, except in matters of purely private interest, by all odds "the tamest thing out," yet he pretends to look exultingly forward to the religious millennium, the reign of Catholicity in America, yet, if he ever dreamed of seeing it, he would pack his trunks and start immediately for Paris, the temporal and eternal heaven of all good Americans.

Long years ago, however, the sadly sweet voice of the world's Redeemer spoke upon the plains of Judea a warning prophecy, which will echo through all time for those who thus turn their backs upon him.

"*Amen! Amen! I say to you, the people of Nineveh shall rise in judgment against this generation, and shall condemn it; for they did penance at the preaching of Jonas the prophet, and behold! a greater than Jonas here. And the Queen of the South shall rise in judgment against this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the uttermost bounds of the earth to listen to the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon here.*"

There is a judgment then for these people, and the salvation of the nation at large may be the only limit of its exercise. God's work will triumph in spite of all obstacles. He holds

the fate of nations in his hands. With no nation has he dealt so bountifully as with ours, be its ultimate and complete sanctification what it may or come when it may, of one thing we may be certain, that at the banquet-table, whereat the true Catholics of America will celebrate her national redemption, and make merry with celestial mirth over her sanctification, there will be no "liberals" among the guests, but in the pauses of the festal music there will come a distant sound of weeping and gnashing of teeth from disgraced guests, who have been cast out to a place of torture, to which none were called, but many chose blindly to go. To the placing of this culminating glory upon our country's brow it is therefore doubly incumbent upon the faithful to lend their zealous co-operation. The principal means towards it, and at the same time the best antidote to the baneful influence of "liberalism," what is it? We have told it often before, but we cannot too frequently repeat it,—Home Education. It was this that made the forefathers of our country; it is the want of this which has, under the sway of Protestant influences, principally degraded their descendants; it is this alone which, administered according to sound Catholic principles, must redeem them. When autumn has stripped the gardens of earth of all their beautiful blooms, we rear beside our genial hearthstones those delicate plants which cheer us through the winter's gloom, and which thus carefully preserved stand with natural vigor when they are set out at spring's return, and summer strikes them with her fiery darts; so it must be with our rising generation. If we train them carefully at home during the wintry gloom of our national disorder, we will find them the foremost workers of our national regeneration, and the most brilliant conservators of its climacteric glory.

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## THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

### Chapter XI.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND. THE FRAU FLOHRBERG MEETS WITH A RICH RELATION.

"An odd thing, this," said General O'Donnell to his wife, "here is a letter in a strange handwriting, bearing the London postmark, and directed to my care, to be forwarded to our friend, Von Sulper; well," he added, "there is a delay in its having been sent to Coblentz, in the first instance, so Herr Von Sulper shall have his letter at once; as soon as I have breakfasted I will take it to him."

The letter was from Herbert Mainwaring, begging the Herr Von Sulper to be in London at the time of the trial, as he would form an important witness in the case in question, on the side of the accused, it being himself who had given Fraulein the money, wrongfully supposed to have been part of the cash received when the bracelet was pledged.

The morning then was not very far advanced, when General O'Donnell emerged from his house in Vienna to seek his friend, who was still lounging over a cup of chocolate, when he entered his room.

"A letter from London, my good friend," said the General, placing it on the table as he spoke.

"From London!" replied Von

Sulper, in much astonishment, "and forwarded on from Coblentz, I see," he added, glancing at the superscription, "for it is addressed to me there, to your care. What *can* this mean? I have no London correspondent that I am aware of."

He opened the letter, read on in extreme amazement, then laying it down, still but half read, he exclaimed,—

"Good heavens! General, I am requested to return to England, immediately, to give evidence in a criminal case, in which your poor little friend the Fraulein Flohrberg is concerned."

"What is it you say?" said the General. "What on earth can you have had to do with Maria? Why you never saw her till you met her on a visit to my wife at Coblentz."

"I met her since then, however, in much distress, in the streets of London," replied the gentleman. "But let me quietly, if I can, read the rest of my letter, and I will then tell you all I know of poor Fraulein's troubles."

He did read the letter through, very carefully pushed his cup of chocolate away, and ended by giving the letter to the General, and pacing up and down the room in a state of extreme agitation.

The General perused it, too, and aghast with horror at finding of what a crime his poor protegé was accused. When he had finished the perusal, Herr Von Sulper stood before him, and, in a serio-comic tone and manner, exclaimed,

"See, General, what a pretty mess I have got myself into by my knight-errantry in succoring distressed damsels; yet, go I must; even if I could refuse, what a wretch should I be, for, if they bring in a verdict of guilty against this poor young person, the sentence will be transportation for a long term of years."

"I am much distressed at all you have told me," replied the General, "but how, or in what way, may I ask, did you become acquainted with Maria, so as to be involved in this affair?"

Herr Von Sulper then told his friend the circumstances under which he had met with Maria, and added, "I was looking out for a cab to convey me to the steamer, when I met the Fraulein; before I parted from her, I looked at my watch, and found it was a little more than half-past seven; I had gone some little distance, and remembered I had forgotten a small parcel; I hurried back to the hotel to get it and returned. What I then thought a strange similarity as to dress, now flashes across my mind as a most remarkable coincidence; within a few paces of a pawnbroker's shop stood a woman, whose height and dress exactly corresponded with that of Maria Flohrberg; I went up and spoke to her, but as she raised her veil I discovered my mistake; and I could identify that face wherever I might come across it, or amidst a thousand others."

"Poor Flohrbergs, poor Flohrbergs," sighed the General, "how unfortunate they *always* are: this news will kill my poor friend should he hear of it; he is a worthy creature, and loves Maria as if she were his own child, which, in fact, she supposes herself to be, though I and all *old* friends know the reverse."

"Not his child!" exclaimed Von Sulper. "Why what could induce a poor man to burden himself with the child of another person?"

"She is his wife's niece," said the General; "was left, a mere infant between two and three years of age, to the care of a maiden sister, by her dying brother, his wife having, before her husband's illness, left his roof and gone no one knew whither; the real duties of a mother had been discharged from the child's infancy by its

aunt, and so it came to pass that, when Flohrberg, then serving under my own command, married Fraulein Von Alstein, a native of Munich, they decided, as there was little to be said in favor of her parents, that the little Maria should be brought up to consider them as her own, and so—"

But here the General was interrupted, the countenance of his friend had assumed an ashy paleness; he staggered as a man might under the influence of liquor, and said,

"Repeat that name, my friend. Is it possible you said the lady's maiden name was Von Alstein? Tell me her Christian name."

"Ida," said the General. "I have heard Flohrberg address her by that name; she has signed herself thus in writing to my wife."

"Oh! Heaven? is it possible?" exclaimed Herr Von Sulper; "know then, my friend, that Ida Flohrberg is my sister, this Maria, my niece.

"Listen, General," he said; "you have known me but a very few years, and that by letter, personally, only since my return from America, four months since. I will tell you briefly the history of my life, and how, though I bear no longer the name of Von Alstein, I am, nevertheless, brother to the Frau Flohrberg.

"It is now somewhat more than twenty-seven years since, that with only my passage-money paid and a few thalers in my pocket, I set sail for America, to try whether a more regular life, combined with industry, would help to retrieve my shattered fortunes; my brother and myself, but more especially my brother, had led far from steady and prudent lives, thus the very moderate competency bequeathed us by our father was soon wasted away, and our sole female relative, Ida, was then supporting herself by giving lessons in music, an art in which she excelled, and of which she was passionately fond. Meanwhile my brother Franz had made a rash and imprudent marriage, allying himself to a young Irish woman, whose sole recommendation consisted in the perishable charm of a very pretty face, but who was a vain and selfish woman. His union was productive of excessive misery; in every respect ill-assorted, constant discord was the result; and, but two years and a half after the birth of her child, at the very moment when the fortunes of my poor Franz were at their lowest ebb, she suddenly left her home, and he afterwards heard had engaged herself as companion to an English lady who had been making the tour of the continent, and who had left Germany for England on the very day his wife had disappeared. When I received this news I had been already a year and a half in America, struggling still for a mere subsistence, and but very rarely corresponding with those whom I had not the power to assist, and who could not assist me. I heard but once more from Munich; the next letter was from my sister Ida, and contained the news of my brother's death, and her adoption of the child he had intrusted to her care.

"As for myself, the next ten years of my life rolled on in one almost unavailing struggle with fortune, and I was beginning to give up all attempts to earn a decent competency with despair, when an event happened which placed me eventually in the prosperous circumstances I now enjoy.

"There arrived in New York a Dutch gentleman of considerable fortune; he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and in a fortunate hour I procured an introduction to him. I became his managing man, with an income sufficient to place me far beyond the reach of distress. I was now leading a regular and

steady life, fond of business, and quiet; mindful, too, that there was a better world, and striving to push my way on to it; I had not, I must also add, forgotten my poor Ida and her little charge. I wrote to Munich, but received no reply; again I wrote, this time to an old friend. Both letters were returned, the one to our friend with the intelligence that he was dead, the former that no such person was known in Munich. I then decided that, either in the long term of years which had elapsed, Ida was herself dead, or married and removed to some distant place, or, perhaps, left Germany altogether.

"I had, too, when fortune at last emptied her gifts into my lap, decided on visiting once more the land of my birth; but my patron, Herr Von Sulper, was now falling into years, and implored me to abandon all idea of such a journey, for at least some time to come.

"I eventually married his only child, and sole heiress to his large property; we had no children, and, unhappily, my Amelia died before the good old merchant, who then executed a will, leaving me heir to all he possessed, on condition that I, for the time to come, formally laid aside my own name, and bore that of Von Sulper.

"Hence, you see, how impossible it was that I could have any suspicion, when I twice met poor Maria at Coblentz, that she was in any way connected with myself. Now, however, I am full of a restless anxiety till my return to England, for, you will observe, my dear General," he added, pointing to the various post-marks on the letter, "that this epistle has been sent to several places, wherever, in fact, you have been known to be a sojourner, until at last it has found me here. There is one person though, whom I must visit first, and that is my poor Ida, the more so that she is in sorrow and suffering."

Herr Von Sulper, for so we must call him, lost no time then, but bade adieu to the amazed General, hastening to make the few arrangements necessary, prior to his sudden departure for England, and the former returned home to surprise his wife with his news, and tell her that the hen with the golden eggs had, at last, turned up for the hitherto unfortunate Flohrbergs.

* * * * *

"Who on earth can that be so late? run and see, Mina," said the Frau Flohrberg, as she sat wearing away her once fine eyes in mending clothes scarce worth mending any longer, by the dim light of a small candle, and as Mina hastened to obey her mother's request, the poor Frau looked uneasily at her still sickly husband, whom the timely gift of Squire Mainwaring, Maria's money having been stopped it will be remembered, had saved from the horrors of a prison. But there was cause yet for fear, in some way or another; or why was it that Frau Flohrberg laid her hand upon her heart and changed color so fearfully, when she heard a strange voice without, inquiring for herself.

And still more did her cheek and lip grow pale when she heard the words, "I *must* see your mother," and heard, also, the stranger's footsteps coming towards the room. Ah, poor Frau, it is fear for your husband, that husband who cannot keep his family on his poor little income, that makes your heart beat so wildly.

But Von Sulper enters the humble room, and the brother and sister, so long separated, gaze on each other as strangers gaze. He cannot see one trace, in the matronly, elderly, plain-looking woman before him, of the bright-eyed and handsome Ida of nigh thirty years since. Aye, thirty years; they had snatched, one by one, the roses from her cheek, and ploughed the

fair open brow with furrows; they had turned almost white the rich, smooth, brown locks, so that Ida Flohrberg was a totally different being from the Ida Von Alstein, her brother Heinrich had bade adieu to so long since.

And so, ye fair young damsels, count not as things of sterling value, your beauty and your youth. Alas, alas, both will quickly vanish; the hand of time passes on so very speedily, you see, and it takes this frail gift along with it, if, haply, it fadeth not under the touch of care and rude contact with the world, when adverse fortune frowns, or sickness cometh not to make a wreck of beauty, even while the fleeting period of youth remains. Not that Ida Flohrberg had ever erred this way, for humble and simple, virtuous in girlhood, and religious without any ostentation, showing forth the beauty of religion by the rectitude of her life, rather than by words, ever unselfish, and ready in a thousand little acts of kindness to aid her neighbor when occasion presented itself, the life of Ida was a perpetual homily on the beauty of the Christian faith to all who approached her.

But to return from our digression; with tremulous hesitation, the Frau inquired the cause of the stranger's visit; he replied:

"I am informed you bore, before your marriage, the name of Von Alstein; is that information correct?"

The Frau answered in the affirmative, wondering what could be the purport of the stranger's visit.

"I am the bearer of a token, given by you some thirty years since to a brother, who left Munich for America."

"Heaven help me!" said the Frau, supporting herself by the chair against which she stood; "it surely is not possible, Mein herr, that my brother Heinrich still lives."

"Behold your souvenir, Frau Flohrberg," exclaimed the stranger, withdrawing from his neck a small gold cross, the back of which, on touching a spring, disclosed to view a lock of dark brown hair.

The Frau Flohrberg gazed in a sort of bewildered astonishment, too intense for words; she fixed a sort of half-frightened stare on the face of the elderly, staid-looking gentleman before her, and in vain tried to associate a single feature in the face with those of her forgotten brother Heinrich. No, that hard weather-beaten countenance bore not any resemblance to the face which her recollection of Heinrich brought before her.

But Herr Von Sulper could no longer dissemble, and the words, "Ida, my sister, Heinrich is before you," trembled on his lips, whilst his strong arm sustained the feeble form of the weak woman.

The little scene that ensued can be better imagined than described, for the young people came in for their part also; carrying Uncle Heinrich off in triumph to their father, his wife having first roused him from slumber, and told him, as well as her emotion would allow her, that Heinrich had, at last, come back to Germany, aye, and had been here many months before, for that Maria was wont to meet her own uncle at the General's but, of course, did not know him under the name of Von Sulper.

And then, when the first outbreak of joy was over, Von Sulper had to tell about poor Maria, how strangely he had been wont to meet her, in her visits to Coblentz, and yet knew not the relationship that existed between them; of the assistance he had rendered her on his chance meeting in London, with this stranger niece, and which had been so wofully turned against her, and of the robbery, to give evidence in the trial concerning which he was then on his way to

London, proposing but to tarry with them till the following morning.

"I must go with you, Heinrich," said Flohrberg, rising suddenly from his couch, "I cannot remain here idle, I must be in the court whilst the trial takes place."

"Nonsense, Adolph," replied his wife; "it is impossible, remember how ill you have been; do you not know the doctor has told you to keep yourself perfectly quiet."

"I tell you, wife, I cannot keep quiet, and if my new friend, Heinrich, will only say I may bear him company, I am sure I have strength for the journey."

"And for the excitement? I fear not," said Von Sulper, looking doubtfully at the patient, and sorrowfully, too, as his eye fell on the sleeve of the coat dangling loosely by his side; "but you must bear in mind, my good brother-in law," he added, "that should you be unhappily taken worse on the road, it will seriously interfere with my travelling by such rapid stages as I otherwise should, and might greatly delay me, and I am already later than I ought to have been, through that poor Maria knowing of no address but the General's former quarters at Coblentz."

Flohrberg seemed to yield compliance with his wish, and the night was far advanced ere the little party broke up, previously to which, the rich relation had spoken of a commission for Gustave and college education for Wilhelm, the one lad eager to enter the army, the other the church. Heinrich had also placed a handsome sum of money in the hands of Flohrberg, telling him that when he came back to Germany he hoped to see their house more comfortable.

Von Sulper was up long before the sun, in spite of the late hours he and his newly-found relations had kept; but there was one, so lately and even now an invalid, who was stirring as early, too, and this was poor Flohrberg. He could think of nothing but Maria, his poor dear Maria; no child of his, but whom he loved, as only a father can love.

Heinrich could scarce credit his own eyesight, when he looked at his brother-in-law, ready equipped for travelling, a small carpet bag in his hand, and with determination expressed in every line of his pale countenance.

"I shall come with you, my good fellow," he said, "unless, indeed, you positively forbid my doing so; I really feel much better, notwithstanding late hours and much excitement. You will have no cause to repent having done so, should you allow me to bear you company."

Von Sulper had not the heart to refuse, so the good Frau's objections were all overruled, and the brothers-in-law departed; the heart of the Frau Flohrberg lighter, as far as regarded worldly means, but heavy enough as to the fate of Maria.

## Chapter XII.

MARIA IS TRIED. HERR VON SULPER RECOGNIZES AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE. THE ACQUITTAL. WILSON IS CONDEMNED.

The dreaded day, so full of nervous excitement for poor Maria Flohrberg, is at length at hand.

On the whole, the poor harassed creature had borne up tolerably well; the good-natured Mainwarings had not allowed her to be left much alone, during the few weeks that had elapsed, yet there had been moments, nay, *hours* of unutterable agony, when the thought of the criminal charge which had been brought against her would pierce her to the quick, when fear, an overwhelming fear, lest her innocence should not be fully cleared up, would seem, as it were, to paralyze every faculty of her soul.

Herbert Mainwaring and the solicitor who was to conduct the case, began, however, to feel much annoyed at the non-appearance of Herr Von Sulper; they had written to Coblentz, and we have seen what delay the letter had unfortunately met with, through the General having left the place; and they then telegraphed to the quarters of the latter at Vienna, the very day Von Sulper had left, to go in quest of the Flohrbergs.

Mary had reached London, three days before that appointed for the trial, and each of the friends noticed a striking change, for the worse, in the appearance of the other. Clad in the deepest mourning, poor Mary's countenance, robbed of its usual lively expression, and almost as pale as that of her German friend; herself, too, more nervous than the barrister had supposed, so cool and self-possessed had she always seemed, it were hard for the casual observer, if he had judged from the outward bearing of the two young women, to have guessed the accused from the witness.

At an early hour, the kindhearted Mr. Mainwaring arrived in a cab for his young friend; Mary O'Donnell being accompanied from his house by his son. Of the family of Mr. Montague, no one was present but his wife and the woman Wilson, who had been subpœnaed as witness against Maria Flohrberg; the housekeeper, who had let Mary O'Donnell out, and who had been subpœnaed on the part of the accused; the pawnbroker and his assistant were also present.

In much anxiety Herbert Mainwaring approached Fraulein, on his father leading her within the precincts of the court, and inquired as to whether she had yet heard of, or from, her German friend.

With her heart throbbing wildly, from the intense nervous agitation under which she suffered, and covered with the deepest shame at the ignominious position which she so unjustly occupied, Maria then took her place in the dock.

The jury having been duly sworn in, the business of the day commenced; and Mrs. Montague's counsel opened the case. The principal, nay, the apparently conclusive points in the minds of all who heard him, being, the bracelet having been pledged in Maria's name; the maid Wilson having met her on the staircase on her return home a little after eight; and the identifying of her shawl and dress by the pawnbroker and his assistant. Maria grew yet paler, and colder, as she listened. Was she to be utterly destroyed? Even her innocent intention, when preparing to leave home to get an order, in lieu of the gold Von Sulper had given her, had been, she found, construed into a consciousness of guilt.

The first witness called into the box, was Mr. Stevens, the pawnbroker, who made oath, that on the night of the twenty-third June, he had received in pledge, for the sum of twenty-five pounds, a diamond bracelet, from a person who called herself Maria Flohrberg; that it was a few minutes before eight in the evening; and that the person spoke in the French language.

But, if Mr. Stevens betrayed considerable agitation, and nervously played with his fingers, whilst answering his own counsel, how much more when replying to Herbert Mainwaring's questions.

Nothing, however, could shake his evidence as to the time at which the trinket had been offered. He was asked could he identify the prisoner as the person again; and he replied, "No, I think not."

"But that answer will not do, sir. Can you, or can you not, swear that the prisoner at the bar is the person who gave you that bracelet? Now, remember, you are on your oath."

"I, I am sure I cannot say," replied the pawnbroker, "she kept her veil down; I would not like to say, on my oath, that was the person; but I could swear to the clothes she wore, if they were here, so could my assistant."

Poor Maria's unfortunate shawl and bonnet were here handed up, to the intense amusement of the bystanders.

"Those are the articles the person who came to my shop wore on that night," said Stevens.

"You are positive of this," said Herbert. "What can have made you remember, so clearly, one shawl out of perhaps a hundred you may have seen on the day in question?"

"They are old-fashioned articles," replied Stevens, "not such as one often sees; and my assistants were laughing about them and asking each other what they would lend if they were brought to us to pledge."

"And you have said, that this person spoke to you in French, and that you know that language well. Was it good or bad French that she spoke?"

"I should say not very good," replied the man; "the accent was not good."

"Oh, the accent was not good wasn't it? On your oath now, can you swear that it was such French as you know Germans are apt to speak; or the French of a person who is a not well-educated Englishwoman?"

"I am sure I cannot say, afraid to say on my oath," replied Stevens, in a state of the greatest perturbation, looking now at the ceiling of the court, then at the judge, then at the counsel, in a state of the most perfect bewilderment.

"Speak to the point, sir. On your oath was the French that person spoke to you, the French of a foreigner, or of an Englishwoman?"

"I can't say; would be afraid to say, unless I heard the person speak again."

"Very well, sir, I've done with you, for the present; you will speak more positively a little later, perhaps."

The pawnbroker's assistant was then sworn, and deposed, on oath, to the fact of the bracelet having been pledged at a quarter or ten minutes to eight; and also identified the shawl and bonnet, as having been worn by the person who pledged it.

At this moment Herbert was called aside; he returned a few moments later, and the friends of Maria Flohrberg thought that they discovered an expression of intense pleasure in his handsome and hitherto anxious countenance; he certainly then had heard something which had assured him the trial would terminate favorably for Fraulein.

The woman Wilson was the next witness examined; she would have kept her veil down, but was ordered to remove it, and she certainly disclosed a face in which there was not a single prepossessing feature; when she spoke it was to answer her counsel, in such low and hurried accents, that he was obliged to tell her to raise her voice, and speak less quickly.

"You say that you saw the bracelet on your mistress's table, after she left the house; that you went up-stairs, and remained in your own room; and that returning to the dressing-room at a quarter past eight, you met the Fraulein Flohrberg on the staircase; that she told you she had been out for a walk. Now, will you please to tell me *how* it is you *knew* it was just a quarter past eight when you met this lady; what had occurred to enable you on your oath, to mention that particular time?"

"Because the Fraulein Flohrberg, herself said, when she met me, 'It is now a quarter past eight,

Wilson. I am not well, and shall go to my room; do not let any one disturb me.'"

"You are quite sure, now, that you are correct? You are on your oath; but, supposing the Fraulein really did say this to you, how do you still know that there was no mistake as to time; might not the Fraulein, herself, make a mistake?"

"I am quite right, and say it on my oath," said the undaunted Wilson.

"Well, now, do you not remember that night being out yourself, about the very time you say you met the Fraulein on the staircase of the house in Harley Street?"

"No, sir, I was not out at *that* time; but I did go out much later," said Wilson, meeting the young barrister's penetrating gaze with a calmness as great as his own.

"And you remember, don't you," said Herbert, "meeting a gentleman in Oxford Street, not many paces from Mr. Stevens's shop; he mistook you for another, and addressed you, but as you raised your veil he discovered his mistake? Now, think carefully before you speak, and I'm sure you'll remember the circumstance to which I allude."

A close observer, and there were many such in the court, might have noticed a slight twitching of the muscles of the woman's mouth, as Herbert thus closely questioned her; but she quickly recovered herself, exclaiming, loudly,—

"I'm sure, sir, I can't call to mind anything of the sort, nor how many times in the course of my life impertinent strangers may not have spoken to me in the streets."

"O, very well, very well," said Herbert, "we shall return to this point, later." Then, addressing the judge, he said, "My Lord, a very important witness will, I find, attend in the court, presently, when this witness will have to be again examined on the point concerning which I have been questioning her."

A flush of pleasure lighted up, for a moment, Maria's pale and anxious face, for her solicitor had leaned forwards, and whispered, "Have courage, I understand Herr Von Sulper is in town; we shall get you safely through."

All the witnesses for the prosecution having been heard, Mary O'Donnell was put in the witness-box.

She raised her veil, and disclosed a countenance the sweetness of which won her the admiration of all; naturally fair, the sable robes she wore, as also the trying scene she had lately passed through, rendered her yet paler than usual; but in answer to the questions put to her, her voice, loud and clear, rang through the court.

With remarkable calmness and lucidity, the young lady declared, on oath, that she had spent an hour with her friend, early in the evening; that they had gone out together, at a little after seven, but parted almost immediately; that she had made a small purchase, and returned; that Fraulein had reached home before her, and, seeing her cross opposite the house, had, herself, admitted her; that Fraulein had then told her of her having met a friend, immediately after they had parted, who had lent her some money, which she was going to send to her friends in Germany; that the church clock had chimed three-quarters after seven, when she entered the house, and that the time-piece, in Fraulein's room, pointed to the same hour; and that she remained with her friend till a quarter after eight.

A few questions were then put to Mary, but nothing could shake her evidence, which had been given in a remarkably clear and straightforward manner.

Mrs. Somers was then called, and deposed to having let Miss

O'Donnell out, between the hours of eight and nine, on the evening in question, though she could not speak more positively as to time.

Mrs. Somers was about to leave the witness-box, when there was a bustle in the court; the eyes of all turned in one direction, those of the poor tortured Maria not excepted. Two gentlemen had entered, the one a hale, hearty man, the other old before his time, maimed and sickly. Maria gazed till her head swam, and a mist was before her eyes, for she had looked upon her father; and what terror and sorrow were in the glance he had returned her; the other was her friend Von Sulper.

But, impelled as if by a species of fascination, Mrs. Montague riveted her gaze on the face of the German, and she listened with attention to hear what he would say.

He was shown into the witness-box, and a dead silence prevailed in the court; it had transpired that this was the witness whose arrival had been so anxiously expected, and whose evidence, along with that of Mary O'Donnell, who had already proved an *alibi*, would surely cause the acquittal of Fraulein, and put another in her place.

All who felt for the awful position in which Maria Flohrberg stood, hung upon the words which fell from the lips of the German.

Poor Flohrberg's excitement was so great that he was obliged to lean for support on the arm of the Squire, and his eyes filled with tears, as he gazed on his poor Maria, who, with parted lips, and a countenance from which all color had vanished, awaited the termination of this dreadful scene.

"Herr Von Sulper," said one of the officers of the court.

"I have passed, for years, by the name of Von Sulper," replied the German, "but it may perhaps be as well to state, that my family name is Von Alstein, and"—

But he was interrupted by a piercing shriek, which proceeded from a person a few paces from himself. For one instant his eyes met hers; a moment's thought, another gaze—yes, the recognition was mutual, and Mrs. Montague, for she it was who had given utterance to that hysteric shriek, fell in a heavy swoon in the arms of the person who stood beside her.

As soon as the interruption was over, caused by the sudden and strange illness of the lady in question, the evidence of Herr Von Alstein was taken.

He deposed to having met the Fraulein Flohrberg at the top of Regent Street, at half-past seven on the evening of the twenty-third June; that he then lent her the sum of ten pounds, and parted from her after a few minutes' conversation; he then remembered he had forgotten a parcel he was going to take with him to the Continent, returned to his hotel, and was again in Oxford Street, at a few minutes before eight; was struck by the appearance of a female, standing before a pawnbroker's shop, whose height and dress were the same as that of Fraulein; he believed it to be the same person and addressed her as such, but on her raising her veil, he discovered his mistake, for never were countenances more dissimilar.

Herbert then addressed the judge saying, "My Lord, this closes the case for the defence; but your lordship will remember, that I said I should have occasion to ask a few more questions of the witness Wilson." She was accordingly called into the witness-box. He then addressed the judge as follows:

"My Lord, the last witness, Herr Von Sulper, is prepared to swear, that the person whom he accosted outside the pawnbroker's shop, is the woman whom your lordship now sees in the witness-box."

The pallor of death overspread

the features of the wretched being, and almost unconsciously she strove to hold down the thick veil which screened her countenance; but the judge ordered her to raise it, and Von Sulper fixed his eyes full upon her face.

"That is the person whom I spoke to, in mistake for Maria Flohrberg," he said. "I would swear to that face amidst a thousand; it wants but the attire, worn that night, to render the outward resemblance perfect. The scar on the forehead, and the eyebrows almost meeting, I particularly noticed on that occasion."

The shawl and bonnet were shown to Von Sulper; he identified them immediately, as the pawnbroker had already done.

The judge then summed up, dwelling at some length on the fact that the shawl and bonnet of the accused lady had evidently been worn with a view to throw the guilt on an innocent person; an *alibi*, too, had been distinctly proved, and he left her fate, with confidence, in the hands of the jury, convinced that, as reasonable men, they could not take any other view of the case than that which he himself held, also adding, that the acquittal of the accused must necessarily involve the condemnation of another person, who must shortly herself appear in the dock in the light of prisoner.

Again there was a buzz, expressive of unqualified satisfaction, succeeded by the most perfect silence, till the jurymen returned to their places.

They had not been absent three minutes; on their return, the foreman stepping forwards, said, "My Lord, we find the prisoner at the dock 'not guilty.'"

No longer was the pleasure of the eager crowd, who on that day thronged the Old Bailey, vented in a subdued manner; the ladies in the galleries waved their handkerchiefs; the expression of universal satisfaction could not, on the moment, be repressed, but was answered by a loud huzza from the assembled crowd without.

But the object of this unfeigned satisfaction was insensible to all around her; but strong arms were twined around her waist, and removed her from that ignominious dock, and, hurrying her by a back entrance from the crowded court, suffered the fresh breeze to play upon her pale features, and when she opened her eyes, she seemed as if awakening from a hideous dream; but loving faces are around her; there is her dear old father, as she takes him to be; and there is the Squire, too, and her kind friend the barrister, and Von Sulper, surely he must not be forgotten; and Mary, too, is there, looking on with those loving, trustful eyes; and then there comes a flood of tears which wonderfully relieve that poor throbbing brain, and a whispered thanksgiving for her almost miraculous escape; and those who loved her suffered her to weep on, aware that those tears were of marvellous relief to the overcharged brain; and whilst one kind friend procured wine for her, another went in quest of Squire Mainwaring's carriage and to find a way by which the party could quietly leave the court; and Von Sulper,—well, Von Sulper was not thinking even of Maria, just now, save to thank God that his newly-found niece had escaped so marvellously the snares of her enemies, for see how he hurries after one of the officers of the court, in whose hand he had managed to slip a card immediately after the removal of the insensible Mrs. Montague from the Old Bailey.

"Did you deliver my message and my card, as I requested, to the gentleman whom you informed me was Mr. Montague?" asked Von Sulper of this functionary.

"I did, sir," replied the officer,

"and he desired me to say he should be anxious to see you as soon as this terrible business, as he termed it, should be concluded."

Herr Von Sulper returned to his little party, and, in answer to the kind invitation of Squire Mainwaring to join them at dinner, replied that he had a little business to discharge, having settled which, he should feel happy to accept his offer, and would rejoin his friend Flohrberg there.

But a few words more, ere we bid farewell to the gloomy court to which we have ventured to introduce our readers, and then let us depart, for it is an atmosphere which contaminates those who breathe it.

Who should now have exchanged places with the good Maria, but the woman Wilson? Out of her own mouth had she condemned herself, and now she stood within the dock convicted, not only of robbery, but of perjury also; an abject thing, so vile in her wickedness, that the hearts of none were moved to pity her. She pleaded guilty and threw herself on the mercy of the court.

Her sentence for this double offence, was transportation to a penal settlement for the term of twenty years.

The wretched woman had long, as we mentioned before, been carefully hoarding up all she could come by honestly, or dishonestly, and her peculations were numerous enough, though they had hitherto been of a smaller kind, so that, an inmate as she was of a luxurious household, she had not hitherto been found out.

It was her intention, shortly, to have left England for America, taking out with her what she deemed a sufficient sum to enable her and a man whom she wished to marry, to engage in some lucrative business in that distant country.

Wicked people are very cunning, but, with all their cunning, they do very foolish things; thus it is that the most hardened criminals oftentimes overlook some trifling circumstance which a little more deliberation might have set right, and effectually have insured their own safety; but it seems as if an all-wise Providence had designed that this should be the case, for how often are they not caught in their own snares, and lost in their own crooked paths. "Verily," saith Holy Writ, "he who diggeth a pit for another shall fall into it himself."

Had Wilson substituted common sense for cunning, she would have borne in mind, that it were of little avail to disguise herself in the attire of the innocent Fraulein, unless she could also feel *quite* confident that no person would see the latter after she had parted from her on the night of the robbery. She fancied herself quite secure, and that she was going to play what she termed a very cunning, clever trick, little deeming that Mary O'Donnell's *second* most providential call at the house would be the means of saving her friend from her toils, and as she was fated to meet with Herr Von Sulper, her very cunning, in wearing Maria's garments, had served to convict her in more ways than one.

And now let us go forth, gentle reader, into a purer and less tainted atmosphere, away from the terrible court in which sin and vice have been judged, and man's justice meted out to them; let us go forth and breathe the free air of heaven; let us hasten away, for here the very air is polluted.

## Chapter XIII.

### The Revelations of Herr Von Sulper.

Herr Von Sulper was not at all an excitable personage, oh! dear, no; he was a downright phlegmatic

German, but still he felt a great amount of nervous uneasiness when he thought of the interview that awaited him.

Consequently, he strolled up one street and down another, on purpose to while away the time till the appointed hour had arrived. He was far too restless in his mind, you see, to take part as yet even in the conversation of his friends, as to all that had passed at that detestable Old Bailey, so very engrossing was the one thought that filled his mind.

At last the time had come, and presenting himself at the door of Mr. Montague's mansion, he was shown into the spacious hall, up a noble staircase, and into an apartment, the furniture and decorations of which gave him ample evidence of their owner's wealth.

In one moment he had taken a survey of the whole; from the carpet, whose rich velvet pile sunk beneath the foot, to the satin curtains, the doors of green malachite, the costly mirrors, and various articles of luxury, scattered around with no unsparing hand.

"And has she deserved all this, that selfish, deceitful woman?" murmured Von Sulper to himself, as imagination carried him back to a very humble home in Munich, and a certain scene he had witnessed some twenty-seven years since. But the train of thought in which he was indulging was disturbed by the opening of the door, and Mr. Montague stood before him, holding in his hand the card of Herr Von Sulper.

"I am not aware to what cause I am to attribute the honor of this visit, sir," said Mr. Montague, bowing as he spoke, "though, if rumor speak rightly, the sudden illness of my wife, at the court, this morning, is attributed to her previous knowledge of Herr Von Sulper, though she herself denies it."

A stern, grave look spread itself over the face of the German, and he replied:

"Mrs. Montague and I know each other well, Mein Herr, much better than you think; for she is also more deeply interested in the fate of the unfortunate German lady she has so cruelly persecuted, than she herself imagines."

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what you mean," exclaimed Mr. Montague, in whose mind a thousand conflicting and harrowing doubts whirled with the rapidity of lightning, "and do me the credit," he added, "of believing me when I say, I was truly rejoiced at hearing of the acquittal of that much-injured lady; truly grieved to think that her residence in my family has been the cause of such suffering to herself, whilst the guilty person so narrowly escaped unpunished."

"I do believe you, Mr. Montague," replied the German, "but your wife, Mein Herr, your wife would have persecuted, even to death, that innocent girl; that hard, unfeeling woman would—"

"Hold, sir," said Mr. Montague, "remember, if you please, that the lady to whom you apply such ignominious terms, is my wife, and—"

"Calm your indignation, Mr. Montague, or direct it at its right object," said the German. "I would, nay, I *must* speak to your wife, in your presence, before I leave your house."

"Mrs. Montague cannot see you, sir; she is still ill, and even were this not the case, I should insist on knowing, ere I granted you an interview, what the nature of that interview is to be."

For a moment the German stood as if irresolute, then advancing closely to Mr. Montague, he said, "To tell her that Fraulein Flohrberg, whom she prosecuted for theft, is her own child."

George Montague pressed his hands before his eyes, and reeled like some drunken man, as Von Sulper uttered these words; then, after a moment's pause, as if to gather strength to hear some new and equally terrific announcement, he exclaimed, "And her father?"

"Her father, my twin brother, for whom she evidently mistook me, when in the court, and the husband, whose home she forsook, is no more," said the German, with a countenance full of sadness. "Fear not, Mein Herr, I have told you the worst, but in justice to her child, and my most unfortunate niece, whose relationship to myself I knew not till within these few days past, and whom I saw this day in the felon's dock, I must see your wife before I leave this house."

Not one word did George Montague utter; but with compressed lips, expressive of determination and a resolute will, he rang the bell, and desired the servant who entered, to tell his mistress he wished to speak with her immediately.

A pause of some few minutes elapsed, neither of the men breaking the silence that ensued; then the rustle of a silk dress, without, was heard; the door opened, and the unsuspecting Mrs. Montague entered the room.

Herr Von Sulper's back was to the door, but as it closed he turned round, and confronted Mrs. Montague; her husband stood by, an observant but still silent spectator of the scene. He saw her start, change color, and cling for support to a couch near which she stood; then, as if rendered desperate, she exclaimed,—

"Fritz! Fritz! I heard that you were dead; tell me, in mercy, how is it you are here."

"Not Fritz, madam, but Heinrich. Nay, look again," he said, "for the lapse of wellnigh thirty years, has not quite effaced the features of either, from mutual remembrance, and the strange likeness between poor Fritz and myself, which has wrongly misled you, has not, you see, faded away with time. But, madam, it is not of myself, or of the dead, of whom I wish to speak, but of the living. Woman! cold, heartless woman," he said, "have you ever thought of the child whom you abandoned, solely to the care of a father, stricken with sickness and poverty. Know you that she lives, and lives in the person of the Fraulein Flohrberg, whom you have so cruelly dragged forth as a common thief."

The last words of Von Sulper were lost upon the wretched being to whom they were addressed, for her eyes had met those of her husband, and she could read pity, sorrow, indignation, all combined together; horror and fear took possession of her soul, and she sank senseless at her husband's feet.

George Montague recoiled from the helpless form before him, but he rang the bell, sent for Mrs. Somers, and stood coldly by while she used the ordinary restoratives employed on such occasions, then dismissed her, telling her to remain within call. He then inquired of his wife if she had any questions to put to the gentleman with whom he found she had been so nearly connected.

"It is not true, what you have told me; it cannot be true," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I will not believe that the Fraulein Flohrberg is a child of mine; in mercy do not tell me this."

"I will refresh your memory, madam. Do you remember, madam, a certain night, the last you ever spent in your own home; your husband, my poor Fritz, was sick, even to death; he had received the last rites of our church but three days before; he had rallied, it is true, yet his life hung upon a thread? You remember this, do

you not, madam?" continued the pitiless catechist. But a visible shudder was her only reply. "Well, the funds were at a very low ebb; in short, there was no cash afloat, but that which my sister and your sister-in-law, Ida, now the Frau Flohrberg, madam, could give to yourself and the half-dying Fritz. Your little girl, that poor Maria, whom, to-day, you have brought witnesses against, in a crowded court, lay wailing in the cradle, an infant scarce two years and a half old."

Here the words, "Spare me, spare me," smote on the ear of her husband, and he saw that his guilty wife had clasped her hands over her face, and heard the stifled sobs which broke from her lips. But Von Sulper had no idea of sparing his guilty sister-in-law just then, and he continued in the same cold, pitiless tone of voice.

"And so, madam, you will remember, that you chose such a time as that to carry out the threat you had made to your husband in a moment of mutual recrimination. Your lives had been one of discord, it was true, as must always be the case when beauty, or money, is the object looked for by man or woman; and thus it came to pass, that you left your babe and your husband, reckless whether they lived or died. My gentle Ida, madam, took your deserted child, and, when one year later, she became the wife of Friedrich Flohrberg, my brother being then dead, she and her worthy husband agreed to rear this little waif, thus cast upon their hands, as if it were their own, sparing her the knowledge of her mother's cruel desertion. But, madam, I had lost all clue to my gentle sister's whereabouts, in my long years of absence from my native land; I had never heard the name of Flohrberg; and thus, when I met my poor niece, and your daughter, in my visits to General O'Donnell, at Coblentz, I was all unconscious of the connection that subsisted between us, and probably would have remained so to this day, but that I providentially met your child, that evening, madam, on which you charged her with having stolen your bracelet. She was hurrying, full of grief, to raise money on a miniature she showed me, set with pearls, for the relief of those whom she wrongfully supposed to be her parents, but who had nobly supplied *your* place; I gave her ten pounds, to send to them; the possession of this money was distorted by you into a fresh proof of her guilt. But Providence has not allowed that in every sense her own mother should be the murderess of her child's happiness. I was absent, who could swear to giving her that money. Miss O'Donnell, too, had left for Ireland early the next morning, whose evidence has been so all-important; but at last a letter, summoning me to England, reached my hand through General O'Donnell, and the chance mention of my sister's maiden name revealed to me the truth. As Herr Von Sulper only, had your child Maria known me, and that name, madam, which I have borne these fifteen years, and without which I could not have inherited the fortune, which, at my death, will revert to your child, has served to keep my family in ignorance of our mutual connection, even since circumstances have thrown us together; but, rest assured, had I recognized Maria Von Alstein, my brother's child, in the General's protegée, she would never, as Maria Flohrberg, have sought the bread of dependence beneath her mother's roof. I go, madam," added Von Sulper; "is there any question you would wish to ask me, or any message you would desire that I should bear to the young woman who is not, as yet, conscious of the close affinity that exists between you?"

Mrs. Montague raised her face, bedewed with tears, and, for the first time during the long conversation of her brother-in-law, ventured to meet her husband's gaze. She rose laid her hand on Von Sulper's arm, and looked in his face. and said:

"Each word you have uttered has pierced me to the very soul. I know not what to say. How can I face my deserted and injured child?"

Then tottering across the room, she stood by her husband's side, looked up in a face that had ever beamed with kindness to her, and said:

"George, I cannot face this child, whom I have injured; in mercy to me, do not cast me off without a word; what would you that I should do?"

"Catherine," he replied, gently placing the unhappy woman on a couch beside him, "I marvel not that you should say you cannot meet Maria, after the deadly injury you, her mother, have inflicted; yet, my wife, I leave the decision to yourself; but let me not be here. Not till some little time has passed away could I meet your injured daughter. Much cause, too, have I for bitter reproach, unconscious as I was of the existence of any living tie; above all, of your most cruel desertion of Maria. I would recommend you, now, to seek that quiet and seclusion in the country which you cannot find in London. Return to Fairview, in at least two days from the present time, and at the expiration of a week I will join you with Millicent and Alice. And I would advise you to be guided by Herr Von Sulper, as to whether Maria shall be left in ignorance of the relationship that exists between you or not. Perhaps she may the more readily forgive you the public disgrace you have inflicted, whilst deeming you almost a stranger, than if she knew herself to be your child. However, be guided, as I have already said, by Von Sulper. I shall not see you again, probably, till we meet in Manchester, at the time I have mentioned. I wish you farewell, Herr Von Sulper," he said, "hereafter I shall be glad to see you, and also the injured lady, whom, though I judge it wise that the truth be concealed from her, I shall always regard as my daughter; too happy if, in any way, I can benefit either her or yourself."

As Mr. Montague spoke thus, he turned to leave the room, deaf to the voice of the broken-hearted woman, who so earnestly conjured him to stay. His sense of honor, pity, justice, all had been violated in the person of his wife, and, with his feelings painfully wounded, he hurried away to the solitude of his own room, for thought and reflection.

"I think it better, madam, that the truth should be concealed from Maria," said Von Sulper, rising as the door closed on the retreating form of her husband, "at least whilst the wound, caused by this public exposure, is so great. Leave your case in my hands, and if I see that any good may accrue, by avowing your relationship to Maria, believe me I will not fail to do so."

"Will you, will you?" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees, as she spoke. "Then, with my last breath, will I, who have not prayed for many years, petition Heaven for you. Let me but know that she, even unconscious that she is my child, prays for, and forgives me, for oh! I have been very guilty, hard, and severe, to all who have served me. And God, to punish me, has at last sent my own child on whom to exercise my tyranny."

"Be calm, Catherine," said Von Sulper, raising her from her knees; "be calm, and I will not forget your request. And I would counsel you to thank Heaven unceasingly, that the veil has been thus

drawn from before your eyes; and time yet allowed you for mercy and forgiveness. I could not have returned to Germany, and have left you in ignorance of the truth."

That one word, "Catherine," had touched a chord in the heart of that hard woman; it told her that that severe countenance, that pitiless voice, masked a vein of gentle feeling; that Von Sulper, whilst he hated the sin, would spare the penitent sinner.

"Heaven bless you; Heaven bless you, Von Sulper," she repeated, pressing the hand which now was placed within her own; "and as you hope for mercy, be merciful to me, manifold as have been my offences."

Von Sulper replied not, but hurried from the room, daring not to look on that crouching form which sunk again beside the couch, and, with face buried in the cushions, sobbed so bitterly.

But the closing of the hall door, and each retreating footstep that had preceded it, sounded like a deathknell to the wretched woman, who, rising from her knees, now listened, lest any person should be at hand, her greatest fear being lest she should encounter her children; and then, when all around was still, she hurried up the wide staircase, crossed the gallery, and was about to enter her own room, when she beheld her husband. She sprang towards him, and, falling on her knees, regardless of the chance she incurred of being observed, she exclaimed, "O! George! say that you forgive me."

"I do forgive you, Catherine," he said; and tears rushed to the eyes of the strong man, as he raised his wretched wife from her suppliant posture. "I do forgive you, but I cannot banish from my mind's eye the form of the unhappy girl whom we have so foully injured. Henceforth, Catherine, banish deceit from your character; see you not that you have sinned without a cause, for to know Maria was your child, was to insure a happy home, as far as I could have given her one. But control these feelings," he added, "equally hurtful to yourself and to me, whom they quite unman. I cannot suffer the girls to see you in this state, and am about now to send them from home for the next three days; on their return, you will have left London for Fairview, and, I trust, will have become calm and tranquil when next we meet. Now to your own room, my dear wife," he added, "for I hear some one coming, and would not have you seen with those swollen eyes."

Not sorry, indeed, was Mr. Montague to have a plausible pretext for hurrying from her presence, and with a mind somewhat less distressed, the unhappy woman entered her room, and abandoned herself to her own melancholy musings.

But she must have been more than flesh and blood had she not felt cut to the quick at her past misconduct. The knowledge that her husband knew, and was shocked to the heart's core at the way she had behaved; the remembrance of the manner in which she had treated the unhappy girl, who, dwelling beneath her roof as the governess of her other children, was yet her own daughter; the scene at the Old Bailey; the agonized and pale face of Maria standing in a felon's dock, was ever present to her sight, and ere many hours were over, she felt the effects of her mental anxiety in a violent attack of illness, preceded by heavy swoons, recovery from one being but the prelude to relapsing into another. At length she suffered herself to be prevailed upon to call in medical advice, the result of which was, that she was ordered perfect quiet and confinement to her room for the next few days; and when the doctor met Mon-

ague, he bluntly expressed his opinion that some great mental anxiety was pressing on the mind of his wife

To avoid any disclosure of the painful secret, Mr. Montague simply stated the affair of the robbery; the doctor immediately attributing the sudden and alarming illness of his patient to the anguish of an upright and feeling mind on perceiving that it had wrongfully accused another, and to the excitement consequent on attendance in a criminal court.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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## PEACE AND PAIN.

THE day and night are symbols of creation,
And each has part in all that God has made;
There is no ill without its compensation,
And life and death are only light and shade.
There never beat a heart so base and sordid
But felt at times a sympathetic glow;
There never lived a virtue unrewarded,
Nor died a vice without its meed of woe.

In this brief life despair should never reach us;
The sea looks wide because the shores are dim;
The star that led the shepherds still can teach us
The way to go if we but look to Him.
And as we wade, the darkness closing o'er us,
The hungry waters surging to the chin,
Our deeds will rise like stepping-stones before us—
The good and bad—for we may use the sin.

A sin of youth atoned for and forgiven,
Takes on a virtue, if we choose to find:
When clouds across our onward path are driven,
We still may steer by its pale light behind.
A sin forgotten is in part to pay for,
A sin remembered is a constant gain:
Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for,
As next to peace we profit most from pain.

# THE CATHOLICS AND THE SECULAR PRESS.

THE Catholics of this country, in the enjoyment of their equal rights, and the exercise of their unequal means, have established, and in some degree they maintain, a Catholic literature. In New York the Catholic Publication Society is giving to the public some of the best productions of Catholic pens, and thus aiding in the dissemination among Protestants of the doctrines of our Church, and among Catholics the defence and illustration of those doctrines. We are enjoying, in that respect, the benefits of the press.

Besides these book publications, we have rich periodical literature in the *World*, and many other monthly issues, such as and especially the RECORD. Then we have numerous weekly papers entirely Catholic, filled with pleasant reading, and reports of the diocesan and parish proceedings, and the account of formation and doings of the many societies, sodalities, benevolent and temperance institutions, which are natural outcroppings of our religion.

Many of the Catholic periodicals with which our religion is favored here are far above mediocrity, are full of usefulness, and often rich in science and the higher literature. "Is not that enough?" it may be asked. No, that is not enough when one great desideratum remains.

He who would promote a great cause among the people must use the means familiar to that people. Those who would remove a prejudice from the public mind must employ implements that are not under prejudice; and those who would reach the public ear must use a voice that has not been made discordant by its advocacy of what has been declared offensive. It would appear that, as a general rule, the Catholic periodical literature of our country has very little influence beyond Catholic circles. Those circles are undoubtedly being enlarged, and the impressions of our magazines are multiplied. But those who read newspapers (and those readers are "the people") cannot fail to see that while the daily press notices with editorial courtesy the appearance of Catholic magazines, the *World* and the RECORD, and occasionally makes special reference to particular articles, those notices are usually in a style that intimates condescension on the part of the editor, and an appreciation of the ideas and views of the magazines in a style belonging to an established opposite opinion, and a sort of sneer at any one in these days venturing to support views which the Catholic writers are presenting and defending.

We know that editors of the public press—that is, the daily papers—will say that while they are willing to announce the appearance of the Catholic periodicals, and to make general reference to their contents, they cannot be justly required to make such an exposition of the particular views of the Catholic writers as they do of those of Protestants, because they do not hold the same opinion. That view is rational. And again, whenever the secular editor is of the Catholic Church, he knows that his *interest* is not to favor Catholic views. The majority of his readers are likely to be *non*-Catholic. It is easier for him, and much more profitable, to respect the prejudice against Catholics than it is to remove them; and so, with the consoling idea that he publishes or writes for a paper that

has nothing to do with religious matters, he admits irreligious ideas into his columns—uncharitable we mean.

We are not condemning such persons. "Those who live to please, must please to live," and any attempt to favor the Catholic religion by giving it fair play, by admitting its arguments for defence, would create a hostility that would soon admonish that they did not please.

It is a sufficient explanation that the conductors of the secular press do not intend to open their columns to religious discussions. It would be a favor if they should forbear the admission into their columns of what demands discussion and explanation. Religion and politics have become considerably entangled in Europe, and much of that in Continental movements which interests American readers at the present time, is the attempt to consolidate political power by the subordination of religious combinations. A large, perhaps the largest, part of the people of the continent of Europe are ready to admit that the religious element, if not necessary, is at least convenient in the social fabric, and many are anxious to secure it for political uses. There is also a large and a rapidly increasing portion that declare that religion is unnecessary; and in social combination, or in political organization, that all which religion can produce is attainable by a cultivated mind in one class and a selfish abstinence from wrong in another. Hence we find a continual effort on the part of the contestants for power abroad, to lessen the influence of religion by making all restraints dependent upon political power, and a continual interference of the secular power with the formerly admitted right of the religious branch.

The totally infidel portion of the people feel that their efforts to destroy the power of the Church would be unavailing; and those who seek to destroy *the* Church for the sake of making *a* Church which shall be able to assert political power, and gratify the remains of an appetite, a fondness and respect for a religious sentiment are, for the present, doing so much of the work of infidelity that infidels see in them able beginners of a work which nominal Christians must in time hand over to those more able and more consistent co-laborers—the infidels.

Individuals find almost immediate effects from causes that interest them, and a season often serves to show the wonderful results of what a single person has done. Nations may require a longer time to see how certain causes work out events. Society at large is indebted to philosophic inquiry and illustration for a knowledge of the relations between the terrible moral revolution which marked the close of the last century, and the great religious convulsion that distinguished the beginning of the sixteenth. The cycles of great events have vast extent, and the seeds of evil that touch whole generations are slow of germination; but they seldom fail. But work is usually to the same end, only influenced in its operation by the varying circumstances of the people and the time.

The evil circumstances, the infidel influences that characterize the times in a large part of Europe, are as much a study for us in this country as they are for the coterminous nations of the Continent. In the last century months were required to convey intelligence of ordinary events from the eastern to the western continent, and the uncertainty of the effect of particular movements in Europe often hindered their effects—at least postponed them on this side of the Atlantic for years. Now the tele-

graph seems to anticipate, and what is said or done in Europe at noon is spread upon the news-boards of our public papers—without allowing for longitude—some hours before the real occurrence. We are supplied at least with the latest news at the earliest hour.

But after the information comes the defence of the deed of which we have had the news; and, without thought (we will not say with bad intention), columns of defence from foreign gazettes, which are but the special pleading of paid advocates, vitiate the public mind and fix a falsehood. Recently the Baron Von Holtzendoff of Prussia has written a labored article in defence of the action of the Prussian Government against the Catholic Church, and an abstract of that article is presented to the reader of American papers as if there were no possibility of misstatement; and there is no one to reply, no one to correct the error.

Von Holtzendoff is a gentleman of a good Prussian education—that is, an education that has in it no element of religion. He, therefore, writes vigorously and grammatically; but he presents with great partiality the facts upon which his plea is founded. As a stipendiary of the Government, and, we think, a member of the Parliament which he assisted to promote the wrong which he tries to defend, he has shown much more ingenuity than candor.

But what constitutes the greatest cause of offence to Catholics in this country, Baron Von Holtzendoff's pamphlet is not read by its own light, but by the views of editors, who see in the new state of affairs in Germany what they approve and honor. The readers of United States papers are told that the action of the Prussian Government is impartial, and places all classes of religionists on the same ground. Now, those who have read the regulations of the Prussian Government regarding ecclesiastical matters know that such is not the case. But who shall tell the people of the United States that Von Holtzendoff misrepresents, and by what mode of conveying a correction of this statesman's ideas shall the people be reached?

According to the American paper which presents the Baron Von Holtzendoff's view, Catholicity and Protestantism, in its several German forms, started equally two centuries ago. But Catholicity got ahead, and it is inferable that, as Protestants, by indifference to religious matters and religious requirements, lost its spirituality, it acquired political power by numbers, and now wishes to put down Catholicity by denying "the necessity of spiritual watchfulness." On that point we would ask, by what vehicle is the defender of the truth to reach the general ear?

Among the misdeeds which Baron Von Holtzendoff imputes to the Catholic Church in Germany we find the following:

"All the different religious denominations in Prussia should be independent in the ordering of their affairs and the use of their funds." But it is declared that the Catholics managed their funds better than did the poor, inexpensive, and less ready Protestantism. But let us note the consequence. Protestantism remained in its traditional dependence upon the civil rulers, so that the Protestant churches, with more than two-thirds of the population, continue under the control of the king and a council of his appointment, while the Catholics secured to themselves the advantages of what amounted to sovereign independence.

Laughable as such a statement must appear to every one who knows the Prussian character, and is acquainted with the history of religious events in Germany, scarcely

less laughable is the statement of the consequence or fruit of the sovereignty of the Catholic.

Among the things that they could do are mentioned:

"They could baptize children without their parents' consent." So can any Pedobaptist clergyman in this country.

"They could give compulsory education either by friends or in their schools."

Now that leads to the inquiry—What is compulsory education? The Catholic Church requires its members to educate their children, or to have them educated. That may be compulsion. But in several States of this Union, the law makes compulsory a certain amount of education. The children in Massachusetts must be sent to school, or they must be taught by somebody, either by the priesthood or by the laity; and such a provision is proposed in the school laws of our own State.

"They would perform or withhold the marriage ceremony at pleasure, without incurring any legal responsibility."

But could not the priesthood do or forbear the same? Is it not so in this country? Will a respectable Society of Friends allow a man and woman of another denomination to be married in the house of worship? May they not refuse such a use of their house without incurring any legal responsibility? Or will they allow one of their own members to marry a person of another denomination?

The Episcopalians regulate all these matters according to their denominational rules. If a man come to them asking to be married with a divorced woman, they will perform the ceremony if they choose. If he come with his deceased wife's sister, they will refuse him if they choose, and in neither case do they incur legal responsibility.

Another grave charge is, that "the Catholic Church of Germany could inflict ecclesiastic punishment on its offending clergymen."

Surely such a liberty is a right; it exists in this country, and has been exercised in this city by almost every denomination. Certainly the Episcopalians have showed their high sense of the character of a clergyman by the exercise of that power upon the highest order of their church.

But right upon the heels of the charge that the Catholics could punish the offending clergy, is another of a different character, viz., they enjoyed exemption under the civil law that gave exceptional protection to the priesthood. It seems rather difficult to please Baron Von Holtzendoff or his commentators.

But here is another awful charge:

"The Catholics were enabled to call upon the civil power to collect church-rates from insolvent or reluctant parishioners; and even from dissenters."

Surely it cannot have been a very great privilege granted to the Catholics, that of collecting church-dues, or, as we should say in this country, "pew-rents." The church must be maintained; it must be kept in repairs; and the priest must have a stipend upon which to live. "Those that serve the altar must live by the altar."

But terrible as Baron Von Holtzendoff considers the right of collecting church-rates, we suppose it was not a "*privilege*" for the Catholics. Had not the Lutheran Church the right to enforce a contract?

But Americans may smile at such a charge. What Presbyterian, Baptist, or Episcopalian doubts the right of his church officers to enforce upon a pew-holder a fulfilment of his contract to pay the rent thereof?

These charges, which we notice in a most respectable paper, are set forth as if they included some

great abomination. Baron Von Holtzendoff has to make out a case at home, right or wrong; but in this country there is no necessity for disturbing the public mind by such kind of arguments. Men are too apt to take the letter of a statement without much thought, and condemn that abroad which is approved or unnoticed at home. Some years ago, when the newspapers teemed with accounts of the quarrel between the King of Prussia and the Bishop of Cologne, because the latter refused to sanction "mixed marriages under certain circumstances," an estimable gentleman of this city delivered a lecture before a large audience in the Musical Fund Hall, and he took occasion to condemn the tyrannical bigotry of the Archbishop of Cologne, who refused to sanction the marriage of Catholics with people of other religious denominations. As he dwelt with some earnestness on the cruelty of such a rule, and gave some hard raps at the Church that allowed it, and referred most emphatically to the Cologne case, he was asked, the next day, whether he really thought the archbishop was so much in the wrong. He enforced his remarks with some pretty earnest condemnation of a rule that worked such cruelty.

"But," said a gentleman, "you are a member of the Society of Friends, I think, though, neither your dress nor your speech denote that circumstance."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, would Mr. —— have permitted you to marry his daughter if you had been a Catholic or any kind of a Christian but a Friend?"

"Well, no, I suppose not."

"Why not."

"It would be against the rule of Friends."

"Is the rule worse among the Catholics than when carried out by the Friends?"

"No; but then I do not approve of it among the Friends."

"Why, then, did you not illustrate your ideas of religious intolerance by instances nearer home, and among your own people?"

After some few passages more, the conversation ceased. But from that time to this, lecturers have pointed their discourses, and some editors have illustrated their figures, with instances of Catholic tyranny that are greatly exceeded by the exercise of power among those whom they do not consider tyrannical.

This particular form of assault is happily hit off by a newspaper who is pointing out a similar mode of injuriously assaulting, in another quarter. The paper says it resembles the fixed determination of mischief manifested by the brutal husband, who had resolved to beat his wife if the teakettle was not on when he reached home, and was equally resolved to beat her if it should be on when he arrived. It is not difficult to pick a quarrel if the desire exists, and the object to be assaulted is weaker by position or construction. The fable of the wolf and the lamb is applicable, and is being realized in the situation of affairs in Germany.

In the early part of these remarks we pointed to a desideratum for the Catholics. A press that would meet the great class of readers, and be sustained by them, not as the advocate of the Catholic Church, but as a fair exponent of the doctrines of the Church, and permitted practice of those who minister in its service. If such a paper should be professedly Catholic, its statements with reference to Catholic institutions might seem to lack the fairness of neutrality, however correct; but a paper that would have, or rather which would yield to no policy that darkened counsels, concealed the truth, and ministered to obstinate prejudice,

might be made very useful to correct ideas as they touched Catholics. But would it pay?

The Catholics of this country are as a whole poor. There are many instances of men and families enjoying hereditary wealth and maintaining Catholic doctrines; and there are many more instances of business men obtaining great wealth without forfeiting their claims to be regarded as honest citizens and good Catholics; but the proportion of these two classes to the whole is small. The Catholic Church has its temples to erect, its missionaries to maintain, its hospitals and religious institutions to support. And while it assists in maintaining the public schools by its share of general assessment, it has to support its parish schools, that its children may not sharpen their intellects for crime by an education that includes no direction of the mind toward religion. It supports its own schools that its pupils may learn the duty of "fearing God and keeping his commandments."

The question then, of a Catholic daily paper, must be postponed, at least in this city.

The hope of receiving entire justice at the hand of the present general press must be a little deferred. As our own numbers increase, we shall receive that justice which has been not so much denied as omitted; and "fair play" will be allowed to those who are rising from thousands to millions.

The pressure to which we have been exposed, while it may be condemned as unjust, may not prove wholly unfavorable or useless to us. If our people have been driven back from some social intercourse it has enabled our teachers to deal with us more directly and advisedly. The social efforts that have been repulsed from without have been permitted exclusively upon our own. And men and women, feeling themselves more Catholic by their exclusion from general society, have allowed their liberality to flow in the direction of their own creed and its institutions. Hence the immense work that has been accomplished in these United States by Catholics.

No one is permitted to take advantage of his own wrongdoing, and demand commendation for favorable results of unfavorable and even hostile acts. The anti-Catholics cannot arrogate to themselves any praise because Catholicism has flourished. We know the wrathful feeling with which we have been pursued by some of our enemies; and we know how those feelings have been made to work for our benefit, or have been repressed by Him who is ever with his Church. "The wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of that wrath thou wilt restrain."

We must wait patiently for that which we desire. We must endure submissively that which we cannot correct. We must as circumstances permit protest against injurious imputation; and when an opportunity offers we must improve it to present the truth. Hastening to denounce a wrong is sometimes to incur the censure of trying to avenge it, and an untimely interference by the injudicious may serve to outrun the providences of God, with reference to a Church, to which he expresses his attachment by bestowing on her the endearing name of "Spouse," and endowing her with the gracious promise that "he will never leave nor forsake her;" that he "will be with her all days to the consummation of the world."

To the Catholic press, for the present, remains the work of conveying Catholic intelligence and presenting Catholic truth, with regard both to practice and to doctrine. Upon Catholic readers may

devolve the duty of pointing out the erroneous and injurious statements which the secular press of the country borrow from the anti-Catholic and unfair press of Europe. To the Catholics of our country belong the duties of sustaining the institutions of their Church with a liberality proportioned to their means, and illustrating the doctrine and discipline of their Church by lives of such purity and piety as shall commend them to general approval and the Church to respect and confidence.

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## SOMETHING ABOUT BELLS.

In the bustle of everyday life we are apt to forget or not to notice the poetry in everything about us, from the little prattlers who come chirping at our window-panes for their expected crumbs, long before we have thrown off the welcome bondage of the blankets, to the vast piles of marble and stone which cast their majestic form high in air, offering us a reason for repeating the "Hymn of Ages" to the Supreme Being, whose days are as years in comparison to those it has taken for the growth of those huge tributes stolen from the bosom of mother earth, to do homage to the skill of man.

Nothing is without its interesting aspect, and the printing press, which has made the thoughts of the poet the property of the peasant, has thrown before us the most beautiful words on the simplest subjects, from those who, from out their sweet solitude,

"Ask the iron verdict of the world."

The varied face of nature has been described by the author of "The Seasons" as the

"Great parent whose unceasing hand,
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,"

while love, as sighed through the leaves and streams, the flowers and the fountains, has been sung by man in every clime as

"The very life-breath of his heart."

Scholars have treated of and called our attention to the magnificence of the conquests made by science in the application of the forces of the elements to the supplying of man's wants.

We have our language of flowers as complete as our table of sounds, speaking to us of the mysteries of color, and teaching the Christian that

"There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
True love to us and love undying."

Why, then, should we not declare that sound, the cause of so many and such diversified sensations, should give us to say something about bells?

We cannot become as enthusiastic over our subject as Schiller, whose labored allegory goes to show the bell from its first step towards construction, till the last stroke in service, as figurative of man in the various positions in life, but we can say that a reading up of the charming subject of bells has revealed a wealth of information, a treasure-house of poetry and prose devoted to their language and significance, which as much surprised us, as we presume to believe, a portion of the same will interest the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

We look at the subject from its poetic and agreeable aspect, for we are not unaware that even Dickens, in our own day, may be taken as one who in the greater number of cases finds the "maddening sound of bells" anything but agreeable, while a writer known as the Abbe Thiers, boldly declares the love of bells is synonymous with vulgarity, bad taste, and little sense. And among certain early heretics, bells were styled "the devil's bugles."

Yet, with such extremists as the latter, we have nothing to do. We believe that beauty is found in all things; the poet and the student of nature discover the hidden colors and shades where the vulgar eye and ear see and hear nought but discordant sights and sounds.

There is truth in the song which declares that

"There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes,
Can trace it midst familiar things,
And through their lowly guise."

To us as we sit at our window, with the pleasant blaze at our feet, and above us the toned light by which we write, it is a pleasure, these cool January evenings, to follow the invitation of the author of "Fifty Suggestions" and

"Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
* * * * * * *
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night;
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.
* * * * * * *
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells,
* * * * * * *
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

And then look back to the time of which our friends tell us, when

"The pealing of the bell
Spoke through valley, glen, and dell,
Of the child new-born, loved well,
Cleansed from sin and saved from hell."

When bells are spoken of, we recall the sounds that years ago told of the humiliation of the Russians, and victory to the heroes of Sebastopol; or again, we bring to mind the merry peals that called parents and children, in our Catholic native land, to the celebration of that day pronounced by the great Napoleon, after one of his grandest victories, the happiest in his life,—that of his first communion. Likewise, though not so often, are we reminded of the sad day when we were called upon to turn the green sod over him

"That here we see no more."

Is not the bell the precursor of some of life's merriest moments? Who has not experienced the joy felt after the hasty pull of one of woman's best friends, the postman?

Who will say that bells are not an interesting subject? Shall we be blamed for asking our readers to follow us in the peep into their past history, to find what should be our feeling towards them?

The ancients do not seem to have made extensive use of bells, though it would not be unnatural to suppose that when the nature of metals was so well understood, as it was in ancient countries, especially among the Jews, and their foreign employed skill, bells could be no strangers.

The Greeks do not appear to have used them, but to have employed a species of gong for the same purpose.

A writer in the twelfth century, says a contributor to "Notes and Queries," claims that bells date back as far as Noah, who, it is said, struck one with wooden mallets to call the laborers employed in making his ark. Whatever truth there may be in this we do not profess to say, but we know that the Jewish high priest wore a number on his pontifical dress, and the tinkling of these must have been an agreeable appendage to the beautiful garment.

The same practice held sway to some extent in the Middle Ages, when copes were ornamented with pendant bells; and history as well as mythology tell us that in all

ages and countries where used, a mysterious virtue was attributed to the sound of the bell. This is nothing unusual. Agreeable sounds have at all times been considered soothing to the physically or mentally depressed. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says: "The effect of music in raising the energies of the mind, or what we call animal spirits, was obvious to early observation."

Homer, whose heroes exhibit high passions, but not refined manners, represents the Grecian army as employing music to stay "the raging of the plague." In keeping with this was the custom of shepherds, who in olden times, placed bells about the necks of their sheep, believing that the sound would prevent the ravages of beasts of prey, and keep distempers at bay.

Tradition deals largely in the supposed death-bell, which was heard during great calamities, or in violent storms. Rogers, in "Lines to An Old Oak," refers to the supposition thus:

"There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-tossed,
*And as the death-bell smote the wind,*
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero crossed."

Apart from the tradition to which we have referred, it may be interesting to know, that the Greeks struck their gongs during eclipses, believing that a virtue existed in the sound, and we need not wonder that later nations should have attributed such virtue to sound, since Bible history tells us of the fall of the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpet.

It is said on authority that we are allowed freely to doubt, that a certain Father Johannes Dabricius, in a book styled *De Coelo et Coelesti Statu*, devoted 425 pages to prove that the occupation of some of the blessed in heaven would be the perpetual ringing of bells. This goes to show that bells have already been the subject of learned and exhaustive treatment.

The earliest bell bearing an inscription of which we can find particulars, seems to have been that of Fontenailles, made in 1202, and afterwards removed to a neighboring town, where it is preserved as a relic.

The Curfew bell is well known, its tones giving the command that all lights should be put out, under severe penalties.

Atwood has written one of his finest glees to perpetuate the history of the Curfew bell, and among our forefathers it was often asserted, that in any great calamity at sea, the death-bell could be distinctly heard in the winds that howled about the scene of disaster.

The sound of the bell is among the most pleasant reminders of our affiliation with our fellow-men. We have often been told and can testify in our own case, that there is nothing more agreeable when detained on board a vessel waiting high water, than the sound of the Angelus bell from the church in the distance. Its tones tell us of one faith, on sea as on land, and we are led to join in the prayers of those we soon expect to meet.

Bells have been used by the Church from an early date of their existence for various and instructive reasons.

Chateaubriand, in his inimitable way, says of their use in calling worshippers to the Church, "Let bells then call the faithful together, for the voice of man is not sufficiently pure to summon penitence, innocence, and misfortune at the foot of the altar. Among the savages of America, when supplicants approach the door of the cabin, it is the child that belongs to it that ushers the distressed stranger into the habitation of his father; so, if the use of bells were forbidden us, a child should be chosen to call us to the house of the Lord."

The introduction of bells to call the people to divine service is very interesting. It is related that a certain widow, having lost her son, who was taken by pirates, St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, touched by the sorrow of the bereaved mother, generously offered himself as a substitute, and was accepted in the young man's place. The latter had learned the art of moulding from his father, and during the absence of his benefactor, conceived the idea of casting a chalice, which when inverted could. by inserting a tongue, be made to serve as a bell. After some time, the heroic prelate was released, principally through the efforts of the woman he had befriended. On his return to his diocese, the newly-fashioned chalice sent forth its merry-voiced welcome, and the prelate, delighted with the novelty, exclaimed: "This new and attractive instrument shall resound to the honor and glory of God, by calling the faithful to assemble for divine service."

But the Church prepares the bell for its mission as an apostle of prayer by a series of ceremonies, at which most Catholics have at some time or other assisted. This is known as the blessing or baptism of the bell. We are sure our readers will not fail to appreciate what that lovely child of nature, Eugenie de Guerin, says on the subject: "'Tis a pretty thing, a bell, surrounded by tapers and clothed in white, like a child to be baptized. They anoint it, sing, then test it, and make it answer by a tinkling that it is a Christian bell, and will sing for God. For what besides,—for its answers twice? For all the holy things of earth; for birth, death, prayer, sacrifice; for the righteous; for sinners.

"In the morning it will announce the dawn; in the evening the fall of day,—a heavenly timepiece. I will ring the Angelus and the hours when God wishes to be praised. At my call pious souls will pronounce the names of Jesus and Mary, or of some much-loved saint; their glances will rise to heaven, or within the church walls the heart will distil itself into love."

Thus is the bell prepared for its varied offices, of which Bishop Mant writes:

"What varying sounds from yon gray pinnacles
Sweep o'er the ear, and claim the heart's reply!
Now the blithe peal of home festivity,
Natal or nuptial, in full concert swells!
Now the brisk chime, or voice of altered bells,
Speak the due hour of social worship nigh;
And now, the last stage of mortality—
The deep, dull tolls, which, lingering, warning tells,
How much of human life those sounds comprise:
Birth, wedded love, God's service, and the tomb."

French peasants have remarked that even the dumb beast calls for rest on the

"Still morning of the hallowed day;"

when,

"Mute is the voice of rural labor; hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song;"

and "the ox, by his lowing," joins in the merry sounds of the bells which call his master to the worship of the "Great Unseen," who allows it

"To be ours to meditate,
In these calm *days*, *his* Milder Majesty;
And, to the beautiful order of his works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

Of this Sunday bell, an author in "Fugitive Pieces" beautifully exclaims:

"The Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!
How sweet on ears devout it falls,
While its sweet chimes, with varying swell,
The rich and poor to worship call.
* * * * * * *
Yet still thy calls, sweet bell, repeat,
Till ended all our mortal strife,
In hand-built shrines no more we meet,
But worship in the realms of life."

The church bell has other offices to fill besides summoning us to worship on Sundays and festivals. It is also connected with the remembrance of the most pleasing episodes in most men's lives. Edgar Poe, referring to this, says:

"Hear the mellow wedding bells!
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!"

Being constant companions of man's pilgrimage, they tell of his departure to another world. Of this, the same author continues:

"Hear the tolling of the bells!
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone!"

Long after friends have ceased to mourn, and time has healed the wounds in human hearts, those faithful guardians of departed memories will still toll a dirge, when they will have for companions,

"None but the whispering winds of heaven."

In Catholic countries, the joyful peal of the bells announces the arrival of the bishop in the parish, and a consequent general jubilation ensues. Non-compliance with this regulation would be an oversight requiring an explanation from the pastor.

An amusing anecdote is related of one who had not given the signal to the people. Being asked by the bishop the reason for this apparent neglect, the worthy pastor said he had three reasons, the first of which was, that he had no bell; needless to remark that the other two reasons were not required.

Previous to the Reformation, bells were rung throughout England during several evenings of each week in Advent, as a reminder of the approaching festival of Christmas.

In Italy the custom still prevails, that minstrels go from village to village or station, to play before the images of the Divine Infant and his Virgin Mother. In Mexico, and also in some parts of Texas, practices of like significance are of ordinary occurrence. At the beginning of the Reformation, bells were classed among the mummeries of popery, and therefore dispensed with; at least one was considered sufficient in the greater number of churches.

The people of Geneva had particular reasons for discontinuing the use of bells. Previous to the preaching of Calvin, they had held the pious belief that the ringing of blessed bells had the effect of doing away with *evil* spirits. They found, however, that Calvin staid with them in spite of the ringing, when they immediately lost faith in their dispelling power.

One of the most interesting and edifying uses of bells is to announce the approach of the most blessed sacrament to the dwelling of a dying person. This beautiful practice has a double purport. It announces to the sick person the approach of the divine physician, and appeals to the listeners for their prayers in behalf of the departing soul.

The latter is true of the tolling of the bells during the funeral ceremonies, in Catholic cities. We have often heard persons who had travelled in Canada remark, that one of the most impressive souvenirs of their tour, was the remembrance of the tones of the deep-tongued *Bourdon*, as it is called, as heard from the towers of Notre Dame, announcing that another member of the Church militant had gone to his house of eternity, and calling for the prayers of those still left to add to those works, according to which we shall be rewarded.

When the services are for children, such lugubrious tones are not indulged in by the Christian who believes in the communion of saints, established by the regenerating waters of baptism. We have known Christian mothers who, while overwhelmed with a sorrow quite natural on the loss of their little ones, yet felt like addressing the loud-tongued chimes, saying:

"Stop it! no,—but change the tone,
And joyfully, aye, joyfully,
Let the altered chimes ring on
For the spirit that hath flown
Exultingly, exultingly!
It has left its couch of pain,
And shall never feel again,
But as angels feel afar,
Climbed beyond the morning star;
Agony and death unknown,
Let the joyful chimes ring on."

Among those who know the history of a church, will be found the bell-ringers. Usually they are men gifted with a natural or acquired affection for conversation, and a little persuasion in paper or coin will induce them to allow you admission, notwithstanding regulations to the contrary, into the tower, and, with this grant, you will receive a full supply of information.

Sometimes, when alone, they become poets for the moment, and pencil off some original lines. The following was written by one of those important individuals shortly before his departure from the land of bells, and some time *after* he had parted with his grammatical information:

"In ringing ever from my youth,
I always took delight;
My bell is rung, and I am gone,
My soul *hath took* its flight."

In bell literature, we meet with many legends, some of which are really charming. Perhaps the best known, and most generally appreciated, is that of "The Limerick Cathedral Chimes," which can never be forgotten, so long as Glover's lovely music on this tradition shall be preserved, which will probably be so long as music will form a portion of the rational amusements of the educated classes. We take a short account of this from a work before us:

"The remarkably fine bells of Limerick Cathedral were originally brought from Italy. They had been manufactured by a young native (whose name tradition has not preserved), and finished after the toil of many years; and he prided himself upon his work.

"They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent, and with the profits of the sale, the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all, and after the passing of the storm, he found himself preserved alone, amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chef-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which these treasure of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon, the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him, and he beheld St. Mary's steeple lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the Cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, lay back on his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family, all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked around, they beheld him with his

face still turned towards the Cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him cold in death."

The same story is also beautifully related in verse, but we omit its insertion, as the above is a very agreeable relation of a truly romantic occurrence.

There are few things to which we become more attached in the course of time, in a country place, than to a church bell. A story is related of a certain church which had been confiscated during the early part of the Reformation. In the course of years a better spirit prevailed, and the principal official in the village proposed to do away with the salary of the bell-ringer, as Catholics had to pay for the ringing of a bell for Protestant church services. No sooner had the proposition been heard, than the speaker on the Catholic side exclaimed, "Ask us anything else but this. Why it's the old sound still; take away anything else you like, but by all means let us hear the blessed bell, and we will pay the expenses."

In old English churches it was customary to have a place in which the bell could be rung at the most solemn parts of the divine sacrifice, that persons in the neighborhood, unwell or otherwise unable to attend service, might join in the worship of the moment.

At this sound, the inhabitants of the vicinity, and more so those in the church, felt a command telling them,

"Hence, fancy wild! hence, earth-born care!
With awe let hallowed courts be trod;
Wake all the soul to love and prayer,
And reverence the present God,"

who is

"Our safeguard in dangers that threaten our path,
Our joy in the valley and shadow of death."

In "The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer into the Church," we learn from the preface that the starting-point of the author's conversion was the solemn attitude of the people as the bell brought them on their knees, to adore the Newborn King on Christmas, at midnight mass.

In Irish villages, the bell-house was usually at some distance from the church. Some of these, covered with ivy and otherwise cared for by the people, were among the most cherished objects of this faithful people in the dark days of persecution. Ireland's bells take up a great part of what may be termed bell poetry.

The reader will here recall to mind those beautiful lines from the "Prout Papers," in which the author declares—

"With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus, grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

When away from home, suffering perhaps from the absence of those who once were his own, the emigrant, who has left such cherished scenes as the above describes, how attentively as dusk approaches, and he listens to the Angelus bell of the village church, may he recall the fond memory of

"Those evening bells! those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last he heard their soothing chime!
Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells."

Thus those rushing memories prove that

"Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear."

We all recollect the feelings with which we have been impressed during Holy Week, when after two days' silence, the bells peal forth the joyous chimes at the intonation of the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo.* This will show how deep the association created between us and the least subject with which we become familiarized. It bears out admirably

the assertion of Diderot, who wrote: "Take away all external symbols, and what remains will soon be reduced to a metaphysical jumble, that will assume as many strange forms and appearances as there are heads."

There are certain times and occasions when the stroke of a bell or a chime produces greater effects than at others. Dickens thus speaks of his impressions, when the last strokes of a neighboring chime or clock told him of the approach of a new year and the departure of the old:

"There certainly, we must confess it, is something awful in the sound. Strictly speaking it may not be more impressive now than at any other time, for the hours steal as swiftly on at other periods, and their flight is little heeded.

"But we measure man's life by years, and it is a solemn knell that warns us we have passed another of the landmarks which stand between us and the grave. Despise it as we may, the reflection will force itself on our mind, that when the next bell announces the arrival of the new year, we may be insensible alike of the timely warning we have so often neglected, and of the warm feelings that glow in us now."

The bell plays an important part at sea. Those who have travelled will remember the effect produced by the oft-repeated watch-bell and its companion, the whistle, telling any approaching craft of "danger ahead." The two sounds strangely combine to tell us of the continued watch kept up, and the necessity for it under the circumstances. Several pretty lines have been written on the office of the bell at sea, and in places of danger. Many have read such, but space prevents us from any selection.

The bell holds a conspicuous part in the history of all countries, and in the narration of their revolutions and victories. At the present time, and to America particularly, the bell brings back the recollection of the days that "tried men's souls," and of that grand old public servant whose tongue is now silent, but whose peals and whose closing sounds proclaimed the Colonies free, sovereign, and independent, and thus gave rise to the charming verses, now in the mouth of every American school-boy or girl, and in the heart of every patriotic man and woman in the land.

"How they shouted! What rejoicing,
How the old bell shook the air
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose.

"That old State-house bell is silent,
Hush'd is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
He will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, 'Independence;'
Which, please God, may never die."

When, in 1876, these grand verses shall re-echo through the crowded halls of our Centennial buildings, to the chime of a hundred bells, may the sound as Tennyson writes:

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

And

"Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of our land,
Ring in Faith, Hope, and Charity."

# REPARATION:

## A STORY OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

[The incident which forms the subject of the following pages is related in M. de la Place's "Pièces intéressantes et peu connues pour servir à l'Histoire et à la Littérature." The letter of the Maréchal de Villars is textually reproduced, and the description given of M. de P——'s character, sentiments, and conduct is in strict accordance with the particulars contained in the above-mentioned narrative.]

In one of the largest and most aristocratic-looking houses of the town of Calais, a few friends were assembled round the dinner-table in the month of September of the year 1709. Madame de St. Lo, the mistress of the house, was doing the honors with that liveliness of manner and agreeable flow of conversation peculiar to the French nation. Her guests were for the most part military men, belonging to the garrison of Calais. Some of them had been the friends of her late husband; a brave young officer, who had died a few years before, in the flower of his age, at the battle of Blenheim. Many striking anecdotes were related that day of the campaigns in which these gentlemen had been engaged, under Turenne and Boufflers, Villars and Vendôme. The expressive and keenly intelligent face of the young hostess evinced the deep interest which she took in these warlike reminiscences. Her eyes, which had the brilliancy, the softness, and the power which only belong "to a dark eye in woman," alternately "flashed with fire, or melted into tenderness," as the terrible and touching scenes to which war gives rise were described by men who had fought by the side of the husband whom she had mourned with the brave sorrow of a soldier's wife.

When the death of her young hero was announced to her, like the widow of one who, in our days, fell as the Crusaders of old, fighting for the holiest of causes, she snatched her infant son to her bosom, and, whilst bathing his cheek with her tears, exclaimed, "And you, too, shall be a soldier!"

She had been brought up in the love of military glory; every pulsation of her heart, every fibre in her frame responded to the theme. Her father and her brothers, as well as her husband, had been in the army; and her uncle, the gallant Comte de P——, was one of the most distinguished officers in Maréchal Villars's regiment. She had sat on his knee in her childhood, and listened for hours together to his stories of Bayard and Duguesclin; and she was always promising her little son, that when peace was made, and his great-uncle returned to Calais, he too should hear the same tales from his lips, and learn what a French soldier can do for his king and his country.

"There was a knock at the door, mother," whispered the child, who was sitting next her at table. She did not attend to him, for at that moment one of the elderly officers by her side was giving an animated description of an engagement in which he had taken part under the walls of Namur. In a moment, however, a servant came in, and said to her in a low voice, "Madame, will you be good enough to come for an instant into the parlor?" She looked up with some astonishment, and saw by his face that it was for a matter of importance he had thus summoned her; and, mak-

ing a hasty apology to her guests, she rose and went into the drawing-room. The candles had not yet been brought in, and it was only by the light of the blazing logs in the fireplace that she saw a man sitting on one of the couches, with his face buried in his hands. She turned to the servant who had opened the door for her, and said, "Who is it?" but before he had time to answer, the stranger raised his head. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible! Can it be you, dearest uncle?" She came nearer, and when she did so, the person she addressed stood up; but when she wished to throw herself into his arms, he folded them across his breast, and said, in a low and feeble voice:

"Yes, I am that uncle you loved, and have not seen for so many years. I am the man who, forty years ago, was an ensign in one of the first regiments of France, and after many glorious exploits and arduous labors, reached the rank of colonel in that same regiment; who was esteemed by his comrades, and honored with the confidence of his generals. I am that man."

There was something so cold, so unnatural in the manner of speaking, something so livid in the face, and so haggard in the expression of the Count, that his niece felt unable to utter a word, but kept gazing upon him with a silent, breathless anxiety.

"I have come," he said at last, "to ask you for a bed to-night in your house, and, above all things, that you will not let any one know of my arrival."

"But, for God's sake," cried Madame de St. Lo, in a painful state of agitation, "what has happened to you, my dear, dear uncle? Why do you look so strangely at me? Are you ill?"

"I am very tired."

These words, simple as they were, had been uttered in a manner which deeply affected Madame de St. Lo. She burst into tears.

"Try to be calm, Eugénie. I cannot talk to you now," said M. de P——. "To-morrow you will know all. In the meantime, let your servants show me to a room in some obscure corner of your house, and do you return to your guests and entertain them as well as you can."

Madame de St. Lo felt constrained to obey him; and with the control over her own feelings which she derived from her natural strength of character, and the instinctive consciousness that something of more than common importance was at stake on this occasion, she disguised her emotion, and behaved during the rest of the evening as if nothing had happened to agitate and disturb her. Some of the more observant of her guests perceived a change in her countenance when she returned to the dining-room, and though she joined in conversation much in the same way as usual, that the smile which was wont to illuminate at times her pensive face was not seen there again that evening.

It was an inexpressible relief to her when all the company took their departure, and she could withdraw to her own room. She felt the need of collecting her bewildered thoughts, and going over again in her own mind the details of that brief and painful interview. But it was in vain she tried to form some conjecture as to the cause of her uncle's strange words and manner; and when she fell asleep, her rest was disturbed by continual dreams, in which she still beheld his dejected and haggard face. The next morning she awoke early, and on being told that M. de P—— had been up some time, she hastened to the drawing-room, and sent to beg that he would come and speak to her.

When M. de P—— came into the

room, she thought him looking just as pale and ill as the preceding day; but the expression of his face was less rigid, and his manner more natural, though still cold and formal. Feeling it impossible to endure any longer this suspense, and clasping her hands together she said, "My dear uncle, for God's sake, tell me at once what has brought you here, and why your coming is to be kept a secret."

"Eugénie, I will tell you the truth, though it will make you despise, and perhaps hate me. But henceforward it is not for such a one as I to shrink from shame; the days are gone by for that; I must inure myself to bear it."

"Shame!" murmured Madame de St. Lo, with an incredulous but nervous smile.

"Do not smile," said M. de P——, covering his eyes with his hand; "but listen to me as calmly as you can. What I said just now is true. I have belied the whole of my past life. I have become that thing which for more than forty years I had looked upon with unutterable scorn; I have proved myself a coward."

"This is painful jesting," exclaimed Madame de St. Lo, with a heightened color, and in an agitated tone of voice.

"It is no jest," said M. de P——. "Thank God that you cannot hear without emotion what, nevertheless, must be told. Thank God for what you will suffer when you know the whole truth. Eugénie, I was born in this old city, which our ancestors have so many times valiantly defended. I belong to a family whose honor has never known a stain. I have gone through ten campaigns, and fought thirteen battles. I led the forlorn hope at Lille; was wounded at Steinkirk; and left for dead at Ramillies. For forty years I never knew what fear was. O my God! I called that courage! I treated with withering contempt the least sign of weakness in others. Heaven forgive me! They are avenged now. Three days ago I received the order to defend with a hundred men an important post near the village of Malplaquet. Never had the sight of danger caused my heart to beat faster; never had I felt the slightest emotion on the field of battle; but that day for the first time the strange dreadful faintness which men call fear came upon me. It was new; it took me by surprise. God only knows if at that moment I was mad or only bewildered. It matters not; I fled. The old soldier with the Croix de St. Louis on his breast, and the marks of glorious wounds on his forehead, turned his back on the enemy, deserted his post, fled like a dastard from the field, and did not recover his senses till three hours afterwards, when he stood alone, far from his comrades, far from his post, forever removed from the past, alone with a blight on his soul and a stain on his name. Yes, you may well weep, poor child; but tears can never wash away that blot."

"O God! O God!" cried Madame de St. Lo, wringing her hands, "what can have brought this dreadful trial upon you, my poor uncle?"

The old man took his hand off his eyes, and looking steadfastly at her, he said, in a voice so low that she could hardly catch the sound, but which, nevertheless, seemed to thrill through her soul, "*Pride.*"

"Who would ever have thought it!" she ejaculated, almost suffocated by her sobs.

"Not you," he said in the same way. "Not men. God only. And now let me finish what I had to say. I came here last night with the intention of asking you to give me one night's lodging, and then to assist me in going over to England, where, under a feigned name, I could hide my shame and live in obscurity. But during the calm

hours of the night, a change came over me. Why should I shrink from the penalty due to my crime? How can I expiate the offence I have committed so well as by surrendering myself to be tried as a deserter, and submitting to the sentence of death which I justly deserve? I have sent a letter this morning to the Maréchal de Villars, informing him that I await the appointment of a court-martial, and will appear before it whenever he sends me his orders to that effect."

"You have not yet dispatched that letter!" cried Madame de St. Lo, greatly agitated. "For Heaven's sake, revert to your first intention, and go over to England."

A flush passed over the bronzed face of the old soldier. "Eugénie," he said, "do not make me feel my crime too deeply. Do not give me reason to think that my baseness has lowered in your mind the standard of duty and of honor. Do you not see that the only way, not to efface, for that can never be, but in some measure to expiate my guilt, is to abide my sentence, and suffer death at the hands of my brave comrades? Do not weep so bitterly, my dear child. Last night you would have done well to weep over the fate of the degraded being before you; but since that letter has gone, I feel better able to look you in the face, and the weight on my breast is somewhat lightened; but it will only be removed when I stand in front of the guns on the day of my execution. Then and there for the first time I shall breathe freely since the hour in which I fell. Tell me, my child, that you feel this as I do."

Madame de St. Lo threw her arms round her uncle's neck and murmured, "I do feel it; but it breaks my heart."

"God bless you for those kind words, Eugénie. And now you will help me to prepare for death. I have not had much time to attend to my religious duties of late; but you will lend me a prayer-book, and the old Curé of St. Jacques—is he yet alive?—will come and see me if you ask him. I did not think to have felt so much peace again on earth as I do now."

During the next few days Madame de St. Lo's friends were struck with her altered appearance. She made great efforts to appear cheerful when in company, but it was easy to see that some mysterious sorrow was oppressing her. She turned pale if the door-bell rung, and trembled like a leaf whenever the letters were brought in. At last there came one directed to her uncle, on the cover of which was the name of the Maréchal de Villars. She knelt down for a moment to say a short prayer, and then carried it up to the room which M. de P—— had never left since the day of his arrival.

"Ah! it is come," he said, as he saw her enter with the missive in her hand. He read it slowly through, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "My God, not my will, but Thine be done." He held out the letter to his niece. It was as follows:

"It is no doubt at once afflicting and humbling to human nature that a man who for forty years never failed in courage should so suddenly have proved untrue to himself and unfaithful to the most sacred of duties. But it is also consoling to see that man, the very moment after his deplorable fall, offer to atone for it by the only means in his power,—the voluntary surrender of his life in expiation of his fault, and reparation of the sad example he has had the misfortune to give.

"These are my own feelings, my poor friend; they are also those of all our brave officers. We cannot palliate your offence, or absolve

you from the disgrace attached to so flagrant a violation of duty; but we pity you with all our hearts, and decline to sit in judgment on one who offers to make every reparation in his power for an act which is sufficiently atoned for by his own bitter remorse. Accept, therefore, my kind wishes and those of all your old friends. May heaven and the lapse of time assuage your sorrow for a misfortune which has been almost as great to us as it has been to you. (Signed)

"THE MARÉCHAL DE VILLARS.

"DU QUESNAY,

"The 26th of September, 1709."

"Eugénie," said M. de P——, when she had finished reading this letter, "give me that box which is standing near you, and some writing-paper." He opened the box and took out of it his Croix de St. Louis, and gazed upon it till the strong tide of human passion and grief could no longer be repressed. For an instant he struggled with it, and then the pent-up anguish of a broken heart burst its bonds and found vent in a flood of burning tears. Madame de St. Lo threw herself into his arms, and for a long time both wept together in silence.

"Put it up," he said; "fold it in paper; and now help me to unbuckle my sword. Your little hands used to play with its hilt in former days: they can render me this service now. There, let me look at it once more; let me hold it one moment in my hand, as I was wont to do before my fall. Take it away now. Send it with my cross to M. de Villars, and tell him, Eugénie, that I accept the permission to live as the severe but just chastisement of my crime."

From that day forward M. de P—— considered his pardon as his sentence. He condemned himself to a long patient martyrdom of incessant humiliation. He continued to live in that old town of Calais, where he had been born, which was the scene of so many glorious associations, and where a numerous garrison was always stationed. He shrunk not from the eyes of men, for the scornful glance, the jeer, and the pitying smile were part of his sentence, part of his expiation. He walked on the rampart when the soldiers were lounging about, and passed before the barracks where the officers were standing, with his uniform on, but no sword at his side, and no cross on his breast. He went into the parish church and sat on the poor benches with the women and the children. When the military Mass was said, and the soldiers at the moment of the elevation presented arms, his gray head was bowed down to the ground in humble prostration.

Madame de St. Lo clung to the solitary old man like Ruth to Naomi. In spite of his remonstrances she joined him in his walks, and knelt beside him in church. She placed her child on his knee, and taught him to love and honor his aged kinsman.

One day the boy pointed with his little finger to the part of his coat where the cross should have been, and said, "Why is there no cross there?" and as if that idea had suggested another,—"and why is there no sword here?" he added, touching his uncle's belt.

There was a momentary struggle in the Count's heart, and a dark shade passed over his face; but he had made a vow never to shrink from shame, and to drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation. He had braved the scorn of men; he would not falter now before a child's innocent gaze. "My boy," he said, "once I was proud, and I trusted in my own strength and courage; and then there came a day when God took them both away from me: and in that day I

ran away from the field of battle, and became a wretched coward, who can never again carry a sword, nor wear the cross of a true soldier."

The child looked up into the old man's face, and his cheeks glowed like fire. "Cowards do not speak the truth," he said. "It is brave of you to say you ran away."

As time went on, the looks which were bent on the aged soldier ceased to be scornful. The words which were whispered in his hearing as he passed along the streets on his way to the church were words of kindness. Compassion first, and then reverence, sprung up in the hearts of men for one who had so bravely and so meekly borne the long anguish of shame. The courage of that long and humble expiation began to be appreciated. In the streets and on the ramparts of Calais, stripped of his cross and of his sword, he was, in the eyes of God, and at last in those of men also, a greater hero than the soldier of Blenheim and of Ramillies, than the leader of the forlorn hope on the battlements of Lille.

[The editor of the "Pièces Intéressantes" mentions in a note affixed to this anecdote, that he remembered having often seen in his youth M. de P—— at Calais, and that his sorrowful and touching aspect had remained deeply impressed on his recollection.]

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## DIES IRÆ.

### A NEW TRANSLATION.

DAY of wrath! whose vengeful fire
Forms creation's funeral pyre,
Theme of seer and David's lyre.

O, how terrible the fearing,
When the potent judge appearing,
Summons all to strictest hearing.

Hark! the trumpet's blast appalling
'Mid earth's myriad graveyards falling,
Round the throne their tenants calling.

Death and Nature see with wonder
The dead burst their tombs asunder,
Answering those tones of thunder.

Lo! the book all eyes engages,
From the record of whose pages
Comes the judgment of the ages.

From the Judge in glory seated
Nothing then shall stay secreted;
To each sin its due is meted.

Wretch! what plea shall I then render?
Whom may I claim for defender?
When the saint scarce wins his splendor.

King of awful exaltation!
Who dost freely grant salvation,
Save me, fount of consolation.

This thought, Lord, do not refuse me,—
Thou a pilgrim cam'st to choose me,
Lest in that day Thou shouldst lose me.

Sought by Thee on wearying mission,
By Thy cross saved from perdition,
Shall such labor want fruition?

Judge of justice, vengeance dealing,
Of my sin grant the repealing
Ere the day of dread revealing.

All my soul within me groaning,
I my guilt in blushes owning,
Pity, Lord, thy suppliant's moaning.

Thou who Mary's bonds hast riven,
And the dying thief hast shriven,
To me also hope hast given.

My prayers merit naught but spurning,
But Thou, Lord, in mercy turning,
Save me from the endless burning.

'Mid the sheep may I be rated,
From the foul goats separated,
With those on Thy right hand mated.

When thou the accurst indicting
Giv'st them to hell's fiery biting,
Call me, 'mid the blest inviting.

Hear me, Lord, a suppliant bending,
Grief my heart to cinders spending,
Have the care Thou of my ending.

O, that day of dreadful weeping,
When those human ashes sleeping
Shall wake forth to judgment leaping.

Spare me, Lord, thy mercy showing,
Jesus, thy sweet rest bestowing
On them 'mid the clean flame glowing.

## PRACTICAL EVIDENCE OF THE ESSENTIAL EXISTENCE OF A DIVINELY AUTHORIZED TRIBUNAL IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

It seemed not enough for our Divine Saviour to teach whilst on earth, he provided instruction to be given after his ascension to heaven. He did not think it enough to shed his blood for the purchase of a Church, he moreover sent the Holy Spirit for its guidance and assistance. There is the happy security against error, for the learned and ignorant, the wise and foolish, the rich and poor, the young and old. Our dependence on the divine teaching of the Church, our unhesitating obedience to its authority, enable us to understand the true sense and meaning of many passages of sacred scripture which otherwise would be unintelligible. By our belief in the divine truth of the Church we can behold it as *built upon a rock, a path so beaten, a road so conspicuous, a way so holy and withal so straight, that fools cannot mistake it.* This makes us acquainted with a society having but one *One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.* This shows us the *one flock* united and fed under *one shepherd.* It is by this principle of doctrine, which immediately of itself preserves the unity of the spirit, that we can recognize the vinetree shooting forth and spreading innumerable branches, drawing sustenance from the stem with which they are united, although spreading their fruit and verdure far into the surrounding air. Here we can see the grain of seed not exhausted after piercing the crust of earth, but growing up into a strong and healthy tree. In a word, by this principle of divine veracity we are presented with a Church worthy of the wisdom of God who founded it, of the piety and charity of a Redeemer who consecrated it, of a Holy Spirit sanctifying it. This alone serves to keep a Catholic firm in his faith, preserving him from being tossed to and fro, carried away by every wind of doctrine.

We ask the most particular attention for this all-important principle; we examine it with the utmost solicitude, because the divine authority for the determination of every religious question being found in the Church, all difficulties are removed, doubts are dispelled, and the only conclusive and also shortest way is afforded to decide disputations otherwise productive of schisms. "The Church," says St. Augustin, "is the solution of all difficulties, it is the only way to attain the faith of Christ." Sophistry may struggle for the patronage of skepticism, infidelity may seek contentment in ridicule, heresy may try to mask its folly by slanders and reproach, but every subterfuge is disclosed, every objection is triumphantly refuted by the authority of the Holy Catholic Church. Hence St. Jerome very properly said to some heretics of his time, "I could dry up all the streams of your argument by one ray of that sun which shines upon the Church." He alluded to the gift of Christ promising, "*I will send you the spirit of truth to teach you all truth.*"

Christ having imposed upon some the obligation of teaching and on others the duty of hearing, appointing the zeal of the former and the docility of the latter as means of eternal salvation, this very organization of the Church

formed a portion of those "*things commanded to be observed*," which were to be announced by the apostles in every place unto which they carried the word of the Gospel. They certainly must have explained to the prelates, whom they appointed in different places, that the authority and obligation of instruction would in all ages be attached to the episcopal body, that its decisions would be a rule of faith quite manifest and unchangeable on account of the light of the Holy Ghost guiding and assisting those whom Christ appointed "*pastors and teachers for the work of the ministry.*" Now that we are correct in this reflection is perfectly evident from the constant judgment and practice of the Church itself, which, from the earliest time, actually proved that it possessed this power.

We read in the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles that, "*when Paul and Barnabas were preaching the Gospel at Antioch, some false teachers from Judea insisted that in order to be saved it was necessary to be circumcised.*" The difficulty thus raised was of the utmost importance, as it concerned the salvation of man. Paul and Barnabas denied the assertion and "*had no small contest with them.*" Were the Christians of Antioch satisfied with the decision of St. Paul and his fellow-preacher? No. It is related, they determined that "*Paul and Barnabas and certain persons of the other side should go to the apostles and priests of Jerusalem about this question.*" This was the first appeal to a general council of the Church. This was the first great model of all future councils, and thus the wisdom and providence of God established a model for imitation, and manifested the tribunal by which all controversies of faith were to be settled and decided. For if this were not the ordinary and legitimate judge of controversies, the Christians at Antioch were guilty of arrogance and obstinacy in refusing to abide by the decision of an apostle specially inspired to teach the Gentiles. And St. Paul would have acted imprudently, if not criminally, by indulging their arbitrary and capricious humor, submitting his doctrine to the authority not only of the apostles, but of the priests at Jerusalem, unless such were the will and ordinance of Jesus Christ. Those early Christians were impressed with the solemn conviction that a general council morally representing the whole Church was to be obeyed in matters of faith, in preference even to an apostle. They knew that if the former erred, all the promises of Christ to his Church would be broken; whereas the latter as an individual might cease to be inspired, and err most remarkably, without any one of the promises of our Lord being even slightly compromised. The appeal of the Judeans and Antiochians was received as proper and lawful by a general council of the Church. The question was discussed and solemnly examined. At length the Council decided and defined that the opponents of St. Paul were wrong, and moreover declared that this decision was given by the authority of the Holy Ghost,—"*It has seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.*" (Acts 15.)

Here we have a tribunal in the Church exercising supreme authority, correcting and commanding private judgment, not only instructing the flock, but guiding, confirming the truth in the pastor, that pastor being an inspired minister of the Gospel. The Judeans and Antiochians were persuaded by their private judgment that circumcision was necessary for salvation. Paul and Barnabas taught that it was not only not necessary, but that it was according to the freedom of the Gospel dispensation an

intolerable yoke. Neither party would yield; who then was to decide? The judgment of the Church in the persons of its pastors was appealed to. The Church, speaking by the dictation of the Holy Ghost, determined the controversy, and all parties submitted to its judgment. Now, if an infallible tribunal was not established in the Church for the guidance of men in the knowledge of religious truth and for the preservation of a pure faith, the apostles and their disciples, the clergy and the laity were guilty on this occasion of a most enormous sin. The apostles and the rest of the clergy were guilty by the usurpation of unlawful authority, also by assuming falsely the co-operation of the Holy Ghost. The laity were guilty by submitting to and sanctioning this usurpation. But where is the man, in his senses, who, believing Christianity and the divine foundation of the Church on the apostles, would hazard such an impious conclusion? A conclusion which would be equivalent to saying the whole Church then fell into error, and that the power of Christ was nullified in his own instruments—in those pastors and teachers whom he appointed to teach all things to be observed necessarily unto salvation. In view of all that assures us of the delegation of a divine mission to the apostles, we conclude that this fact recorded in the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles practically establishes and actually illustrates the doctrine which states that, for the preservation and propagation of divine religious truth amongst men, the Lord has established in his Church a tribunal authorized to teach and define with divine veracity.

As the apostles esteemed themselves to be guided by the Holy Ghost in the decision given in Jerusalem where they declared, "*it seems good to the Holy Ghost and to us*," in like manner their successors in general councils have claimed and exercised the authority of divine teaching. The illustration of this doctrine, taken from the history and uniform practice of the Church in all ages, is of the utmost importance, when we consider that, instead of finding any period of which it can be said, "*then was infallibility assumed*," we cannot discover a single period of ecclesiastical history, from Moses unto our divine Saviour and thence down to the present day, in which this authority was not produced in clear and decisive operation. Even those persons who complain about the anathemas and excommunications of the Church, afford an illustration of our doctrine; for their murmurs, heard through a long series of ages, give notice that the Church, from the time of the apostles, uttered a commanding voice in condemnation of error. There was not a century in which some heresy did not appear. All the dogmas of faith, not excepting the essence of God, were successively attacked. The rash and presumptuous curiosity of the human mind would plunge into everything, nor would its proud obstinacy yield to either reason or authority. What was the consequence? Did any pretended privilege of reason cure the evil? did a spirit of indifferentism reign triumphant on such occasions, or did sectarian confusion appear justified owing to the absence of any superior and divinely constituted authority capable of pacifying or condemning religious dissension? No: such inconveniences were not permitted. On the contrary, the Church uniformly raised its voice against innovation at the very moment of its appearance. In every instance it challenged the supporters of new principles, saying to each of them: "*The doctrine you now preach was not yesterday; it had not been heard of before; it is purely your own invention.*" The pastors

of the Church believed themselves to be directed by the same spirit of truth which influenced the apostles at Jerusalem, and accordingly they gave decrees on matters of religion as so many oracles of the Holy Ghost, and the faithful received them as so many expressions of the spirit given by the Saviour to his Church. Whosoever denied what they defined, was looked upon in the same light as if he had opposed a decree of the apostles, or had rejected a proposition of the divine word.

Influenced by the spirit, and in continuation of this uninterrupted operation of the Church, the first general council after the apostles, namely, that of Nice, made a decree, and obliged all Christians to receive and profess it; at the same time, condemning and anathematizing all those who dissented from its doctrine. Arius blasphemously denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. His bishop convened a synod of neighboring prelates, in which the heretic was condemned. The heresy spread, and at length a general council was held at Nice, in which the Arian novelty was examined, and then condemned by the universal voice of Christianity. Thus the early Church crushed the blasphemous revolt against the faith deposited with and guarded by the teachers of the gospel, and every assumption of reason or opinion in religious matters was practically proved to be antichristian. Not only was Arius and his abettors condemned, but moreover, the definitions of the council were set forth as so many articles of faith in a creed, which all Christians were obliged to profess, which has ever since been maintained under the name of the Nicene Creed, by the faithful throughout the entire world. A more complete proof could not be given that those pastors believed their council to be infallible, and that as such it was admitted by the whole Church to be a divinely appointed tribunal for the support and propagation of religious truth. If the bishops were not truthfully assured of the divine veracity of their decision, how could they presume to make a creed? By what authority could they require all Christians to embrace and abide by their decision as a matter of faith? We may also ask, if they had not the authority and support of heaven clearly established and proven to the satisfaction of all Christendom, by what influence could they induce all the faithful to receive and abide by that creed? As the Apostolic Council of Jerusalem showed practically the constitution of the Church and the mode of its subsistence subsequently to the ascension of our blessed Lord, in like manner the Council of Nice affords a similar demonstration of its existence after the apostolic age has passed away; and both examples show it harmonizing with the promises of Christ, preserving the faith through the means of a divinely appointed tribunal. We attach the utmost importance to the action of the apostles, because they were undeniably under the influence of divine inspiration; but not less importance is to be attached to the action of the Fathers of Nice, for then only three hundred years had elapsed, which is a mere trifle of time in the perpetual age of the Church. The Church was then in the freshness and vigor of the knowledge and memory of what had been ordained by Christ and preached by his apostles, so that no pretext drawn from oblivion, from times, vicissitude, or any shadowy source, can be set forth to discredit the purity and integrity of that Nicene Council. Thus we have data corresponding to the whole life of the Church, evidencing the fact that the Church is so constituted as to teach and maintain truth with divine authority.

Before any contradiction to the authority of the Church, as proved by those examples, can be admissible, it must be explained why the Council of Jerusalem justly condemned the Judeans, that of Nice the Arians, and why others could not, with equal justice, be condemned by the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century, the principle being the same in both cases? If it be said the Church was pure in the first and fourth centuries, but fallen and corrupt in the sixteenth, such flimsy sophistry is of no avail, being a begging of the question. For if the Church was a divine instructor, it could not err; this veracity is the very question under discussion. Either, then, in the Councils of Jerusalem and of Nice, the Church was divinely instructing, or it was not. To say it was not, would be to say that the apostles blasphemed, and that the whole of Christendom was ensnared. If it was, it could not deviate from truth in any age. Moreover, the right of private judgment, for which some persons contend, if derived from Christ, is as much above the control of a pure church as of a corrupted church; and therefore any attempt to supersede it is an evident proof of the total corruption of the Church, or that private judgment is not allowed by our Lord.

From the texts of Scripture referred to, from the promises and commissions of Christ, from the action of the apostles, which has been uninterruptedly the same in the course of ages, and from the agreement in this action by the Christian world, it is fully shown that a divine tribunal is found essentially in the constitution of the Church.

## THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

YEARS ago, when many of the arts were in their infancy, there dwelt in the good old Flemish town of Bruges, an honest journeyman, named John Van Euel, whose calling was to carve wooden figures and ornaments for the different churches and buildings which had arisen, and were still daily springing up, in that prosperous city of merchant-princes. This young man, according to the evidence of those who knew him best, was "nobody's enemy but his own;" he was a frank-hearted, merry fellow, and, to say the truth, a better workman never existed; he might have had jobs by the dozen but for one obstacle—that he was far too indolent to finish any of them. So long as he could pick up sufficient coin for present support, he was contented; when hungry, he worked, and when his money was gone, he had to set to work again, which he did with the best heart in the world. This could not last, however; no person ever employed him *twice*, he was so dilatory in getting his orders completed; and when John, upon the strength of a few stray florins which he had managed to scrape together, chose to take unto himself a wife, the neighbors (as neighbors generally do) looked upon the dark side of the matter, and gravely shaking their heads, augured nothing but misfortune from the union. John, however, had promised to "turn over a

new leaf" (encouraging phrase!), and for some time he kept his word. Bertha, the tidiest, brightest-eyed little damsel in a town ever proverbial for the beauty of its maidens, formed no exception to a thriftiness which still attracts the notice of every Belgian tourist; and morning after morning, she might be seen knitting in the little workshop by the side of her husband, who carolled merry ditties as he chopped away lustily at his work. By degrees, also, John resumed his old habits; and when Bertha fell ill, and was no longer present to cheer and keep him up to his toil, he began to forsake his chisel and hammer, and wander forth again into the streets, where there was, truth to say, sufficient to attract and absorb many a profounder mind than his. Bertha got well and returned to her labors, but John could seldom be prevailed on to visit his board; the dust gathered upon the carved work of his unfinished angels' heads, and the rust penetrated the implements of his vocation. A family came on, and the ceaseless occupation of Bertha's quick fingers could scarcely keep starvation from the door.

And now idleness came to be a lesser evil than another which threatened to ruin the little family. John, distressed at the sight of his wife's anxious countenance, and worn out by the cries of their two half-famished children, strove to drown the reproaches of his own heart by frequenting a certain hostelry, where wine, the worst and of the most extortionate price, was dealt out to unhappy victims of short-lived indulgence. Many a time Bertha sought and gently drew him home; but terrified at the rough language she encountered from those she saw there, and sometimes totally unable to persuade him to leave their companionship, she gave up at last in despair, and contented herself with endeavoring to supply the deficiency by additional efforts for support, drawn from the already too-greatly infringed hours of the night.

It had been a stormy day, the rain falling in torrents. John was sitting at evening over the heaped-up logs of the inn-fire, conversing with half a dozen disreputable vagabonds, who discussed everybody's business but their own with the mock gravity of half-intoxication. His purse was exhausted, but his thirst was still unquenched, and diving to the bottom of the pockets in his threadbare doublet for the hundredth time, he withdrew his hands with a deep sigh—not a single groschen remained. The host came into the miserable chamber, and finding no more orders in agitation, commenced an exordium upon the imprudence of late hours, by way of hint to his moneyless customers to be going. John parted from them on the threshold, and with a heavy heart and staggering gait turned his steps homeward.

As he emerged from the shadow of the inn gables, the moon struggled out through the moist atmosphere, illuminating the paved streets, which here and there were diversified by a deep and muddy pool, still agitated by a few drops of rain; and John, endeavoring with drunken wisdom to avoid these, stumbled into most of them as he pursued his path. The wind sighed at intervals in broken and fitful blasts, and just as he reached the Grande Palace, the carillons rang madly out, startling him by their crashing peal, with which the tempest took strange liberties, flinging the sounds, as in very wantonness, here and there and everywhere. He looked up at the belfry, which loomed white against the leaden hue of the sky, and stopped, half-disposed to expostulate with the building for the start its noisy in-

mates had given him. The air was keen, however, and he thought better of it, pursuing, with a half shiver, his way past the Hotel de Ville, whose noble line of statues he gravely acknowledged, one by one, by an obsequious reverence.

"I wonder," thought John to himself, as he groped his way (which, it must be confessed, was somewhat roundabout) through the darker and smaller streets, "I wonder now why *I* could not carve just as fine figures as those yonder. Many a job I have done here in Bruges that others have got the credit of, and I would be at the top of the tree now if it were not for—for— What *is* the reason?" he said aloud, interrupting his reflections—"Ah! that's the question."

John was just sober enough to know *what* the reason was; but he had no intention of confessing it, for all that, even to himself; so he contented his conscience by repeating over and over in a muttering, melancholy tone.

"Why, it's because I've no luck! no luck!"

"No luck?" half shrieked, half chuckled a voice at his side; "*you* no luck? Well, now look here, John Van Euel, and I will show you how to get luck, and make your fortune by it, and you will—"

John had reached the bridge adjoining the Diore, and lolled against it in a drowsy attitude. He started and shook more violently than when the carillons had made him jump in the Grande Place.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, "who have we here?" as he looked round and discovered no one in sight; "*who* are you? *where* are you?" he shouted, gaining courage, and peeping over into the water, from whence the sounds had certainly appeared to come.

A peal of merry and somewhat mocking laughter was the answer; and the next moment climbing the balustrades of the bridge, and vaulting over them with the agility of a monkey, a little figure descended lightly at the side of John, who gazed with staring eyes, and mouth agape, at the form of the new arrival. He was a queer-looking fellow; perhaps half the height of a stalwart journeyman, dressed in a suit of dingy-brown, with a long rapier projecting from beneath his cloak at one side. His features, though quite in proportion with his size, possessed an expression of authority, blended, moreover, with considerable benevolence of character.

"And so you have no luck, John Van Euel!" he said; "no luck! Now listen, then, like an idle rascal as you are, and I will help you to find some—that is, you know, if you will only assist me in what I am going to propose to you."

"O ho," thought John, "O ho! there is to be a debtor-and-creditor account, then; go on, my mannikin! But I shrewdly suspect hoofs are to be seen under those fine buckled shoes, and I should not be surprised if that rapier yonder were a tail in disguise; so I'll be careful what I promise."

He merely nodded his head, however, at his companion, who took that as a hint to proceed.

"You must know, John," said the little man familiarly, but not without a certain solemnity in his voice, "you must know that there is not a foot of this city of bridges but contains some portion, large or small, of hidden treasure. My life long have I been endeavoring to come upon some, but so difficult a matter is it to go to work the right way, that it is only lately that I have discovered the secret. One thing must be done first, which I cannot do myself, and which you can. Now, John, just walk a little way and observe what happens."

As the little man spoke, he put one hand upon the parapet, and jumping up, squatted himself upon

the top, motioning to John to look over into the water. The latter did so, taking care not to approach too near to his extraordinary companion. On gazing into the thick and muddy canal, he beheld the water agitated as if by volcanic agency, boiling and eddying in a sort of whirlpool, immediately beneath the point occupied by the mysterious dwarf, and presently the strains of soft but somewhat wild music were heard, gradually gaining strength. Apparently under the influence of the melody, the watery commotion, little by little, subsided; and at length John beheld a figure, which presented the appearance of a female, as if carved in marble, the face slightly turned from him, and the head bent down, while the hands were apparently earnestly employed with some occupation which he could not discriminate. All the sculptor's admiration for classic beauty (and he possessed considerable) was aroused, and gazing with his whole soul in his eyes, he was mortified to find a cloud pass across the moon, entirely hiding the vision from his view. Impatiently he waited for the returning light, but upon looking again into the water, nothing was to be seen but its inky, gloomy surface.

John turned to his companion, who was still sitting tailor-wise on the parapet.

"Well, John," he said, "that is the genius who guards all the treasure we have been talking of: and if I can procure an image as like her as possible, carved in white marble, I shall, by means of some potent charms I possess, be able to animate the figure and obtain replies to the questions I shall put to her respecting the exact spot where the largest treasure is hidden. Now I will be contented to pay you handsomely if you will do this business for me; make the figure as like her as possible. I know where you live, and I shall come myself and fetch it away this day six months;" and taking out a large purse filled with golden coin, "look," he continued, "I'll give you ten, twenty, fifty times what you see here."

"And what share of the treasure?" said John, who like all idle fellows, was a bit of a speculator.

The little man laughed heartily.

"Don't be hard upon me, John," he said. "However, I'll tell you what I'll do (you must swear eternal secrecy, of course). I'll promise you the half of what I get; and you may depend upon my honor. Now take the oath properly, man, upon my sword," and he proceeded to dictate the following doggerel, making John repeat each word after him:

"I, John Van Euel, undertake
This figure secretly to make,
And give up six months hence, provided
'Twixt us her treasure be divided."

John took this oath boldly. When he had concluded, the dwarf said,

"Remember, John, if ever you divulge a word of the matter, our compact is at an end; now, here's my hand upon the bargain."

They shook hands; and John was just feeling all his suspicions melt away, when the other, before he replaced the rapier in the sheath, made a sort of lunge at him, laughing at the same time his former mocking laugh. The journeyman put up his hand to ward off the blow; the next moment he felt a sharp pain in the member, and fell heavily to the ground, his companion's mirth still ringing in his ears.

The sun was rising in the heavens when John became conscious that he was sprawling on the bridge, a feeling of numbness painfully present in all his limbs. He rubbed his eyes, and thought what Bertha would say when he got home.

"What a fool of a dream I have

had!" he said to himself, as he arose to make the best of his way back. At this moment a smarting pain in the hand struck his attention. There was a small incision in it, about half an inch in length, and the blood had congealed around it. "It is all true, then," said he, jumping up with alacrity. But John heeded not the wound; the strange beauty of the marble vision he had beheld tormented his brain; its exquisite grace had stirred up the torpid passions of his genius, and eager to grasp his chisel, John hurried home in a tolerably sober state.

Bertha was watching at the door with an anxious air and pale countenance when he came in sight. How he longed to tell her all. But he kept his secret with some difficulty, as she hung sobbing about his neck. She soon saw the wound, however.

"Why, John," she said, "you have had a fall," and she tenderly bathed and wrapped it up. "This is the cut of a flint-stone."

John laughed at her anxiety. He saw nothing but the lovely statue. It seemed to stand before him pointing the way to fortune; and already he beheld Bertha strutting to mass in a flowered cabinet gown, while he sported a cloak of Lyons velvet, and a feather as tall as the wealthiest burgomaster in Bruges.

John commenced the statue. Early and late did he pursue his occupation, and as the figure grew into almost lifelike beauty beneath his hand, the form of the original became still more vividly impressed upon his mind. From the moment that he conveyed into his workroom, with the assistance of a fellow-journeyman, the rude block, obtained by the sale of some of his angels' heads, he labored incessantly to perpetuate in indelible lines the features of the beautiful vision now ever present to his thoughts.

He had begged Bertha not to question him, and she, satisfied in knowing him employed, and no longer frequenting his former profligate haunts, indulged her curiosity no further than to anticipate in all faith the result of his labors, and to speculate upon an object which served to redouble her exertion in providing for the wants of her family. John had a latent superstition that the dwarf would appear in flesh and blood, and worked on with energy and devotion.

The six months passed away—the figure was complete. With rapture John found himself a finished sculptor. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, he visited his now beloved atelier, where Art herself appeared embodied in the lineaments of the beautiful statue, the presiding genius of the place, which seemed almost to smile upon him, as he gazed proudly upon its exquisite proportions.

Day after day went by without bringing him intelligence of his extraordinary patron. He touched and retouched, till he threw away the chisel in despair; still the dilatory little man came not. John, however, had tasted the sweets of mental as well as bodily labor; it had become pleasant to him to feel his power, to see the ideal assume a palpable shape beneath his touch. Gradually another statue was commenced, and now the features of Bertha, her youngest born, an infant but a few weeks old, held in her arms, were transferred to the stone, and shone there a fair and gentle Madonna. The first figure was still, it is true, the adoration of his heart; it had taught him the joy of self-exertion; he loved it beyond expression; and even if the treacherous dwarf never came at all, the artist's ambition, which had always slumbered in his mind, now unobscured by indolence, was never

quiet, but constantly whispered what he *might* become.

So the time went on, and a year was passed.

Coming home one day, what was his surprise to find Bertha with her lap full of money, weeping in her little chamber. His first thought was that his employer had arrived and fetched away the statue. Rushing wildly to the door of his workroom, he threw it open—the figure was indeed gone; but Bertha, smiling through her tears, implored his forgiveness, and told him she would show it him again if he would come with her. "The beautiful statue was safe; would he come?"

They threaded the streets together, the heart of John anxiously beating in his bosom. Bertha led the way to the Prefecture. As they neared it, John was astonished to observe the hats of his fellow-townsmen doffed with respectful admiration to the neatly-attired but threadbare figures of himself and his wife. They entered the Hotel de Ville; it was thronged with people. The burghers had just been deciding upon a tutelary figure for the Chamber of Commerce. There were numerous productions from the first sculptors in Bruges, the excellence of which attested at once their proficiency and the ambition felt by all to occupy the pre-eminent position of the successful candidate.

The murmur of voices was lulled as the young pair walked up the hall.

"Hush," said the crowd, "here he is!" and following Bertha, who swiftly, but full of tears and blushes, preceded him, he perceived on a pedestal, high above all the rest, his own beloved model, the accepted statue, while underneath it was engraved in golden letters the one word "Industry."

Was the little man a real or unreal creation after all? an inhabitant of the world of fact or of fantasy? John always thought the first. To the successful sculptor, however, it mattered little. The mystery of the work's development was soon explained. Overwhelmed by the offer of the burgomaster's gold, Bertha had sold the statue; and John had reason to bless her disobedience.

Orders came rapidly in; employment never flagged, but became daily more attractive by habit; his profession was his joy, constituting alike the support and the happiness of his existence. One good quality also brought others along with it, for the virtues are sisters, like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured forth in succession their emblematic image, so the essential qualities themselves stepped each into her shrine in John's breast, rendering his home their sacred precinct.

The dwarf never appeared to claim his share, but the name of the mystic treasurer, that fair vision of the night, is well known.

Fortune and fame bow to her, and every reckless idler may learn from John Van Euel's dream, that the "Spirit of Industry" is the only guide to the throne of power and the temple of happiness.

## THE QUESTION OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS SETTLED DEFINITELY.

In my De Lorgues' *Life of Columbus*, I simply gave Genoa as the birthplace of the illustrious discoverer of the New World, not having space at my command to allude to the other places that claimed the honor, and the reasons or pretences upon which they founded their respective claims. But as the place of his nativity is not, for certain reasons, so fully settled that the claim of Genoa in this respect may not still be disputed, as was done in former times, I beg leave to place on record in our vernacular, somewhat abridged, the reasons assigned by De Lorgues for definitely fixing that event in that city, and thus finally, as it will be seen, disposing of that question.

It will not be unwelcome news to our readers to learn that the question of the beatification of Columbus was brought before the Vatican Œcumenical Council, just before the cannon of Victor Emanuel caused its sudden suspension or prorogation, but will be immediately resumed again on the reassembling of the said Council, which it is fervently hoped will be soon.

"As to the birthplace of Columbus," writes M. De Lorgues, "we cannot conceive why it has been so long contested and so warmly disputed. We have been astonished at the hesitating tone hitherto adopted on this subject. It is time to make this hesitancy give place to precise and peremptory affirmation."

Columbus was born in Genoa. Such is the real truth of the matter. Of what importance are the pretensions of Cuccaro in Montferrat, of Pradello in Plaisantin, of Oneglia, of Finale, of Boggiasco, of Quinto and of Nervi on the Genoa River? In vain does the little town of Cogoletto display to the eye of the traveller the inscription which assigns it the honor of being the birthplace of Columbus. It is not our intention to occupy ourselves with these displays of vanity, or with the discussions, more or less erudite, to which Savone has given occasion in claiming this glory. None of these discussions prove that Christopher Columbus was born outside of Genoa; and many of the documents brought forward during their course show that he was a Genoese. It is not permissible to doubt of this fact, which is become patent and incontestable, so numerous and conclusive are the various kinds of testimony upon which it is founded.

The personal friends of Columbus—the curate of Las Palacios, the Bishop of Hispaniola, Alessandro Geraldini, his contemporaries or compatriots, Agostino Giustiniani, Bishop of Nebbio, in Corse, Bartolomeo Senarega, Antonio Gallo, Alberto Foglietta; at a later period, Casoni, all the Genoese and the historians of their country, Giovani Battista Ramusio, Girolimo Benzoni, Giulio Salinero, Tiraboschi, Luigi Bossi, Spotorna, &c.; the historiographers of Spain, Herrera, whose exactitude is admitted by everybody, Muñoz, whose writings are so judicious and erudite, and even the Portuguese historian, Joam de Barros, who may be said to be a posthumous enemy of Columbus—all agree in declaring him

to be a native of Genoa. To these attestations it should suffice to add that of old Dominic Columbus, the father of the admiral, who, in four authentic acts, signed and executed by him at Savone between the years 1470 and 1491, speaks of himself as being from Genoa. We could also reproduce the indenture of apprenticeship recorded at Savone by the notary, Ansaldo Basso, the 10th of September, 1484, in which Giacomo, the youngest brother of Christopher, was declared a native of Genoa, although he lived in Savone from his earliest infancy, if we did not prefer, to remove every doubt on the subject, adducing a last testimony, the decisive authority of which nobody will contest: it is that of Christopher Columbus himself.

In his Institution of Majorat or Mayorazgo, made and executed the 22d of February, 1498, he mentions, in plain and unmistakable terms, his being born in Genoa: "Siendo yo nacido in Genova;" further on, he recommends to his heirs to favor, without detriment to the crown of Spain, anything that should be for the honor and aggrandizement of Genoa, a noble and powerful maritime city: "Ciudad noble et poderosa por la mar." He explains this predilection for it in mentioning that it was thence he came, and that it was there he was born: "Della sali, y en ella naci."*

A declaration so plain, and so explicit, must remove all hesitancy, and admits of no controversy. Hence we may dismiss the subject; but to overcome completely the obstinacy of gainsayers with a luminous condensation of evidence, after having heard Christopher Columbus and his father, let us listen to his son. We here introduce a witness who will gladden the patriotism of the Genoese, in confirming to them, without further cavil, the exclusive right they have of considering themselves fellow-citizens or countrymen of Christopher Columbus.

The second son of the Grand Admiral of the Ocean, whom Spotorna accused of endeavoring to mislead public opinion, and of concealing the real birthplace of his father, has, in his last will and testament, declared that his father was a native of Genoa, and calls himself "son of Don Christopher Columbus, a Genoese."* And from the fact that his father, his grandfather, and the principal part of his paternal relations were from Genoa, he considered himself a Genoese. He loved the Italian language, the only one that he habitually spoke when away from the territory of Spain. He claimed the special attentions or remembrances due to the cradle of his father, said that Genoa was his country, and by this title succeeded in obtaining the support or co-operation of every well-bred Genoese in the buying and forwarding of printed books and manuscripts, which he collected abroad for his valuable library,—a library which can yet be seen in Seville.

In return for the glory which, in being born within her walls, his father had bequeathed to Genoa, Don Fernando counted on the friendship and devotedness of all the inhabitants of that city. He considered a Genoese, in whatever city of Europe his business affairs led him to, as naturally a correspondent of his. Even to fulfil his pious intentions in Rome, although Spanish religious were there, he desired the interposition of some Genoese merchants. And his predilection for the compatriots of his father was so marked, that at his death the executor of his will, the licentiate Marcos Filipe, considered it as his duty to invite to his

* Institucion del Mayorazgo de 22 febrero de 1498. Coleccio diplom. doc., No. cxxi.

* "Hijo de D. Christobal Colon, Ginoves, primero Almirante que descubrio las Indias."—*Testamento otorgado in 12 de Julio*, 1539.

funeral, which was celebrated with princely pomp, in the cathedral of Seville, all the notable Genoese merchants in the city, as countrymen of the noble decedent.

Thus, throughout an interval of seventy-eight years in Columbus's own family, three generations attest that he was born in Genoa.

To the authority of such declarations, resulting from authentic records, and invested with solemn forms, what has hitherto been opposed? Nothing but negations, assertions without proof, pretensions without foundations,—all puerile conclusions, deduced themselves from circumstances evidently tortured, in which the logic of facts is shamefully wrested. But, in return for all this, the vanity of some places, and the longing for celebrity of some families, is gratified beyond measure. The injuries done to truth by the wranglers alluded to do not end here. Their extensive erudition and turgidity, admired only by themselves, manifest a degree of arrogance which is truly incredible. These writers recognize no authority but their own opinions. They suspect, they contest even, the best authenticated and most respectable vouchers. Under these circumstances, we will do none of these gentry the honor of noticing them particularly. The task we imposed on ourselves is not to discuss the absurd, or to combat the unsustainable, but simply to mention facts.

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## AN ADVENTURE IN THE CATACOMBS.

When living at Rome with my mother as a child, I was frequently made the companion of a young artist in his expeditions in the neighborhood. On one occasion he assured me that we were going to see something very wonderful, as we walked on further and further between the white walls of the vineyards and the old ruins of the baths till we were quite outside of Rome. The sun shone hot; the peasants shaded themselves under green branches, placed over their carts, and slept quietly, while the horses left to themselves stepped forward. At last we reached the grotto of Egeria, where we took our breakfast. The whole grotto, the walls, and the vault, were covered with the loveliest green, like a carpet of velvet, and around the entrance hung wreaths of ivy. A few steps beyond the grotto there stands, or rather stood, for some ruins of it are all that is now left, a small deserted house, built over a low entrance into the Catacombs. The passage through St. Sebastian's Church and this, through the deserted house, were at that time the only ones remaining. When you descend to these subterranean passages you find one crossing another in a manner calculated to puzzle even those who know their general direction, but my artist friend had no apprehension of danger when he took me down with him. He kindled his light, put another into his pocket, tied the end of a ball of string at the entrance where we descended, and we began our walk.

The passages soon became so low that even I was unable to stand upright; then they rose into high

vaults and expanded where they intersected into large quadrangles. We went through the Rotunda with the little stone altar in the middle, where the first Christians offered the Holy Sacrifice, and Federigo told me of the fourteen Popes and many thousand martyrs who lie buried here. We held the light close to a great tomb and saw the yellow bones within. We went a few steps further and then he stopped, for the thread was not much longer. He tied the end firmly to his button, fixed the light between the stones, and began to sketch the deep passage, while I sat down upon a stone. He had told me to fold my hands and look up. The candle was half burned out, but a whole one lay close by; besides he had brought flint and steel with him so that he might be able to light it again if it were suddenly extinguished. My imagination conjured up pictures of wonderful objects in the endless passages which were now filled with an impenetratable darkness. All was quiet except when the drops of water, falling with a uniform sound, broke the stillness which prevailed.

As I was sitting buried in thought, I was suddenly terrified by my friend the painter rising with an exclamation of alarm, and rushing about continually stooping down to the ground as if he wished to pick up something; then he lighted the other candle and looked all about. As I became frightened by his singular behavior I got up crying. "For God's sake sit still child," he said, "do you hear;" and then he looked about on the ground again. "I will not remain in this place," I said, "I will not stay down here." He endeavored to coax me, promised me pictures and cakes, and taking his purse out of his pocket gave me all that was in it, but as he did so I felt that his hand was as cold as ice, and that he trembled all over. Then I became still more uneasy and called to my mother, on which he shook me violently by the shoulder and said: "I will beat you if you are not quiet." Then he fastened his handkerchief to my arm to hold me fast, but as he did so he stooped down, and kissing me fervently said: "Pray to the Madonna."

"Is the string lost?" I asked.

"We shall find it, we shall find it," he answered, and again began his search.

Meanwhile the smaller candle had burned down, and as the larger one melted, and became smaller and smaller from the rapidity with which he carried it about, his terror increased. It would be impossible to find our way back without the thread, every step would lead us further astray. After a vain search he threw himself down on the ground, put his arm round my neck, and sighed deeply. "Poor child!" he said. At these words I wept bitterly, for it seemed to me that I should never return home again. Lying on the ground he pressed me to him, and my hand slipped down. I involuntarily grasped the sand, and there was the thread between my fingers. "Here it is!" I cried. He seized my hand, and became wild with joy and thankfulness, for our life depended on this single thread. We were saved, and never did the sun shine so brightly, the sky seem so blue, nor the trees so green, as they appeared to us when we once more regained the open air. (I never accompanied Federigo on his expeditions again.)

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS FOR LENT. By Paul Segneri, of the Society of Jesus. Vol. 2. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

Those of our readers who have perused the first volume of these sermons will, no doubt, greet the second with delight. Save the meditations of the great Viennese author and orator, Dr. Veith, we can recall no similar productions which have so pleased us as the contents of the book before us. We lay particular stress on the fact that we were *pleased*, for it is the beautiful diction which wins the heart to the instruction concealed beneath. Father Segneri has fully comprehended that, as medicine is often prepared in a palatable form to render its healthful but bitter draughts less offensive, so the surest way to reach the ailments of the soul is to mingle the essence of eloquence with the life-giving instruction, from the crude application of which men too often turn with disdain. True, it is the Holy Spirit which always converts, but one of his most powerful weapons is the eloquence of man; hence, in the language of the Church, he is himself styled

The tongue's mellifluous dower.

Our Saviour, by the adoption of the parabolical style of preaching, has given the highest and most legitimate sanction to this subservience of oratory, as well as music and the other fine arts, to the purposes of religion. It is only the abuse made of this practice by certain vain preachers and worldly-minded listeners which has merited the reproach of our Lord, that the time would come when such people would not endure sound doctrine, but would heap to themselves teachers having itching ears. Let our readers then, during this sacred time, refer to this most seasonable book with the assurance that they will not fail to profit by it, both spiritually and intellectually.

IN SIX MONTHS; or, The Two Friends. By Mary F. Meline, authoress of the Montaiges Legacy. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1874.

Miss Meline is well known as a fluent and graceful writer, and we think this, her latest work, the best which we have seen from her pen, though the conversations in the opening chapter are a little too high-toned to be quite natural. There seems also to be an incompleteness in the plot, which, however, is largely compensated for by the vivid descriptions presented of the condition of affairs in Rome under the Subalpine usurpers, the powers of whose rule are shown to the reader in a most forcible and interesting manner.

In this connection we think it not improper to subjoin the following comments from a Catholic contemporary, not because they apply so directly to Miss Meline, but because they contain much truth which could be aptly taken to heart by the large numbers of lady writers who contribute to our Catholic literature: "We do not think the authoress has shown herself clever enough to imitate the style which men adopt in writing to each other. Miss Evans (George Elliot) is the only authoress we have ever read who succeeds in writing like a man, and her success is decided. But we do not like her any better on that account, and we have always had the impression that she must be a most unwomanly woman. We do not think Catholic ladies should attempt to imitate her, first, because they cannot expect to meet with her success; second, because success in such an attempt is not commendable."

Still we suppose an authoress must try her hand in this line just as a gentleman is justified in seeking to imitate a lady, though the success of the latter is not usually so questionable.

THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VI, No. 36.—APRIL, 1874.

## ST. PATRICK AS AN APOSTLE OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

QUITE probably the eyes of some of the readers of the RECORD will expand with surprise at the title prefixed to this article. "An Apostle of Civil Liberty!" they will exclaim. "We have some acquaintance with St. Patrick's life and character; we have read of his labors as a missionary in Ireland, and of his brilliant success in converting to Christianity the inhabitants of that island; we have listened to many panegyrics upon his sanctity, but we never read or heard of his being an 'Apostle of Civil Liberty,' or of his devoting himself specially to the cause of human freedom."

Very true, yet it is in this light nevertheless that we intend to discuss his influence upon the people of Ireland, and we confidently expect to show from their character and history, that St. Patrick well deserves the title we have applied to him.

We cheerfully concede that St. Patrick is nowhere depicted in history as a "knight-errant" of olden times, ever ready to lend the aid of his strong arm and his good sword to the defence of the oppressed. It is nowhere recorded that by the magic power of eloquence he roused an enslaved people to resistance of tyranny, and led them forth to contend for liberty upon the battle-field.

But there have been conflicts waged for human freedom where no warlike weapon was ever drawn, that in their ultimate results have far outweighed the bloodiest victories ever won, in ages past, by lance and sword; or in later times, by rifled cannon and needle-guns. There have been more effective advocates of human rights than those whose voices thundered from the Athenian Acropolis or "shook the Roman Forum;" mightier champions than those who struck down with mace and axe their country's foes;—champions and heroes whose arms were never raised to slaughter,

but ever extended to bless their fellow-men.

And of these latter, one of the greatest is St. Patrick. And the Irish people, through their ready acceptance of the teachings of that great saint, and their constant adherence to the principles he taught them, have done far more, although it is not generally acknowledged, and indeed not generally known, to establish, and preserve, and to diffuse throughout the world, the principles of true liberty, than have nations which occupy a much more prominent place in history, and which, seemingly, have exerted a much more powerful influence.

It is for this reason specially that we have selected this as the subject of our article for the CATHOLIC RECORD. We are well aware how little justice, or rather, we should say, how great injustice has been done to the people of Ireland in this respect; how entirely the history of Ireland has been falsified, how grossly the actual character of her people and the actual influence of her priests and her religion have been misrepresented. And we feel that we could do no greater service to the cause of justice than to bring the truth to view.

There is another special reason for doing this at the present time. The word "*liberty*" is now on every man's tongue, and seems to occupy every man's thoughts. Men of every creed and school of thought, of the most opposite and irreconcilable principles are claiming to be friends of liberty. In the name of liberty movements of the most antagonistic character are urged forward by their respective advocates and supporters. Conservatism and Radicalism, social order and revolution, religion and irreligion, faith and infidelity, Christianity and atheism, all alike, have liberty inscribed upon their banners, and in her name they are marshalling their hosts and engaging in battle.

There is no question, therefore, of more direct practical importance for the present age, than "What is true liberty?" and there is no people whose history and destiny are more bound up in the right solution of this question, than are, and, from the date of their conversion to Christianity, have been, the people of Ireland.

The desire to be free is inherent in human nature. Nor is there the slightest ground for regarding this feeling as otherwise than right. It forms an essential portion of that invaluable yet fearful gift of moral responsibility with which the Creator of all things has endowed mankind; the characteristic mark, the noblest insignia and crown which elevate man immeasurably above, and distinguish him from all other created beings of earth. Its universality, the fact that it inspires and has inspired men of every rank and condition of life, in all ages and in all countries, proves that it is a part of our common human nature, and was made a part of it by our divine Creator.

But strong and universal as this desire to be free has always been, nothing seems so difficult to obtain as freedom; and nothing, when once obtained, so difficult to retain. Men have sighed for it and dreamed of it. They have striven and fought for it. To obtain it they have deluged the earth with blood and covered it with graves. Rather than give up the hope of attaining it themselves or securing it to others, they have freely surrendered wealth and reputation; have exiled themselves from home and from country; have pined in dungeons; poured out their blood like water upon the battle-field; and died upon the scaffold and the gibbet. There is not a country on the face of the earth that has not been, at some time or other, the theatre of this strife among men for liberty; not

a chapter in history that does not record some movement in the name of liberty, if not for liberty.

And of all countries in the world this is true of Ireland. There is not a page of her annals that does not recount a struggle to become free. There is not a mountain or moor, not a forest or glen in all that fair island that has not some tale to tell how her children have sighed and suffered and fought for liberty.

It is because this is so generally unknown that the Irish character is so generally misunderstood, and that the public at large have as little acquaintance with the real history of Ireland and its relation to the principles of civil and religious freedom as with the history of China or Japan.

That such widespread ignorance of the true history of Ireland exists is not at all singular; it is easily explained.

However indifferent oppressors may be to the opinion of the world in respect to other matters, there is one in regard to which they are universally sensitive,—the tyranny of their actions. They may be unconcerned as to their reputation for virtue, for honesty, truthfulness, clemency, but they all sedulously endeavor to escape from being regarded as tyrants. Hence, we find them endeavoring to cover over their arbitrary measures with the cloak of professions of regard for the welfare of their subjects, and to invent all sorts of pretexts to conceal the tyranny of which they have been guilty.

Religious bigotry, too, in the case of the history of Ireland, as with that of England, has been interested and active in concealing the truth. To have stated, simply as they occurred, the events that transpired during the reign of the Tudors, and the protectorate of Cromwell, to have shown truly the causes and the consequences of these events, would have exhibited the characters of those who held the reins of power in too odious a light, and would have shown up the real nature of the English reformation in such a way, as would have drawn down the indignation of all who loved truth and condemned hypocrisy and tyranny.

Hence political subservience, and the wish to avoid offending alike the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, and the Non-Conformists of Great Britain, have impelled historical writers to ignore and throw into the background, as far as possible, the history of Ireland, to underrate its importance and to misrepresent its facts, their relations and moral significance.

The ravages of war, too, and the necessity to avoid endangering the personal safety and estates of prominent individuals, and compromising their families and friends, have also caused the destruction of many important documents that would be invaluable as historical evidence. And until of late the records and writings that are extant and that throw most light upon the history of Ireland in her relations to England have been inaccessible to examination.

But with the progress of the self-dissolving process which Protestantism is undergoing, and the growth of liberalism — its legitimate offspring—the motives which led to the suppression and misrepresentation of the facts of Irish history are losing their strength, and a re-examination of those facts is now being made, with the aid, too, of documents long locked up in government bureaus or in private collections of family and state papers, but which have been lately thrown open to examination and study.

And some of the results of this are already becoming apparent. One of these results is the destruction, in the judgment of well-in-

formed and unbiassed minds, of all claims of the so-called English reformation to respect as a religious movement. Another is the clearing up of many uncertainties and the dispelling of much of the confusion in which the history of Ireland was involved. And as the consequence of this, the true character and the real issues involved in the long-continued struggles of the Irish people, are coming to be better understood and more justly appreciated.

In the further discussion of our subject, we direct attention to four facts:

1. The Irish people are a distinct people and race. The antiquity of the Irish race is unquestionable, and it has preserved its purity intact until this day. The slight admixtures of Saxon and Norman blood have been absorbed and assimilated, so that the people of Ireland are now, as they were two thousand years ago, a nation of Celts. Invasions, conquests, revolutions have left them essentially unchanged. In this respect they are a remarkable exception among the nations of Europe, we may say of the world. This is not the case with the people of England, of France, of Spain, of Germany, of Italy, or of Russia. It is not the case with the people of Turkey, of Syria, of Egypt, of India, or of China. What makes this the more remarkable is the close proximity and constant intercourse of the people of Ireland with other peoples of Europe, and the numerous political convulsions and revolutions which they have passed through.

We know of no similar instance but one,—the Jews. And we can find no sufficient explanation for the fact in either case, but that of constant, Providential interposition. But Divine Providence never acts without a purpose and an end. The Irish people and the Jews have each a divine mission to perform; and their preservation, as distinct peoples, can be readily traced to their respective missions; and in their religious beliefs as connected with their missions, we find not only the reasons for, but also the efficient causes and instrumentalities of their continued existence as distinct races and peoples.

There is not the slightest difficulty in determining what these missions are. The Jews in their *un*belief in Christianity, in their obstinate adherence to a religion which has passed away, are a standing evidence of the truth of divine promises and threatenings. They are fulfilling an important but an awful mission. The people of Ireland, continuing a distinct people through all the changes of the lapse of successive centuries, of the rise and downfall of dynasties, kingdoms, political institutions of every kind and character, the growth and decay of nations, the ravages of almost continual war, the desolating effects of successive invasions, the destruction of national laws and national independence, have, also, fulfilled a mission so patent to all that have the power of seeing, that it is unmistakable. It has not been one of material prosperity, of political supremacy, or of military superiority, but a far higher and holier one,—the bearing of a clear, constant, consistent testimony in their native land to the unchangeable and unchanging character of Christianity, and the bearing to the nations of the earth, far and near, amongst whom the Irish are to be found, the same consistent and important testimony. But we are anticipating. It is the fact—the single, physical fact as we may call it—that we are now concerned with; not with its moral significance.

2. The people of Ireland *are not*, and *never* have been, a *subjugated* people. The opposite impression is quite general. This mistaken

impression is the result of two circumstances. 1st. So little is known of the true history of Ireland; 2d. Few persons make the proper distinction between *oppression* and *subjugation*. There is a great difference. The ancient inhabitants of England, the Britons, were subjugated by the Saxons. The Irish never were. England was subsequently invaded by the Danes, but not subjugated by them. After several centuries England was invaded by the Normans, and the people of England were not only conquered but subjugated by the Normans. But the Normans were never able to subjugate Ireland.

Ireland has often been invaded; her armies have often been defeated; her fields have been desolated; her cities taken and plundered; her fairest provinces turned into deserts; her children starved, driven into exile, slaughtered by the sword, or put to death by the executioner's axe and the hangman's rope; but the Irish people have never yet been subjugated. They have never become passive slaves of their conquerors; never given up the hope of freedom; never ceased their struggles to be free.

We might refer in proof of this to many a page of Ireland's history —dark in respect to the scenes of cruel oppression recounted, but glowing with light when we look at the instances of heroic constancy which those otherwise dark pages record.

We adopt, however, another and simpler method of proof, and direct attention to the fact, which cannot be denied or evaded, that the people of Ireland have none of the marks of a subjugated race.

There are two effects which invariably follow the enslavement of a people. These are mental and moral degradation. God intends men to be free. Freedom is their normal condition, and when, through the force of any circumstances whatever, be those circumstances their own fault or not, a people are kept in slavery long enough for the consequences of their enslavement, —their abnormal condition,—to be permanently felt, the result is always seen in their intellectual and moral deterioration. (We use the word moral not as referring primarily to public or private virtue, but simply as referring to the exercise and power of the individual will.)

It is surely not necessary for us to adduce evidences of this. The character and condition of the descendants of Jacob, the Jews, at the time of their liberation from Egyptian bondage, as we learn from allusions in the Pentateuch, illustrate the truth of our position. The history of the Greeks and Romans furnishes additional proofs. We all know how different was the character of the Greeks after they had been subjected, first to Roman rule, and then to that of the Greek emperors, from what it was during the palmy days of Grecian pagan liberty, imperfect as that liberty was. We all know how sadly the Romans degenerated, both intellectually and morally, after the effects of their subjection to the despotism of their emperors came to be fully felt.

We look in vain for any evidences of such deterioration of the Irish people, either in regard to strength of intellect or strength of will.

We know that Protestants have drawn sad pictures of the *ignorance* of the people of Ireland; and we might readily admit their general ignorance of letters, without weakening, in the least, the strength of our argument. Nothing else could well be expected in their case, when it was scarcely possible for them to learn to read and write except under the risk of penal punishment as criminals, or as the price of their surrendering their religious

faith. It is scarcely to be expected that schools should flourish, when the only schoolmasters the Irish could send their children to—unless willing to expose them to the danger of being taught that their parents were idolaters, and their religion a superstition—were hunted like wolves out of the land. Nor can it be supposed that children whose only educational opportunities were confined to receiving instructions surreptitiously, under the concealment of a sheltering hedge, or in some secluded forest nook, would be likely to be as highly educated as those who labored under no such disadvantages.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the people of Ireland, in quickness, clearness, and strength of intellect, are, to say the very least, the peers of the people of England, of France, of Germany, and of America. The very epithet, quite commonly bestowed upon the Irish, by those who underrate and professedly despise them, shows this. The term "ignorant Irish" is quite common; but who ever heard the phrase stupid, or stolid, applied to the Irish people? Their enemies being the judges, the Irish, intellectually, have not the characteristics of a subjugated race. They are admitted to be quick and clear in their perceptions and mental operations, full of sprightliness, wit, genius, an intellectually gifted race. Intellectually they have all of the characteristic marks of a free people, and none of those that belong to a people long subjugated and enslaved.

We will not refer to the poets, historians, advocates, and statesmen of Irish birth or Irish blood, which grace the roll of England's scholars and great men. The force of such references might be attempted to be evaded by the allegation that they were exceptions to the rule. We have preferred, therefore, confining ourselves to the admitted general intellectual superiority of the people of Ireland *as a people.*

Again: We look in vain among the Irish people for those signs of *moral* degradation which is the invariable consequence of a long period of enslavement. There is no deterioration in regard to domestic virtue. While the lower classes of Protestant England and Scotland and Germany are in this respect but little above the brutes, and while in those countries among the higher classes the forms of decency are sedulously observed, yet, nevertheless, under those forms of decency, impurity and conjugal infidelity are fearfully prevalent. Ireland, as is well known, forms a remarkable exception in this respect, among all the countries of the world. The Irish people, even the poorest of them, are remarkable for their chastity and conjugal fidelity.

But, as we have already said, we use the term "moral" as referring simply to strength of purpose and of will, and to that spirit of self-reliance and individual energy which the consciousness of personal freedom imparts. And in respect to this the Irish people are certainly pre-eminent. Whether in their native land, or in the countries to which they emigrate, they are distinguished for their individuality, their courage, and their energy. In their bearing you discover none of the cringing servility, none of the abject submission of a subjugated race, but all the marks of men, who, however they may have been wronged or oppressed, know what freedom is, value it, and are determined never to surrender the hope of obtaining it.

And it is also an admitted fact that along with their strong individuality of character, the Irish people possess unquestioned courage. This has been attested both in their repeated struggles in their

native land, to free themselves from English rule, and in foreign countries by Irish exiles on many a well-contested field. In the headlong charge against the serried ranks of their enemies, in stubbornly maintaining their position against assailing columns, and in the desperate assault upon the "deadly imminent breach," they have won a character for gallantry and courage which not even prejudice can deny. The records of Wellington's campaigns in the Spanish peninsula, and the history of the recent conflict between the North and the South, in the United States, alike attest this. Neither the stern resolve of men of English and Scotch descent, the discipline of our Germans, the fiery valor of the Southern descendants of the French emigrants, the steady determination of the sons of the Plymouth pilgrims, won higher praise from either Northern or Southern leaders than did the impetuosity, the gallantry, the unflinching courage of the Irish. The soldiers of no other race carried their regimental colors farther into the ranks of their foes, or held their ground more tenaciously than did those who fought under the green flag of Ireland.

But we cannot dwell upon this point. We simply sum up what we might say in detail upon it, in the proposition which forms our third fact, and which the enemies as well as the friends of Ireland must admit:

3. That the Irish people have always been remarkable for their firm, courageous, unyielding resistance to those whom they regarded as oppressors, and who have for centuries vainly tried to subdue them; their resistance to what they *deemed* (we will not stop to discuss the correctness or incorrectness of their opinion) *unlawful* authority.

This is a fact which cannot be denied. Indeed, it is one which the opponents of Irish nationality and Irish independence have constantly charged upon the Irish people as a crime; as a reason why they should not be allowed the same rights which they admit that other people may justly claim. Their argument—and it was the staple of all of Mr. Froude's specious apologies for the unjust and oppressive measures of the English government, from the days of Henry VIII down to the present time—is, that the people of Ireland are so rebellious, so stubborn, and so obstinate in their resistance of the laws which England has imposed upon them, that they ought not to be allowed to exercise the rights of freemen.

It is a strange argument. That because a people value freedom; because sooner than give up their rights, and submit to foreign domination, they will endure every hardship and extremity, will surrender ancestral possessions and position, will suffer poverty, political degradation, imprisonment, banishment, death, therefore they are not fit to be freemen.

According to this argument the men who framed the Declaration, which constitutes the charter of our own national independence, were not fit to be free. According to this argument "The Father of his Country," George Washington, the illustrious Catholic Frenchman, La Fayette, the equally illustrious Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the heroic Pole, Kosciusko, and the whole band of soldiers of the American Revolution were *not* patriots fighting in defence of the rights of men; and their aspirations for freedom constituted a just reason for England's riveting upon her American colonies the chains of political bondage more tightly than she tried to rivet them.

But let the argument pass. It needs no answer. We are not, at this point at least, concerned with any inferences that may be drawn from the admitted characteristic of

the Irish people to which we have last made reference. We simply wish to impress it upon the attention of our readers. Our inferences will be deduced hereafter.

4. The Irish people have always been remarkable for their submission—their unquestioning, implicit, constant submission—to their priests and prelates. To this fact their enemies and their friends alike have attributed the stanch, unwavering adherence of the people of Ireland to the Catholic religion. Their friends and admirers have generally praised them for this. And, for the same reason, their enemies, particularly Protestants, have denounced them as slaves and "priest-ridden."

Now we might say to the Protestants who talk so much about "the Bible," that if they would only read it to some purpose they would find that this last referred to characteristic of the Irish people is one that ought to distinguish all true Christians. The Apostles exhorted their converts to reverence and obey those whom God had placed over them in the Church. And a greater than the Apostles—our divine Lord—has said: "He that will not hear the Church let him be to you as a heathen and a publican." But we pass this by; and we simply ask attention to the fact, that the people of Ireland, so rebellious to all other authority, so remarkable for individuality, for personal independence, for intellectual quickness and acumen, for energy, and for courage, have yet been equally remarkable, in the judgment alike of friends and foes, for their willing, cheerful, constant submission to the authority of the Catholic Church.

Now, put these last two characteristics of the Irish people side by side, and consider them in their mutual relation, and also in their relations to the first two facts to which we directed attention.

On the one side the cheerful, unhesitating, unwavering submission of the people of Ireland to the authority of the Catholic Church. On the other their steady, unceasing, unconquerable resistance to imposed foreign civil domination. How will you reconcile them? The seeming antagonism of these two facts, irreconcilable except by only one explanation, becomes still more striking, when considered along with the first two facts to which we have adverted, and which connect themselves naturally and indeed inseparably with the third—the fact that the Irish have always remained a distinct race, inspired with aspirations for national independence; the fact that they have never been subjugated, nor lost either their sense of, or their pride in, their ancestry and nationality, and never gave up their aspirations after national independence; and the fact that they have sternly, stubbornly, heroically struggled and striven to resist imposed civil authority; and have unceasingly asserted their right to civil liberty. Put these three collateral and inseparably united facts—all indeed being but different exhibitions and forms of action of the same one animating, characteristic principle—on the one side; and on the other the unwavering, willing submission of the Irish people to the authority of the Catholic Church.

What explanation of these facts can the enemies of Ireland and the opponents of Catholicity make? They cannot deny them; neither can they ignore them. They are not accidental; nor can they be attributed to any temporary influences upon the people of Ireland. They have existed for fourteen hundred years, and they form the very warp and woof of the Irish character. They must be satisfactorily accounted for; and if Protestants and anti-Catholics are unable to account for their coexistence,

except in a way which is irreconcilable with their theories of civil or religious freedom, or of both, it proves that their theories will not stand the test of truth.

The explanation is a simple one; and, when stated, carries with it to an unbiassed, intelligent mind, the demonstration of its truth.

The resistance of the Irish people to an imposed foreign, civil domination, and their submission to the authority of the Catholic Church spring from one and the same source, and receive their strength from one and the same animating principle,—the love of freedom and the determination to be free.

This will become apparent when we consider the essential elements of true freedom. For our present purpose, we will sufficiently define them, by the statement that they are comprised in (1) submission, in the free exercise of the individual will, to lawful authority; and (2) in the refusal to submit, in the exercise of the same moral freedom, to unlawful authority.

Where either of these conditions is absent there is, and there can be, no real liberty.

The person, who, from whatever causes, from persuasion, the desire for wealth, influence, position, reputation or life, or the fear of their loss, acquiesces in and assents to unlawful authority, abnegates his freedom. No matter how unrestrained he may be physically, or what his external circumstances may be, no matter whether he is a peasant or a king, he is in fact and in truth a slave.

So, too, with him who refuses to submit to rightful authority. He is not a freeman nor entitled to the rights of a freeman, but a rebel and a criminal. And though no civil law may hold him amenable, no prison confine him, though he may be a monarch despotically ruling over scores of millions of subjects, enforcing his commands by the bayonets of hundreds of thousands of soldiers, he is, not the less, a criminal and a rebel, and not the less a slave himself though he may tyrannize over others.

This is simply an explication of the words of our divine Lord: The TRUTH shall make you *free*. "*If the truth make you free, you shall be free indeed.*" St. Paul, in the Mamertine prison, and St. Peter, when led away to be crucified, were free men. Nero, under whose orders they were put to death, though seated upon the throne of the mistress of the world, was a slave.

It was because neither of these essential conditions of liberty, both civil and religious, was understood, and, therefore, disregarded, that so little of real liberty was possessed by the ancient Greeks in the days of their famous republics. Their ruling idea was, that liberty consisted essentially in the exercise of the individual will, unrestrained by any authority outside of the individual himself. Hence law, as they regarded it, had no higher sanctions or source than the popular will; and as that will had nothing above it to restrain it, injustice and the grossest violation of inherent, inalienable personal rights were constantly perpetrated under the forms of law. Submission to law, though that law was the expression of the will of a majority, was therefore, frequently, not freedom but slavery. And the liberty of the Grecian republics was liberty in name, but in reality tyranny.

The similarity in principle between this false idea of liberty among the pagan Greeks and that of the communists and radical revolutionists of the present day is obvious. There is the same ignoring of any source of law, of any legitimate authority outside of the individual will, the same practical denial of right and wrong as objective facts—that is, as facts having

an actual existence of themselves and outside of the human will—the same denial of the existence of any higher principle, and any higher rule of action than the will of individuals aggregated together.

And unfortunately for the well-being of society and its moral and civil improvement, these are the ideas that seem to have taken deep root in the public mind, at the present time, in all European countries and in the United States. They are the ruling ideas of our popular leaders. The secular and the Protestant religious press are industriously engaged in their dissemination. It is true they do not generally advocate or defend their logical consequences. Most frequently they protest against and condemn those consequences as practically developed in the horrid crimes of the French Revolution of '89, and the equally horrid crimes of the French commune of our own time. But their protest is illogical and consequently unavailing. For, as long as they, with deplorable activity and efficiency, sow the evil seeds, the plants will spring up and produce their terrible fruit.

Now here comes in, by way of bright contrast, the character and action, as shown in their history for fourteen hundred years, of the spiritual children of St. Patrick, the Irish people.

With heroic determination, and an endurance of unspeakable and unexampled sacrifices and sufferings, they resisted foreign domination, the imposition and exercise of illegitimate authority. Their steadfastness, their gallantry, their constancy should secure to them the unqualified admiration of those who laud to the skies the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Swiss of mediæval times, the people of oppressed Poland, and in fact of all who are unbiassed by religious and political bigotry.

At the same time the people of Ireland have always been, and are now untainted with the spirit of social and political radicalism and individualism, which prevented the enjoyment of true freedom in the republics of classic pagan times, which ultimately brought about their downfall, and which to-day constitutes the greatest obstacle and the most potent enemy to true civil and religious liberty.

The people of Ireland bow willingly and cheerfully to rightful authority. They recognize the authority of Christ in his Church as exercised by the representative whom he himself constituted and appointed.

Hence, both in their religious and their civil relations, both in the Church and in the State, the spirit of true liberty lives in the children of St. Patrick. They are FREE MEN. And St. Patrick, who instilled into them the principles upon which all true liberty is based, is not only the object of veneration to those who recognize and honor sanctity and devotion and zeal and success as a missionary of the true faith, but he is also justly entitled to the epithet which we have prefixed to our hurriedly written article,—AN APOSTLE OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

## THE SECRET OF THE KING.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE gracious monarch, Wenceslaus,
(Saint of the long ago,)
One winter night his footsteps bent
The ever Blessed Sacrament
To visit thro' the snow.

Absorbed in prayer, the holy king
Felt not the bitter blast,—
So keen, it forced the servitor
(Who with the lantern walked before)
To groan aloud at last.

"Art suffering?" "Yea, sire, my blood
Is freezing while I talk."
"So?" quoth the king; "then, if inclined,
Good knave, thou mayest fall behind,
And in our footprints walk."

And so they go: the royal head
Bent low; the strong arms crossed:
And following close upon his heels
The knave. Dear Lord! what warmth he feels!
Hath summer vanquished frost?

A breath as of celestial fire
From out the king escapes!
A perfume pure, an odorous heat,
A scent of sacrificial wheat,
Of blood of blessed grapes.

What tho' the woodland shrine be bleak,
And snow-drifts on its floor?
The wind may howl,—the knave doth sing,
He kneels, he walks behind the king,
He feels the cold no more!

O mystery divine! could we
But love like Wenceslaus,
Like Wenceslaus in our poor turn,
These frozen hearts of ours might burn
And melt in thy dear cause.

And such a fragrant glow, our faith
In thee might shed abroad,
That all who follow on our feet,
Might with us share Love's furnace-heat;
And, flushed with zeal, thro' snow and sleet,
Go with us glad to God!

# THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

## Chapter XIV.

### THE SUMMONS TO HARLEY STREET. THE CONFESSION.

It was a happy party which Herr Von Sulper beheld assemble on that evening following the day of the trial in the mansion of Mr. Mainwaring; and, perhaps, Von Sulper was the only person whose joy was tinged with sadness; he could not forget the cruelty of Mrs. Montague's desertion of her daughter, and when he looked at Maria, though a fervent thanksgiving escaped his lips for her all but miraculous escape, he could not but think with horror of the unhappy woman who had so deeply wronged her.

As to Maria herself, it was with difficulty she could meet her friends at dinner, to such a pitch of mental excitement had her mind been wrought up; first, by intense fear, lest sentence should be passed against her; secondly, by an overwhelming joy, at the sudden appearance of her father and Von Sulper; and then, by her acquittal and deliverance from the shameful position into which the wickedness of others had cast her.

The affectionate daughters of the good Squire, with Mary, never left her, and we may safely say, when she looked around on the faces of her kind friends, the dear old Flohrberg amongst them, that an excess of happiness followed the excess of misery into which she had been plunged.

The servants having withdrawn, conversation became more free, and Von Sulper found it hard to parry the remarks of the Squire, on the sudden illness of "that wicked woman," as he termed Mrs. Montague; he, however, succeeded, and then addressing Flohrberg, said,—

"You have not, I am sure, Mein Herr, betrayed my secret, but have left me, as I requested, the pleasure of divulging it myself." Then, turning to Maria, he said,

"You see, my dear child, I claim a greater interest in you than you can possibly imagine. As the young protegée of General O'Donnell, I felt interested in you, and would have hastened to London, to reclaim you from your perilous position; but, as your uncle, Maria, as the brother of the Frau Flohrberg, I claim a livelier interest still."

"My uncle!" ejaculated Maria, in astonishment, better conceived than described; but she saw the good Flohrberg smile; and yet but scarcely realizing the truth of what she heard, received, on her forehead, the affectionate salute of her new relative.

Inquiries poured thick and fast upon Von Sulper, not only from the ladies of the company, but even from the generally silent and taciturn barrister, who had so ably carried on Fraulein's case; and as our readers know already all that Von Sulper has to say, we shall leave him to tell his own story in his own fashion.

It was very late ere the happy party broke up, and would have been much later, but that Maria now showed symptoms of positive illness, so that she was enjoined late hours the following day, by all her kind friends, Von Sulper and Flohrberg telling her that they should not see her probably before the following evening.

Maria no longer had visions in disturbed dreams of courts of jus-

tice, prisons, and all the unutterable horrors which of late had been crowding so thickly upon her; her repose was calm and tranquil, and when she awoke, the morning being far advanced, it was to the unspeakable happiness and consciousness of perfect security, and to the joyful remembrance that the Herr Von Sulper was allied to her by the ties of kindred, and, also, that he had whispered in her ear, the previous night, a bit of intelligence, making known to her that she would never have to seek a strange home again, for that the good Von Sulper intended to devote part of his large fortune for the benefit of his sister's family.

Though much recruited by her night's rest, Maria had faithfully intended to carry out the injunctions of Mrs. Mainwaring, and devote this following day exclusively to rest both of mind and body. Such, however, was not to be the case.

A delicate and tempting breakfast was brought, by a maid, into Fraulein's chamber, on the tray; beside it, lay a letter, in the well-known writing of Mrs. Montague.

A deadly faintness crept over Maria's already weakened frame; all the horrors of the past rushed again before her mind, and her hand shook violently, as she opened the carefully sealed and dainty note, written on the perfumed paper the lady generally used. It was couched in the following words:

"Will the Fraulein Flohrberg grant a few moments' conversation to Mrs. Montague? In doing so she may rest assured that she will meet one who is deeply penitent and grieved for the injury she has inflicted, and who can know no rest till she has received the forgiveness of the injured Maria Flohrberg."

I can never meet this woman, was her first thought. But her surprise was great on reperusing this letter. She had never expected such an act, deeply as she had been injured at the hands of Mrs. Montague, and many were the tears she shed over it, for her affectionate heart could not long bear malice to a living thing. If the first thought was "I cannot see her," the next was, "I will go and be reconciled." She partook hastily of her breakfast; she could think but of one thing, and that was, to meet her, who had been her deadly foe, with the kiss of peace.

She dressed herself hurriedly, but before leaving the house, carried her letter to Mrs. Mainwaring and Margaret.

The two ladies perused it; then Mrs. Mainwaring looked at Maria's pale face, gravely shook her head, and said,—

"I question, were the gentlemen here, Maria, whether they would give you permission to approach that woman's house, so enraged are they all at the narrow escape you have met with, setting quite aside the public exposure and stain cast upon your name and character; were it not well to defer your journey, love, till my husband returns home, which will be shortly; or, till your father and uncle call, in the evening? Meanwhile you can write, and assure her of your forgiveness."

"I think I would like to go now," replied Maria. "Let me meet her half way. I know it has cost her much to make this advance."

"Go, love," said Mrs. Mainwaring; "and you will take God's blessing with you; but I am not quite sure, though I *know* you are right, whether our irascible gentlemen will hold me excused, for giving my consent, especially Herbert."

"Well, Maria," said Margaret, "I would never again see that wicked woman, who has worked you such deadly wrong, whatever was the consequence. *Forgive*, indeed! *I* wouldn't forgive her in a hurry."

"Ah, Margaret, Margaret, there *is* a great deal of hay and stubble in that otherwise fine character of yours."

"Ah, hush, dearest," said Maria, placing her finger on her lips; "there is this Gospel precept, you know, and it must be obeyed, though flesh and blood may rebel; so, adieu. In an hour I will be back again, and the gentlemen need not know I have seen Mrs. Montague, unless we like to tell them ourselves."

A few moments more, and Maria was on her way to Harley Street; and a very little later Mr. Mainwaring returned home.

"Has Maria left her room? I wish to see her," was the first question he asked his wife.

"She has had a letter from Mrs. Montague, begging her to come to Harley Street at once," rejoined his wife.

"She has not gone?" he replied. "I trust not. What will Von Sulper think of this?"

There was such an expression of alarm on the usually good-humored countenance of the Squire, that his wife gazed in blank astonishment. It was turned into horror, when Squire Mainwaring, approaching her said, "Wonder not at the pain I feel that Maria has gone to Harley Street; her bitterest foe has proved to be her own mother!"

* * * * *

With a trembling heart Maria knocked at the door of the house from which she had been so ignominiously expelled, and was met in the hall by Mrs. Somers; a smile of recognition, and a warm pressure of the hand, was all that passed between them, save that when her hand was on the chamber-door, she whispered the words, "She is very ill; *you* are very good to come here."

Everything seemed desolate and cheerless. No one was moving about, and Maria felt convinced that her former pupils, and their father, were absent from home. It was painful enough to Maria to come at all to this house, every step she took being marked by some painful recollection. The moment, however, had arrived, when again she must face the woman who had wellnigh been her destruction, and she approached the bed, the heavy draperies of which were closely drawn, with a trembling step.

Little prepared, however, was Fraulein for the startling change which had taken place. Mrs. Montague's eyes were closed in sleep, but the dark line beneath them, the haggard expression of the face, the convulsive twitching of the muscles around the mouth, all told a tale of terrible mental agony.

"Hark!" she murmurs in her sleep; and Mrs. Somers's benevolent countenance becomes distressed, as disjointed words ever and anon fall upon their ears, such as people utter in their delirium, and which are but too often not merely the expressions of a disordered fancy, but manifestations of the hopes and fears of their more rational moments. "Nay, it is not true," she says, "I cannot, will not believe it. Do not bid me see that man; he will destroy me with the tale he has to tell." But she turns in her uneasy slumbers; the eyes, so preternaturally glassy, open, and are fixed on the pale face beside her, already bending over her with a kind soothing expression; and Mrs. Somers, as if agreeably to instructions already received, leaves the room, and Maria is now alone with the woman, who, but one short day since, looked so pitilessly upon her, as she stood in that shameful dock.

She covered her face with her thin white hands, and Maria could see the big tears stealing through the long fingers, while convulsive sobs shook the bed whereon she lay.

This was a show of feeling for which Maria was ill prepared; it distressed her, and she exclaimed,

"Mrs. Montague, I am here, as you did request me; but do not, I beg you, give way like this. Ah, see, Maria Flohrberg forgets the past, as she does hope God will forgive her."

The thin hands were removed from the face as Fraulein thus spoke. The invalid strove to raise herself in the bed, and Maria passed her arm around the waist, and adjusted the pillows, thinking that all she desired was to rest more easily; but, as she supported the sufferer's form, and whilst the head reclined upon her shoulder, the face of poor Fraulein was drawn down to hers and a passionate kiss imprinted on her cheek.

Fraulein returned the embrace, and returned it with her whole heart, but she little dreamed the lips of a mother had pressed her own.

Then the hand was placed upon the heart, and she signed to Fraulein to bring her a restorative she had at hand; then motioned her to be seated, and said, or rather whispered, for the words came very slowly, and feebly too,

"Dear Maria, I was reared, like you, a Catholic, but, since I left the hills and dales of my mountain home, in Ireland, I have never submitted to that part of our church's rule which enjoins confession. You, Maria Flohrberg, must listen, first to the history of my life: I owe you reparation; then I will carry my burden to the feet of the minister of Christ, for my reconciliation must be entire."

Maria would have interrupted her, for she felt some strange avowal was about to come forth, though she dreamed not that it concerned herself, and she replied,

"Dear Mrs. Montague, do not distress yourself thus; to your husband, or your children, but not, oh, not to me, reveal the past."

"Yes, to you, and you alone," was the reply. "Now, listen carefully to all that I shall tell you. Thirty years since, when twenty summers had scarce passed over my head, I left my home in Ireland as companion to an English lady; my head was turned with foolish vanity; my beauty had been praised when in my Irish home, and I panted with desire to raise myself above the humble lot I held, as the daughter of a small Irish farmer, and be known and admired in the great world. Without a tear I bade farewell to the pastor who had instructed me; to the widowed mother, who had loved me, and borne with my many failings; and to the little sister, Ailey, whom I might never more behold. The lady with whom I travelled made the tour of Europe, and finally settled for many months in a village in Bavaria. There I met with the brother of the Herr Von Alstein, or Von Sulper, as he calls himself."

Here Maria started; had then Mrs. Montague known her uncle when in Germany?

"We married, and resided for some time in a little cottage, from which the Alps might be dimly seen in the distance."

Here a shudder crept over Maria's frame. What was the meaning of the vision that seemed to pass before her eyes? in which there was a dim recollection of gray mountains, clad with snow, rising one above the other; of another face than that of Ida Flohrberg; yet all grouped together in a shadowy, indistinct, vague manner, as if in some dream of the past; yet, along with the fancy, if such it was, ever, ever came the idea, that the features of Mrs. Montague had been seen before; and she then remembered the painful, unpleasant impression she received on the night of her first meeting.

"My union was an unhappy one;

my husband was violent in temper, and but little inclined to bear with the failings of the woman who had become his wife. I repented of the choice I had made; and even the birth of a child failed to knit closer the bond that subsisted between us. In an evil hour I exasperated him. He struck me, and the blow fell also on the innocent babe at my breast. I laid my child in the cradle, and vowed, that ere eight-and-forty hours should have passed, I would separate from him forever. Ere the sun had set, Fritz was taken alarmingly ill; his life was despaired of; he received the last rites of the church; called me to his side, and begged me to forgive him. I feigned a reconciliation, for in the interim since our quarrel, I had stolen away to the lady whose companion I had been. She was that night to return to England. Now, listen, Maria Flohrberg. I was to go with her; to break forever, before death should break them, the bonds that bound me to Von Alstein. He was better, but still in danger; yet, when night had cast its shadows over the purple mountains, I stole from his sick-room, raised my little girl from the cradle, kissed it again and again, then replaced my wailing child, and stole like a thief from my husband's home; and ere the noonday sun glistened on the mountain tops, I was far from my family, never, never to return. Arrived in England, I passed the next year in uncertainty as to the fate of my husband and my child. Then I heard that I was a widow, and that my child had been adopted by my husband's family. I steeled my heart against parental feeling; never betrayed the place of my abode; and, accepting the hand of my present husband, raised myself at once to opulence and wealth.

"Now, listen, Fraulein," continued Mrs. Montague, and her voice trembled as she spoke. "Fritz, my husband, and this Heinrich Von Alstein, were twin brothers, and strikingly alike; judge of my horror, when his still well-remembered features met me yesterday. I thought I had been misinformed, and that Fritz yet lived, to confront me in a court of justice, and then before my husband; then I was borne insensible from the court. But Fritz, indeed, is dead; Von Sulper, as he now is called, came to tell me this. But, oh! horror of horrors! Fraulein Maria, listen! The wailing babe, whom I deserted, lives, lives! Oh! just heavens, what a retribution! She lives in the person of her whom I have persecuted, of her whom I drove forth to infamy; in the person of *yourself, my daughter!*"

A mist passed before the eyes of Maria, a tremor seized her whole frame, scarce less inanimate than the insensible form she now stretched forth her arms to support; she reached a stimulant from the table, which she forced beneath the closed lips of her unhappy mother.

"Oh! fearful revelation! *This* my mother! Not the gentle Frau Flohrberg! Ah, dear Frau Flohrberg, ah, dear Frau; how deep a debt of love and gratitude do I then owe to you. *This* my mother! Her whom I have feared to see, when the governess of my own sisters. *This* my mother! Who has prosecuted me for theft. But yet nature will speak out. She *is* my mother, and my heart yearns for her embrace."

And so it was, that when those eyes reopened, once so cold to Maria, they met her own gazing on her with a look all of love and tenderness, and the head reclined on that gentle bosom, and the words, "My child, my child!" yet again, yet again, fall on her ear, as she embraces, once more, once more, that daughter found too late.

* * * * *

Before Maria had returned from her long visit the whole family had assembled, and, aware the secret could not be kept any longer, Herr Von Sulper, on finding the cause of Maria's absence, related, to the great wonderment of the whole family, the connection that subsisted between Maria and Mrs. Montague, and the previous history of the latter, from the time of her leaving her Irish home, till her arrival in Germany, mentioning all those circumstances with which the reader is acquainted.

"And will you tell me, Herr Von Sulper," said Mary, "will you tell me if Mrs. Montague's maiden name was Catherine Maguire? The name of Von Alstein, I am sure I have heard my mother mention, as that of a married sister, whose previous history singularly coincides with that of Mrs. Montague; but many years have elapsed, and the distance at which the sisters were apart, as also the misfortunes of my mother, I doubt not, would account for their never hearing from each other, especially as Mrs. Montague would appear to have never possessed any home affections. But, if this be the case, then she must be the sister I have heard my mother mention as possessing no longer the clue to her whereabouts; then she must be my aunt, and dear Maria, consequently my cousin."

"Her name certainly was Maguire, Mary," said Von Sulper, "and I wish I could congratulate you on having found a relation who could lay greater claim to your affection than this poor lady may hope to do."

At this moment Maria entered the room; one glance at her agitated countenance told her friends that she knew all. She spoke not, but advancing to Herr Flohrberg, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Oh my God, and you are not my father then!"

"No, my darling, but I have always loved you as if you were my own child," said poor old Flohrberg, kissing her forehead, and then wiping away the tears which filled her eyes; "and do you not see, Maria, that we brought you up as our own child, to save you the pain of knowing that which has been told you to-day?"

"I do, I do; God reward and bless you for it," said Maria, "but I do say, my uncle, I wish I could call you father still."

"And I have a claim on you, Maria," said Mary, stepping forwards. "Herr Von Sulper told me all that you have doubtless heard of Mrs. Montague's early history, and the name she bore before her marriage, and have discovered, beyond a doubt, that your newly found mother, is the same Catherine Maguire who left her home in Ireland, when my mother Ailey was but a child; and this truth admitted, then what are we but cousins?"

"Really, Maria, you are, after all, a very fortunate personage," said Squire Mainwaring; "here, in one week, you meet with a rich uncle, a mother, and a cousin. What will turn up next?"

"Some disaster, Mein Herr. I feel sad," said Maria; "do not scold me, Mary," she added, as the latter twined her arms around her waist, with gentle rebuke for what she termed her want of faith, "do not scold me, meine liebe, my heart is very heavy," and as she spoke, large tears coursed down her face. "I have found a mother, but remember *how;* if you could see her, you would also pity her. She is not like the proud lady I knew at Fairview. See, she gave me this," said Maria, drawing from her bosom a small miniature of her mother, set with diamonds, "and I do think," she added, looking tenderly at it, "I do think I shan't see her *own* face much longer."

An hysterical fit of weeping seized poor Maria as she finished speaking, and her friends saw that she was completely unnerved by the exciting scenes through which she had passed, but, to their infinite surprise, they found she was resolved to visit her mother again that evening, nor could anything they could say shake her determination.

"May I go with you, then, Maria?" said Mary, stepping forwards. "If you will let me come, I think your friends will feel easier, for any one may see that you are far too ill to go alone; and apart from this consideration, I would wish myself to see her once more before I leave England, and that no longer as a mere acquaintance, but as a relation."

Maria at once acceded to Mary's proposition, and the cousins, when the evening had fairly set in, went to pay their visit. The attachment these two young women had always felt for each other, was now strengthened by the similarity of their position with regard to their parents, though Mary certainly felt that there was a stigma on her name which Maria had escaped; and thus it was, that though her hand had been asked in marriage, by an Irish gentleman both of family and position, she had given a decided negative, resolved never to ally herself in marriage, knowing how marked with guilt had been the lives of those who gave her birth; thus it was that gentle, sensitive nature sought the retirement of the cloister, in preference to the busy scenes of the world.

On arriving at the house in Harley Street, they were agreeably surprised by hearing that Mrs. Montague was very much better. She slept, and our two Marys approached the bed with noiseless footsteps, fearful of disturbing her; then drew aside, Maria even refraining from pressing her lips on her mother's cheek, lest she should awaken her.

Mrs. Somers followed them from the room, and told them that she had telegraphed, during the afternoon, for Mr. Montague, to return on the morrow, in consequence of his wife's illness, but that she seemed now so much better she regretted having done so. "But," she added, "I cannot imagine what can have come over my mistress. You see, Fraulein, I have never known her to cross the threshold of either church or chapel since I knew her, and have seen her in far worse illnesses than this, yet never, for sure, did I know her struck with such a fit of piety. Here is Mr. Montague away from home, and what does my mistress do, but send off, this afternoon, for a Catholic priest."

Maria could not be prevailed upon to leave without again visiting Mrs. Montague's room, but finding her still asleep, she crept softly out of the chamber and hastened home with Mary, returning a silent thanksgiving that her poor mother had had the grace to look into herself, and had made her peace with God; and fain would she have remained with her the whole night, have watched beside her, and congratulated her on her return to God, but that she knew that Somers, terrified at her mistress's sudden illness, had telegraphed for Mr. Montague to return home, and she experienced a sort of aversion to meeting either him or her sisters till he had been previously informed by her mother that she had already visited her.

Maria, however, was astir early in the morning, and as soon as she had breakfasted, repaired, along with Mary, to Harley Street. They were met by Mrs. Somers, who told them that Mrs. Montague had passed a perfectly quiet night; that as early as eight in the morning, the priest, who had visited her on

the previous night, had brought her the Holy Eucharist; and that she had expressed a wish to rise early that day, feeling quite well enough to get up. Mrs. Somers also added, "I expect Mr. Montague every hour, and I find my mistress is looking eagerly for his coming."

Wishful, as we have already said, not to meet him till he had previously seen her mother, Maria, in company with Mary, immediately went to her room. Through the partially open curtains she beheld her mother, apparently in a peaceful sleep, and with a smile she put her finger to her lips, as if enjoining silence to her cousin. She then walked round to the other side of the bed, and leaned over to kiss her mother's forehead. But why that cry of horror from poor Maria? whose lips had already so gently touched that marble brow; *so* gently, lest she should awaken her. But, alas! hers is the sleep from which, in this world, there shall be no awakening. With a terrified gaze she regarded that rigid countenance; the already glazed and fixed eyes, the parted lips, told the fearful truth. And for a few moments Maria gazed in speechless horror on those poor remains, her tears falling heavily on the still warm hand which she held within her own. Still clasped in the other hand lay a prayer-book, open at a page in which was a "preparation for death," and this page, like the previous one, containing the psalm, "Have mercy on me, O God," was evidently blistered with tears, but shed a few moments since. Mary had rushed from the room to summon Mrs. Somers hither, for the first glance at Mrs. Montague had revealed the truth, and she was returning along with the housekeeper to the chamber of death, when a double knock at the hall door was heard, and immediately afterwards the voice of Mr. Montague, in the hall beneath.

Mrs. Somers at once hurried back, and Mary returned to Maria, who was kneeling beside the bed, the hand of the corpse clasped within her own. Absorbed in grief, she noticed not that Mary told her Mr. Montague was there, nor heeded anything that was taking place around her, till a heavy footstep was heard on the staircase, and the voice of Mr. Montague sounded in her ears.

Yet Maria rose not till he stood beside her, that dead hand still within her own; and then, after he, too, had pressed his lips on the marble brow, and had mastered the emotion which he felt sufficiently to speak, he greeted the daughter of his dead wife with affectionate warmth, saying:

"I little thought, Maria Von Alstein, that our meeting would be here, and under *such* circumstances as these; yet, am I rejoiced to find *you* by her side. Consider this house as your own; and, as the daughter of my wife, look on me as your father; yourself as the sister of my children; only too late, dear Maria, is your true position known and recognized, and that with deepest sorrow for the past."

Maria's heart was too full to speak, but she managed to stammer out a few words of grateful acknowledgment, and to press the hand of her step-father. Then she took up the book, pointed to the open page, and, in answer to George Montague's fervent "God be thanked," said:

"Mr. Montague, I do bless God so much, my poor mother did know me for her child before she died. The past seems only like some sad dream. To have known her only to lose her. And yet, to lose her, seeing how well she died," she added, pointing to the book, "ought to make me rejoice; and see how calm that face looks. One cannot think that she did not feel happy; she does look so peaceful."

It truly was as Maria said, such

a placid smile rested on the countenance of the corpse, one might surely believe, and hope, that the sincere repentance of the last two days, succeeding the mental agony she had experienced, had been followed by the most perfect peace; indeed, it were doubtful if death had not come with so gentle and stealthy a summons, that the soul might almost be said, in her case, as in many who die from disease of the heart, to have passed from time to eternity without a struggle.

The last sad duties were then performed by Maria, who steadily refused any assistance save that which Mary rendered her, after which she joined Mr. Montague in the drawing-room. It was arranged that the interment of the deceased lady should take place at Fairview, and that the body should be conveyed thither with as little delay as possible.

"And you, Maria, will accompany me thither," said Mr. Montague, "and Millicent and Alice will be there, unconscious yet of the light in which they will have to regard you."

"I would rather not come to Fairview yet," said Maria, bursting into tears; "many persons at Fairview must know of—of that robbery—and—and there will be some who will say of her what we should not like to hear. To see me will bring it all to their minds again. Am I not right?"

"Quite, quite right, my dear Maria," said Mr. Montague, instantly acknowledging and appreciating the motive which caused her to speak thus. "But you will allow me to hope, that a few weeks hence, you will come home, for you *must* consider Fairview as your home, Maria."

"I will indeed, I will, dear Mr. Montague," replied Maria, "when these sad events shall have died away, and my poor mother's death shall no more be talked of, then I will be sure to come home for some time before I go back to Germany with my uncle."

The next day was appointed for the removal of the body, and Maria determined on remaining at the house in Harley Street till this had taken place, passing, to the intense astonishment of Mr. Montague, many hours together, quite alone, in the death-chamber, engaged in prayer for the repose of her mother's soul.

It was with feelings of undisguised admiration that he regarded this young woman, whose life, in the few months that she had passed beneath his roof, and the exquisite misery of those that had succeeded them, had been so marked with trial. Truly, too, had Fraulein learned a lesson of the emptiness of worldly grandeur, as she knelt beside those poor remains. For ever, ever came to her mind, however much she might strive to repress it, the thought of the past, that past in which poverty had been borne with a spirit so rebellious that scarce any sin had been deemed too grievous could it but be cast aside. "Fairview, Fairview," she murmured to herself. "Alas! no; I could not go to Fairview till the sod has grown green upon her grave; till this heart of mine aches less heavily; till people forget all about that sad mistake of hers, and *her* neglect of me."

Thus gently did Fraulein try to think of her mother's grievous sin; and knelt and wept away the long, long hours, and prayed God, in His great mercy, to accept that sincere repentance, and receive that guilty but contrite soul into eternal rest.

The following morning the hearse arrived which was to convey the remains of the deceased lady to Manchester, and, dressed in the deepest mourning, Maria went into the room where the body lay, to take her last farewell, accompanied by Mary and Mr. Montague.

"Remember. Maria," he said, pressing her hand warmly within his own, as the carriage drove up which was to convey him to the station, "remember your promise; I shall expect to see you at Fairview before long."

Maria returned to her kind friends the Mainwarings, little dreaming how long a time was to elapse ere she was to visit Fairview, or return to her German home.

## Chapter XV.

### A WEDDING ON THE TAPIS. NO JOY WITHOUT A SORROW.

Fever, raging fever, laid Maria prostrate for many weeks. In her mad delirium she raved about the court, about her mother, and all the distressing scenes she had recently encountered. Nervous excitement raised to the highest pitch, had ended in a long and wellnigh fatal illness, so that winter came and passed away, and the young green things put forth their tender blossoms, and Maria yet remained with her friends the Mainwarings.

It is a balmy evening in spring, the night after the return of Mrs. Mainwaring to Dovercourt, and Maria is anxiously expecting the coming of her step-father and half-sisters, the former of whom she has not seen since her mother's death, the latter from the time of the robbery.

Maria, still a sort of an invalid, reclined on a couch, a book in her hand, but her thoughts far away; now they were fixed on Mary, the bride of the cloister, whose reception was very nigh at hand, then on herself, and the momentous monosyllable "yes," she had uttered a short half-hour since, when the barrister, who had so indefatigably labored in her service when she was the poor unknown Maria Flohrberg, had asked her to become his wife. And I wonder now what Herbert Mainwaring could see in that plain Maria, to make him wish to kneel with her before the altar at Dovercout? Ah, what, indeed? Why nothing; but that she had been very patient in her illness, and was also very unselfish and warm-hearted, in fact, without being an angel, was a good-hearted little body, who always strove to make exceedingly happy every one who came in her way.

Every one at Dovercourt, then, loved Maria, and so, when a little later. Mrs. Mainwaring came into the library, lighted up only by the soft rays of the setting sun, which lent a roseate glow to Maria's pale cheek, and the good lady took her place beside her, on the couch, she raised her blushing face to that of her friend, saying, "Do you know, Mrs. Mainwaring, that Herbert—"

"Wishes Maria Von Alstein to be his wife, and we shall be very happy to receive her as our daughter."

Maria spoke not, but pressed one of that good friend's hands to her heart. exclaiming,

"What can he have seen in me to lead him to make me the object of his choice?"

"Virtue, Maria; and may you, my daughter, for so from this day I consider you, long live, loving and beloved as the wife of the future master of Dovercourt."

At this moment the sound of carriage-wheels was heard advancing up the avenue, and Maria arose to meet her step-father and half-sisters.

George Montague met her with his old cordial frankness, and with a something of fatherly affection mingled therewith. Little Alice bounded forwards, calling Maria by the name of sister; but Millicent's greeting though affectionate was more constrained.

But while the three sisters are talking together, Mrs. Mainwaring draws George Montague into

one of the deep recesses of a bay window, and communicates to him the intelligence, that very soon Maria will become the bride of Herbert, and, consequently, that her future home will be in England, and that she hopes she will soon have recovered her health, and the union take place early in the summer.

And it was with no small pleasure that the worthy gentleman listened to the information imparted to him, and then approaching Maria, he said,

"I find bridal favors will be in request, shortly, and must therefore exact a promise, before I leave Dovercourt; it is, Maria, that you will promise to be married from Fairview; I stand to you in the light of a father, and trust you will not deny my request."

"Ah," said Maria, affectionately pressing the hand of Mrs. Mainwaring, "have you then told papa my secret? With all my heart let it be from Fairview, then; and then Herbert and I mean to visit Innismore, for I fancy we shall be in time to witness the reception of dear Mary."

In consequence of the long illness of Fraulein and the necessarily protracted stay of Mrs. Mainwaring in London, both her uncles, Von Alstein and Flohrberg, had left England for Germany, and the Montagues had never returned from Fairview, Mr. Montague rightly conjecturing that the sad affair in which his deceased wife had so unjustly implicated her own daughter, would die away more quietly in the country than in the very place in which so much that was distressing had occurred. Thus, neither himself nor his daughters had seen Fraulein until this evening, she having returned to Dovercourt on the previous day.

The blow occasioned to his two daughters, by the sudden death of their mother, had been very great; the unamiable Millicent, whose disposition resembled, unfortunately, that of the late Mrs. Montague, shocking her father by expressing herself to the effect that she thought it a very sad thing Herr Von Alstein had ever presented himself at all, as it was mainly owing to her mother's recognition of him, that the fact of *who* Maria was became known to her, and consequently it was to the sudden shock this had occasioned that they owed the loss of their mother.

However, the young lady managed to hide her real feelings, though she could not disguise from Maria the fact, that the avowal of her birth had gained her no sisterly love in *that* quarter, and even contrived to appear well pleased when Mrs. Mainwaring hinted that she had thought that the four bridesmaids, on a certain occasion, had best be her two half-sisters and her own daughters, Bertha and Margaret.

Having, then, extorted a promise that Maria and her friends would drive over to Fairview on the following day, the worthy mill-owner took his leave.

Herbert accompanied the ladies thither, but he was distressed to find that Maria had done violence to herself in accepting the invitation. No sooner did the white walls of Fairview appear in sight, through the still scanty spring foliage of the trees, than she bethought her of the *first* night she had spent at Fairview; and then came rushing on her mind the remembrance of the reception she had met with the next day at the hands of her mother.

She sat for some moments absorbed in thought, when the voice of her friends disturbed the mournful reverie into which she had fallen, and then making a forcible effort to drive the past from her mind, she leaned from the carriage window, to answer, with somewhat like a

cheerful face, the recognition of Mr. Montague and Alice, who stood at the entrance of the hall to receive them.

"How changed do all things seem," thought Maria to herself, as she stood within the spacious vestibule, paved with marble, and gazed upon the noble stone staircase, with its balustrade of carved oak, and then upon her own form, enveloped, as it was, in expensive mourning, trimmed with the richest fur, for the weather was still variable and cold for one yet an invalid, and imagination pictured to her mind's eye herself clad in a plain and cheap merino, with, mayhap, that old-fashioned, unlucky shawl, which had excited the risibility of the crowded court; hurrying up that same staircase, or sitting in that dreaded study, teaching Alice, whilst in *some* things she felt that she wanted teaching herself.

Now, the master of the mansion was there to welcome the plain little German maid, and she addressed him as "father," and those of old, her pupils, especially Alice, claimed that sweet tie of affinity, a loving sisterhood; whilst the servants were respectful in their homage, every one ready to do her bidding. And yet, one familiar face was missed, one face so dreaded of yore; but yet, in those two latter days of her life, it had become so wondrously dear; dear by reason of her repentance and sorrow; dear because of her newly awakened love; dear, doubly dear, because it was the face of a mother.

Yet it ever must be, that with earthly joy there must be a taint of sorrow, and these memories of the past formed to Fraulein the perchance needful alloy in the happy future that now seemed spread before her, for verily we should dread that that happiness will not be lasting which is not without some bitterness to remind us that it is of the earth, earthly!

## Chapter XVII.

### CONCLUSION.

The moon was just rising over the range of mountains skirting the valley in which the Castle of Innismore was situated, as Herbert Mainwaring and his wife, just two years after the events recorded in the last chapter, arrived at the stately edifice. The scenery was grandly romantic and wild in the extreme; not a sound to be heard, save the rushing of a distant waterfall, the cawing of the rooks, and the bark of the watch-dog. The evening air was laden with the perfume of many flowers, and the subdued light of a lamp issuing from the library window, and lights, also, in that of the principal sitting-room, with the passing and repassing of many figures, told them that the household of Innismore were expecting their coming.

They were received with true Irish hospitality by the kind-hearted owners of Innismore, to whom Herbert was already well known, and whose wife was doubly welcome on account of her relationship to Mary, the loss of whom Mrs. O'Donnell still deplored, as she would that of a beloved daughter.

Innismore and its romantic environs were not well known to Maria, and, aware that the profession of Mary was appointed to take place the next day but one, and that then they were immediately to return to England, she rose early the following morning, whilst yet the grass was gemmed with the dews of a lovely September, to explore the immediate locality around the Castle, even before the hour appointed for breakfast. The bright rays of the sun shone on the gray walls of the Castle, the more ancient parts of the building being thickly overgrown with ivy; the pathway was overshadowed by the thick foliage of the trees, still

arrayed in their summer garniture; innumerable wild flowers carpeted the ground beneath her feet, inducing her, at every step, to pause to gather them, and the music of a waterfall made itself heard, as it leaped down the glen, foaming and bubbling and forcing its way around the rocks, till it was soon lost to the sight.

Most unwillingly did Maria turn her steps homewards, on hearing the peaceful quiet of the scene disturbed by the breakfast bell, calling the inmates of the Castle together, and, with her usually pale face flushed with a glow of healthful exercise, she presented herself to her hospitable entertainers.

Nearly the whole of that day was spent in exploring the country round about, and, wearied with her day's ramble, through glens and valleys, with the heatherclad mountains around and above her, she passed a night of sound and refreshing slumber.

Early the next morning their host and hostess, with Herbert Mainwaring and Maria, set out on their visit to the Convent, in which Mary was about to make her final vows. And after some three hours' pleasant drive, through a richly wooded country, they arrived at the humble house which she had chosen for her future home.

It was a long, low, irregular building, this Convent of Carmelite Nuns; the jasmine and honeysuckle covered with their creeping tendrils its white walls, and the birds sang merrily in the ivy which had grown so luxuriantly over the more ancient part of the building, which had been much added to in latter years. The rippling of the waters of a distant cascade made a sweet melody amidst the otherwise unbroken quiet of a place which seemed formed for prayer and meditation, for the scenery was picturesque in the extreme, hill and dale, and wood and water, each lending their own peculiar charm to the beauty of the landscape.

This sweet and retired spot the sisters of the Order of Mount Carmel had chosen for their resting place, and if almost perfect silence amid the beauties of nature are aids to meditation, as they undoubtedly are, then had they chosen wisely.

It was a most austere order which Mary had selected, and many were the prophecies of her friends that she would become ill before the period of her Noviciate expired; it was, therefore, with much surprise, that Maria beheld her, with her really sweet face glowing with a brighter color than it had ever worn at Dovercourt, or amidst the mountains of Innismore.

Was she happy? Oh, yes; that contented countenance, and the joy with which she prepared for *her* espousals, told that beyond a doubt. But hark! the chapel bell admonishes them that the hour draws nigh, when Mary shall pronounce those awful vows which death alone shall break; and Maria and her husband enter the little Gothic chapel, already well filled by the gentry of the surrounding neighborhood.

It is a solemn sight to stand within a crowded church and hear those awful vows pronounced by two human beings, swearing love and fealty to each other, till death shall part them. Aye, and how lightly do they often utter those vows. But, if this be the case, how doubly impressive and awful, then, are those vows made by her, who in the solitude of the cloister, takes the Lord of heaven and earth for her portion and inheritance, and binds herself irrevocably to his service by vows *never*, never to be dissolved.

Such were the thoughts of Maria, as she awaited, with her friends, the arrival of the moment in which

Mary would take the Veil, her Profession not being made in public.

But, hark! slowly on the summer air floats the deep tone of a bell; it tolls as for one whose worldly course is ended; it sounds as the knell of a departing spirit, and Maria knows that the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience have been pronounced, and that at this moment the newly Professed lies prostrate, on the black cloth of serge, in the centre of the choir; she hears, too, the voices of the sisterhood, singing, in glad jubilation, the Te Deum, and yet, ever, ever tolls the bell, announcing that Mary of Innismore has nought to do with this world, to which she is now dead, and the world to her; that she lives, henceforth, only as Sister Clare, the humble daughter of Mount Carmel, whose future life must be passed in the practice of the severest mortification and austerity, for great silence, penitential exercises, and prayer, constitute the basis of the order, its object being the conversion of sinners.

It cost Maria and Mrs. O'Donnell much pain to bid farewell to the young Nun, whom they had both loved so well when in the world, especially the former, who felt that on account of the distance that would separate them, it was not likely that their meetings would be otherwise than few and very far between.

Sister Clare had, indeed, anticipated death, the great dissolver of all earthly ties. But who shall say that her choice was not well and wisely made? Yet it was with a sharp pang of sorrow that Maria Mainwaring gave one long and last embrace to the fair recluse of Mount Carmel's hallowed shade, whilst the lady of Innismore shed many bitter tears, as she pressed to her motherly bosom the gentle being whom she had snatched from destruction, and reared for God, in the person of one of our "Two Marys."

As to those who have figured in our pages, we have but to say, that the worthy cotton merchant of Fairview still lives surrounded by a grateful people. He is one of those whose name is held in honor and respect in the great commercial town in which he lives; his saddest moments being those in which he thinks of the wife whose timely remorse, at her past errors, earned for her a premature grave. The happiest he can ever know, are those which he spends with Herbert and his step-daughter, when he, on each recurring season, visits the metropolis. Alice, too, is the ever-loved sister, but Millicent has still the old proud feeling clinging to her, and can scarce yet forgive Maria for being so closely connected with herself. The Mainwarings, too, yet reside at Dovercourt; the good old Squire, the beloved landlord of all the tenantry on his estate, his wife and daughters, the latter still unmarried, idolized by the poor for miles around.

Herr Von Alstein leaves to Maria one-fourth of his large property, besides a large sum on her marriage day; the remainder, he says, will be equally divided amongst the children of Madame Flohrberg; and Maria did, indeed, find it hard to realize the truth, that she must henceforth look on the latter only as her aunt; the force of early habit often prompting her to pronounce the long-accustomed name of mother.

We need hardly add that the liberality of the bachelor uncle, who now resided with the Flohrbergs, effectually banished poverty from their dwelling.

Maria, of course, paid a visit to the good General and his amiable wife, whose honest Irish hearts exulted in her happiness, though we question if she received a

warmer welcome than when they knew her only as the poor Maria Flohrberg.

We have now but to bid you farewell, dear reader. In the few lines with which we have prefaced our little work, we have mentioned that Mary of Innismore is no fictitious character, her painful story being founded on fact, and as we have led you through the fairy realms of fiction, whilst telling you of the sorrows and misadventures of our other Mary, we trust we have not wearied you; rather may we hope to have beguiled you of perchance a weary hour, so that well content you shall have borne with us to the end; and should the more youthful reader peruse our pages, may we hope that here and there some good thought, clothed though it be in our own homely language, may have been expressed, and anon laid up in the heart, so that the bright gift of the imagination shall not have been used in vain; the moral of our tale being indeed an humble attempt to exemplify the stern truth, that even on this earth, and most certainly beyond the grave, virtue is sure to meet with its reward; aye, even if our path here be decreed by an all-wise God to be strewn with thorns, yet, a clear conscience, and a good life, shall not fail to award us a due meed of happiness, and, hereafter, an unfading crown of glory.

May we then hope, gentle reader, that our tale of the "Two Marys" shall not fail to find grace and favor at your hands.

THE END.

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## UNITY A CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIVINE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

That Christ has revealed a doctrine to the belief and practice of which he has annexed salvation, whilst its rejection involves eternal death, is a truth to which all must subscribe who sincerely profess the Christian religion. He is the good shepherd, and the flock that will not hear his voice, will fall into the hands of the hireling, and will be led to drink of poisonous waters. He is the door by which admission is given to the one fold. He is the vine on whose stock the branches must be ingrafted in order to retain the vigorous principle of life. The plainest truth expressed in the Gospel is the necessity for each person to be a member of the Church—which we must bear under the penalty of being esteemed as the heathen and publican. "He that believeth not shall be condemned." Christ having established a society to which the fruits of his sufferings are confined, in his unbounded zeal for the salvation of the human race, he must have marked that society with characters which could not mislead the most simple inquirer after truth. As all have been invited by our Redeemer into the bosom of his fold, the poor with the rich, the illiterate with the educated, the door must be marked with signs which none can mistake. The creed of Christianity professed throughout all ages since the redemption of man, mentions four great marks by which the true Church is distinguished, viz., Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity.

The union which must connect the members of the Christian Church is described by the Saviour

and his Apostles in the most striking terms. The faithful are compared to a flock inclosed within the same fold, obedient to the same pastor. In the tenth chapter of St. John the Lord says: "*He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, to whom the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he hath led out his own sheep, he goeth before them; and the sheep follow him because they know his voice. But the stranger they follow not, but fly from him, because they know not the voice of strangers. I am the door*" (continues our Redeemer); "*if any one enter in by me he shall be saved; and he shall go in and go out, and shall find pastures.*"

This unity formed the subject of our Redeemer's prayer. In the 17th chapter of St. John he begged his Father that his flock might be one, in these words: "*I pray that all may be one, as thou Father in me and I in thee: that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou hast given me I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one. I in them and thou in me; that they be made perfect in one; and the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast also loved me.*"

To exemplify the closeness of the union by which Christians are linked together St. Paul reminds them that there is but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all. (Ephesians 4.) That this is not a mere nominal, but a real union, is shown by the Apostle when he likens it to the sympathy of the members of the human body connected with a common head: "*For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ. For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free, and in one spirit we have all been made to drink; for the body also is not one member, but many.*" (1 Corinthians 12.)

So particular was the Apostle of the Gentiles on this point, that writing to the Romans (chapter 16) he says: "*Now I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who make dissensions and offences contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and avoid them.*" Nay, he was so well convinced of the essential unity of the Church as it came from Christ, and as it must continue to the end of time, that he tells the Galatians (chapter 1: 8), "*That if any one, even in the appearance of an angel, were to come, and teach them a doctrine different from what they had received from him, they must look upon him as accursed.*" In his Epistle to the Ephesians, 2d chapter, he delineates the system of unity: "*Now therefore you are no more strangers and foreigners; but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building being framed together, groweth up into an holy temple in the Lord.*" Hence the Apostle exhorts the Corinthians (1st Ephesians, 1st chapter), "*Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing, and there be no schisms among you; but that you be perfect in the same mind, and in the same judgment.*" And he most expressly condemns such an absurdity as a Christianity of various denominations; for to all who are inclined to say, "*I am of Paul, and I am of Apollo, and I of Cephas—he puts the question, 'Is Christ divided?'*"

To point out the important mark of unity as existing solely and ex-

clusively in the Catholic Church, scarcely requires more than a proposition to that effect, and which carries with it a self-evident demonstration. All reference to Scripture and the unanimous teaching of ages terminates in the conclusion that the mark does essentially exist, and now we have but to notice the matter of fact, that it is in the institution known as the Holy Catholic Church. Immediately arise before us the faith professed, the doctrine taught, the sacraments used, the pastors guiding, and the flock obeying, all coexistent and compact, binding together in one communion all the members of that vast body spread throughout the universe. For this purpose it complies with the command of Scripture, "*Remembers the days of old and thinks upon every generation*," each member applying to himself the words of Moses, "*Ask thy father, and he will declare to thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.*" The method of instruction uniformly adopted by the Catholic Church may be expressed in the language of the Prophet: "*Stand ye on the ways; see and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it.*" The Church warns her children "*not to pass the boundaries which their fathers have set*," and hence the uniformity of its faith throughout the innovating vicissitudes of time.

Though spread over a variety of countries which are dissociated by climate and language, its creed is everywhere the same; so that the words of Irenæus are now as applicable as in the second century: "*Nor is there a different doctrine taught in Gaul and Germany; because the force of tradition is everywhere the same, and because the distant churches are held together by the influence of a common centre of attraction.*" Now, as in the days of Augustine, Catholics are held together by the visible chain of succession in the chair of Peter; and the last link of that chain is as visibly connected in the person of Pius with the immovable rock on which the Saviour built his Church, as in the person of Innocent or Celestine in the fifth century. In fact our Creeds, our Catechisms and professions of faith are given to the inspection of an entire world, and they teach the revelations of heaven without one shade of difference. The admirer of our dogma, or the reviler of our system, has the same truth to praise, or the same fault to find, if, starting from this city, he takes the circuit of the globe to view our religion like the orb of day, expanding with one continual light over every region, sometimes frowned on by princes or encouraged by governments, encircling professors who (compared to the members of sects) are numerous, like the fiery seed sparkling upon the azure fields above, or the sand upon the wide-spread shore—they may be different in every respect of language, customs, manners, and interests, but are ONE in faith. Yes, here, in this city, he will hear a murmur of the complaint made in the time of Pliny, Tacitus, and Celsus, that the Catholic religion is spreading and insinuating itself into every place. He lands in England, and whilst the same outcry is raised, he finds it coming forth, as it did from the catacombs of Rome, to meet more liberal sentiments, with the very same character which ever drew upon it the frown of bigotry. When he walks the vine-clad fields of France, roams through the classic fields of Italy, or steers beneath the frowning battlements that cast their Gothic shadows across the waters of the Rhine and Danube, the same Catechism which he brought from Philadelphia, introduces him by an identity of faith to the religion which alone of all other things remains unchanged

on the European continent. And if he be unable to pass from the sunny Apennines to the snows of Russia, or from the spot where the round towers of Ireland raise their mysterious bulk, unto the region where the crescent-shining minaret indicates the moon-stricken credulity of the Moslem votary, he may on any Sunday in the year stand at the altar of the Roman Cathedral, and there he will find the Russian, Briton, Swede, Dalmatian—the generous Irish and chivalrous Pole—all professing the same creed with the American Catholic, who may guess at everything except his faith. "Going down to the sea in ships," and borne along by the wings of the wind, he may track the billows of the deep till the full rising of the cross-shaped constellation of the South directs his course to the tribes and climes of the distant East. There, landing at Cape Comorin, without being able to speak the Malialum of the Canarese, the Telogoo of the Gentoos, the Tamil of the Malabar, or Hindustanee of the Rajapoot, he will be recognized by the sign of the cross, and find one Lord, having members branching from the same body, one faith, one baptism, opening the avenue for the same sacraments. And if the mention of the Carnatic brings to mind many an important event in my life, when I too traversed the arid plains of Coromandel and climbed the towering Ghauts, I may be permitted to offer my own personal testimony. For there, whilst the humble Pariah knelt at my confessional, and the high-caste Brahmin elevated the great sacrifice, foretold by Malachy, within the Cathedral of Madras and at the ancient Meliapore, this unity of Faith made me the legitimate pastor and brought around me a flock composed of those who were lineally descended from the converts made by the Apostle Thomas, and their faith was the same that you profess.

Whilst an inquirer would thus journey, he might find the Englishman, as if at home, on a Sunday within a Catholic church on the glowing banks of the Amazon, or the American equally contented with his faith where the Cape of tempests marks the most southern point of Africa. And there is a fact now worthy of particular attention when we remark this unity; it is this: whilst our creed wreathes with peaceful incense the domes of Paris, Vienna, Rome, Algiers, Calcutta, and Baltimore, the very same faith pours out the blood of martyrs upon the soil of China, and there at the present moment it is equally productive as in the days of Tertullian, when the blood of martyrs became the seed of Christians.

All these Catholics are found to follow the advice of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "*All speak the same thing; there are no divisions among them; they are perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment*" (1 Cor. 1). Whatever may be the motive of difference in other respects, faith gives a union, not merely in a few articles, which some might be inclined to call fundamental, but upon every article which the Church proposes in her profession of faith. And with this advantage, that the most ignorant are on a level with the brightest genius,, believing whatsoever Christ commanded to be taught, and receiving it from the source which he pointed out when he said, "*He that will not hear the Church, let him be as the heathen and the publican.*" We are each of us (says Tertullian) what all are, and all what each.

Besides a unity in our creed, we have it in the participation of the same sacraments, and in obedience to the same form of Church government. The sacraments are the consoling associates of our faith; everywhere the number is seven, and for each whatever is

deemed essential here, is equally revered by every Catholic, who invariably esteems them not only as his consolation, but as the holy chain uniting the family of Christ. And can unity be more distinct than in the oblation made in awful mystery upon that altar, which, however it may be insulted, presents itself for adoration to the entire Christian world, and is the only object that ever verified the prophecy of Malachi when his lips closed upon the last voice of ancient prophecy with the announcement, that in every place there should be a sacrifice and a clean oblation offered to the Lord of hosts.

This mark in the Catholic Church is not less distinct in the essential quality of due government, characterizing by respect and submission the pastors and people. Thus we have the reality of what St. Paul describes, namely, "*Many members, but one body.*" The Catholic in every corner of the globe acknowledges one head, the vicar of Jesus Christ, and the successor of St. Peter, invested not only with a supremacy of honor, but a supremacy of jurisdiction over the body of the Church. Here is at once a great point of unity, concentrating all the branches of government, and here is the only representation of the apostolic ministry, having one to whom was committed the pastoral care of lambs and sheep. All who love subordination, all who praise the harmony of order, must admire the unity which binds power and affection in happy agreement in any government; and where is it so remarkable as in the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, who, by the consent of millions, awes the spirit of wild independence to submission, and the love of innovation to silence?

This unity, thus pervading and bestowing life and form on the Catholic Church, is nothing new; it has been the noble mark of its existence in every age. Yes, consult the writings of the fathers of the primitive times—trace the histories and monuments of ages—examine the councils and liturgies and other attestations of a public faith—and each revolving century will present what we now believe. You will find age linked to age in the same manner that we now find member united to member, and all reposing on the one great rock of faith. Yes, and this is acknowledged by those who are opposed to us. Whom do we mean when we speak of the fathers? Let Cave, an eminent Protestant, answer: "*They are* (says he) *witnesses, who deliver to us with fidelity what was in every age done and believed.*" Now with these witnesses we hold communion of faith according to Protestant testimonies. Luther, finding that they differed from him, left them to us in thousands. "*Heaven well knows* (cried he) *that I care not if a thousand Augustines, a thousand Cyprians, or a thousand other such, were against me.*" The Centuriators of Magdeburg styled our religion "*a compound of all the errors of the fathers.*" "*So long* (says Priestley) *as any regard was paid to the fathers, and arguments were allowed to be fetched from them, the advantage could not but lie on the side of popery. Nor did the Reformers get clear of this difficulty and embarrassment till Chillingworth loudly declared that the Bible only contained the religion of Protestants.*" This is a valuable piece of information, though they were, as Cave and many others inform us, *faithful witnesses*, they were put out of the way as difficulties and embarrassments. However, this rejection is a proof of our point, for whilst our enemies abandon the fathers, the good and wise and faithful witnesses yielded to our communion, proclaim the unity of the Church in every age.

## SONGS OF THE REVOLUTION AND OF OTHER EVENTS.

SOMEBODY has said, "Permit me to write the songs of a nation, and let who will make its laws." Of course there is much extravagance in such an opinion; but a great truth lies at its base, a truth which is recognized and acted on when great occasions call for the use of extraordinary means to promote a desirable end.

Songs have been the approved mode of exciting to great actions, and the means employed to express gratitude or sorrow for the results. It is not necessary to quote from ancient records to prove the efficacy as well as the frequency of the resort to songs. The Scriptures abound in instances, from the triumphant song of Deborah to the solemn statement under the new dispensation, that when they had sung a hymn, they went forth. "Et hymno dicto exierunt." (Matthew.)

The enthusiasm of moderns has been raised to the highest pitch by the use of songs that appealed to a love of country or a love of party. England recognized her great debt to Dibdin, who wrote the naval songs of the nation, and secured comfort to the writer by a pension earned by admirable appeals to the experience, affection, and courage of the seamen. And amid all the flood of "French translation and Italian song," it is probable that some of the songs of Dibdin will be revived when a consideration of the benefit of music shall lead to neglect of Rosini and Bellini. The presidential campaigns in this country have roused the lyric muse more generally than any other consideration, and the earnest contest between the partisans of Mr. Van Buren and General Harrison, candidates of opposing parties for the Presidency, was productive of a greater outpouring of song than any circumstance that had called the political feelings of the people into earnest exercise.

It would be out of place here to copy any of these contributions to campaign success, because as yet the wounds inflicted in that great contest have not entirely healed. But certainly the genius of the people proved to be equal to the demand, and if the songs of one side were little more to the taste of the people and perhaps a little more effective, it is probably due to the fact that the successful party had adopted watchwords and signs that gave superior piquancy to their songs. Railroad cars, steamboats, private gatherings, and public meetings, were enlivened by campaign songs, and it was said at the time that in religious meetings more than one mistake was made by adopting an electioneering tune, and neglecting to adapt thereto the devotional words suggested for singing. Many presidential elections have occurred since, but none of them were so productive of songs as that of 1840.

The war of the rebellion naturally provoked song-writing and song-singing. It is difficult to find the songs of the South, as they were used in the Confederate army, but we "who outlived that time and came safely off," can recall some excellent lyric poetry, some excellent according to rules, some excellent by its effect. The tents of the Union soldiers often resounded with the well-sung Union songs, and the hospitals were cheered by verse.

We do not now recall the names

of the authors of these camp and hospital songs. We do know that Mr. Boker, of Philadelphia, wrote stirring verses, which must have been encouraging to the army; and if ever a rule of "constructive rank" should be adopted, we are not sure but Mr. Boker would be ranked with the generals.

But the "songs of the Revolution" are often inquired for, and it is possible that collections of them have been made, though we do not know where they could be found. We know not indeed of a single song that was sung in the American camp to stir up patriotism in the army, or was repeated at home firesides to draw young men to the glory of public service, and rouse the women to the full exercise of their peculiar powers. They must be somewhere. Nearly eighty years ago the writer of this article was bribed to keep off the ice and tarry at home, with repetitions of some of the songs of the Revolution, as the reporter had heard them sung in the times that tried men's souls—tried them by the war, not by the songs. Most of those pieces were subsequently committed to paper as far as remembered, with a view to future use. They were laid aside, and on the occasion of "cleaning up," the old sibyl who presided found the bundle admirably adapted to the purpose of kindling a fire under her wash-kettle. She was not as careful of the lot as was her elder sister of Cumæ. But the poetry of the Revolution, as we recall an occasional unconnected verse, had in it something that suited the times—something that met the feelings and judgment of the people, and was therefore popular. It certainly lacked some of the sentimentality of modern song, but it referred directly to facts and pointed to results.

There was one song of considerable length; it must have been written some time after the commencement of hostilities. It commenced in this manner:

"As Old England was dying and making her last moan,
She spoke these last words with a deep sigh and groan,
Saying, 'Cursed be ambition and hypocrisy,
Adieu to this *world*, for 'tis all vanity.
In taking of New Spain it was nothing but play,
For then I was in company with North America.'"

The song thus referred to the capture of St. Eustatia, which resulted rather to the pecuniary profit of the captors than to the honor of the British nation. The refrain is as follows:

"It was at St. Eustatia, my shame for to tell,
She'd nothing to defend her, and I knew it very well."

The historical fact embodied in these lines was enforced by the narrator by calling attention to a small looking-glass on the wall, which was a part of the *opima spolia* of that unfortunate conquest.

The closing verse of this song, which verse, by the way, was not reached very soon, as it was a part of the poet's plan to enumerate most of the then recorded actions of Great Britain to show how they conduced to her disgrace, and if by chance there was any honor acquired, it was always by the assistance of "North America." The closing verse was a *da capo* strain, and set forth the end of Great Britain as follows:

"As Old England was dying and making her last moan,
She spake these last words with a deep sigh and groan,
Saying, 'Cursed be ambition, hypocrisy and pride!'
She spake these last words, and immediately she died!"

There are those who listened to these verses more than seventy years ago, who now recall the effect upon their minds of frequent iteration of assertion that Old England was dying at the time of the war with these Colonies, and they recall with equal distinctness the wonder which they felt at finding "Old England" still reckoned among the nations of the earth, even though, as they believed, still moribund.

There was a song made upon the occasion of General Barton's expedition to Long Island, in the revolutionary war, and the capture of the British General Prescott while he was abed. The fact is of course familiar to all readers of American history. The revolutionary poet thus notices the fact:

"Go to your King and to him say,
'Call home your troops, call them away,
Lest Prescott's fate they share;'
For Barton with his sling and stone,
Has slew poor great Goliath down,
And caught him in a snare."

Some of the poets of that time seemed to deal with the political side of the question, and they were not sparing in force of language nor strength of simile. We scarcely recall a stanza of poetry more forceful in thought, imagery, and description, than one which was the initial verse of a song setting forth the proceedings of the council that advised war with the American Colonies. Here it is:

"The Stygian god, great Beelzebub,
With Bute and North, her favorite club,
In Pandemonium met;
There they with all the infernal host,
Which heaven and liberty had lost,
Foamed with invidious sweat."

The remainder of that song, if it was in the same style, must have startled the people. It could scarcely have increased in vigor as it proceeded. We recall the general spirit of the other verses without being able to recollect the words. It is certain, however, that there was not in its whole composition anything to lessen the effect of the persons and place of "the club." And it seems now as if the poet attempted to improve upon his initial idea of Beelzebub and Pandemonium, by augmenting the horror which such a council in such a place caused to the singer's and hearer's mind.

All these songs may now be in print and cobwebs, but we hear nothing of them; and on inquiry lately among the people of the place in which we learned the parts of those given here, no one had ever heard of them, and it was intimated that not much good could find a home in a mind that was stored with such rubbish. As to the particular instance the good people may have been right; but those songs had powerful influences in their time; they beguiled the idle hours of the camp; they were heard at the close of dinners which had been even dryer than the song, and were heard at the wash-tub and the cradle, and became the hymnology of the times. Nay more, that particular song, "The Stygian God," was sung to a tune that either possessed the musical notes or signs, or provoked an exercise of the human voice that would have been acknowledged by the best of musical critics to have been suited to the ideas and words of the author. In modern singing we lose much of the *force* of such poetry by the ideas of musical *convenance*. In those days male vocalization was understood as something effective. Our own recollection of it is that it was always startling, often tremendous. Goldsmith, in describing a village dance, says that parties distinguished themselves by

"Holding out to tire each other down."

And the "sister art" of singing found its way and maintained its importance rather by strength of lungs than sweetness of cadence.

It may be remarked that while the educated ear is freely lent to "Casta Diva," and productions of that kind, the multitude is always taken with a song that touches upon some topic of immediate import. The present generation cannot remember the immense popularity of Paine's song called "Adams and Liberty," as that acquired its popularity by referring to John Adams, when he was President of the United States. The tune was excellent, and though

old it had not been worn out. Key's song of the Star-Spangled Banner had perhaps a more extensive popularity; there were more to sing it, and the time in which it was written insured its approval. It had the same tune as had Adams and Liberty. We remember the rise and decline of both songs. Probably we shall seldom listen to words more fitly expressed by music.

Something of the appreciation of the power of song may be gathered from the fact, that in the darkest periods of the late civil war in this country, portions of the "Star-Spangled Banner," words and tune, were sung in many of the Protestant churches of this city and neighborhood in the midst or at the close of Sunday service.

While we are sure that great benefits may be derived from patriotic songs, we are equally sure that any great event will call them forth. We may not have many men who, like Roger de l'Isle, can in one night write the words and compose the music of a "Marseilles Hymn." But something of the power of a national song may be comprehended by a recollection of what the Marseilles has wrought, and we shall, when circumstances require it, have not only national lyrics, but we shall have songs and tunes suited to the requirements of the times, and the ears of the millions who are to hear, and the voices of the thousands who are to sing.

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## TRIFLES.

NOTHING so small that God has made
But has its destined end;
All in their turn His purpose serve—
All to His glory tend.

The grain of dust, to sight unseen,
With myriads may combine
To form a bulwark to the sea,
Its limits to confine.

The little drop of pearly dew
Which in the blue-bell lies,
May in the sun's bright beams appear
A rainbow in the skies;

Or else the trackless ocean main,
With others, form the share,
On which the ship, when homeward bound,
Some loving heart shall bear.

And thus the humblest of us all
God's instruments may prove,
To bless and shed o'er fallen men
The bounty of His love!

## "FOUND WANTING."

MRS. DELVILLE, who was a queen of society, sat meditating, a state not usual with her. In the meditation she grew, first angry, then bewildered, and finally reduced mentally to a complete standstill. Mrs. Delville was a queen of society in right of her beauty (which was admirably preserved), her wealth (of which Mr. Delville was the one inconvenient appurtenance), and her establishment (which was irreproachably stylish). That into this stylish establishment should creep an element *not* stylish, *not* part and parcel of Mrs. Delville's realm, *not* after society's heart, that it should stay there in spite of her, that it should live, and move, and have its being in the atmosphere of style, formed the subject of her meditation, while "what is there left for one to do in such a horrible dilemma?" formed the title of her puzzle, and caused her standstill.

Appropriately to the presence of mental blank in which she now sat helpless, arrived one of her "set," heralded by a card, on which was engraved in old English letters, "Mrs. J. W. Lester," which meant to Mrs. Delville's mind—stamped there in another sort of letters—"that rival queen, whom I hate most, and fear most; whom I court most, and caress most." And for any apparent inconsistency in the rendering of the definition, the reader must only remember that great minds are unfathomable in their ways.

After the first salutations, which were all affectionate in their general aspect, Mrs. Lester said, "My dear, you look worried;" and the tone was indicative of the deepest sympathy.

As Mrs. Delville held a lace handkerchief to her eyes, and murmured, "Yes, dear, worried to death!" it was strange that the eyes of the sympathizer beamed on the sight rather joyfully than otherwise, but that might have been merely the result of the natural brilliancy for which they were celebrated.

"And what is it now? your reception dress behind time?" Mixed with the anxiety of this tone was a *tremolo* of hope. That reception dress was to be a mark for the envy of many besides the speaker.

"Ah! no; I would like to see Madame de Mille disappoint *me!* I suppose you have heard the story of Mr. Delville's ward."

"Well, yes—partly."

"Now what would you do, my dear? This girl has inherited Mr. Alton's large property under the guardianship of Mr. Delville. He insists on bringing her here, and in fact has brought her here. I object."

"Why I should think, dear," was the softly modulated reply, "that she would be company for you. How old is she?"

"Eighteen, and"—the royal voice rising like a graduated scale of fury, "*not* company for me, brought up with no ideas of society, positively none! Has not a vestige of a notion of how to dress herself; never saw an opera; never was inside of a theatre; does not know what any kind of a fashionable gathering is. I doubt if she could be trusted to make so simple a thing as a morning-call alone!"

"But, my dear," said the listener, in the tone of sorrow and sympathy that, femininely used, can successfully conceal a little exultation, "who so fit to correct all this in her as yourself? Who so perfect in all 'found wanting' in

'her? Is — she — at all — pretty, now?" There could scarcely have been malice in so simple a question, and yet Mrs. Lester's brilliant eyes certainly looked daggers as she propounded it.

The answer came sharp and decided.

"No, not at all! just one remove from being remarkably ugly. Immense colorless eyes; low forehead; figure with no style at all; wears number three shoes, and number seven kids; and as for her hair, why it's all her own!" Here Mrs. Delville, for the first time, laughed, and the laugh was mockery.

"Well, well, we know how these people invariably look whose hair is all their own! That settles her appearance in my mind. And Mr. Delville *will* have her to live with you, poor dear?"

"Yes; I never knew him to be so bent on anything! He generally gives me my way. Tell me now, what is one to do?"

"Well, it's hard to tell. When one's husband does, by any chance, get in one's way, he is a real stumbling-block. Mine is so immersed in business, he never meddles at home."

"I suppose so!" Could it be a breath of venom that came softly into the polite voice? "But you know, my dear, Mr. Delville is beyond that long ago. There is no necessity for him to think of business at all now."

"Ah! well," was the gentle acknowledgment of this thrust, "poor Mr. Delville had so hard a time struggling with poverty in his youth, he certainly deserves rest at this age! But about your dilemma, my dear. As the girl is so badly brought up, couldn't you make that a reason for sending her away to a fashionable school, where she could be made somewhat presentable?"

"Bless you, that is another phase of the case! There could be no excuse for sending her to school. She's quite learned—one of your people who studied everything—knows several languages, is *au fait* at mathematics, can draw and paint, plays the piano and harp, is a regular bookworm!"

"One would think that all these accomplishments would help to make her more fit for society."

"But, my dear, they are nothing, positively nothing, without style and manner; she utterly lacks both. I cannot think of bringing her out, and what am I to do?"

A smile, not altogether mournful, flitted over the face of the visitor.

"I see but one way out of the dilemma, dear. Marry her off as soon as possible. Her money will get her a husband, were she as ugly as sin, and as awkward as a ploughman. I must go—but first, have you seen White's new importation of opera-hats?"

Which being concluded satisfactorily, and with much advantage in the way of reciprocal information to both on the prevailing and about-to-prevail fashions, Mrs. Lester betook herself to her carriage, wherein comfortably bestowed, she formed the following estimate of "Mr. Delville's ward:"

"Beautiful, to a certainty, therefore, likely to be a rival; well-educated, by her own admission, therefore possessed of power to succeed; young, unmarried, and wealthy, therefore almost certain of victory. No wonder she's frantic!"

And over this estimate she did not weep.

Mrs. Delville, pending the arrival of some other caller, soliloquized thus:

"Spiteful creature! I ought not to have told her anything. Well, at least, I did not tell her the most important point for envenomed gossip such as hers, and that is, Mr. Delville loved her mother before he married me, and *I hate her!*"

To whom entered Mr. Delville, with the extremely inappropriate remark,

"Well, Nettie, my dear, I want to speak to you about Agnes. How do you like her now?" Agnes being the name of his wife's present dilemma.

The question was aggravating enough, but the manner of asking it created a climax of aggravation. For Mr. Delville was one of those middle-aged gentlemen, who, with rosy visage, and snowy beard and hair, and form rotund, without being bloated, are the embodiment of the jolly and comfortable in human nature. Added to this, he *was* jolly and comfortable, quite as much so as his looks indicated. And all that there could possibly be of jollity and comfort, he threw into this question, by voice, and smile, and gesture; which, of course, was added gall to the excited and nettled recipient of it. We must not, therefore, be surprised at the amount of gall in the reply.

"Like her? *Like?*" She turned her back to him and began arranging notes and cards.

Mr. Delville winked, and tapped himself on the forehead, and gave the smile which jolly men always give in the recesses of their sleeves to unreasonable women in "tantrums." Then he thus addressed Mrs. Delville's back.

"My dear, if you don't like her, you know, it needn't be a source of any uneasiness whatever to you that she's in the house. I wouldn't on any account bother myself over it, if I was you. *Don't* you like her?"

"There was no necessity for you to ask, but since you must have the answer, *I don't!* And might I now inquire on what principle can I be so very philosophical as not to mind her continual presence in my house?"

"Oh! that's easily explained, my dear! You are so—well—so completely taken up with society, you know, you can manage to see her so seldom, you'll forget she's here all the time. The house is big enough to hold you both, and lots of room to keep you from running against each other too."

"How I do hate that vulgar style of expression, Mr. Delville! And you know it! And you know, besides, that it would be impossible for me to see her so seldom as you say!"

Mr. Delville still addressed her back, with entirely undisturbed jollity; in fact, in a manner so beaming, that if seen it might have dissipated any cloud less black than the anger of a jealous and unreasonable woman.

"My dear," he proceeded to say, in perfect good faith, "if you only see her as often as you see me, for instance, why it can be all square and fair about her."

"Mr. Delville!" This approached a screech, but he continued unwarned, and entirely unarmed.

"Why, yes, Nettie, it's easily done! I'm sure you don't see me any oftener than if I naturally belonged to some place, say fifty miles away! And I ain't fashionable, and we don't give each other any extra bother."

Now she turned round livid with rage, and the words of reply actually gurgled in her throat.

"This is the beginning, eh? You taunt me that I am not a model wife, forsooth! Perhaps you wish to keep this *relic of the past* in the house, as a double reminder to me of my monotonous duty; to yourself, of what 'might have been!'"

The expression of the jolly face changed, not to reciprocal anger, but pity almost divine; not to astonishment, but unfeigned and manly grief. And the man, tender and true, and great in both qualities, asserted himself thoroughly, as he stepped forward and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Come, my dear;" the tone was such as a father might use to a wilful child, "there must be no such talk as that betwixt you and me, you know! When I married you, thinking, my dear, most truly, that I could make your life better and happier by the change, I told you honestly that I loved Agnes Woodburn in the time that's gone, as I could never love any one again. But, nevertheless, that needn't nor didn't prevent me from offering you the love of a good husband, which I resolved to be and have tried to be. And it was a shock to me to find soon, my dear, that home was not in your line, for, you see, it was so altogether in mine. And to see further, that fashion was all your thought, and your ways weren't my ways. But after the shock came the thought that I shouldn't have tempted you by my wealth into marrying me, who might be your father. So I resolved, 'Let her have her ways, such as they are; let me bear all the punishment in our married life, and let her have her joys.' And I think, my dear, I have kept the resolution. Answer, have I?"

At first she had been impatiently tapping the floor with her slipper, but by degrees she stopped, and averted her face from him, so that now, if any feeling dwelt there, he could not see it. And her sole reply in words was, "But now you wish to show the world I am not mistress in my own house!"

"Stop, my dear, let us finish up the past before we talk of now or to-morrow. Answer my question—have I kept that resolution?"

"Oh yes—well enough."

A shadow of pain flitted over his face. It was not a refined face, for Mark Delville was a self-made man, who had worked his way from one of the very "lowest depths," but it was replete with the finest and most chivalric feeling as he said:

"Not so well, perhaps, as I supposed, my dear, but surely well enough to ask now the first favor *your husband* has ever requested from your hands. Let Agnes Norman remain in my care, in my own house. You'll never be sorry, my dear."

If the averted face had held any feeling, it was all driven away as she turned it towards him, eager, selfish, obtuse as to his generosity and patience.

"Will you fit up the left wing for her use?"

"Yes."

"Will she have a separate carriage and horses?"

"Yes."

"Keep her, then, till she or you grow tired of it. Now tell me what is your particular reason for all this fuss about her."

"It can't be of much consequence to you, Nettie, but you're welcome to it, as I'd scorn to deceive you about anything. When I loved Agnes Woodburn I was very poor, in fact, when I first saw her I was only a newsboy, and she was a little school-girl passing along the street, with her golden hair floating to the wind, and her face beaming, it seemed to me, like an angel's. I was shivering and hungry, and had been kicked about and beaten, till the world seemed to me a life worse than death. Just as she passed, a bigger boy, a brute by nature, knocked me down, and all my papers were scattered in the mud. As I picked myself up, my face bleeding, and my miserable little heart giving out its woful rage in tears, I heard the first kind tone ever addressed to me say, 'Oh! little boy, I'm *so* sorry!' Nettie, them words were stamped on my heart forever, and so was the picture of her face, so innocent and kind, and full of the pity that I now believe angels give to men. Then she said, 'I'm very sorry! and maybe you might be whipped at home 'cause your papers is all spoil-

ed, and I'll save you from that anyhow, for here's a quarter I had to spend and I didn't, and now I'm glad.' Then she passed on. This seems all very simple to you, my dear, I have no doubt, but of a little vagabond it made me *a man*. I worked my way upward, hoping to reach her; I watched her as she grew; I hoped to be fit for her. But that was all in vain. My little love became a highly educated, refined, and beautiful woman, the heiress of a wealthy uncle who had adopted her and brought her up. She never could love me, although I worked my way into her circle, and strove to make myself acceptable to her. Ah! Nettie, she married a worthless fellow who sought her for her money, and then broke her heart! She disobeyed her uncle by the act, and was disinherited. Her husband, after a short career of dissipation, died, and she earned a living for herself and her one child by teaching. This child is Agnes Norman, the uncle Mr. Alton. He got sorry too late to save the mother, for a year before she had died in poverty, but he bequeathed his money to the daughter on condition that she should reside under my care till married, or otherwise settled, with the hope that I would, for her mother's sake, guard her from her mother's fate.

"Now, my dear, that's a sacred duty, you know, but if there was anything really disturbing to your happiness in it, I'd consider it my business to fix it some other way, as a man's first duty is to his wife always. But there ain't anything disturbing, and it's all in the imagination, as I trust you will find out before long, and I hope then you'll not be found wanting in the justice to say so. Now this has all flustered you a little, so I'll go, and you can get a chance to make it right in your mind by thinking over it."

Then the gentle and brave and manly presence betook itself from the room, and that which remained said to its selfish self:

"Pleasant to hear one's husband was a newsboy, and cried in the gutter, and fell in love with an angel! And sentimental the episode about working his way to this will-o'-the-wisp! I know what Mrs. Lester meant about him requiring rest now. And romantic about the old man insisting on his guardianship for the mother's sake! Well! no use vexing over it! I had to give way, or how *could* I ever ask him in a few days for that diamond *parure*? And as I have all these cards to see to, and my hair to get dressed for the evening, I cannot neglect them for this, so I'll dismiss it from my thoughts."

Which was effectually done for the time being.

## II.

Agnes Norman, in personal appearance, neither answered to the description of Mrs. Delville nor Mrs. Lester. She was neither "one remove from being ugly," nor yet decidedly "beautiful," that is, in the society acceptation of the word. Her face was fair and womanly for one so young, and indisputably refined, yet it was a face which required to be lit by the radiance of some inward feeling, noble or tender, as the case might be, in order to deserve the verdict of beautiful. It struck the observer skilled in reading the countenance as one eminently capable of holding such expression, but to the careless or prejudiced observer this passed unheeded. The wealth of brown hair just breathed upon by the gold, that was very decidedly "all her own," was drawn softly into one large coil, which crowned a head too massive for perfect beauty, but indicative of no ordinary amount of brain. Her eyes were large and full of the soul of a woman who could smile and weep,

hope and despair, enjoy life heartily and bear its sorrows, love and be beloved, but who could never trifle with any of what made up the best part of that life allotted to woman. So that, in these eyes, the color went for nothing, so far as any beauty was concerned; the expression for all. They were a very common shade of hazel. She was of the ordinary height, rather slender than otherwise, and dressed with a quaint sort of plainness not unbecoming to one of her peculiar character and appearance, but utterly devoid of that which is called "style" amongst the women of the world.

Now this girl was sufficiently young and sufficiently untouched by life's bitterness to sit dreaming, with hands folded in idleness, and eyes fixed on a cloud in the summer sky, during the actual moments when the "fuss" above recorded took place in the Delville establishment. The summer sky was very beautiful to her, and so was her future, and her dream owned the witchery of youth, which nothing can ever equal in later life. It began: "God is very good. God *is very good!*" Then a pause, and the eyes were glorious, and the face was transformed. It went on: "My life was so dark after he took mamma, I thought it could never be real life again. And now I have found a new one, such a beautiful new one! No; it is not the wealth, though I know I can enjoy that too, but the dear and kind and desolate old man, in the midst of all this grandeur! How lonely he must have been, how lost! Why poor mamma and I, in our two rooms, had a cosier home! I will make him happy, and it will be a fitting return for his devotion to her, and his truth to her, even in her grave. I have been poor enough to learn the art of creating a home, which I see the rich cannot do. And then when I practice my quiet art, maybe his beautiful wife will be tempted to stay sometimes and help to make things bright. How lovely she is, how exquisite are her manners, though so cold; and how perfectly she dresses! How happy she could make him too, if she only knew! Well, I have something to fill my life now, and I will be in earnest. Many and many a time mamma taught me, that in the life of every woman comes some noble mission, and that she does not need to seek it, but simply work it out when God sends it. Now this shall be mine, till"—here the exultant face was covered, and through the white fingers peeped out modestly an apparently uncalled-for blush.

While things were in this state, Mr. Delville appeared upon the scene.

"Well, my child," he said cheerily, "not fretting so soon, I hope!"

The hands were taken kindly down from her face, and he looked rather anxiously into eyes that met his at first shyly, then gladly.

"No, Mr. Delville! I am happier than I can tell you!"

"Glad to hear it, child. Any plans yet?"

"Hundreds, dear Mr. Delville, all tending to one."

"And that?"

"To make you happy, to fill up your life with the quiet pleasures of home, that I see you love so well!"

He turned aside for a moment, he was an extraordinarily long time wiping his face—but it was warm weather—and then he said, with sudden huskiness of the voice:

"Why, God bless my soul, child, you're—you're—one in a thousand! You're decidedly your mother's daughter! *you* shan't be thrown away!"

"*I do not intend to allow myself to be*," said the girl, with quiet decision not usual to her years. "My mother brought me up to

know that every woman, by nature and privilege, has some saving and noble mission appointed for her life, and those who steadfastly keep that in sight *cannot* be thrown away!" Now she was beautiful, and her voice was thrilling.

"True, child—you are safe; belong to any church?"

"Certainly, Mr. Delville, I am a Catholic. Did you not know my mother was one for years before she died, and that it was owing to this she bore up so well under her sad troubles?"

"I never knew it. I might have known you were a church-member of some kind though from your ways. I'm careless myself, dear, but I admire religion in others." Then he laughed; he had a certain sense of humor in his composition. "Very kind of me, isn't it?"

So had she in hers.

"Very; pray admire it so much as to secure some for private contemplation."

"Ah! my child! it takes a good deal to make a man religious!" he sighed.

"Simply the grace of God," she said quietly.

"But that is not easily got, child."

"By prayer alone," she replied, in the same quiet tone.

He was evidently touched; he looked at her wistfully.

"Yes, Mr. Delville," she went on, returning the look with one holding the might and glory of truth, "and prayer answered from above, transforms the soul, and fills human life with holiness and power, arms it against earth's worst assaults, and leads it to heaven!"

While she spoke, he drew within his own mind a contrast, the purport whereof the reader may guess, and she—she created a climax to her innocent and unworldly dream.

"I will strive to bring this good heart to the truth."

Then the good heart gushed forth in the words: "My child, God keep you untouched by the usual dreams of women. God preserve you from the snares of wealth! Your presence in my house is a blessing."

## III.

About five years later one auspicious night, the Delville mansion was brilliantly illuminated; was decorated with evergreens and exotics; was flinging wide its doors to bevies of "fair women and brave men;" was filled with sounds of music and sights of beauty. Society was talking a great deal about the wedding, in fact had been talking for weeks. Many were the fables of the bride's trousseau, presents, self, &c., but far more ingeniously multiplied than these were the stories of the bridegroom, who had appeared suddenly and unheralded, and carried off the heiress, under the eyes of society's very choicest wife-seekers! To get at the truth, therefore, was not a very easy matter, but such is the aim of the present chronicler of an incomplete sketch of a rarely complete life. So, dear reader, let us enter the blazing mansion, and in a room removed from hurry or noise, listen to three, who tell each other the tale.

Says the first, Mr. Delville, rosier than ever, with hair and beard whiter than ever, but, though not less jolly in aspect, owning a certain dignity of mien acquired since last we saw him:

"My dear Frank, you take away with you the light of our home. God bless you in the possession! Sir, five years ago, I was a wretch without religion, drifting on in an aimless life unworthy of a man, my home without comfort, my heart desolate. She came, and without any fuss, sir, without any flourish of trumpets about it, transformed my home, transformed my life, made a Christian out of me, sir, saved my soul! God bless her."

Then says the second, Mrs. Delville, with face seamed and scarred, but far more beautiful than in the past, because a woman's awakened soul shines forth from her eyes, and on her brow sits truth:

"And from me, Frank, you take my good angel. For she came and found me a contemptible creature, with petty feelings and mean aims, a wife that forgot all the holiest duties for fashion and folly. I treated her shamefully, heaping indignities upon her, and striving to force her from my house by petty persecution. She strove against all to win me to the right, but I held out and kept on in my despicable course. Then she prayed to God to send something into my life, by which her lofty end would be attained. He granted her prayer. I was attacked with the most loathsome form of small-pox, and when the whole of my beloved world fled from me, when servants and friends left me, she remained by my sick-bed, and nursed me with the tenderness and patience of a saint. I arose from that bed, converted to *her* view of a woman's mission. My home is Paradise, my dear husband happy, our wealth devoted to the good of others, and when we are dead and gone, the beautiful church of St. Agnes shall be a monument of our belief in the Catholic faith! Dear Frank, we have kept these stories for wedding-gifts. God bless you in them."

Then the third, whom these two call Frank, the bridegroom, a young man with clear, open brow and honest eye, stoops reverently over her hand and kissed it. And says he, in a voice that trembles with emotion even the most manly heart need never blush to betray:

"And I, my friends, take away my guiding-star of life, for before she came to you, I lay upon a sick-bed, threatened with total blindness, and rebellious against the God who visited me so. I was poor and friendless in the house of those poorer than myself. In her gentle charity, she came to visit them, and help their needs. They brought her to the bed where I suffered almost blaspheming. She only spoke a few words of pity and faith, but they made me feel that God saw while I was blind, and that I need not throw away a life even if blind for all time. They reminded me of my manhood, and roused it. On that sick-bed I made resolutions which I afterwards put into practice. Contrary to all hope, my sight was preserved, and I then became a man in reality as well as in name. Her mission to my life has been of heaven itself, and now I take her love as God's own gift. May he make me worthy of it!"

Then she of whom they have been speaking, enters, conducted by her bridesmaids, the radiant, white-robed bride. Her brow shines with the light of truth; her eyes are softly veiled in the beautiful modesty of a woman's soul standing in the presence of its beloved. That soul has been stamped more plainly on the blooming face with the touch of time than when first it came to make bright the household, and the stamp has brought new beauty there. Purity and truth and love are the gems she brings as wedding-gifts to him, whose lot in life is now to be her own.

"Agnes!" The fruition of a life's aspirations is breathing in the voice that greets her, and the bridegroom takes her by the hand. Together they kneel before those who are as parents to them, and Mr. Delville says, through undisguised showers of tears, "God bless you, my children."

"And," adds his wife softly, "in all the ways of the world of mistaken women, may our Agnes ever be *found wanting!*"

Which the writer prays for young hearts reading this!

## ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

I.

LAVATER! I have read thy book once more,
And still admire thy soul so pure and kind;
But, in thy studies of this mortal rind
Thro' which the spirit peeps, thou dost ignore
Two factors which cannot be well left out,
In summing such a weighty argument.
Adam and Eve from Paradise were sent:
And we, their sinful children, roam about
Still bearing in our bodies marks of guilt
Which is not ours—and marks of merit too;
And Grace is ever ready more to do
(Thro' that dear Blood that has for us been spilt)
Than Eden's pride undid. So, *Grace*, you see,
And *Adam's Fall*—kill Physiognomy!

II.

Far from its margin shrunk I've seen a lake,
Its waters turbid and its once smooth breast
By paltry tempests ruffled and opprest,
And none would visit it their thirst to slake;
While round its winding shore the blossomed trees
Sent forth their perfume, and the feathered choir
Filled all the air with songs that never tire,
And flowers op'ed their bosoms to the bees.
So, beautiful lady! from that form of thine,
To which all smiles were poor and strained,
Where roses paint 'mong lilies rosy-veined,
Thro' which a heavenly spirit well might shine,—
The soul from this fair boundary has receded
And for thy love no heart sincere has pleaded.

III.

No type of beauty which the Arts admire
Will claim one feature of thy gentle face;
What charm is thine then, lady, or what grace
That old and young to gain thy smile aspire
And think it priceless? From thy faded cheek
The rose has fled, thy forehead is not fair,
Nor rich nor golden is thy modest hair,
And symmetry in thee in vain we seek.
What is it, but the pitying soul arisen
Superior to her earthly house's plan?
And gained from that defaced and fragile prison,
And from its doom, thro' love, a sweet exemption?
Thy homely visage proves the fall of man:
And thy angelic temper—his redemption!

# CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE "BARREN PENINSULA."

Among the numerous Catholic missions of the North American continent, those of California possess a special character of their own. Most of the others were directed to the simple conversion of the Indians; but in California the missioners had the additional task of forming them into organized communities and providing for their government, apart from intercourse with other civilized men than themselves and their assistants. The Jesuits and Franciscans, who planted Christianity and civilization together in those distant lands, discharged the duties of legislators as well as of religious teachers, and in both characters they showed on that limited field how much the Church can do for even the lowest members of the human family when her action is unimpeded by the malice of nominal Christians. The reductions of California, like those of Paraguay, were the cradle of a Christian nation which owed its very existence, as such, to the untiring efforts of its teachers, and in which the Indians shared in the benefits of civilization without the corruption of its vices. The Franciscan missions of New California have formed the subject of a recent article, and in the following pages we shall briefly sketch the story of the equally or still more remarkable reductions of the Mexican peninsula. To do justice to their claims on history would require a space far beyond that at our command; but a short sketch of their origin and founders may be found worthy of perusal.

From the earliest period of the Spanish dominion in Mexico the settlement of California had attracted the attention of the Court of Madrid. Cortes himself visited the gulf which separates it from the main continent, and the sight of this other land, beyond the waters of the great ocean, filled his active spirit with projects of conquest and colonization, which were inherited by subsequent Viceroys. The pearl fisheries of the gulf, which yielded a considerable profit to the fishing barks of Sinaloa, offered a more substantial reason for the settlement of California, which was repeatedly attempted by private adventurers, but always in vain. Expedition after expedition was directed to its shores during more than a hundred and fifty years, but the barrenness of the soil, the want of harbors, and the intractable barbarism of the natives, baffled alike the ambition of the Viceroys and the greed of individuals. Finally, in 1679, after the failure of a costly expedition under the command of the Admiral Otondo, the Spanish Government not only discontinued its own attempts, but forbade its subjects to engage in any such on their private account,—thus abandoning the land and its people to their native barbarism.

But though earthly ambition and avarice had thus given up the task, there were men in Mexico who, for nobler motives, aspired to plant civilization in the barren peninsula. Its sterile soil and harborless coasts might hold out no temptations to the settler or merchant, but its natives had souls to be won over to the faith of Christ, and there were in the Catholic Church men ready to devote their lives to that object. Father Kuhn, a German Jesuit, and a veteran of the Indian missions, had accompanied Otondo's expedition as chaplain, and on his return he earnestly petitioned his superiors for license to devote himself to

the conversion of the Californians. His prayer was not granted. The Indians of the northern frontier had just broken out in a general war against the Spaniards, and his presence was imperatively needed by the threated missions of Sonora. But though thus employed, Kuhn did not forget California, and he communicated his enthusiasm for its conversion to his friend and colleague, Father Salvatierra. The latter devoted himself with his whole soul to the task of obtaining a mission for the peninsula, and after more than ten years his efforts were crowned with success. The General of the order empowered him to undertake the mission; and the royal decree against attempts to settle California was, after much trouble, repealed in his favor in 1697. The Viceroy, however, required that provision should be made by private charity for the support of the new missions and the pay of the escort which was required for their protection by the rule of the frontiers. An annual revenue of five hundred dollars was fixed as the sum needed for the maintenance of a mission at that distance. And by the efforts of Father Salvatierra, three such burses were founded by private charity. The money contributed for this purpose was subsequently invested in lands, and under the title the "Pious Fund" (*fondo piadoso*) it continued to be devoted to the service of the missions, in both Old and New California, down to our own days.

The pecuniary difficulty being thus removed, the viceregal court granted the required license to Father Salvatierra and Father Kuhn. The latter, being unable to leave his mission in Sonora, was afterwards replaced by the Sicilian Father Piccolo; but as some time was lost in waiting his arrival at the Yaqui River, where the vessel lent to the mission by the treasurer of Acapulco was anchored, Father Salvatierra sailed without him, and arrived at the site of the present town of Loretto in October, 1697. Besides the crew of the vessel, he was accompanied by six soldiers as an escort, who were to be paid by the mission, though occupying the country for the crown. This little troop was a motley band in point of nationality. The captain, as the officer in command was rather pompously styled, considering the numbers of his company, was a Spaniard; the lieutenant a Portuguese, and the other four respectively a Mexican creole, a Maltese sailor, a Sicilian artilleryman, and a mulatto of Peru. Three Mexican Indians also accompanied the expedition, to attend to the cattle and the labors of cultivation, as Salvatierra designed to instruct the Californians in the arts of a settled life by this means.

The coast of the Californian gulf offers little choice of ports to the mariner; but a small patch of stunted shrubbery and a spring of fresh water, both rare luxuries in that inhospitable country, determined the site of the first mission. Some Indians came to the shore to meet the strangers, and showed no signs of hostility; but the want of an interpreter prevented any satisfactory intercourse being established with them. A tent chapel was set up, and a cross erected immediately in front of it. The soldiers next erected huts for their own and Father Salvatierra's quarters, and then threw up a wall of earth for the protection of the stores. Possession was then solemnly taken of the land in the name of the King of Spain, while Father Salvatierra, with still greater solemnity, consecrated it and its people to his special patron, our Lady of Loretto, whose name he gave to the new establishment.

These preliminary works having been completed, the vessel which had transported the little colony from Yaqui was sent back for

Father Piccolo, and Salvatierra devoted himself earnestly to acquiring the language of his future neophytes. The only introduction to their tongue that he possessed was a catechism composed some years before by Father Copart. To insure the regular attendance of the Indians, a distribution of food was daily made at the fort to such as were present at the lectures, if such they may be called, given from this book, and the indefatigable missioner eagerly noted down their pronunciation of the words which he endeavored to repeat before them. The children were specially useful to him in this respect, as the adults took a malicious pleasure in leading him astray and mocking his bad pronunciation. As might be expected, words expressing the mysteries of Christianity were not found in the dialects of the savages; and many and ingenious were the expedients which the first missioners had to devise to explain them. On one occasion, in order to find a word expressive of the resurrection from the dead, a Jesuit soaked some flies in water and let them revive in the sun, calling at the same time the attention of the Indians to the phenomenon. The exclamation of the savages was noted down, and, after a due comparison with the rest of the vocabulary, was introduced into the catechism.

The good feeling of the Indians towards the strangers did not last long. The food distributed at the fort only excited their desires for more, and a few days after the departure of the vessel, a sudden attack was made on the fort. The soldiers, after a short fight, drove them off, and with the fickleness of genuine savages, the assailants turned their fury on the instigators of the attack. The latter, in turn attacked, took refuge with the Spaniards, by whom they were generously allowed to take up their abode beside the fort, and furnished with provisions until the anger of their countrymen passed over. The whole population soon resumed its visits to the fort, and Father Salvatierra took advantage of the restoration of peace to administer the first baptism of his mission. The new Christian was an Indian who had been instructed by Father Kuhn, during Otondo's expedition, and who, on hearing of the arrival of the strangers, came from a considerable distance to ask the favor of baptism. He succeeded in making known his wishes by the help of a few words of Spanish, and as he was dying of a cancer, and showed a fair knowledge of the principal Christian mysteries, Father Salvatierra resolved to baptize him without delay. His son and two other infants received the sacrament at the same time, and were the first fruits of the Californian mission.

Father Piccolo, in the course of a few weeks, joined his colleague in Loretto, where a regular order of instructions was now adopted both for the soldiers and the natives. The native children each day were collected inside the fort, to hear the catechism and prayers repeated by Father Piccolo, while the same office was performed for the adults outside by Father Salvatierra. The soldiers also came in for a share of solicitude. Regular public prayers were appointed for them, and a weekly exhortation was made to them by one of the missioners with the most satisfactory results. The soldiers, though most of them belonged to the most reckless class of adventurers, carefully refrained from harassing the Indians, and cheerfully aided in the erection of the mission buildings. Their station was, doubtless, peculiarly disagreeable, separated as they were from the rest of the world, and condemned to the dull routine of outpost duty, without any of its usual excitements. But

they bore it without a murmur. All supplies had to be procured from the opposite shore, and, in consequence, famine was often threatened, and even felt in Loretto, but the example of the two missioners prevented any thoughts of abandoning the post, even in the midst of the severest privations.

Several months were spent in acquiring the Indian language, and it was not until the year 1699 that the two Jesuits deemed themselves ready to extend the field of their labors. Father Piccolo penetrated on foot into the heart of the sierras, and having found a suitable place for a mission, he resolved to establish a second there. A close acquaintance with the character of the Californians had convinced both priests that simple excursions among the rancherias were almost useless. The Indians showed no hostility to, and indeed no care for, the doctrines proposed to them. They received the preachers sometimes well and sometimes ill, but their first friendship was no guarantee that they would not break into hostilities in the course of a few days. The Indians around Loretto, though many received their daily food at the fort, made four or five unprovoked attacks on the soldiers during the first year, and as readily returned to their demonstrations of friendship when driven off. The only effectual way to Christianize such a people was to gather them into permanent settlements, where they might gradually imbibe the practices of a Christian life, and fall under the power of good habits. But to effect this was a task to appal any but an apostle. Before the savages could be induced to quit their wandering life, food had to be provided for their support, and years must pass before they could be expected to acquire habits of industry sufficiently strong to make them support themselves. All those years the missioners had to look forward to an unceasing round of the dreariest toil,—manual labor of the rudest kind, ploughing, harrowing, digging, feeding cattle, divided their time with their religious duties. Even the latter were of a nature to repel any but the most self-sacrificing spirit. The stupid nature of the Californians required to be moulded with unceasing labor, and it was only by almost endless repetition that the truths of the Gospel could be impressed on their minds. To spend day after day in these wearisome tasks, without intercourse with the civilized world, or even with his religious brethren, except at rare intervals, with the constant expectation of seeing his catechumens after months of instruction suddenly abandon him, or break into open violence—such was the life of the Jesuit missioner in California. It was indeed a less brilliant and exciting life than that of his brethren in other regions, but assuredly it was one to which nothing but the most heroic devotion could reconcile men of the highest culture and talents.

The foundation of St. Francis Xavier, as the second mission was called, was succeeded by a period of more than usual misery in Loretto. The communications of the latter with Mexico were at best rare, but now a continued succession of storms interrupted them for several months. The captain, Tortolero, gave his resignation to Father Salvatierra in the same year, on account of ill health, and his successor was far from showing equal good will to the missions. The pearl fishing was the chief motive that had brought him to California, and as the Superior, in virtue of the powers received from the Viceroy, refused to let him force the Indians to fish for him, he revenged himself by writing bitter letters against the missions.

The effect of these misrepresentations was to lessen considerably the alms on which the existence of the new establishments depended, and Father Salvatierra at one time thought of dismissing all his companions and remaining alone among the Indians at the risk of imminent death. In this extremity his distress was relieved by the generous contributions of the converted tribes in Sonora, and especially of the Yaquis, who on several occasions dispatched their canoes across the gulf with loads of provisions.

Father Juan Ugarte also, who had hitherto acted as procurator of the mission in Mexico, generously determined to join his brethren in the peninsula. Having loaded a bark at Matanchel with all the supplies he could obtain, he set out by land to Yaqui in Sonora, where he expected to find a vessel. His hopes in that respect were disappointed, but his energy was not so easily foiled, and finding an abandoned boat on the shore he boldly embarked in it, and after a three days' voyage arrived safely in Loretto. His arrival was of the utmost value to the mission. To an extraordinary bodily strength, and a courage which no dangers could daunt, he united a wonderful fertility of resources, and mechanical talents which made him soon the main support of the entire colony. He quickly devised the best means for conciliating the Indians, for cultivating the ground, and, at a later period, for introducing manufactures among the converts. Father Salvatierra styled him the "Apostle," after a long experience of his eminent qualities; and to his untiring zeal was mainly due the maintenance of the reductions during the troubles of their early years.

Father Salvatierra was not in Loretto at the time of Ugarte's arrival. Shortly before he had passed over to Sonora to concert measures for the exploration of the territory about the head of the gulf with Father Kuhn, so as to establish, if possible, a land communication between their respective missions. The plans of the two Jesuits embraced the conversion of all the tribes of Upper California and Arizona, and the foundation of a Spanish colony at Monterey, near the present site of San Francisco, for the protection of the missions. To accomplish these objects both were to push their missions northward on opposite sides of the gulf, and, as a first step to that end, Father Kuhn, in 1700, set out to explore its shores to their head. In a geographical point of view his journey was a highly successful one, and entitles him to a high place among discoverers. He first established the fact that Lower California was not an island, and at the same time discovered the mouth of the Colorado, the most important river on the western side of the American continent. Having crossed the Gila, the southern branch of that river, he entered the present territory of the United States, but though well received by the Indians, he was unable to remain with them. On his return, he and Father Salvatierra made the same journey, and convinced themselves of the termination of the gulf about the thirty-second degree of latitude. An account of these discoveries was transmitted to Mexico, and their importance acknowledged by the authorities, but the state of the north prevented them from being turned to any immediate account. Father Kuhn continued his explorations at intervals till his death in the year 1710, but was never able to carry out his great plans for the conversion of Upper California.

Having conferred with Father Kuhn, Father Salvatierra returned to Loretto, where he was overjoyed

to find his former procurator. It was determined that Father Piccolo should proceed to Mexico, to look after the affairs of the mission there, but his departure was put off until Father Ugarte had learned the language. In the meantime the Sierra Indians, at the instigation of their medicine-men, destroyed the chapel and buildings of the San Xavier mission, and Father Piccolo narrowly escaped from their hands. As it was of importance that it should be restored, and Father Piccolo was needed in Mexico, Father Ugarte, with his usual daring, took the task on himself. He was escorted to his post by a few soldiers, but, whether through fear of punishment or otherwise, no Indians appeared near the ruins. The missioner's resolution was soon taken. Sending back the soldiers, he remained alone to await the return of the Indians. Towards evening a boy cautiously ventured towards the ruins, and was received with a thousand caresses by Ugarte. The news of the departure of the soldiers, which the child carried to his countrymen, quickly brought a crowd of the latter, and in a short time the courageous priest saw himself surrounded by the whole of Father Piccolo's late flock, including, doubtless, his would-be murderers. The savages showed their usual petulance towards the stranger at first, but were awed into something like respect by his commanding manner, and all, but the children especially, were attracted by his affability.

Father Ugarte's exploits have brought us down several years, but in the meantime the young mission was sorely tried in various ways. For several months no news was heard of Father Piccolo, and had it not been for Father Ugarte's diligence in procuring roots and wild fruits in the mountains, the garrison and priests ran a risk of dying by starvation. Finally good news arrived from Mexico; Father Piccolo had obtained a grant of six thousand dollars from the royal treasury for the soldiers, and the foundation of four new missions from private charity. Two priests, Father Bassaldua and Father Minutili, were in consequence sent to California, whither they were followed by Father Piccolo himself. The diversity of nationality among the priests thus assembled is worthy of remark. Father Salvatierra was a Milanese, Piccolo a Sicilian, Father Bassaldua a Mexican creole, Ugarte a native of Honduras, and Minutili of Sardinia. The same diversity continued through the whole time of the Jesuit missions. The members of the order in almost every country of Europe furnished recruits to these distant missions, and it is to the credit of the Spanish Government that it never allowed its well known jealousy of foreigners in its colonies to interfere with the free action of the missioners.

The arrival of the new missioners was the signal for an outbreak at Father Ugarte's mission. The medicine-men and their followers attacked the Christians in his absence, and killed several, and though peace was soon restored, this massacre showed how little trust could be placed in the Indians. Nevertheless, the exploration of the country was readily undertaken by Father Ugarte and Bassaldua, and sites were found for two new missions. The want of means postponed for a time the erection of these establishments, and even threatened with destruction those already founded. The destruction of the Spanish treasure fleet by the English in the bay of Vigo was a severe blow to the wealthier Mexicans, most of whom had remittances on board. In consequence, not only the royal grants for the garrison which had

been made two years before were left unpaid, but scarcely any aid could be collected from private charity. In this extremity, Father Salvatierra summoned a council of his colleagues to determine whether the mission should be abandoned. For himself, he declared he was resolved to remain alone, if necessary, but the others were free to depart or stay. All unanimously protested that nothing would induce them to abandon their work, and Father Ugarte proposed to send the garrison and all the assistants to Mexico, while the priests should remain alone among the Indians. On making this proposition, however, to the laymen, they indignantly refused to quit the Fathers, and it was resolved to subsist as best they could on the roots and berries of the country, until a return of more favorable times. Several months were thus passed, during which the missioners had to add to their other duties that of leading parties of berry hunters through the mountains. The neighboring missions of Sonora at length came to their aid, and brighter prospects began to dawn. At this conjuncture, Father Salvatierra was unexpectedly called away to act as Provincial of New Spain, a charge which he filled for about two years. In his new capacity he did not cease to labor for the good of California. By his representations to the Viceroy and to the Spanish court, a liberal aid was granted for the maintenance of the garrison and vessels belonging to the settlement.

The Provincial himself visited his old mission, which he had left in care of Father Ugarte, and found everything in a satisfactory condition. Father Minutili had been compelled by ill health to return to Mexico, but his place was filled by Father Pedro Ugarte, brother of the Superior. The Provincial expressed his warm approbation of all he saw, and having recommended the foundation of two new missions to the zeal of Father Ugarte, he returned to Mexico without leaving him any further directions than his own discretion.

The proposed foundations immediately engrossed attention; but there were only three priests in the whole of California, while the three missions already established contained over two thousand Christians and catechumens, scattered over a wild district, at least fifty leagues in length. To obviate this difficulty, the Superior took on himself the whole administration of this flock, leaving Father Bassaldua and his brother free for new missions. The latter set out to his destined post with a few Indians of Loretto. For some time he remained with no other shelter than the trees, under which the Californians were in the habit of shielding themselves from the weather, and afterwards a hut of branches served for his dwelling. Following the example of his brother, he endeavored to induce the Indians to aid in building a chapel; but the adults were utterly disinclined to work, and the only assistance he could obtain was from the children. By presents and caresses he induced a number of the latter to help him in digging clay, making bricks, and raising the walls of his humble church, he working himself among them, and stimulating their industry by praises and rewards. At the same time, he made himself familiar with their language, and on the dedication of the church he quickly gathered a large congregation for instruction. An unfortunate incident, however, nearly destroyed the rising mission. Being called to visit a sick Indian, Father Ugarte found a medicine-man practicing his spells about the invalid, and sharply rebuked his friends in consequence. The latter, as the readiest mode of showing their repentance, actually killed the

unfortunate wizard, and came in triumph to relate their exploit to the missioner. As might be expected, he severely blamed the perpetrators of such an outrage, and they, in another freak of malice, plotted his own murder. The conspiracy was revealed by a child, and the courage of Ugarte, who reproached the leaders alone, completely cowed them, and averted the storm from his mission.

On the close of his term of office as Provincial, Father Salvatierra returned to his mission of California. The rules which he had established for the missions had been fully confirmed, and as little change was subsequently made in them, it may be as well to briefly describe them here. The Indians, as has been already mentioned, lived in scattered rancherias, and hence each mission, church, and residence was attended by only a small portion of the flock attached to it. For the instruction of the others, the missioner made periodical visits to the different rancherias, and on the great festivals the whole population assembled at the church. The central mission usually contained, besides the church and priest's house, a school for the children, where they were. taught to work, and an hospital for the sick; all the inmates of both establishments, as well as those catechumens who remained at the church for instruction, being supported by the mission. At Loretto, a school of more importance was maintained and taught by teachers brought from Mexico, and to this the most promising children were sent from all the missions. The boys trained there served to fill the various offices of catechists and governors created by the Jesuits for the instruction and police of their converts. Each mission had a governor, who maintained good order among his countrymen, and a sacristan, who looked after the church and recited the public prayers in the absence of the missioner. In the smaller settlements, an Indian catechist performed the same duties regularly, and maintained good order. In both the missions and the Christian rancherias, public prayers were recited night and morning, and instructions were given at the church to the whole of the Christians by turns. The administration of the sacraments, especially of the Blessed Eucharist, was a matter that required extraordinary care among the new converts, and only those who had given proof of both their instruction and their good dispositions were allowed to approach the altar at Easter. Several, however, deserved higher privileges, and were allowed to receive communion at other festivals, especially after the missions had been well established. A great object with the Jesuits was to introduce agriculture and the breeding of cattle among the converts; but the barrenness of the soil offered serious obstacles to this course in most missions. Father Ugarte's settlement at San Xavier and some others furnished grain enough for the support of their entire population; but in the majority, little or no arable ground was to be had. In consequence, the whole cost of feeding the Indians who had to remain at the churches for any cause was thrown on the Jesuits, who, as an old "Relation" quaintly remarks, instead of being supported, had themselves to support their flocks. The other Indians supported themselves, as before the arrival of the missioners, on wild fruits and game.

To meet the heavy expenses thus entailed upon the missions, Father Salvatierra had established the "Pious Fund" with the alms of his friends in Mexico. Ten thousand dollars was required for the endowment of a mission, and the sums contributed for this end were,

after mature deliberation, invested in lands in New Spain. Five hundred dollars a year was allowed each missioner for his own support and that of his flock, and any surplus was distributed among the most needy churches. The King paid the soldiers after the first years of the settlement, but contributed no more towards the expenses of the missions.

The soldiers who formed the garrison varied in number, but generally amounted to twenty-five men. They were under the command of a captain, who had supreme civil authority in California, but was himself appointed by the superior of the missions. This privilege had been obtained by Father Salvatierra for the protection of the Indians, as he knew by experience the ill-treatment which the soldiers of the frontiers were wont to inflict on the converted savages. In fact, the soldiers of California made repeated attempts to use the natives in fishing for pearls, or to engage in the fishing themselves, but all such were vigorously opposed by the Jesuits. As might be expected, their defence of the Indians stirred up bitter opposition among the worse class of soldiers, who, on their return, filled Mexico with their complaints of the tyranny of the Jesuits. But the latter were not to be diverted from their course by such clamors. Their conduct was again and again triumphantly vindicated from all the charges brought against it, and finally, in 1734, the Viceroy, having deprived them of their powers, saw himself obliged to restore them in a few months, in consequence of the disorders which followed his decree.

The limited number of the Jesuits in California did not allow them to carry out the community life in the degree that it was maintained in the reductions of Paraguay. Each lived entirely separate from his religious brethren, with no company but the Indians and a soldier, as guard and assistant. The latter was the deputy of the captain, and exercised a certain police authority in certain cases, besides watching over the settlement in the absence of the priest, and acting as post courier. The missions being far apart, and the roads, or tracks, between bad, the Jesuits seldom saw one another except at extraordinary meetings. The Superior himself was generally alone in Loretto, where he performed the duties of an ordinary administrator and chaplain to the garrison, besides attending to the general affairs.

Father Salvatierra's return was hailed with joy by all the missioners, but unfortunately he was not able to obtain from Mexico the assistants whom he required. Of three that were sent to him, one, Father Guisi, was drowned at sea, and the outbreak of an epidemic prostrated the strength of the others. The want of fresh provisions in most of the missions, where dried beef and parched corn were the principal food to be had, broke down the health of even the strongest. Father Bassaldua and Father Pedro Ugarte were forced to abandon the country, and nearly all the others were several times at the point of death. The epidemic, too, swept away numbers of the Christian Indians, and gave occasion to the medicine-men to charge the strangers with its introduction among them. Ten years thus passed, in almost constant trials for the venerable Superior, whose health, although naturally robust, began to give way under the load of cares and years. Often he was obliged to direct the affairs of his mission from the poor bed of his presbytery, being entirely unable to arise, but still he continued to toil on. While in this state, he was suddenly called to new labors by the arrival of Father Tamaral, who came to found a long-

projected mission, and at the same time to call Salvatierra to Mexico. The new Viceroy had received from the court orders highly favorable to California, and Father Salvatierra's presence in the capital was deemed of the utmost importance at this moment. Illness, pain, his years, and the dangers of the voyage, were all unable to prevent the old man from immediately setting out. He crossed the gulf in safety, after a nine days' tossing about in the narrow cabin of the mission sloop, but the journey by land from Matanchel to Japie completely prostrated his strength. Still he refused to stop, and being unable to mount on horseback, he caused himself to be carried on the shoulders of the Indian porters as far as Guadalajara, the second city of the viceroyalty, where he was obliged to stop through weakness. It was during his rectorship in that city that he had matured the plan of his mission, and now, in its service, he had come there to die. The whole population felt the most lively interest in his fate, and prayers for his recovery were offered up in all the churches; but his labors were over, and after two months of painful illness, he quietly resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator. He was buried in the church of the Jesuits, near the altar of our Lady of Loretto, whose devoted servant he had ever been through life.

Father Salvatierra's death did not affect the stability of his missions. Father Ugarte again was placed in charge of them, and the Government of Mexico granted a small bark, and made large promises of further aid. The lay-brother Bravo, who had been Father Salvatierra's companion, brought back this favorable news to Loretto, and was also accompanied by another missioner, Father Sistiaga. The latter had been invited to devote himself to the mission by the arrival of Father Salvatierra in Mexico, and with the permission of the superiors he now came to supply his place in California. Father Ugarte's energy quickly utilized the resources thus placed at his disposal. Father Tamaral was charged with the conversion of the tribes in the south, and Father Helen with that of the Cochimis of the north, in the year following the death of the venerable founder. Two years later, the lay-brother Bravo received ordination by command of the General, and was placed in charge of a new mission near the bay of La Paz. All these were singularly successful. Father Tamaral baptized upwards of two thousand Indians during the six years he remained on his mission. Father Bravo converted sixteen hundred around La Paz; and Father Helen, in 1726, had gathered around him a Christian population of seventeen hundred. The northern tribes showed more intelligence, and also a much greater readiness to receive instruction than those of Loretto. And the visitor, Father Ganulain, pronounced them the best Christians of the entire country. Unlike the rest of their countrymen, they readily collected into villages, and built houses for their lodging, although still obliged to seek their support in wild berries and game, owing to the poor quality of the soil. The southern Indians, on the contrary, showed a far more hostile disposition towards the strangers and their religion. Unlike the other tribes, they were in the habit of practicing polygamy, which offered the most serious obstacle to their conversion. The visits of the pearl fishers from the opposite coast of Sinaloa, too, contributed largely to exasperate them against all Europeans, as these adventurers treated them with the usual insolence and injustice of frontiersmen.

While his brother Jesuits were thus employed, the indefatigable

Ugarte found a new field for his activity. Cardinal Alberoni, the celebrated minister of Philip the Fifth, had expressed his desire for a complete survey of the Californian gulf. With a view to the establishment of Spanish settlements and missions in the north, Ugarte determined to undertake the task. The little vessels, however, which brought the supplies to Loretto, were too small or too crazy for such an expedition, and experience had shown that it was nearly impossible to have seaworthy craft built on the Mexican coast. The ready wit of the Superior was not to be baffled by such obstacles. Learning from the Indians of the existence of a forest in the interior of the sierra, he proceeded to the spot, and with the help of three Mexicans and the Indians, he cut and prepared the timber for the construction of a vessel in the port of Mulege. To transport this timber to the port, a road had to be made through the heart of the mountains, and the whole had to be dragged a distance of thirty leagues. The perseverance of Father Ugarte overcame all obstacles, and in the autumn of 1719 his new vessel was launched at Mulege, and pronounced by experts to be one of the best yet seen in California.

The Triumph of the Cross, as this vessel was called, was soon employed in the dangerous service of surveying the northern shores of the gulf. Father Ugarte set off on this mission in 1721, accompanied by six Europeans, two Manilla men, and twenty Indians, nearly all Californians. With this crew the shores of the gulf on both sides were carefully surveyed, and the absence of any communication of its waters with those of the ocean, except at its mouth, fully confirmed. The tribes of the north of California were found to be both more friendly and more ingenious than those of the parts of the peninsula hitherto explored, and it was resolved to establish a mission among them without delay. A full account of his discoveries, accompanied by a chart, prepared by the pilot, Strafort, was transmitted by Father Ugarte to Mexico, on his return, but, in consequence of Alberoni's fall, and the abandonment of his great designs, it was turned to no use by the colonial authorities. The glory of being the first explorer of the great inland sea is thus fully due to the illustrious missioner, who, on so many other titles, deserves to be reckoned among the most distinguished men of New Spain.

The downfall of Alberoni having effectually checked all projects for the settlement of Upper California, Father Ugarte, on his return from his voyage, applied himself to the completion of the conversion of the peninsula. The missions of Dolores, on the shores of the gulf, and Santiago, near Cape St. Lucas, completed the series of establishments from Loretto to the southern extremity of the peninsula, and San Ignacio, in the north, was founded among the docile Cochimis. The mission at Cape St. Lucas was the least successful of all the reductions. The Indians in its neighborhood, though more intelligent, were also more depraved than the other tribes, and their intercourse with the pearl fishers had only served to add the vices of the Spaniards to their own. A considerable number of escaped negroes had taken refuge with them, and formed the most bitter opponents of Christianity. On the first establishment of the mission, no Indians could be seen, and it was only after some days, while walking alone, that Father Napoli, its founder, made the acquaintance of his future flock. The first meeting was of anything but an encouraging nature. A party of a couple of hundred Indians, fully armed,

suddenly rushed from an ambuscade with hideous cries, on the solitary missioner, who naively admitted, afterwards, that from the peculiarly frightful appearance of their leader in his war paint, he at first took him for the devil in person. Though thus assailed, however, and, moreover, but little acquainted with the Indian customs, the Jesuit did not lose courage, but boldly advanced to meet his assailants. Having made them comprehend by signs that he was a friend, he succeeded in disarming their hostility and bringing them around the mission. The constant wars in which they were engaged with one another of their neighbors, and their licentiousness, offered almost insuperable obstacles to their conversion, and in six years Father Napoli could only reckon ninety grown Indians as Christians.

The northern mission of San Ignacio, which was the next in order of foundation, formed in every respect a striking contrast to that of Santiago. Its founder, the Mexican Father Luyando, was received with such eagerness, that more than five hundred Cochimis immediately enrolled themselves as catechumens. A distant rancheria presented itself to seek baptism, having been already instructed by a Christian boy from San Xavier, and several of the Indians acted voluntarily as teachers of their pagan countrymen. The morals of these tribes were far purer than those of the rest of the Californians, and on this score Christianity found little opposition. Nor were the good dispositions as transitory as the majority of Indian friendships. Neither the intrigues of the medicine-men, nor the outbreak of a pestilence which destroyed the converts by hundreds, were able to detach them from the faith, and a few years later, when the fears of a general rising caused the temporary withdrawal of the missioners, they followed them in a body to Loretto and refused to return without them. Their industry was early stirred up to cultivate the lands in the neighborhood of the mission. The first year of the mission, the harvest of grain amounted to a hundred bushels, which increased to a thousand in the fourth, when Father Luyando was removed from it. Besides this, the vine, the olive, fig, and sugar cane, were successfully cultivated by the Indians. The wandering life of the rancherias was thus in a few years abandoned, and villages of sun-dried brick houses, each with its little chapel, erected in their stead.

The progress of San Ignacio was viewed with unfavorable eyes by the savages of the north, who, in the second year of its existence, made attacks upon the Christians and killed several. Father Luyando at first exhorted his flock to refrain from reprisals, in the hope of thus gaining over the enemy, but, finding these hopes disappointed, he bade them arm in their own defence. The two soldiers who resided at the mission busied themselves in introducing a better class of arms among the warriors, who were thus equipped with hide shields, sandals, and pikes, of a rude make, besides the national weapon, the bow. Three hundred and fifty warriors were thus armed, and the command assumed by an Indian of Loretto, who in ordinary times acted as governor in the mission. The chief discharged his duties skilfully, surrounded by night the party which was on its way to destroy the church, and made them all prisoners without loss of life. The two missioners of San Ignacio and Guadalupe interceded for the liberty of the captives, when they were brought to the former mission, and this clemency, at a moment when they expected nothing but death, had such an effect on them that they all return-

ed in a few days, with others of their countrymen, to enrol themselves as future Christians.

About the time that these events were passing in the north, California suffered the loss of her two oldest missioners. Father Piccolo died in 1728, at the age of seventy-nine, and, the following year, he was followed to another world by the venerable Superior, Father Juan Ugarte. The latter had completed his seventieth year, having spent over thirty among the Indians of California, whose conversion was mainly due, under heaven, to his extraordinary zeal, self-devotion, and talent. Though the reductions were afterwards tried by numerous misfortunes, they had been too firmly established by him to be overthrown, and even yet the memory of his works lives in the peninsula which he evangelized so well.

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## MY DILEMMA, AND HOW I GOT OUT OF IT.

I WAS once with a friend, spending a month in the pretty little village of L——. We had chosen the spot because it was quiet and picturesque, and together we intended to enjoy ourselves in full for our short stay. I may as well state here that my friend, Edward Vernon, was engaged to my sister, Lucy Wilton, and so, as we were to be brothers one day, a warm friendship existed between us. My sister and myself were orphans, and had been for many years. Lucy was living with a married cousin, and I spent most of my time there when I could escape from the duties of my estate. We were both well off, for Lucy had inherited a handsome annuity from my mother, and I was the owner of a pretty large estate in Cornwall. I was very glad when Edward Vernon proposed for my sister, for, besides having true regard for him, it was pleasant to think some one else was interested in her welfare as well as myself. They appeared very much attached to each other, and I had no hesitation in placing my sister's happiness in Vernon's hands. At the time of which I am writing, Lucy had gone with our cousin on a visit to Spa, and Vernon and I, resisting all their invitations to accompany them, determined to have a quiet holiday to ourselves. I believe Vernon would rather have kept with the ladies, but I had no wish to be always dancing attendance on them, for, to tell the truth, I was no ladies' man, and I considered the opposite sex as very useful and ornamental, no doubt, but also (pardon me, fair readers) very troublesome and capricious. So I persuaded the reluctant Edward to join me, and promising to meet our friends again in a month's time, we betook ourselves to our quiet destination.

We had been there but a week, when by accident we became acquainted with a family who, like ourselves, were on a visit at the pretty country-place.

It consisted of a Mr. and Mrs. Gregory, their two children, and the governess. We spent our evenings at their house, and I enjoyed Mr. Gregory's conversation exceedingly, for he was very well read. I did not notice that, whilst I paid my court to the master of the house, my friend Vernon was equally busy paying attention to the pretty governess, Miss Ada Walters.

But one day I happened to remark, "We were very lucky, weren't we, to fall in with the Gregory's?"

"Yes," he answered, "I enjoy their company very much."

"Mr. Gregory is so clever," I said.

"And Miss Walters is so pretty," he returned.

I looked at him in surprise.

"Why, Edward," I said, "I thought you couldn't find time to admire any one's beauty but Lucy's?"

I laughed as I spoke, but he turned away and looked annoyed. I did not take much notice of this, and our month glided swiftly by, whilst we became more intimate than ever with Mr. Gregory.

One morning I received a letter from my cousin, saying she and Lucy were at my house in Cornwall, and they would like us to join them there. I showed the letter to Vernon, but he did not seem as pleased as I thought he would be.

"Will you be ready to start to-morrow, Edward?" I asked.

"Well, I—I think not, Herbert," he answered.

I stared at him with astonishment.

"Well, you lovers are the most inconsistent people I ever met," exclaimed I. "But a month ago you could not bear to part from Lucy, and now you don't care to see her again. Why, what's the matter, Vernon?"

"Nothing much," he answered, looking gloomy enough; "but I have got myself into a nice scrape."

"Well, what is it, are you in debt?"

"No. Worse than that; I'm in love," he answered.

"Why, Vernon, I thought that was all settled between Lucy and yourself?"

"Will you listen to me, Herbert," he said impatiently; "it is not your sister I care for now, but—Ada Walters."

I started from my chair and cried:

"Vernon, do you mean to insult my sister?"

"No, Bertie," he answered, "I am willing to fulfil my engagement with her."

"And do you think Lucy Wilton mean enough to marry a man who doesn't care for her?" I said, with a slight sneer. "But I will undeceive you, Edward Vernon. I, as her guardian, will not allow this marriage to take place. We part company to-day, and henceforth let us be as strangers."

I threw down my cigar as I spoke, and turned to walk away; but he stopped me with—

"You will say good-bye, won't you, Bert?"

"No," I answered, "I will have nothing more to say to the man who has behaved so basely to my sister."

I started for home next morning, without again seeing Vernon, and my journey was not very pleasant. I had pictured to myself my *pauvre petite sœur* pining away for her faithless lover, and I knew I could be of no use to comfort her. I knew nothing of the delicate nature of women, for I had never had much intercourse with them, and I feared I should wound Lucy's gentle heart by breaking my news too roughly. When I arrived at my home, I heartily wished Edward Vernon had come himself to tell her of his faithlessness. "However, the business must be done, and the sooner the better," I said to myself.

Lucy met me in the hall with smiles and blushes, and in her pretty, innocent way, begged my pardon for asking her cousin to my house without my leave.

"Why, Lucy, darling," I said, "you know the house is as much yours as it is mine, and you are at liberty to invite any friend you please here."

To my surprise, she never mentioned Edward's name, but when we entered the drawing-room after

I had greeted my cousin, the latter said—

"Isn't Mr. Vernon with you, Herbert?"

"No," I answered; "he is so charmed with our rural home that he intends staying longer."

I turned to Lucy as I spoke, but she did not make any reply, and I thought she did not seem to care much for his absence.

After we had dined, my cousin went out on business, leaving Lucy and myself alone. I thought I could not have a better opportunity for relating my story.

"Come here, Lucy," I said, as she stood beside the window arranging a beautiful bouquet of flowers in a vase of water. She came directly, and leaned over the back of my chair, saying—

"What do you want, Bertie?"

"Why didn't you ask after Edward?" I said.

She blushed slightly, and answered:

"I forgot to do so until cousin had asked, Bertie."

"And don't you mind his remaining away, Luce?" I asked.

Her voice was lower, and I thought it trembled when she answered—

"Of course, Mr. Vernon can please himself, brother."

"*Mr. Vernon!*" I cried; "it used to be *Edward*, once, Luce."

She did not speak, and when I turned, and looked up in her face, I saw a large tear quivering in her eyelash.

"Why, Lucy! sister, what is the matter?" I asked.

"Bertie, oh Bertie!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees before me, "don't be angry with me when I tell you I cannot marry Mr. Vernon."

"Not marry Edward!" I said, trying to look grave. "What have you been doing—nothing wrong?"

"Indeed, I haven't, brother, but I don't love Edward now."

I could have laughed at the simple way in which she spoke, but I maintained my gravity and said—

"Tell me what has happened, Lucy."

She arose, and placing an ottoman at my feet, sat on it with her face averted from me.

"You know, dear Bertie," she began, "when Ellen and I set out for Spa, I thought I loved Edward better than I could ever love any one else, and I knew you were pleased to think I was going to marry him. But about a week after we arrived there, we went to a party, and I was introduced to your old friend Reginald Heywood. He conversed with me nearly all the evening, and when we parted, asked Ellen if he might call on us. She, seeing no harm, assented, and several times he came to our house, and we went out walking with him. But at last, one day he asked me to —to be his wife, and I, still trying to think I loved Edward, refused. Then he went away, and oh Bertie! I felt so miserable and lonely, and for the first time saw that I had taken more than a friendly interest in him. I told Ellen what had passed, and she said we had better return home at once. We did so, but—Reginald returned too, and yesterday he came again to me whilst Ellen was out, and implored me not to blight his life by refusing him a second time."

I saw her eyes wander to the flowers, and I was now at no loss to guess from whom they came, and why she took such care of them.

"Well, Lucy, and what did you say?" I asked gently.

"I told him I would speak to you, Bertie, when you came, and he said he would come and see you too."

"And what answer am I to give him when he does come?" I asked, smiling.

She arose from her seat, threw her arms round my neck, and hid

her blushing face on my shoulder; then answered—

"If you think Mr. Vernon wouldn't mind, Bertie, I would rather marry Reginald."

"I don't think Mr. Vernon will stand in your way, Lucy," I answered. "He has already found some one to console him."

She looked up half surprised, half pleased, and I told my story—

"I have got more easily out of my dilemma than I thought I should," I said, as I finished. "But I must see your new suitor to-morrow, and have a talk with him. And I suppose, Lucy," I said, laughing, "when you have been engaged to Reginald a few months, you will come and tell me you can't marry him because you don't love him."

"Oh! no, indeed, Bertie," she answered, with a blush and a smile.

The next day Reginald called, and, when our interview was over, I had given my consent to his marriage with Lucy. I had known Reginald Heywood for many years, and knew him to be a goodhearted, honorable fellow, and in every way worthy of my sister's hand, besides he seemed most devotedly attached to her.

I wrote immediately to Vernon, telling him how freely Lucy had released him, and begging his pardon for my hasty words.

Two days afterwards an answer came, with an invitation for Lucy and myself to be present at his wedding. We accepted it, and Vernon and I had a good laugh over the romantic ending to the engagement between himself and my sister.

Six months later Lucy became Mrs. Heywood, and both Mr. and Mrs. Vernon attended her wedding. As time passed by, I rejoiced in my sister's choice of a husband, for I found Reginald as noble and generous as he was handsome and brave, and his firm and devoted love for Lucy won at once my warmest esteem.

And now, for the benefit of my lady readers, I may add that much as I avoided the society of the fair sex, I fell into their snares at last.

Whilst on a visit at Vernon's, I grew desperately in love with his pretty bright-eyed sister, Laura. I no longer considered it disagreeable to be dancing attendance on the ladies, or rather on one particular lady; nor did I think her very troublesome. Capricious she certainly was sometimes, but that I overlooked; and, when I asked her to cheer my lonely life by her sunny presence, with very little hesitation she consented.

So after all Vernon became my brother-in-law, and I often tell my wife what a dreadful dilemma I was in when I went to break the news of Edward's faithlessness, and how very easily I got out of it.

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## APPEARANCES.

THE question of appearances was never a more practical one than it is now, when one and the same class includes the extremes of wealth and narrow fortune in greater number than ever, all trained in the same ideas and inheriting the same tastes. Yet the plea of doing this or that for the sake of appearances is seldom used by persons who pretend to liberal ideas, without a sneaking sense of shame. We never feel less dignified than when proffering it either as a motive influential with ourselves or as a dissuasive against our friend's course of action. We

have recourse to it in deference, as we suppose, to the exigencies of our weaker nature, but not without a consciousness of some lack of self-respect in this anxiety to regulate our conduct by its outward seeming. Yet it may be doubted whether this is a natural shame, or one that would obtrude itself unprompted on most minds. Philosophers and satirists have put it into our heads; powers before which nature and mother-wit so often cower abashed. It is a question that regards the susceptible and feminine side of our humanity, which is provided with fewest cut and dried arguments wherewith to answer cavillers. Open, therefore, and in a manner defenceless to the aggressions and plausible refutations of what sets itself up for reason, the poor stickler for externals sees all go against him so long as words fight the battle, though probably in no case whatever does either philosopher or satirist so little hold by his own rule, or so seldom submit to his own dictation, as in this one of the vanity of appearances, the baseness of shams, and contempt for Mrs. Grundy. In fact, our happiness is inseparable from appearances. To live without regard to the impression we make upon others and its reflex upon ourselves, or without continual sacrifices to this consideration, were to live the life of animals, not of men; but it is much easier to contemn a stringent regard to externals as a bondage unworthy of a rational being than to prove to a captious understanding the prevailing moral influence which they exercise for good. So much so that all people are amused, and in a way convinced, by pictures representing the folly of regarding appearances, though nobody, whether author or reader, ever dreams of regulating his own conduct by the lessons which he enforces or subscribes to.

What truth, what practical philosophy, people thought they saw in Franklin's practical argument against a sacrifice to appearances! "Almost all parts of our bodies require," he grants, "some expense; the feet demand shoes, the legs stockings, the rest of the body clothing, and the belly a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceeding useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." But who ever thought of rigidly ordering his expenses by this rule? Something always interposes itself between social beings and the possibility of acting after this plan of living with a view to merely personal requirements. Can even the much-talked-of young couple, starting on a scanty income, arrange their expenses on the supposition of a blind world? and is there practical wisdom, whatever it may look in mere precept, in ignoring the observations and expectations of the people among whom they live? True, it is the duty to class, the sense of citizenship, which constitutes the difficulty of their position, and establishes the continual conflict between the public and private claims on each dime; but to hold out is better, morally as well as in mere feeling, than to give up the battle, and spend the poor sum total on shoes and stockings, beef and potatoes. In fact, no two persons can agree together to give up appearances. The only people to do so cheerfully are the men of one idea or one pursuit,—the miser, the man eaten up with self-conceit, and also the victims to some eccentric forms of enthusiasm. These let go the sense of universal kinship, and with it that balance of the mental powers which constitutes perfect sanity.

The revolutionary philosophers of the last century wrote in a spirit of reaction, following an age which obeyed the instinct for appearance with few doubts or scruples, and with an easier part to play than harasses our day; an age in which people consulted their neighbor's taste, rather than their own ideas of order and consistency. The fine lady who

> "Managed her estate with care,
> Yet liked three footmen to her chair,"

had, no doubt, to overlook some anomalies in her private surroundings. We have personal requirements nowadays that would not embarrass the young fellow who is counselled to keep up a gay outside, though at some risk. He might, to be sure, by management save in his dress; instead of wearing fine holland, he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionally shabby; but of what service would that sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any others? This is precisely the line, both of the individual and of society towards him, which modern satirists shake their heads over and call hard names. Addison takes the fact, and acquiesces in it, as a trait of our common nature needing no apology. In fact, we all agree with him, whatever consent we may affect to give to the denunciations against snobs, shams, and flunkeyism. No doubt, if all the bystanders were blind, the figure one's friends make would give us little concern; but so long as people do see, and make observations, the members of a community cannot be independent of their verdict. We can never overcome this feeling by being ashamed of it. If we could overcome it, our manner might be the worse by acquiring a sort of browbeating self-assertion; while by recognizing it as natural in no evil sense, we may learn to keep it in due subjection to higher considerations.

The quarrel that modern ideas have with appearances goes deeper still. It is grounded on their being held synonymous with respectability in the popular estimate; and respectability may be understood to be in our day on its trial, in a very particular sense. Both appearances and respectability are considered to be enemies of ideas and progress; both constitute the force of Heine's objection to going to England, because he would see Englishmen there,—that is, the conventionally respectable man who cares for appearances; both are repugnant to our more advanced spirits as embodying between them gross prejudice, low morality, and mean subservience; and it must be owned that not only are they apt, when forced into distinct language, to express themselves in a grotesque formula, but also to betray a leaning to these tendencies. It requires an exercise of reason and judgment, to which all men are not equal, to fix on the right appearances to keep up, and on the persons and classes whose respect it is worth while to aim at. A narrow circle is apt to establish very eccentric tests. The point is one at which we easily slip into prejudice and judge by an arbitrary standard. Something there often is in an argument more than the ear catches in the first hearing; but when Mrs. Pullet objects to her sister's curing all her ailments by chewing Turkey rhubarb, on the ground that it was not respectable for a well-to-do person not to send for a doctor, and therefore she was ashamed of people's knowing it, we feel that, if the reasoning is sound at bottom, a link is wanting in the chain. Appearances may soon become a tyranny. The only regard for them that is utterly worthless and degrading is that which involves no

sacrifice,—where appearances are carefully observed, while still

> "Virtue she found too painful an endeavor,
> Content to dwell in decencies forever."

There are people who imagine that appearances actually are the things which they represent. The crape *is* grief, respect, affection, and sense of irretrievable loss. Under which assumption they can complacently, and without any sense of shame or incongruity, form new ties, provide fresh bridal garments, and think as they please. A machinery is set in motion which acts the part of the praying mill. "Cypress" and black borders shed the widow's tears, and the broader the border the more continuous and abundant the torrent; the milliner and stationer manage it all. But gross forms of illusion or hypocrisy, or both in one, are scarcely part of our present subject.

Admitting the morality, as well as expediency, of a regard to appearances, the great thing is to have an equable regard to them; not that fitful homage which makes a man a slave at one time or upon one subject, and indifferent at another,—which is the failing, as we believe, of the majority. The people before whom it is wise to preserve appearances with the most jealous care are often allowed to see the unguarded side. Ambition and pretence constantly err in this way, bestowing all their efforts where they are ineffectual. The confusion so easily slipped into, between keeping up appearances and making an appearance, is often the cause of this, and yet the last makes the first impossible. All display is an enemy to the vigilance which the true observer of appearances must practice.

Some people are selfish in this matter of appearances; they won't do things themselves or be seen doing them, but they will not care whom their scruples compromise. Many families have their drudge, to whom is deputed all the business distasteful or held *infra dig.* by the rest. Like the proud sisters in the fairy tale, they have their Cinderella in the kitchen; which is a very short-sighted shirk and an ostrich-like policy, as society is more likely to judge a whole family by its lowest representative than to ignore him altogether, and take the others at their own estimate.

It may be noted that persons are often jealous of appearances in proportion as their mode of life is dictated to them. The sons and daughters of a home are suspicious of failures in their elders, and watchful to keep them up to the mark. When they grow old, and have things in their own power, they relax, and will perpetrate little solecisms with a smile at their old punctilio; without reflecting that they may be inflicting the wound they once received, and outraging feelings, in their turn, which they now disregard because the world and its ways stand but in a slippery and receding relation to themselves, and can do nothing more for them. But even before we are old in this sense, the fact of being our own masters is very apt to make us defiant of the conventional restraints which we think wholesome for other people. Few persons, however, are so loose of ties and obligations as to be justified in this indulgence. A man who persists in disregarding appearances is a nuisance to all his belongings. There is often malignity, or at the best a conceited notion of superiority to finery and prejudice, in the aggressive line which is taken towards appearances. A wise man will respect them, even where he does not see the sense of them, because they represent realities to some minds, because by contempt he is not only indulging his own humor at the expense of other people's feelings, but usually is wounding some principle of morality or order inextricably associated with them.

## FANCIES.

THERE are whisperings in the darkness, in the silence of the heart,
When the soul is still and tranquil, far from life and cares apart;
Then strange thoughts and wondrous fancies o'er the placid spirit break,
As the light clouds cast their shadows on the waters of a lake.

Fleecy, airy, quaint, and gladsome flits their merry formed array,
Now wide-scattered, now united, dance they on their changeful way;
And a softened light gleams round them, through their thin veil stealing faint,
As the smile, subdued and gentle, round the features of a saint.

Swift and fleeting, softly gliding, peopling darkness through the night,
Sunny fancies, quick, unlooked for, flash around their startling light;
And the soul is rapt, entranced, to [illegible]ir sweet emotions given,
And the spirit knows the calmness, breathes the atmosphere of heaven.

'Tis as if bright airy spirits whispered words of peace and love,
Told us tales of worlds celestial, told the secrets of above,
Till we view the hidden treasures and the mansions of the King,
And our ears drink in enraptured the sweet songs the angels sing.

And the starry curtain backward rolls its myriad folds on high,
And we see the crystal brightness of the kingdoms of the sky;
And our soul would fain have wings, and mount the pathless tracks of air
To those diamond-sparkling roofs, and join the spirits gliding there.

But our souls are clogged and fastened, and our high-born dreams are vain;
Years of life may still roll onward—years of hardship, years of pain;
And our wearied minds may stagger 'neath their helpless load of woe,
And our feeble strength still totter on, weak, cheerlessly, and slow.

But we must not droop nor falter, though our journey toilsome be;
Still the whispering spirits murmur words of hope unceasingly,
Still those joyous airy visions throng around us thick and fast,
Offering still celestial glimpses, still the same bright goal at last.

And their truth and strong distinctness come forth clearly over us,
Words of comfort, "Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius;"
And our load no longer burdens, as around our spirits ring,
Loud and clear the swelling anthems, the bright songs the angels sing.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PARADISE OF GOD; or The Virtues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Translated from the Italian of Rev. Father Franco, S. J. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son.

These are two more experimental and meditational treatises on the nature, doctrine, and advantages of the magnificent devotion which has become the rallying point, the centre of faith and love for all the faithful children of God who are prepared to stand firm against the terrible evils of these latter days. There is so much to be said in praise of both these works that we find a complete *embarras de richesses* in attempting to particularize their merits. The first-mentioned volume is from the pen of the Very Rev. Joseph Keller, S. J, Provincial of the Jesuit province of Maryland. It is replete with grand and touching thoughts, expressed in language that falls like an inebriating unction upon the soul of the reader.

The latter volume is a translation of a work well known in the religious circles of Europe, and which is now in its second English edition. While it is full of beautiful meditations, it conveys them in a more indirect manner than Father Keller's treatise, for Father Franco weaves theology with contemplative ideas, that the reader may rejoice in the technical knowledge as well as the devotee's love of the Sacred Heart. Father Keller seems, however, to presuppose the existence of this knowledge, and raises his readers at once to the balmy heights of tender contemplation. Both volumes are most attractive, each in its own way, while the latter is enriched with a preface the charming originality of which, combining as it does such tender sentiments of faith and patriotism, would indicate at once, even without the initials at the foot, that its author was gentle Father Sourin.

PLEADINGS OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. From the French. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

This is a companion to the above-mentioned volumes, embracing the same scope and excellence, though from a different publication house. It consists of meditations in the form of address from the Sacred Heart to the Christian soul. These meditations are arranged for each day of the month. They are sufficiently brief to be read by even the most occupied minds, and they seem to suggest loving and pure thoughts rather than voluminously dictate them. We are heartily glad to see so many works of this kind crowding our table, as their appearance proves that the Catholic public are largely alive to the importance of cherishing this wonderfully potential devotion. All the above books bear the *imprimatur* of several distinguished prelates both of America and Europe.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE: A Tale of the Reformation. Translated from the French of M Emery. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth St.

It is perhaps the misfortune of this tale that it should have come from the pen of a Frenchman, while its subject-matter, the English Reformation, is one which can only be properly handled by an English-speaking writer. The consequence is that it displays all the jerkiness of style and poverty of plot which characterizes all the pages of a Parisian *feuilleton*, and is certainly very inferior to such novels as *Willitoft*, or Miss Caddell's *Wild Times*, or in fact any of the well-known and popular stories the theme of which is identical with that of the book before us We can heartily recommend it, however, if not for its literary merits, at least for the glimpses it gives the novice in historical lore into the events and of the characters of the deplorable reign of the Eighth Henry of infamous memory. The typography and binding are exceedingly attractive, though the book could have been easily and judiciously compressed into half its present bulkiness.

IN PRESS, and will be ready in May, from the publication house of P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia:

THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS OF VILLANOVA, O. S. A. Reprinted from the oratorian lives of the saints. By Rev. Frederick William Faber.

TIGRANUS: A Tale of the Days of Julian the Apostate. From the Italian of Father George Joseph Franco, S. J.

Both these volumes will be issued in time for the approaching commencement season, and will be very suitable for premiums.

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